**Strict**

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**Strict**

by **happilylarry**

**Summary**

18 year old Louis has just taken the test that would pair him with the Dominant he was supposed to serve. Harry Styles is a 25 year old businessman and mega-millionaire, and very strict with everyone but his new Submissive, it appears. Through a whirlwind of moving in together, trying to please the paparazzi as well as each other, they fall even more in love. However, the one Harry wants to avoid most is the one thing that Louis wants...a baby. Lots and lots of babies.

**Notes**

See the end of the work for **notes**
Chapter 1

It was almost noon and Louis still hadn't finished reading the required material he needed to. Taking and Receiving Your Sub Testing Score. He sighed and rolled over, looking at the bright red digital numbers that read 11:26. He knew that in four minutes his mother would come knocking on his door to take him to City Hall, where he would be administered the required testing that would pair him in two hours to the best fitting Dom.

He rolled off of the bed and trudged over to his closet and stared at his clothes before sighing and grabbing a pair of tight black jeans and a white shirt. He had to jump to get the pants over his plump arse, and he had to lay on the bed and suck in his little tummy to button them, but it was worth it when he turned in the mirror and looked at his bum, which was, if you asked him, nothing short of perfect. His tummy, however, was his biggest issue. Thankfully, the white shirt didn't cling to his belly or his arms. He walked over to the mirror and stared gloomily at his face and hair, neither of which he was too fond of at the moment. He decided against contacts, and instead just slipped on his black framed glasses and swept his hair into the usual fringe. He sighed one more time before rolling up his jeans to show his ankles and slipping on a pair of red converse.

Ten seconds later, there was a sharp knock on his bedroom door, and he glanced at the clock. 11:30 sharp. His mother swung the door open and glanced at him.

“Louis..” She started when she saw his attire. “Are you sure that's the best outfit for you to wear? You're meeting your Dom today, for God's sake!” She exclaimed.

“Yes, mum. Let's go.” He snaked past her and down the stairs to grab his jacket.

“You'll need more than that! Its the middle of October!” He heard his mother call behind him. There was a low murmur and a short “Fine.”, and he knew that his dad must have told her to lighten up, because a few seconds later, she closed the front door and walked to the car, unlocking it.

They both slid in and were silent. Not like he really wanted to talk to his mom at all right now, all she would do was nag him about his clothes. It wasn't until they were stuck at a stoplight that she cleared her throat and looked at him.

“You know what's about to happen, right?” She asked him.

“Sort of. I take a test, meet my Dom, if he likes me after two hours, we move in together, I cook and
clean and have his babies. If he hates me, which will be likely, I get marked an unmatchable submissive and have to take the test again in six months.”

“Not quite. And don't say that! You know full well that he'll love you. You go in, you take a picture, your weight, your blood type and height, and then you sit and take a test and then you get a list of every action performed between and Dom and his Sub, and you put each one into a category marked either red or green. Red is what you are not comfortable with at all and green is what you are comfortable with. After the test, your information will be put in a database and two hours later you and your Dom will be placed in the same room. After they assess you physically, you will go over the red and greens. After that, if he chooses to keep you, both of you will be entered in the database as together, and you will be expected to move in with him within one week. If he deems you unacceptable, you will immediately be taken from the room and away from him and be categorized as an unmatchable submissive.” She finished just as they pulled into the parking lot.

Louis was shaking in his seat. That was a lot of information to take in, and it quite honestly scared him. He was so afraid he would be unwanted by whoever he was matched with.

“Louis? Are you listening? It's time to go in.” She pointed to the clock, which read 11:42. He nodded and unbuckled his seat belt and stepping out into the chilly afternoon.

As soon as they entered the building and checked in for the submissive testing, he was whisked away. His height was taken (5'9") his weight was taken (that made him ashamed) and his blood was taken (yuck). After a testing booklet with his name on it (Louis Tomlinson, 18, virgin, highly fertile) was thrust into his hands, he was told the rules by a woman who talked way too fast, and then shoved into a room with a single desk in it. He was given an hour to finish the test and list his reds and greens. When the time was up, the door would unlock and someone would escort him to the waiting room where he was to sit for two hours while his test and information was put through the database.

He sat down at the cold desk and began his test. Question 1: How important is money and success to you? He didn't know if the question was being directed to him about his money and success or about his future Dom's money and success. He scribbled his answer down, saying that it was important to have a good work ethic and that hard work was what made the honest money and some other bullshit. Question 2: How important is starting and maintaining a healthy family to you? And are you willing to get pregnant multiple times? Louis' heart leapt at the question as he happily wrote down his answer. He would love to have many children, and the idea of getting pregnant multiple times excited him. He would love to have his Dom's attention, lovingly touching his belly, feeling the life inside of him kick. The happiness of that question didn't last though. The next few were extremely hard. He was still shaking; he was so nervous about not being paired with anyone or being rejected by someone. He tried to finish the fifty questions as fast as he could so he could get to the reds and greens and be done with the test already.

There was an act listed and he was to mark either red, green, or questionable beside each one. He gulped reading some of the acts. Breath Play (questionable), Collaring (green), Anal Torture (red), Orgasm Denial (questionable), Fire Play (red), Knife Play (red), Cock and Ball Torture (red),
Spanking *(questionable)*, Watersports *(red)*, Impact Play *(questionable)*, Rape Fantasy *(red)*, Scat Play *(red)*, Vanilla *(green)*, and that was just a few from the list. By the time Louis was done with the list, his breathing was heavy and he felt like panicking. He had put red for the majority of the acts listed, and no Dom would want him after reading the list.

A clicking sound brought him back. He turned and stood, facing the same woman who told him all about the test. She took it from his hands and left him with the red and green list. She motioned for him to follow her, and after she dropped the test and his information off at a desk, he was being led into a room where six other people sat. He assumed they were waiting to meet their Doms as well. He sat down and the lady started talking.

“The results will be done in approximately two hours. When they are done, your new Dom will be given your information and have a chance to look it over. After that, you will be placed in a room and you will wait quietly for them. Once everyone has the correct Dom, that is when you may begin going over the list you were asked to fill out. If your Dom decides to keep you, you will both be listed in the database as together. Should the Dom decide you aren't good enough for them, you will immediately be taken from the room and listed as unmatchable and after six months, you will be able to take the test again.” She finished, glancing at all of the before turning on her heel and walking out. The door clicked shut behind her.

“Well, that's fucking scary.” He heard someone beside him say. He turned his head to find a boy about his age sitting beside him. He had bright blonde hair, obviously dyed, and a thick accent.

“Yeah, just a little bit.” Louis agreed. The blonde held out his hand.

“Niall James Horan, at your service.” He stated.

“Louis Tomlinson.” Louis shook his hand.

“Are you looking for a bloke or a bird to be your Dom?” Niall asked, looking around the room at the other six people, four girls and two more guys.

“Uh, on the preferences I put male, so...” He trailed off, not wanting everyone in the room to hear.

“Sweet! Me too!” Niall exclaimed. “I've always liked a good cock” He stated unashamed. “Just hope
the lad I get paired with can cook. I love to eat.”

Louis just stared at him. “What?” Niall asked, rubbing at his chin. “I got something on me face?”

“You want your Dom to cook for you? Um, you're supposed to cook for them.” He said in a low tone.

“Oh, yeah. You're definitely a sub. You're the most submissive person I've ever met.” Niall looked him up and down. “Killer bum, mate. Saw it when you walked in. Your Dom is going to flip his shit when he gets a look at you. Will probably want to knock you up as soon as possible. You're the most fertile thing alive, I think.”

“Thanks...I think.” Louis gave him a small smile. The more he talked to Niall, he found out that he really enjoyed the boy, and hoped that they would be able to keep in touch. He discovered that Niall did in fact dye his hair, he used to have braces, he was very Irish and very proud of it, he really did love food and he could drink anyone under the table if he was challenged too. He giggled when Niall told him a story that involved a few pints of Guinness and a pair of underwear printed with the Irish flag. He really liked the way Niall told a story; he used his hands animatedly and talked loudly and you couldn't help but listen to every funny word that came from his mouth. After a while, Niall quieted down and stared at the clock.

“I'm so fucking nervous, mate.” Niall finally admitted. He looked at the floor and then to Louis, who was also staring at the clock.

“Why?” Louis asked.

“What if my Dom doesn't want me? I mean, I can be submissive, but I don't act like it all the time...what if he really doesn't like that? Or what if he doesn't want me because I'm a half virgin?” Niall chewed on his bottom lip.

“A half virgin?” Louis couldn't help but ask.

“Yeah, I've fooled around with people before, had me fingers and a few toys up there, but never a real one, so...” He had a bright shade of red on his cheeks when he told Louis.

“What does your paper say you are?” Louis asked, remembering how his said virgin, right there behind his age.
“Non-virgin. I want to be able to explain to my Dom why before he decides he hates me, but we aren’t allowed to talk without their permission. What if he sees it, and then sees me, and won’t even let me explain before I’m hauled off and deemed unmatchable?” Louis swore the blonde lad was about to cry. He put a comforting arm around Niall’s shoulder and brought him to a cuddle.

“Hey now, none of that. You’ll be able to explain. All of the Doms and Subs have to try to have a normal conversation, remember?” Louis rubbed his hand up and down Niall’s back in what he hoped to be a comforting manner.

“You’re so good at being submissive, and I’m not. Sometimes I don’t know when to shut my mouth.” Niall laughed at that, and Louis smiled when he realized that his friend wasn’t sad anymore.

“Hey, me neither. I ramble on when I’m nervous and I literally need a hand over my mouth to shut me up. I don’t mean too, it’s just something that I do.” Louis told him.

“Or a hand over your bum, now that it’s almost time to meet our Doms.” Niall laughed even harder when he saw that Louis’ face had turned a bright red at the thought of being spanked. He looked at the clock and his heart started beating rapidly.

“Oh my God, Niall. It’s almost time. Mine’s going to hate me. I want to leave.” Louis tried to stand, but Niall grabbed his wrist.

“Hey, hey, Louis. We literally just had this conversation about me. Everything’s going to be fine. Your Dom will love you and your wonderful arse.” Niall reassured him, wrapping him in a hug. “And don’t panic, they have super strict rules about approaching anyone who isn’t your future partner.”

Just as they pulled away, the door clicked open and the same woman they had seen all day was standing there. “Follow me.” She said, turning to walk away. Everyone in the room scrambled to follow her, Niall and Louis going last because of their churning stomachs and doubt. The room was at the very end of the hallway, and she opened the door, allowing the subs to go in. There were seven round tables scattered across the room, and two chairs at each, sitting side by side instead of across from each other.

“You will take a seat and sit quietly until your Dom has identified you as his or her Submissive. Then, you may discuss the list and have a conversation.” She gave everyone a pointed look before leaving the room once more. Niall glanced at Louis and they both headed for the two tabled closest
to each other, and even though they had a quite a few feet between them, they still felt better knowing the other was close. Louis looked down at his lap when he heard the door click back open. His heart started beating rapidly, and his throat felt tight. He tugged at his shirt and shifted in his seat, trying to make his tummy and thighs disappear.

“Stand up.” A voice said above him. A deep, gravelly voice. His head snapped up and he was met with clear, emerald eyes. He quickly stood, not wanting his Dom to get a bad impression. He looked back up at his Dom, making eye contact. His Dom was tall. But then again, Louis was very short for a boy his age.

“Turn.” The same voice said, and Louis looked at his lips, which were plump and cherry red. His face was clear and his hair was curly, and...he was frowning. Oh my God why was he frowning? Louis looked back at his eyes.

“Clearly you can't listen. I said turn.” His Dom said, and Louis knew his face colored in shame. He lowered his head and turned, trying to suck in his stomach. He willed his eyes not to prickle with tears. The last thing he wanted was his Dom to think he was a baby. When he was done with his full circle, he kept his head down.

“You may sit.” His Dom said, doing so himself. Louis sat down, grabbing his list just in case the Dom wanted to look at it right away.

“I'm your Dom. Harry Styles.” When Louis heard the name, he looked straight into the Doms eyes.

“Harry...Styles?” He asked quietly. His Dom nodded.

“Is that a problem, Louis?” Harry raised his eyebrows.

Louis shook his head. “No! No, no, I just-I mean-I didn't think...” He trailed off, looking down at himself, tugging at his shirt once more. He was stopped when a large hand grabbed his small wrist.

“Stop doing that this instant. Now, what didn't you think?” Harry asked, still holding on to Louis' wrist. Louis stared at it for a moment, marveling at how long Harry's fingers were, and how big his hand was.

“I didn't think, I mean I just thought, that, you know...I'm sorry you had to be paired with me.” Louis
finished lamely. He looked over at Niall, who was laughing with his new Dom, a tall, buff man with brown hair and puppy dog eyes.

“Why are you sorry, Louis?” Harry's hand left his wrist and Louis immediately grabbed for it back. When he realized what he was doing, he put his hand back in his lap. Harry's mouth turned up at that. “Did you want to hold my hand?” He asked.

“I did, but it's whatever you want to do. You don't have to hold my hand if you don't want too.” Louis rushed out, twisting his hands together.

“Louis, this pairing isn't just about me. It's about you, mainly.” Harry reached for his hand, intertwining their fingers together. “As your Dom, I'm here to protect you and listen to you and take care of you.”

Just then, there was a girl yelling at the top of her lungs as she was being dragged through the open door away from the man she was sitting at the table with. He laughed at her clawing at the door and rolled his eyes.

Louis shifted closer to Harry and gripped his hand tighter. The cold and cruel look in the Dom's eyes as he laughed made Louis uncomfortable.

“Harry?” He said quietly.

“Hm?” Harry asked, scanning over the information folder he was given about Louis. Louis had the exact same one on Harry, he just had yet to read it.

“Can you—are you keeping me?” Louis asked, still staring at the Dom who rejected his Sub. He was just sitting there, laughing quietly to himself as he scanned what Louis assumed to be her folder.

“What?” Harry looked up that time, his eyes following to where Louis was looking. He gently took Louis' chin and turned his face. “Babydoll, don't look at him. He's an asshole. I happen to know for a fact that this is the fourth time he's rejected a Sub. So please, don't look over at him anymore. I want your eyes on me.” Harry said. Louis tore his eyes away from the other Dom, focusing all of his attention on Harry. He smiled shyly, making Harry smiley in return. Louis' heart fluttered when he saw the dimples, and he reached out to poke one. Harry grabbed his hand and held it in his.
“Now, Louis. Let's go over this list and your information.” Harry placed the open folder in front of Louis, and Louis did the same with Harry's.

“Okay, let's start with the most obvious. You want kids?” Harry asked Louis, reading what the folder said. “You're fertile.” Harry raked his eyes over Louis' form. “Highly fertile.”


"Hm.” Harry said. “That's going to be a problem. I don't.” He said, and Louis swore the whole room could hear his heart crack.

“You...you don't?” He shifted in his seat and tugged at his shirt.

“No. I'm constantly busy, flying places to meet with very important clients, and I work very hectic hours. I don't need a child to ruin that.”

“But a child doesn't ruin anything. How would a child ruin your work?” Louis asked. He saw Harry's eyes flicker up, irritated.

“We are not talking about this now. You're to immediately get on birth control, the higher the dosage, the better. We'll go to the pharmacy after this.”

Louis shook his head, trying not to cry. He really wanted children. Maybe when he and Harry were married.

“Now, it seems that all of your reds are my reds, which is good. However, some of your questionables are my greens.” He glanced up at Louis. “I would very much like to choke you.”

And, what? Louis panicked. “But-but, what? Is that one I missed? I don't want you to choke me, I don't want to die-”

Harry cut him off, cradling his face in his large hands. “Hey, calm down for me, babydoll. Please. It's not choking to kill, hell, it's not even choking. I worded that wrong. Calm down.” Harry ordered, and Louis felt his heart rate slow down, and he blinked a few times before meeting Harry's eyes.

“There we are. Hi.” Harry murmured. “We'll talk about this later, huh?” He gathered everything up in his arms before turning to Louis, who was walking toward a blonde boy sitting with his friend Liam.
“Louis! This is Liam. He's fabulous and he can cook.” Niall cheered, leaning back into Liam's brick wall chest. Harry shook his head before walking over, sliding his arm around Louis' waist. “You're a wanderer, aren't you babydoll?” He mumbled into Louis' ear. He felt the smaller boy shiver before looking up at him apologetically.

“Harry, this is Niall and his Dom—” Louis started to say, but Harry interrupted him.

“My best friend and housemate, Liam Payne.” Harry said, watching as Louis' and Niall's eyes widened, before they were both hugging.

“We're going to live in the same house! I'm going to live in the same house as your fabulous bum! I'm so happy!” Niall cried, squeezing Louis. Harry raised his eyebrows at Liam, who shrugged and nodded his head to agree with Niall.

“Alright. I think we've been here long enough. Liam, Niall? Would you like to join us for a late lunch?” Harry asked, placing his hand on Louis' waist and tugging him close. Liam looked at Niall who nodded back up at him.

“Great! Meet at Florence's?” Harry asked, tugging Louis away before he could hear Liam agree. Harry nodded to the people he passed, and then tugged Louis into a dark doorway.

“Okay, listen Louis. There are going to be lot of paparazzi out here, wanting my picture, and wanting your picture. They will call out to you and they will continue until you give an answer, which you are not to do—look at me—do you understand, Louis? Do not speak or look at them. I will be holding you against me so you won't get knocked around. Please don't be nervous. I won't let anything happen to you.” Harry assured him.


“Alright. Let's do this. Oh, and Louis? Don't fuck this up.” Harry growled before gripping Louis' hip and holding him tightly to his side. As soon as the door was open, Louis was blinded by multiple flashing lights. He kept his head down, focusing on his and Harry’s synchronized steps.

“Harry! Is this your new sub?” Someone called.
“What's your name, sweetheart?” Another called.

“Proper twink, looks like! A new toy, Harry?” Louis' steps stuttered when he heard that, and Harry gripped him hard enough to bruise before leading him the next few feet to the waiting Escalade 2015. He practically shoved Louis into the passenger seat before walking quickly around the car to the drivers side. He sent a silent thank you to the car company because the windows were tinted enough that no one could ever see in.

“Are you okay?” Harry asked, reaching over the console to ruck Louis' shirt up to inspect his side. “Thank God.” He said.

“What?”

“I didn't bruise you. I held you hard enough too. Louis, if I ever hurt you with anything, my words, my actions, my touch, you need to tell me. I don't care what the situation is, if I'm mad as hell at you and want to punish you in any way, you need to tell me if you're hurt. Do you understand?” Louis nodded, looking outside at the paparazzi, who were trying to swarm the car. “What that one said, about me—”

“Nothing they say is true. You're not to believe any of it. Got it? You're my new submissive and I'm going to take care of you. I'm going to spoil you, and I'm going to discipline you. You aren't my property, and I'm going to allow you certain freedoms.” Harry ran his hand through Louis' hair, cupping the back of his head and kissing his forehead. Louis closed his eyes, savoring the first tender moment between him and his Dom.

“Harry?” Louis asked, watching the paps get smaller in the mirror as Harry drove away.

“Yes, babydoll?” Harry asked, swerving smoothly to avoid a large pothole. Louis smiled at the pet name, his insides warming up. Harry glanced over and saw it.

“You like it when I call you that?” He asked.

“Yes, but if you don't-” Louis began, but Harry grabbing his hand over the console stopped his rambling.
“Sweetheart. I'll let you know when I don't want to be sweet towards you.” He said, driving along the busy street.

“Like, what do you mean?” Louis asked nervously.

“I'm going to be very blunt. I'm a very strict Dom, Louis. If I tell you to do something I expect it to be done. If I'm feeling generous, I'll give you a warning or two. If it's a particularly busy week, I'll try not to ask too much of you, especially now that you're starting uni. If it's a bad week, I might not talk to you at all. In order for it to be a bad week, you would have to have done something that I asked you not to or if you blatantly disobey or ignore me, There's a room in the house that is for incidences where I don't want to hear, see, or talk to you and you will spend however long I feel you should in there. Meals will be sent up and you aren't allowed to talk to anyone until I feel that you've served your punishment. I shouldn't allow you to call me by my first name because it's a sign of disrespect, but since it's your first time with a Dom, I'll let it slide. If you want to address me in public, it's Sir.”

“What if...what if maybe I'm having a bad week and you don't see or maybe you punish me before I can tell you that I'm having a bad week? Or if somethings upset me and I maybe forget to do something you ask of me?” Louis asked timidly.

“I will always give you time to talk to me before I decide your punishment. I don't want you to be upset at something and in isolation. I want you to tell me as soon as somethings upset you, okay? Then I'll know not to ask you to do anything for a little while. I don't want my babydoll upset ever.” Harry brought Louis' hand to his mouth and kissed his knuckles.

“Maybe, do you think when we move in together, we can maybe talk more about...the baby situation?” Louis asked as politely as he could. Harry gripped his hand a little harder than necessary. “I've given my final answer about that. Do not bring up the topic again.” He said without looking at Louis.

“I just....” He squirmed his hand out of Harry's and sat on it, spending the rest of the ride looking at the storm clouds gathering outside. It was sprinkling out, and Louis knew that before the car stopped at the restaurant that it would be pouring down rain.

A few minutes later, Harry pulled up in front of Florence's, an expensive Italian restaurant that Louis had always heard of but never been able to afford it. He heard Harry open his door and toss the keys to the valet, and a loud clap of thunder reminded him that he didn't have an umbrella or anything. He looked at the sky once more before opening his door. He was immediately jerked from the car and an umbrella was placed over his head and an arm around his waist.
He was surprised that Harry helped him at all, because he had a feeling that he had upset the Dom. He grabbed the bottom of Harry's shirt and held it tightly until they were past the flashing cameras and in the safety and warmth of the restaurant. A bubbly and blond waitress greeted them at the door, looking only at Harry, smiling and batting her eyelashes as she led them to their table. Harry pulled Louis' chair out for him and made sure that he was seated before sitting down himself.

“Would you like to start off with some wine?” She asked Harry, twirling her hair.

“The most expensive bottle. And a basket of breadsticks. We'll be expecting two more people shortly, so if you could hurry.” Harry said without looking at her. She seemed annoyed when she left and that made Louis giggle.

“What's got you laughing, doll?” Harry asked while skimming the menu.

“Nothing....sir? I'm really sorry if I made you upset in the car. I just thought that we could talk about it some more. I understand if you don't though.” Louis said quickly, opening his menu and looking straight for the salad section.

Harry covered the section with his hand and turned the page to the pastas and raviolis. He then put an arm around Louis and brought him close, whispering in his ear. “If you want to talk about it, we can talk about it. I want to hear what you have to say about it. And were you giggling because of the waitresses flirtatious ways?” He asked, making Louis giggle again. Harry wished he could record the sound and make it his ringtone.

“Are we interrupting something?” He heard a deep voice ask, making him pull away from the smaller boy, moving his hand to rest on Louis' delicious thigh.

“Nothing that can't be continued, Liam.” Harry said, motioning for them to sit down. Liam pulled Niall's chair out for him and then sat, both of them immediately opening their menus.

“Is this okay?” The waitress had returned, plunking a basket of delicious smelling bread on the table and its little bowl of dipping oil next to it before turning to Harry to show him the label of the wine.

“That's your most expensive? Okay...” He said, and she poured a little into a glass for him to test. “It'll do.” He told her.
Louis and Niall both took a breadstick at the same time, Niall eating all of his in three bites, while Louis tore pieces off before dipping and eating.

“Try the wine?” Harry asked Louis, who looked up at him, his blue eyes shining through the glasses he wore.

“I don’t know if I’ll like it…” Louis said but he picked it up and tried it anyway, nose crinkling at the taste. He set the glass back down. “I’m sorry, Harry. I don’t like it.” He said, resting his hand on top of the one Harry had resting on his thigh.

“It’s alright, would you like something else to drink?” He asked, watching Louis thumb through the menu, glancing more than once at the pastas.

“Tea? Yorkshire if they have it?” Louis asked, and Harry nodded before waving his hand to have the waitress scurry over.

“Are we ready to order?” She asked, pen poised.

“I think we’ll need a few more minutes. However, I will take a Yorkshire tea.” Harry told her, and she nodded, scribbling on her paper before walking off.

When she returned with the tea and some sugar, they ordered. Harry got the Chicken Saltimbocca, Louis got beef and Italian sausage ravioli in marinara, Liam got Penne alla vodka, and Niall ordered Shrimp fra diavolo.

Harry and Liam began to talk to each other, leaving Niall and Louis to have their own conversation.

“Lou, there’s a fair next weekend. Wanna go?” Niall asked, drumming his fingers on the table.


“Nah. Those don't even sound fun, mate. It's a like a carnival, you know? Ferris wheel, fun house, hay ride...you know. The fun stuff.”
“Craft fairs are fun!” Louis defended. “At the good ones, you can make a candle or a sampler.” He said, remembering the apple scented candle he had sitting on his dresser at home. It was the very first candle he had made, and it was starting to thin because he always burned it. “I need to make a new candle. Mine is almost gone.” He said.

“Is there food at craft fairs?” Of course Niall would ask about food. Louis laughed.

“There are homemade food booths, you know. And cooking contests. I've always wanted to enter the baked goods one, but I don't know how to make anything but Dutch apple pie.” Louis replied.

"That's my favorite." Harry's voice rumbled in his ear. "You'll have to make it for me some time." Louis blushed. "Your meals, sirs." Two waitresses set their plates in front of them, and they all dug in eagerly. Louis stared at his food before cutting a piece of ravioli and taking a bite. It was the best thing he had ever eaten.

“Can you eat it all for me?” Harry murmured to him, cutting his chicken.

“I can try.” Louis responded quietly, earning a quick peck on the Niall, and they both began to talk animatedly to each other about it.

“I'm so glad they get along with each other.” Liam said to Harry, both men looking at their subs excited faces.

“I am too. They'll need to keep each other company for when we have business meetings or last minute flights and can't take them.” Harry agreed. Both him and Liam were at the very top of Styles and Payne Global. They managed thousands of businesses, ranging from alcohol to clothing to record labels. They were constantly in Forbes and business magazines. They were famous for not taking shit from anyone and running a very tight ship. They were partners with many successful businesses throughout the globe. Louis looked around the table. Harry was cutting his chicken, Niall was chomping happily on a spicy shrimp, and Liam was bringing a forkful of noodles to his mouth. Harry's looked the best to him, though.

“Would you like to try it, love?” Harry asked him, and Louis blushed when he realized he was caught staring.

“Uh, no thank you.” He looked away, but Harry handed Louis his fork, which he had put food on.
Louis took it shyly and took the bite of food. He chewed and swallowed the delicious food, thanking Harry.

“Hey, Liam. Give me some of yours.” Niall demanded after he saw the exchange between Harry and Louis. Liam rolled his eyes before handing Niall the fork he was bringing up to his mouth. Niall smiled happily and took the pasta in his mouth. Liam laughed and took his fork back.

“Do you want some of mine?” Louis asked Harry, who shook his head.

“Thank you, sweets. I would prefer that you ate it for me.” Harry replied, sipping his wine. The rest of the meal went quickly and silently, and before Louis knew it, he was putting his last ravioli in his mouth. When he was through, he shifted in his seat to get closer to Harry, resting his head on his doms shoulder.

“Tired?” Harry asked, slipping his credit card in the little black book the waitress had left with the food. Louis nodded. Eating a big meal always left him a little tired. “You ate all of your ravioli for me, thank you. Was it good?”

“It was delicious. Thank you.” He replied, wrapping his hand around Harry's bulging bicep. Liam and Niall finished up, and they all stood.

“Remember what I said about the paps, Louis.” Harry reminded him, and Louis nodded, keeping his hand tight around Harry's bicep. The foursome parted ways at the door, Louis and Niall hugging each other and talking about how they would see each other again within the week when they were moving into the house. Harry wrapped one arm around Louis' shoulders while the other held an umbrella. It was still raining hard, and thankfully there weren't that many paps around.

Once they were both situated in the car, Harry turned the heat on and buckled up. Louis did the same.

“We should go over what is going to happen this week.” Harry said as they pulled away from the restaurant. “After I meet your parents, which I would like to do in a few days, so do not forget. When you move in with me, you will have your freedoms within the house, which you will be touring tomorrow when I am off of work. Niall will be there too. You won't have to work for things, I am going to spoil you, so long as you don't get ungrateful. Sometimes I will take you to work parties or galas or charity events, and sometimes I won't. It depends on if I think you've been good or not.” He glanced at Louis, who was chewing on his bottom lip.
“After the house has been shown to you, you will have a day or two to pack what you want to bring. I will take you shopping to get a new wardrobe, one that I approve of, and some other things you would like to have.”

When Louis heard the clothing comment, he blushed. “I'm sorry, my mum told me to change today and I didn't listen.” He smoothed his shirt.

“You look wonderful, Louis. This is just so I know that whatever you put on, I already approve of and you won't have to change twice.” Harry assured him.
Louis told Harry his address, and in a few minutes, they were pulled up to Louis' house. Before he could get out, however, Harry grabbed his wrist gently.

“I have something for you.” He said before reaching into the middle console and presenting Louis a sleek white iPhone box.

“I can't-”

“You can and you will.” Harry handed it to him. “It's all set up and my name and number are already in it. This way, I can get ahold of you if something comes up or you would like to do something with me, within reason.” Harry smiled at Louis and kissed his temple.

“Thank you, Harry.” Louis replied, opening the door and sliding out of the car. He walked over the house and stood, watching as Harry pulled away.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Please excuse the format. I have no idea why it isn't acknowledging the paragraphs in the last half of the story. If you know how to fix it, please tell me!! It's bugging me. Also, any ideas for the story are greatly appreciated! I would love to know what you would like to see happen!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As soon as Louis opened his front door, he was bombarded with questions.

"Who did you get?" His mother asked him, trying to grab for the folder. His dad gently grabbed her shoulder.

"Harry Styles." He replied, watching as both of his parents eyes went wide.

"What?" His mother asked. "The successful business owner?" She asked in disbelief, and it kind of made Louis feel like shit. Like it was some big surprise that he couldn't have landed a successful dom.

"Uh...yeah. I haven't had time to read the file I was given on him. We just got back from lunch. I made a new friend, his name is Niall and he's Harry's roommate-slash-co business owners sub, and we're all moving in together at the end of the week. He wants to meet you guys." Louis rushed out before going upstairs. He closed his bedroom door and sat down on his bed. opening Harry's file.

He was met with a picture of Harry, looking extremely irresistible, and his information was listed: Harry Styles, 25. Height: 6'3". Status: wealthy. On the next page was a little information about him and his business, stating how wealthy it had made him and how many people he was partnered with. His list of red and greens was in it as well. Louis tried not to stare at the part that read Harry didn't want any children for a very long time.

He closed the file and opened the iPhone box. He sat the phone on the bed and plugged the charger into the wall next to his nightstand and placed the headphones by his lamp, not wanting to lose them. He then took the phone and opened the screen. He wished he had a picture of Harry to set as his background because the pink flower was nothing special to look at. And of course, as Harry had said, his number was the only one in Louis' phone. He didn't want to text or call Harry just in case the older man was busy, so he set about downloading some apps and setting up his iTunes account.
He downloaded Pinterest, because of course, Facebook, Twitter, and a Google browser.

After a while, he decided to do what little homework he had. It was for one of his favorite uni classes. He loved history but really wanted to be a preschool teacher, so he was studying early childhood education. He just adored little children. He cracked open the textbook and started reading up on the Black Plague, trying not to gag at the morbid pictures that were drawn in the book. He pulled out his ancient laptop and began typing up his paper on it from the rough draft he had on paper.

A little ping cut through the quiet and made him jump. The phone beside him lit up with a text message.

Harry: Don't forget to remind your parents that I would like to meet them before the end of the week.

Louis: I mentioned that you did, but I didn't give any details about it, just that you wanted to see them xxx

He wasn't sure if the x's were too much, but he sent it before he could second guess himself. This was after all supposed to be a relationship, so it really couldn't hurt. He sat the phone back down and went to his attached bathroom, deciding that a shower and a nap couldn't hurt. He washed himself with his favorite vanilla-sugar body wash and coconut shampoo and conditioner.

After standing under the spray for a few minutes, he dried off and slid on some tight white briefs that hugged his bum tightly, but oh well. No one would see. He sat his laptop and papers to the side of his bed and laid on his stomach, covered up with a single fluffy blanket and drifted off, not noticing that he had a message from Harry.

A tug at his blanket woke up him with a start. He was laying on his belly still, and only one leg was covered up, leaving the rest of him cold. He turned his head and was met with Harry, standing over him.

"Harry!" He exclaimed, sitting up and tugging the blanket over his torso. Harry crossed his arms.

"Is your phone on?" He asked sharply. Louis scrambled to find it between the cover and the bed. Once he had found it, he saw that he had many unread messages.

Harry: I would like to meet them tonight. That way you can get moved in faster.

Harry: Louis. Answer me.

Harry: You better not be ignoring me, Louis. I don't want you mad at me."

Louis swallowed hard and looked at Harry's blank face. He stood quickly, not caring when the blanket fell away and grabbed for Harry.

"I didn't hear it go off, I was in the shower and then I took a nap because I was tired, Harry. I wouldn't ignore you on purpose, you have to believe me, please. I don't want you mad at me." He said quickly, breathing hard. Harry's arms were still crossed and his face still blank, but he was looking Louis in the eye.

"Get ready. I've already had a chat with your parents and we're going to dinner tonight. Do not keep
me waiting." He told Louis before turning and leaving, closing the door harshly behind him.

Louis wiped at his wet eyes, thankful that no tears fell. He didn't want Harry to think he was an emotional child. He walked over to his dresser and looked through his drawers, pulling out some tight pants. He threw them on his bed and went to his closet to find something warm to wear. He frowned when he only had one jumper that was too small for him. He usually just wore a t-shirt and a jacket.

He opened his bedroom and looked down the hallway. His parents door was closed, so he figured they were getting ready. He walked to the stairs, hoping to see Harry, which he didn't. He closed his door again and got his phone to text Harry.

To Harry: Can you come to my room? xx

He plugged his phone up just to be safe, even though it was at the pre-charged 75%. He walked back over to his closet and sifted further, trying to find another jumper or a long sleeved shirt or a hoodie or something. All of his hoodies though weren't exactly appropriate for a fancy dinner. He sighed and rested his head against the wall. His bedroom door clicked open and shut behind him, and he turned. Harry was standing there, looking at him.

"What did you need?" He asked.

"I don't have a shirt to wear. I mean, I have a shirt, but I want to wear a jumper or something warm besides my jacket and the only jumper I have is too small for me, and I don't want to wear a shirt. I don't know what's appropriate because I don't know where we're going." He tugged at the sleeve of a shirt he had hanging in his closet.

"We're going to dinner. A jumper would be good." Harry said. He looked down before shrugging out of his jacket and shedding the light purple jumper he was wearing. Underneath, he wore a black button up shirt. He walked over to Louis and slid the jumper on his smooth skin, his fingers lingering at the hem.

"Perfect." Harry breathed, looking at Louis, standing there in his jumper, which fell to his thigh, and his black boxers. "Now, put your tight jeans on, love." He said, walking back out of the room. Louis turned to look in his mirror, marveling at how big the jumper was on his small frame. He had sweater paws and it showed his collarbone. He brought the collar of the shirt up to his nose and smelled the mix of cinnamon, cologne, and Harry. It made him feel safe.

He slid the jeans over his legs and jumped to get it over his bum (again), and rolled the ends up (again), before sliding on a pair of grey Vans. He ran his fingers through his messy bedhead before deeming it acceptable. He left his glasses off and instead opted for contacts, which he only had minor difficulty putting in. Once he decided that he was ready, he grabbed his phone and jacket before heading downstairs. His parents still weren't downstairs, so it was only him and Harry, who was tapping away furiously on his phone.

Louis stood awkwardly in the doorway, fingers fiddling with the hem of the jumper. He walked over to the window and peeked out of the curtains. To his delight, it was still raining. He loved this type of weather. It was perfect for staying in bed and cuddling all day. He felt someone come up behind him, and a arm snaked around him and rested on his hip. He turned and saw Harry, who was still typing on his phone with one hand. His brow was furrowed.

Louis hesitated before asking, "Is everything okay?" He knew he shouldn't pry but Harry must be irritated at him for falling asleep and not answering his message or calls. Harry glanced down at him.
"Don't worry about it." He replied, turning when he heard Louis' parents come downstairs.

"You look wonderful." Harry complimented his mother. "And Dan, I really like the suit." He said. His father gripped both of his lapels and smiled at Harry proudly.

"A good suit is the first sign of a successful man." He replied. Harry nodded, agreeing with him.

"Shall we go?" Harry motioned towards the door, letting Dan and Jay walk first. Dan pulled a shawl from the coat rack and draped it over his mother's shoulders. He then opened the door for his wife. Louis stood behind Harry, waiting for the older man to go first. However, when Dan and Jay were halfway down the walk, Dan holding an umbrella over their heads, Harry looked over at him.

"Are you coming?" He asked Louis.

"I was waiting for you to go." Louis said dumbly, looking out the door. He saw lightening in the distance, and a small boom of thunder sounded.

"You always go first." Harry said, placing his arm around Louis, leading him out the door. "Always. That way I can see what's happening around you and I know you're safe." Harry shut the door behind him and they both walked to the waiting Escalade, Harry holding an umbrella.

"Louis, you can sit up front with Harry." Dan said when they approached the car. Louis opened his mouth to protest but Dan held his hand up. "This is your Doms car. You sit with him, and I'll sit in back with your mother." Louis nodded and went to open his own door, but Harry's hand beat him to it.

"I would also like to open all your doors for you." He said in Louis' ear. "It's a sign of respect, darling." He helped Louis into the high vehicle and went around to the drivers door, sliding into the seat. Dan and Jay were already seated and holding hands.

Louis rested his hand arm on the center console, hoping that Harry would get the idea to hold his. Harry started the car before pulling away from the house.

"I was hoping to go to Lumiere's, but I didn't make a reservation because I wasn't sure if tonight was going to happen." He said offhandedly, glancing at Louis, who lowered his head in embarrassment. He took his hand off the console and folded them in his lap. He turned to look out the window, watching the water droplets race down the glass.

"That's quite alright. Poor Louis has been so tired lately with his classes, I'm sure he just wanted to get a little rest. He's had a very eventful day." His mother defended him sweetly.

"And besides, Harry, with your status, I'm sure you'll be given a table in no time." Dan replied. "And I've heard that Lumiere's has a new batch of wine, aged 70 years. That seems like it would be interesting to try."

"That does sound good." Harry agreed, stopping at a stoplight.

"I hope this rain lets up. I need to get the rest of my vegetables out of the garden." Jay said, looking out the window.

"Can't last much longer, dear. It's been raining for two days. You'll get your vegetables and you can can them all up and all will be good." Jay hummed in response.
The rest of the ride was quiet. Harry sighed when he pulled up to the restaurant, seeing the paparazzi milling about, getting excited when they spotted his vehicle.

"I'm terribly sorry about the paparazzi." He apologized to Jay and Dan, who waved their hands. "Success comes with a price or two. I don't mind as long as Jay doesn't." Dan said, and Jay shook her head, confirming. Jay leaned forward.

"Lou, dear." Louis turned to look at her. "Do they bother you? I'm sure if you feel anxious Harry will take you somewhere else." She said, and Louis shook his head.

"They don't really bother me, mum. I'll be fine." He said quietly, and she gave him a small smile and squeezed his arm reassuringly. "Just let me know if you need to take a few minutes, okay? No one will mind, I'm sure." She sat back and readjusted her shawl while Dan grabbed the umbrella, ready to open it when they got out. Harry watched the two for a minutes before getting out quickly, opening his own umbrella, tossing the keys to the valet. He strode over to the passenger side door and opened it for his sub, helping him down out of the high vehicle. Louis muttered a quiet "thank you" before walking with Harry under the umbrella. Jay and Dan followed close behind.

Thankfully, no one shouted anything at the foursome as they entered the quiet restaurant.

"Mr. Styles!" The maître d' exclaimed. "You don't have a reservation? I'm sure we can do something about that..." He said, gathering four menus and walking away quickly. They followed him into a secluded part of the restaurant, reserved for the most important of guests. Dan held Jay's chair out for her and Harry did the same for Louis.

"A drink, perhaps?" A waiter asked, a white tea towel draped over his arm.

"Petrus vintage." Harry answered, and the waiter nodded and walked away. "Does anyone want any appetizers?"

Dan shook his head. "No, thank you. Jay and I had a late lunch and I'm sure you and Louis did as well. We'll just order a main dish." He said, flipping through his menu, Jay doing the same. Louis looked down at his menu, trying to decipher the French dishes. He thanked God when he saw that there were English descriptions of the dish. He looked for the soups, reading each description until he reached them.

The waiter popped back by and poured a glass of wine for both Harry and Dan, both of whom
shook their heads in approval. The waiter then poured for Louis and Jay. Jay raised her glass to Harry as a thank you.

"Would we like to order now?" The waiter asked. Harry nodded and closed his menu.

"I would like the Duck à l'Orange." He said, handing his menu to the waiter. Dan ordered the Chicken Dijon, Jay ordered the Crispy Monkfish with Capers, and Louis ordered the Beef Bourguignon. They also handed their waiter their menus and turned to each other for conversation.

"So, Dan. Tell me about what you do." Harry asked, and he and Dan launched into a conversation about lawyers and politics.

Jay turned to Louis. "You've been so quiet all evening. Are you alright?" She asked, taking his hand in hers and gently rubbing it. Louis shrugged and played with his fork.

"I'm fine. Still kind of tired. And that history paper is due on Friday and I'm not even halfway done with it, and I need to perfect the rough draft I have on it." He said, and she looked at him for a moment.

"You'll tell someone if you don't fell right, right?" She asked, worried. Louis had the tendency to overthink things and stress about stuff, and sometimes it lead to panicked breaths and anxiety. She knew that whenever he felt like that, he needed someone's undivided attention and all of the love he could get until he could calm down a bit. She wanted to avoid it all.

"Yes, mum. I feel fine right now though." He assured her, and she squeezed his hand. He smiled back and looked around the restaurant, completely missing the questioning look Harry gave Jay, and her head nod, meaning she'd tell him later. He nodded back and placed his hand on Louis thigh, making the smaller boy jump and give him a confused look. It made Harry a tad bit mad at himself for making his sub question why his own Dom would be giving him affection. He just kept his hand there and returned to his conversation with Dan.

A few minutes later, the waiter placed their food in front of them, and Louis' nose was assaulted with a wide range of delicious smells. He picked up his fork and eagerly dug in, his mouth filling with flavor. Everyone else seemed to think that their food was equally as good, because for the net few minutes, there was nothing but the sound of forks hitting the china plates. Louis reached for his glass and took a small sip of the wine, and to his surprise, he liked it, which was strange because he wasn't really fond of drinking.
"So, Harry, how's the business?" Jay asked, sipping her own wine. Harry swallowed and took a sip of wine before replying.

"It's doing fantastic. Liam, that's my business partner, and I just landed a very big account in America, and although the details aren't quite worked out yet, they are definitely on board with us. It's a billion dollar account, so we were pretty excited." Harry replied, smiling at his mother and Dan.

"So," Jay started. "Louis will be taken care of?" She asked, and Louis looked up at her with wide eyes. He should have known that his mum would bring up Harry's money sooner or later. The Tomlinons' never had much money, and even though Dan worked for a successful law firm, most of the extra money they received through the years went into Louis' college fund. Louis was never ungrateful for anything he had.

Harry looked over at him before grabbing his hand and pressing a kiss to his knuckles. "I will make sure he is always taken care of. Believe me, he will never suffer. I plan on spoiling him." Louis blushed and Jay beamed at Harry while Dan shook his head in approval. The rest of the meal passed quickly, the conversation full of laughter from both sides of the table. The waiter brought Harry the bill, and he slid in his credit card and signed a piece of paper when the waiter brought it back, placing a large bill on the table.

"I have to go to the bathroom." Louis said when they were all standing. Jay nodded at him. "We'll wait right here for you, dear." She said, and turned to Harry once she made sure Louis was out of earshot. "I should tell you now because I don't think Louis will tell you anytime soon." She began. "Sometimes, if he's feeling stressed, or upset about something, or in a stressful situation, he can panic. It's not too bad, but he just overthinks things and his anxiety will flare up. It's not severe, but when it happens, I've found it best to remove him from the problem as quickly as possible and give him your undivided attention. Like, if it's uni he's stressed about, I usually just take away his laptop and books and make him take a nap, and I cuddle with him until he falls asleep." She informed Harry.

"I understand." Harry said, his head swimming with this new information about his sub. Jay hesitated, and Dan put his arm around her.

"Does that bother you?" She asked Harry.

"Louis is perfect. There is nothing about him that bothers me." He replied. "I promise."

Jay sighed in relief and nodded her head, thankful to hear that her son would be taken care of in every possible way.
"You're a good man." Dan said to Harry. "I know you'll take care of Louis." Harry nodded. Of course he would take care of Louis. He had known him for less than 24 hours and already Louis was the most important person in his life.

"Okay, I'm done." Louis approached the group. Harry smiled at him and placed his hand in the dip of Louis' back. Louis leaned into his touch and Harry motioned towards the door.

"Shall we go?" He asked, and Dan and Jay nodded, walking behind Harry and Louis. Harry nodded towards the waiter when he passed them on his way to the table to clear it. At the door, they popped open the umbrellas and made the walk to the Escalade, ignoring the dwindling paparazzi. The rain must have made the smart ones leave, Harry thought, helping Louis into the car. Once he had tipped the valet, he got in and began driving home.

The vehicle was filled with mindless chatter between Dan, Jay, and Harry. Louis just chose to keep quiet and listen, not knowing what to add to the conversation. Once they reached the Tomlinson residence, Dan and Jay thanked Harry for the delicious meal and how much they enjoyed his company. Harry said goodbye to them and held Louis' hand, letting him know that he was to stay in the car. Once all of the doors were closed and Dan and Jay were in the house, Harry turned to Louis.

"Did you have fun?" He asked his sub.

Louis nodded. "I really enjoyed today. And I'll make sure to tell you from now on if I'm taking a nap. I don't want you made at me." He said, looking at Harry apologetically.

"Don't worry. I might have overreacted a bit. You seemed tired today, and that's not your fault, never your fault." He rubbed his thumb over Louis' smooth cheekbone. Louis closed his eyes and leaned into Harry's touch.

"Now that I've met your parents, we can start the moving process." Harry said, and Louis nodded. "The reason I'm rushing this is because Liam and I might have to go to America next week to meet with the business we landed, and I want you to be in the house before I leave. Liam and I would feel safer knowing both you and Niall are situated. I don't want to worry about moving you when I get back."

"I understand. I can maybe start packing tonight?" Louis said. "I'm not going to take much stuff." He said, mainly because he didn't have anything special to take.
"Don't forget, I'm taking you shopping for clothes and such after you move in. And we'll be getting your birth control, because I forgot about it after lunch." Harry reminded him, and Louis nodded, not wanting to bring up any further arguments about it. It was quiet for a few moments before Harry said, "I'd quite like to kiss you now, love." He murmured quietly, and Louis nodded his head. Harry gently cradled Louis' face in his large hands and pressed his lips to Louis'.

He took his time with the kiss and made it sweet, his tongue sweeping over Louis' bottom lip. Louis opened his mouth, allowing the older man to trace the inside of his mouth with his tongue. Louis brought his hands up to hold Harry's wrists as the kiss deepened. After a few more moments Harry broke the kiss. Louis looked at him dazedly, licking over his bright red lips. Harry's looked the same, and he stared at Louis, who was blushing.

"You're perfect, love. I almost couldn't stop touching you. But that, however, is for a different time. Although seeing you tonight in those briefs gave me naughty ideas." He said, remembering how sinful Louis' bum looked in them. Louis blushed harder and looked down. Harry brought their lips together once more.

"Now, it's time to go. I'll be getting ahold of you soon, so keep your phone on and near you, okay?" Louis nodded. Harry opened his door and walked around to Louis' side, opening the door and helping him out. "I might have to drive a smaller car. You can hardly climb in and out of this one without my help." Harry teased, smiling. Louis scrunched his nose and looked at Harry. "Don't get me wrong, love. I love your height, love how I can hold you with all of me." He said, tugging Louis close to him. Louis wrapped his arms around Harry's warm torso, his ear over Harry's chest. Harry leaned his head down and inhaled the scent of Louis's shampoo.

The hug lasted a bit longer before they both pulled away. Harry kissed Louis' forehead and sent him up the walk, watching Louis open the door and give a small wave before disappearing into his house, before getting into his own car and driving away.

Chapter End Notes

I would like everyone to know that this is NOT based off of OR inspired by the lovely fic "His Submission". A lot of people have voiced their concerns about it, and I have spoken to both authors. And, I must say, they are lucky to have such diligent fans :)}
Chapter 3

"Lou, dear! I brought you more boxes!" Jay said, bumping his door open and setting the three boxes she had brought up on his floor by his desk. She looked around the room for him. "Louis?"

"In here, mum!" He called from the bathroom. A few seconds later, he came out. "I was just brushing my teeth." He said. "Thanks for the boxes."

Jay sat on his bed and looked around his room. "What do you have left to pack?" She asked, moving his laptop further up the bed so it wouldn't get broken or jostled.

"Um. Those books" he pointed to a stack on his desk. "And some of my clothes. I've already wrapped and packed my pictures and school supplies." He said, uncapping a Sharpie and writing the contents of the boxes on top of them.

"Isn't Harry taking you shopping?" She asked, looking at him quizzically. He sat next to her.

"Yes, tomorrow or Wednesday, maybe. He might be too busy too, because of the account thing. It's alright if he forgets."

"I don't think he'll forget, dear." She patted his thigh and stood up. "Well, I'm heading to bed, and you should too, just in case Harry decides to take you shopping tomorrow. I'll put on some tea for us real quick." She pecked his head and left his room. "And close your window so the rain doesn't soak your carpet!" She called down the hall. Louis rolled his eyes and walked over to his window, looking outside. The rain hadn't let up like Dan had thought. It seemed to be getting worse. He heard thunder boom in the distance.

He closed his window and went over to his bed, bringing his laptop on his lap. *Guess I better finish that history paper,* he thought as he cracked open the textbook and plucked his rough draft papers from the page. He opened the document he had minimized, *I really should save this.* He plugged his laptop into the charger and began typing away. He was on the fourth page of typing when he heard his mum call from downstairs, letting him know the tea was done.

He sat his laptop down on the bed, still open on the document and walked downstairs. His mother was already sitting at the table, stirring her tea. The wind outside rattled the windows and whipped the dying leaves from the trees onto the glass, making them stick.
He poured his tea and placed a minimal amount of sugar in it before joining his mum at the table. The steam from the mug warmed his chin as he stirred it.

"Done packing yet?" Jay asked, placing her spoon on the napkin next to her mug and taking a sip. Louis shook his head.

"I'm finishing my paper so I don't have to rush to do it." He replied, sipping his own tea. Jay nodded.

"So, tell me about this friend you made? I believe you said that he's Harry's business partners sub?" She asked, and Louis sat up straighter, excited to talk about his new friend.

"His name is Niall Horan, and he has bright blonde hair, but he's died it since he was twelve, I think is what he told me. He has blue eyes, like mine, and he's from Mullingar, Ireland, but he and his family moved here three years back because of his dads work. He's taller than me, a bit. Maybe an inch or two?" His mum laughed quietly at that. "He's really loud when he wants to be." He ignored the "Just like you!" from his mother. "He was afraid to meet his dom because he didn't think that any dom would want a sub who was always talking and being loud, but Liam didn't seem to have a problem with him."

"He sounds wonderful, dear. I'm glad you've made a friend so quickly. Now you won't be alone with just Harry all the time." She said. "I'm sure his house is quite big, so you and Niall won't be lonely." Just as she finished her sentence, there was a loud clap of thunder and the lights flickered before going completely off.

"Oh dear." Jay said, standing and going to the cupboard and bringing out the candles and flashlights stored there. She placed three candles on the table and lit them, illuminating the room in soft, cozy light.

"Oh my God, mum." Louis said, breathing quickly. He stood and rushed to his room. He jumped onto his bed and pressed buttons on his ancient keyboard, praying that the storm hadn't knocked his laptop off. Sadly, it had. He pressed the keys harder, alternating between them and the power button. Nothing worked. His laptop was officially gone, dead, fried. He dug the heels of his palms into his eyes and blinked the tears away.

"Louis?" He heard Jay come in. "What happened?"

"My laptop-my work, my paper, it's gone!" He cried, his chest tight. Jay sat on the bed next to him.
and pulled him close. "I have nothing to turn in now! The professor said it had to be typed, and it costs money to print it at the library, and I can't get a new laptop because I have no money and I'm going to fail history and I won't get a good job! And I'm not packed for Harry's and he's going to request a new sub! One that doesn't ignore him and embarrass him in public." He sobbed.

"Darling! Shhh. Harry isn't going to be mad or upset! None of this is your fault, dear. The storm knocked the power out, and your laptop is five years old. It couldn't have lasted much longer. And hey, look! You have your rough draft! The paper isn't completely gone. I'll talk to your father in the morning and see what we can do about a new laptop, okay?"

"No, mum. I don't want you to spend your money on me. Laptops are expensive." Louis sniffed, and Jay petted his head over and over again, soothing him.

"Shush. Now, can you change into your pajamas and get into bed?" She asked, and he nodded. "I think all you need right now is a good sleep. It has been a very exciting and eventful day for you." She said, letting him go to his bathroom to change. She cleared his bed and pulled the sheets down. She put his school book and paper on his desk so he could find it easily.

Once he was in bed and situated, sniffling into his pillow, he found that he was quite tired and his eyes felt heavy, from the crying or the tiredness, he didn't know, but he was soon falling fast asleep.

Harry was sitting with Liam when the power had gone off. Only about an hour and a half ago he had dropped off Louis and his parents, and had the sweetest kiss he'd ever had in his life. He had told Liam, and in return, Liam had shared his story about meeting Niall's family, his very Irish family.

When the lights had flickered, they both looked out the window. "It's gotten worse." Liam said, moving the curtain in the den back. The rain was pelting against the glass. Harry drained his glass of scotch and sat it down, getting up.

"I better text Louis and see how he's doing." He said, walking over to the table behind the couch where his phone sat. He typed a quick *Everything okay on your end?*, and pocketed it.

"How is Louis?" Liam asked, sitting back down and clicking the fireplace remote, making it roar to life. Harry sat back in his chair and propped his feet up on the coffee table.

"He's great. Quiet, but I think he has a shy side. An ornery one, too, by the looks of it." Harry
smiled. "His mother told me after dinner that Louis has anxiety, and he panics a lot if he stresses too much."

"Does that bother you?" Liam asked, staring at him.

"Not at all. Louis is perfect to me." Harry replied instantly. And it was true, the older man thought that Louis was everything and more.

"Niall should be all set to move in tomorrow. I told him not to worry about clothes because we would go shopping." Liam said.

"I told Louis the same. He should be ready to move in tomorrow, too." He said, fishing his phone out of his pocket. There was no reply from the sub. Surely he wasn't in bed yet, it was only 9:54. He sent another one. Louis. Answer me.

"Not answering you again?" Liam asked, raising an eyebrow. Harry shook his head and sat his phone on his thigh.

"I don't know why I got him a phone if he's never going to answer it. I should take it back." He thought out loud. Liam shook his head, disagreeing.

"Don't do that. I know you won't do that." He commented. "What if he has an emergency? He'll want to contact you, first thing. You're his dom. You're the first person he thinks of when he gets in trouble. All subs are like that."

Harry had to agree with that. Whenever a sub needed help or was in trouble, the first person they thought of was their dom. Not the police or even their own parents. Just the dom. He glanced at his dark phone once more before sending another text. You'll be punished for this. I've told you never to ignore me.

Liam stood, draining his glass of bourbon. He sat it with a clank on the table next to Harry's and stretched. "Well, I better. I told Niall I'd be at his house early and promised him breakfast. Night Harry." He said, walking up the stairs to his wing of the house.

"Night, Liam." Harry said, closing the curtain and grabbing his phone before heading up to his room. He plugged his phone in and stripped of his clothes, just leaving his Topman briefs on. He brushed
his teeth and shook out his hair before climbing into bed.

Louis' mom woke him up at seven o'clock the next morning. "You have class at eight-thirty, honey. Don't forget!" She said, ruffling his hair. "I'll make you breakfast." She said, leaving. Louis stretched and yawned, wincing when he felt the throbbing pain in his head. He hated waking up with headaches because they always seemed to last all day.

He threw his covers back and padded to his bathroom to shower and brush his teeth. He looked out the window when he was dressing. It was overcast and dark, but no rain yet. He pulled on a pair of briefs and tight black jeans before tugging Harry's large jumper over him. He ran his fingers through his hair while he blew it dry. After a few minutes of finger-combing, he just put a black beanie on, not wanting to mess with it anymore. He didn't feel like messing with his contacts today because he knew that would make his head hurt worse, so he just wore his glasses.

"Louis! Breakfast!" His mum hollered up the stairs. He grabbed his book and papers before shoving them into his shoulder bag. When he got downstairs, he sat his bag down on the couch and made his way to the kitchen, where Jay was standing over the stove, moving eggs, bacon, hashbrowns, and toast to a plate. She smiled at him when he sat down, placing the plate in front of him.

"Feel better today?" She asked, placing his tea in front of him.

"Thanks, mum." He said, biting a piece of his toast. "I feel fine." He replied. He was still upset that his work had been lost and his laptop was broken now, but there was nothing he could have done about it; Jay sat across from him with her own plate and they ate in silence. When they were done, Louis took the plates to the sink to rinse them off and put them in the dishwasher.

"When does your class get over with, dear?" She asked him.

"Noon, why?" He asked. She shrugged.

"I was wondering what time Harry was taking you out today. If you want, I can pack the rest of your stuff." She said, and Louis' eyes widened. He hadn't checked his phone at all today. He hoped that Harry hadn't tried to get ahold of him, but he knew deep inside that Harry had. Today was the day that they were going to go shopping and see the house.

He hurried upstairs and found his phone in his jeans pocket. He brought it out and turned the screen
on, gulping hard as he read the messages.

Harry: *Everything okay on your end?*

Harry: *Louis. Answer me.*

Harry: *You'll be punished for this. I told you never to ignore me.*

He felt like crying. He had upset Harry again. He wasn't good at being a sub. His shoulders slumped and he stared at his phone, wondering what to reply to Harry. He finally settled on an *I'm sorry* and walked downstairs. He pulled on his Vans and pulled his coat on. He grabbed his bag and kissed his mum on the cheek before leaving to catch the bus.

He waited at the stop with three other students he vaguely remembered seeing around campus. He checked his phone, hoping to see a message from his dom, but the screen was blank. He sent another one. *Harry?* The bus wheezed up a few minutes later and they all got on, grabbing the available seats. On most mornings, the bus was full and they would have to stand for the fourteen minute commute.

After the third stop, he pulled out his phone to send another message, getting nervous about his dom ignoring him. *I'm sorry for not replying last night.* He sent. There was no way that Harry wasn't seeing these because the little *DELIVERED* sign came up after each message. Harry was just doing to Louis what Louis had done to him; ignoring him. Louis didn't like being ignored. It made him feel sad and upset. His eyes burned at the thought of Harry looking at his messages and deleting them as they came in. He blinked the wetness away.

Finally, the bus pulled up to the stop next to the university campus. The four students climbed off, all going their separate ways. It started to sprinkle rain as Louis walked to the building where his history lecture would begin in twenty minutes. He brought his phone out once again and sent Harry another message. *Something happened last night and I went to bed early.* He really hoped that Harry was just busy and that his phone was sitting in his desk drawer as he did his work. At least that would mean that he wasn't ignoring Louis.

He entered the lecture hall and sat towards the back at the end of the row. He pulled his book and notebook out, clicking his ballpoint pen open. He tried to listen to the professor as he showed slides of the Black Plague and how many people died from it and how it was caused, but his mind was on Harry. He took a few scattered notes here and there, making it look like he was paying attention. He finally pulled out his phone and sent off more messages to Harry.

To Harry: *the storm knocked the power out and i lost my paper due friday*

To Harry: *my laptop wouldn't turn on anymore and i was upset and i went to bed early*

To Harry: *i wasn't purposely ignoring you*
To Harry: *im sorry im a bad sub, im not meaning too. im trying to be good*

His chest felt tight when Harry still hadn't replied after ten minutes, and to make matters worse, his head still throbbed. He tossed his phone down in his bag and put his head down on the desk, trying desperately not to cry in front of thirty other students. He really was trying to be a good sub, he's just had a rough few days. He ran his fingers under his glasses to wipe at his eyes. For the next two hours and thirty minutes, he paid attention to the lecture, furiously taking notes, trying to ignore the fact that his own dom was ignoring him. He had made his dom ignore him after only knowing him for two days.

The professor stopped the lecture early, claiming he didn't want to be here when the weather got worse. A few students cheered, and chatted jokingly with the professor before packing up. Louis closed his book and tucked it and his notes into his bag before reaching for his phone, seeing no replies from Harry. He sighed and threw it back in his bag before standing and exiting the room.

It hadn't gotten worse outside, Louis noticed, but the sky looked like it could break into something ugly any minute. He tugged his coat closer when the wind blew harshly. He looked around the campus and saw students scurrying away, into their dorms or to the coffee shop on campus. He kept his head down and walked down the path to the bus stop, watching the wet leaves stick to his shoes. He just wanted to go home and get into bed and sleep until Harry talked to him again.

He glanced up when he heard the bus pull up, and then pull away when there wasn't anyone standing at the stop. He stopped walking, staring dumbly for a moment before turning and sitting on a bench he was standing next to. He pressed his fingers underneath his glasses, trying to avoid crying. He felt like he could panic at any moment. It was quite a way to his house from the campus. He leaned forward and placed his elbows on his knees, pressing on his eyes harder.

"Shame you missed the bus." He heard a deep, gravelly voice say above him. He knew that voice. He looked up.

"Harry?" He asked, jumping up and wrapping his arms around Harry's middle, burying his face in Harry's warm chest. "I am *so, so* sorry. I didn't mean to ignore you, it's just that the storm knocked the power out and my laptop wouldn't turn back on so I lost my paper and it's due on Friday and I don't want my mum and dad to buy me a new one. I should have let you know what happened, but my mom made me go to sleep and then I saw the messages this morning after I woke up with a headache and you were ignoring me and it doesn't feel good being ignored and I don't want to be punished but I was bad and I'm sorry."

He felt Harry wrap his arms around him and pull him tighter. "Darling, calm down." He felt Harry's chest rumble as he spoke. "It sounds like you've just had a terrible day. Does your head still hurt?" Harry asked, pulling Louis back to look at him.
Louis nodded, and Harry held his face in his hands. "My poor darling. You've just been through so much in the past 24 hours, haven't you?" Harry asked, kissing Louis' forehead. "You haven't been a bad sub, you've been so good so far. I'm proud of you. I'm not going to punish you, it wasn't your fault." He assured Louis. "Now, love, let's get into the car. It looks like it might rain soon." Louis nodded.

Harry lead them to his car, his arm around Louis comfortingly. He helped Louis up into the car, kissing his forehead once more before getting in his own side and pulling away from the campus.

"No paparazzi there. We might have to start having dates at your uni campus." Harry said amused. Louis giggled.

"As soon as people heard that Harry Styles was at the campus, there would be crowds and crowds of flashing cameras." Louis said, and Harry looked over and grinned at him.

"Feeling any better, darling?" He asked, and Louis nodded. "Great." Harry said, reaching for Louis hand to hold over the console as he drove. He ran his thumb across Louis' knuckles. "Do you feel up to shop today?" He asked Louis.

"I didn't think that we were going to..." Louis said. Harry shook his head.

"Of course we are. I want to buy you things, and after the day you've had, I think you deserve it." He said, gripping Louis' hand tighter. "We're meeting Liam and Niall there. They're going shopping too." He informed Louis.

"Great!" Louis said, excited to see his friend again. "Is Niall moving in today?" He asked.

"That's the plan." Harry said, pulling into the mall parking lot, scanning for a place to park. "Why?" Louis shrugged. "Just wondering, really. I'm almost packed. My mum said that she'd finish for me if we went out today. I told her not too because I wasn't sure if we were doing anything today." He said, feeling guilty.

"That's quite alright, darling. You're okay." Harry said, pulling into an available spot near the front. He turned the car off and tucked his keys into his coat pocket. "Liam and Niall are waiting for us in the Starbucks in the bookstore." Harry informed Louis when they were walking hand in hand.
towards the doors of the mall.

"Yum." Louis said, referring to the Starbucks.

"Are you hungry, love?" Harry asked, thinking there was no way that Louis could have eaten anything today besides breakfast.

"Yes, but I don't want to eat before trying on clothes." Louis replied, looking down.

"Hey." Harry said, and Louis looked at him. "I don't want to hear you say anything else negative about yourself. Am I understood?" He ordered, and Louis shook his head, shocked. "You are so perfect to me." He leaned down to gently kiss Louis quickly. "We can do as much of that as you want, darling," He said, pulling away. "But not here where anyone can take a picture and sell it to any rag." Harry said, tugging Louis to the Starbucks. Liam and Niall were sitting at a table, Liam grinning while Niall laughed.

"Would you like anything to drink, love?" Harry asked Louis. Louis looked at the menu for a moment before asked for a pumpkin spice latte with whipped cream. Harry nodded and shuffled Louis over to Liam and Niall before getting in line to order.

"Louis!" Niall exclaimed, jumping up and engulfing Louis in a bone-crushing hug. Louis smiled and hugged back, equally as tight. Liam smiled up at Louis as he sat.

"Where's Harry?" He asked, looking around the restaurant. Louis pointed to the register.

"Ordering." He replied. Liam nodded and watched as Niall engaged Louis in an animated conversation. Harry came over a few minutes later, sitting next to Liam, seeing as how Louis and Niall had taken the seats next to each other. He placed Louis’ drink in front of him and Louis smiled sweetly before returning to his conversation with Niall.

"What are they talking about?" He asked Liam, who laughed and shrugged.

"Between Niall's accent and Louis' quick talking, I can't tell. It must be funny, though." He said as Louis laughed, covering his mouth with his hand and throwing his head back. Niall did the same.
"Must be." Harry agreed, watching his sub for a moment. His eyes lit up every time Niall said something funny that made the two laugh. Harry couldn't help but smile at his cute little sub. After a few more moments, Liam cleared his throat, making both of the subs stop talking and face him. Harry smiled at how obedient they both were.

"Are we ready to shop?" He asked, and Niall and Louis both shook their heads eagerly. They all stood, Liam disposing his empty coffee cup before they all walked out.

"Once we've gotten you everything that you want and need, you and Niall can go to a few stores on your own, how does that sound?" Harry said to Louis, who shook his head.

"I think I saw a candle store when we were walking in," He said, making Harry chuckle.

"You and your candles." He drew Louis close and kissed his temple. Louis smiled at the attention. The first store they went too was relatively empty. There were a few salespeople milling around, pretending to type something into a computer or slowly hanging up clothes on their designated racks. Niall and Louis headed straight for the jeans that were folded and stacked onto the tables. Liam and Harry just walked around, waiting for their subs to pick out what clothing they wanted. Harry was standing at the jumpers, unfolding a thick, cream-colored one and holding it up.

"Can you get that?" He heard Louis ask behind him. He turned to look at the smaller boy.

"Get it for me or get it for you?" He asked, looking at his jumper that Louis was wearing.

"Get it for you." Louis replied. Harry studied Louis for a moment before holding the jumper over his front, looking at how big it would be on Louis. He nodded his head.

"I'll get it for me, but I can tell that you're going to steal it as soon as its in the bag." Harry said, smirking at his sub, who smiled and blushed.

"Will not." He said, turning to walk back to where Niall was standing, still looking at the jeans. They each picked out quite a few pairs of jeans, Louis also got some sweatpants to wear around the house whenever Harry was gone, and they picked out some sweaters before going to the registers with their purchases.

"All done here, darling?" Harry asked, swiping his card after everything had been rung up. He was
handed the bags and receipts, holding the bags out of Louis' reach when he tried to take them.

"I'm carrying them, darling. I'm treating you, you shouldn't carry your own bags." He said when Louis protested. He looked down at his sub, who was scrunching his nose. Harry laughed and kissed it before turning to Liam and Niall, who were grabbing their bags.

"Next store?" Liam asked when they were all together. Harry nodded and motioned for Niall and Louis to lead the way. And for the next few stores, they got a wide range of shirts and jumpers, jeans, sweatpants, hoodies, and Louis got leggings to wear around the house. Harry was thrilled when he saw Louis try them on in the dressing room, and when Louis wasn't looking, he added six more pairs to their growing pile by the register. They got shoes at the next store, and Harry insisted Louis got socks to wear because *Love, your feet will get cold and you'll be begging me for a pair, I bet.* So Louis got some socks.

As they were passing Victoria's Secret and Pink, Niall jokingly said "Louis, since you got leggings, you might as well get yoga pants." He laughed, and Louis looked into the store.

"You're right." He said, walking into the store, Niall looking dumbfounded at his friend, while Liam looked at Harry with wide eyes. He shrugged and followed Louis into the store, finding him holding up a pair of yoga pants with a pink band across the waist. "What do you think of these?" He asked his dom.

"You might need to try on some, love." Harry said, and Louis agreed, picking up three more pairs before heading with Harry to a dressing room. As they were walking to the rooms, Harry got sidetracked by a bin of lace and satin panties. He plucked through them, finding what he thought to be Louis' size before picking out some that he personally liked. He placed them at the register, telling the woman that he would be right back with his other purchase.

He went to the dressing room that Louis was in and knocked on the door. "Love?" He asked. "You almost done?" The door clicked open and he went in. Louis was standing in front of the mirror, hands smoothing the band over the top of his bum. It took everything Harry had not to pop a boner when he caught sight of his subs mouthwatering arse.

"Do you like them?" Louis asked, and Harry walked behind him, placing his hands on his curvy hips.

"They're driving me wild, darling." He muttered into Louis' ear. "I'm thinking naughty things about you, love." He said, eyes meeting Louis' in the mirror. Louis turned to face him.
"So I have to get them, I guess." He said casually.

"It's an order. I am ordering you to get them." Harry replied, mouthing up Louis' neck before placing a kiss on his lips. "Let's go. We left Niall and Liam blushing at the entrance, I think." He laughed.

They purchased the yoga pants and panties before leaving. Niall and Liam were standing near the entrance, engaged in a conversation which stopped when they caught sight of Louis and Harry.

"Dirty pervs!" Niall exclaimed at Louis. "What did you two do in there?" He asked Louis, who just winked at him. Harry was stunned at his subs forward behavior, liking it.

"Gross." Niall said, shaking his head and tucking himself into Liam's side. "Let's eat now. I'm starved." He said, making Liam roll his eyes.

After a quick lunch in the food court, they headed out as fast as possible when Harry saw a few people with cameras. "Damn it." He growled lowly, helping Louis gather the bags. "Fucking vultures." He said, and Liam agreed.

They walked quickly to their separate vehicles, shouting goodbyes to each other before climbing in, sitting the bags in the back. Harry watched for Liam's vehicle to leave before he did the same.

"Are you ready to see your new house?" Harry asked Louis, who nodded eagerly. Boy, was he ready.
After a quick stop at the local pharmacy to get Louis his birth control, Harry decided to make one more stop. He could remember the urgency in which Louis' texts were sent to him this morning, he could practically see the boy sitting there, tearing up and panicking. It made him feel bad that his sub was feeling helpless in something that he couldn't have prevented.

Louis was looking happily out the window until Harry turned the car into an electronics store. He looked over at Harry confusedly.

"I just have to pick up something real quick, love. Come with me." He said, getting out of the car with Louis and walking towards the door. There were rows of big-screen TV's along the back and side walls, and tables that held laptops, desktop computers, telephones, cell phones, and all types of tablets scattered across the room. Harry walked them over to the laptop section.

"Pick one." He told Louis, watching the younger boy's eyes widen. Louis looked up at him.

"What?" He asked. "I couldn't possibly, Harry, really. They're too expensive." He shook his head. Harry grabbed his shoulders.

"Hey, Louis. In case you forgot, I just spent thousands on you and quite frankly, I'd like to spend another few thousand. So pick a good one. We can't have you failing out of uni because of my negligence towards your work." He insisted. Louis finally agreed and began looking at laptops. He would point to one, and Harry would look at it, reading the description and deciding on whether or not it was good enough quality.

They finally decided on an Apple MacBook Pro. Louis almost fainted at the price, but Harry assured him it was no big deal. Harry also got them iPads, claiming that it was to Skype each other whenever Harry was gone and Louis had to stay home. Harry paid the bill for both of them, no problem, and they left. When they got back into the car, Louis turned to his dom.

"Harry...." He started to say, but Harry held his hand up.

"I know what you're going to say, and you're wrong. I want to spoil you rotten, Louis. It gives me pleasure to buy you things and make you happy." He said, bringing Louis close and kissing his
"I'm not being ungrateful. Really, thank you for everything. I'm just not used to it." He said, turning into the kiss. Harry pressed his lips to Louis' and they snogged for a while before Harry pulled away.

"As much as I want to keep touching you, Niall and Liam are probably wondering where we are." He said, starting the vehicle and pulling onto the road. Louis nodded. His phone chimed, and he looked down.

From Mum: Lou dear! Dad and I finished packing for you! xxx

"My mum and dad finished packing my things." He told Harry, who nodded.

"We'll swing by and pack it in the back then. Okay?" He asked Louis, who nodded. Harry changed the route and drove to Louis', taking his subs hand when they exited the car and walked towards the front door.

"I don't have that many boxes, maybe four or five." He said to Harry, who nodded. They entered the house and were met with Dan and Jay sitting in the living room.

"Harry!" Jay exclaimed, standing and rushing over to give Harry a hug. Dan got up and stood next to Louis, shaking Harry's hand when Jay let him go.

"Good to see you again, Harry." Dan said.

"Likewise." Harry replied.

"We've actually just came to pick up my boxes." Louis told them, and Jay's eyes misted. Louis softened. "Mum, don't cry." He said, and she took him into a big hug, Dan and Harry watching them.

"My baby is leaving!" She lamented. "I knew it was happening but it seems so soon." She said, hugging her son as tight as possible.
"I know mum." Louis patted her back. "But Harry and I are only like twenty minutes away. We can visit whenever you want, and vice versa." He assured her. She pulled away and wiped her eyes.

"Well, Dan and I moved the boxes into the dining room. We figured it was easier to carry out that way." She said, walking with Dan to the dining room, where four large boxes sat neatly. Dan and Harry moved their subs aside when they tried to pick up a box.

"We've got it, dear. Why don't you two go make some tea?" Dan suggested to Jay and Louis. Louis looked uncertain, and Harry nodded for him to follow his mother. He complied and walked with his mother into the kitchen where they both busied about making tea and setting out biscuits.

"Are you excited to move in with Harry today, dear?" Jay asked Louis, who was standing on his tiptoes reaching for the box of tea. He nodded and grabbed them, setting them down on the counter.

"Yes. I can't wait to see the house." He said smiling.

"I have something to give you, dear. It's not much." She warned, walking into the pantry and coming out with a binder. "I made this a while back, before your eighteenth. I figured it would be a great gift." She said, handing it to him. He cracked it open. There was a content guide, and he realized what it was.

"Are these all of your recipes?" He asked, flipping through the thick binder.

"Yes, they are. I photocopied them. It's for you, whenever you decided to cook for Harry, you have all of our favorite recipes right at your fingertips. Your Dutch apple pie recipe is in there too, dear." She said, standing when she heard the kettle whistle. Louis stood with her, grabbing four mugs and placing them at the table. He turned back around to grab the sugar when he felt two arms snake around his waist.

"You look so pretty in the kitchen." Harry whispered in his ear, making Louis blush and look at him. Harry pecked his lips real quick before grabbing the sugar from his sub and placing it on the table. Once they were all seated and sipping, Dan spoke up.

"When did you say you were leaving for America?" He asked, stirring some more sugar into his tea.
"I'm not so sure yet. It might be Monday, or Wednesday, or tomorrow, for all we know. We don't want to lose this account and we're making ourselves available just in case we need to fly out on a whim." He responded, holding Louis' hand under the table.

"And Louis will be staying with Neil? Niall?"

"Niall, dad." Louis chimed in, grinning.

"Yes. Liam and I feel much safer knowing that both of them are together and already moved in. It eliminates the stress of moving them when we get back from America." He told Dan.

"That makes sense." Jay said. "It makes us feel better too." After a few more questions from Jay and Dan, Louis and Harry were saying goodbye and getting into Harry's Escalade. Louis waved to them from the window. He and Harry made idle conversation until they reached a gate. Harry leaned out of the window and typed in a code, and the gates creaked open. He drove around a huge fountain and parked in front of a set of stairs.

"This is your house?" Louis asked once they were both standing together.

"Our house." Harry corrected, leading him up the stairs and inside. Liam and Niall were sitting in a room off of the entryway. There was a fire going and they were cuddled up together in an oversized chair.

"Hope we're not interrupting anything?" Harry asked, looking amused. Niall moved off of Liam and they both stood.

"We were waiting for you two. You took forever, you know." Niall told Louis, who laughed.

"We did not." He replied, grabbing Harry's hand. Harry smiled down at him.

"Let's begin the tour." Harry said, and he and Liam began walking down the long hallway, their subs trailing behind them. They entered a large dining room with a table that sat ten people. A crystal chandelier was hanging above the table. There was a shelf along with wall that held different sized glass bottles. Louis assumed it was alcohol.

"This is where we'll eat, of course." Liam said to them. "The reason the table is so big is because
Harry and I like to entertain the people we're trying to get to sign with our company. On occasion we throw parties, too."

"Right through here," Harry said, leading them into a large kitchen. "Is the kitchen. We don't have a chef. Liam and I try to cook as much as possible. You and Niall have full access to it, whenever you want." There was an island in the center of the kitchen with a marble top, a stove-top on it with four electric burners. The refrigerator was a French door and stainless steel. There was a double oven on the wall. There was a sink and a dishwasher, all matching the fridge.

"You and Niall will do the grocery shopping." Harry told Louis. "Liam and I feel that it would be good for you two to have little tasks to do around the house. Nothing too big, but the majority of the tasks will be errands that will allow you to get out of the house." Louis and Niall nodded.

They walked through the rest of the downstairs, saw the gym and the home theater, both of which Niall and Louis would have full access to, just like the kitchen. They walked up the stairs and went their separate ways. Harry took Louis too the right wing of the house. He stopped in front of a closed door.

"This is my office. If the door is closed, you are not to enter at all. If the door is open, come right on in, just be quiet when you do. I might be busy doing something." Harry instructed Louis, who nodded his head.

"That down there is the library. Over ten thousand books, so you shouldn't get bored, love." He pointed to a dark wooden door down the hall of the left.

"And this," He said, taking Louis to another room and opened the door. "Is our room." Louis entered the large room and looked around. There was a king four-poster canopy bed against the wall, with two nightstands on either side. There was a dresser with mirror above it, and a chair in the corner. There were two doors with a fireplace in between them.

"This is your closet." He said, leading Louis to one of the doors and opening it. It was a large walk-in closet with a vanity on the side. "Mine is on the other side of the fireplace." Harry said. "The bathroom is that door over there, the one that's near your side of the bed."

Louis walked back into the room and sat on the bed. Harry sat next to him. "Now, let's go over some rules. I will begin to get stricter with you, as will Liam with Niall. I have allowed you to address me by my first name and walk with me in public. That's going to change soon. If you disobey me or any of my orders, you will be punished. If you blatantly ignore me, you will be punished. There is a toy box in my closet with all of the necessary items that will be used in your punishment, along with toys
of pleasure. I expect you to always be on your best behavior at all times, at home and in public. If you are bad in public or you embarrass me, your punishment will be severe. I'm an important figure in the public and now you are too."

Louis nodded. "I will always try to be on my best behavior for you." Louis said. Harry rubbed his sub's back.

"I know you will. And I know I've told you this, but Louis, I want you to tell me whenever something bothers you or upsets you. Like today. I had no idea why you weren't responding, and that made me unnecessarily angry at you. As soon as something happens and you don't like it, tell me. If my office door is closed but you're upset, you can open it and come to me. And I want to know if something happens in public the second it happens. Got it?" He said to his sub firmly.

"Great, now that that's settled, let's move your clothes in and start your birth control." Harry said. They walked downstairs and gathered the bags from the car.

"I'll get the boxes of your stuff later. Let's just focus on getting these hung up." When they walked back in, Niall was walking down their set of stairs. Niall looked pale. Louis guessed that Liam had had the same exact conversation.

After they had hung the clothes up and put his underwear and socks in the drawer, they went back downstairs to sit in the den with Niall. Harry clicked the fireplace on and sat on the plush couch next to Louis.

"Where's Liam?" Harry asked Niall, who shrugged.

"He took a call upstairs, I think." Niall informed him, and Harry nodded and got up to go upstairs. Louis situated himself on the chair closest to the fireplace and stuck his feet near it, warming his toes.

"Did Harry give you the strict talk?" Niall asked a few moments later. He was sitting on the floor beside the fireplace, holding his hands up to get warm. Louis nodded at him.

"Yes. He sounded so serious, too. I mean, clearly he's serious about it, but it made me fearful to even accidentally mess up." Louis replied.

"Same here. Liam said that if my reasons for messing up or anything weren't good enough, I'd be
punished. So, what if he asks me to not be loud or something and I break that rule?" Niall asked, scratching his hands through his hair. Louis sat on the floor beside him.

"Well, he knows that you're loud anyways, so it would be wrong of him to ask you to change who you are just because he doesn't want to hear you." Louis said. "But I'm not speaking out against Liam." He tacked on for good measure. He never wanted Harry or Liam to hear him speaking out against one of them, even if he did it on accident.

"Yeah, I guess." Niall said quietly. "I'm excited to live here, though. Liam told me that most of the day he and Harry would be very busy, so we won't be bored, you know. We can swim in the pool out back or sit in the hot tub or go to the gym or something." Niall said.

"There's a pool?" Louis asked. He wasn't showed that. He loved swimming.

Niall nodded. "Yeah, a small indoor one and a bigger outdoor one. The indoor is heated." He informed Louis, standing up and holding his hand out. Louis grabbed it and was heaved up. "Liam told me about it. I guess we'll just have to find it."

They walked through the house in search of the pool, which was downstairs in a room off of the gym.

"I guess it wasn't important enough to show." Louis muttered. He turned to Niall. "Let's go look at the one outside. I'm excited to see the hot tub." He said smiling at Niall. They walked to the back of the house and opened the door off of the kitchen and onto the large deck.

"Ooh, I love it!" Louis said, shielding his hair from the rain that falling lightly. Niall was doing the same. He pointed to a covered mound to the side of the large in-ground pool.

"That must be the hot tub." He said. He and Louis walked down the little set of steps from the deck onto the concrete side of the pool. They both sat on the edge and placed their feet into the freezing water.

"Shit that's cold!" Niall exclaimed quietly, not chancing Liam hearing him, although it was unlikely because when he said it, thunder boomed. Louis looked at the dark sky.

"Do you think it will let up any time soon?" He asked. Niall looked up, wrinkling his nose when the
"Probably within the next day or two. I don't want it to rain when we go to the fair." Niall said.

"Oh yeah! The fair!" Louis said excitedly. "I forgot! That's in two days!" He splashed his feet in the water, watching the rain drops hit the water in the pool, making little dents in it before disappearing.

"Is there a pumpkin patch? I want to carve a pumpkin." Niall said. Louis thought for a moment.

"I'm not sure. I've never really been. Driven past it, but never been." He said, and Niall made a displeased sound.

"I'm sure if we're good, Liam and Harry will take us to one. If they're not busy." He said. "I like carving pumpkins too."

"Back in Mullingar, we couldn't put the pumpkins on the porch for more than a few hours without watching them because people would smash them." Niall said, smiling big. Louis caught on.

"You're the one who smashed them, weren't you?" Louis asked, shoving Niall gently when Niall began laughing loudly. That sent them both into another fit of laughter, kicking their feet in the water and throwing their heads back.

"You better not smash mine." Louis warned, wiping the rain off of his face. Niall did the same.

"Hey, when do you think they're going to America?" Niall asked Louis suddenly.

Louis shrugged. "Harry hasn't told me. He told my dad that he didn't know when they were leaving, but he did mention that he and Liam were ready, so whenever they got the call they could fly out."

"I don't want to stay here by myself." Niall said quietly. "It's a big house and I bet it's scary at night. Add that to being alone."

"Hey, I'll be here too, remember?" He reminded his friend. They sat there for a moment, watching
the clouds roll in and darken dramatically.

"Think they'll take us?" Niall asked.

Louis shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe if we ask? But then again I don't want to ask because I don't want to intrude on their business. You know?" He said.

Niall agreed. "Yeah, it would seem rude to ask. They're going for business, not pleasure." As soon as the words were out of his mouth, they heard their names being shouted angrily from the deck. They both turned there heads and saw their doms standing there, arms crossed and unamused expressions of their faces.

"Harry!" Louis shouted over the blowing wind. He and Niall stood up as fast as they could, the cold air freezing their already cold feet. They walked over to the doms quickly, trying to get out of the wind.

"What in God's name are you doing out here?" Harry demanded. He grabbed for Louis arm. "Do you know how sick you're going to be tomorrow?" He said, jerking Louis inside and out of the cold. Liam did the same with Niall, taking him into the dining room.

"Well, we were talking in the den-" Louis began to explain, but Harry cut him off angrily.

"I don't care. You can't disappear without telling one of us. And going outside in this weather? Dipping your feet in the freezing cold pool?" He fumed. "If you're sick tomorrow, you're on your own."

"But-" Louis tried to protest, but Harry held up his hand.

"No. That is your punishment. So you'd better be prepared to be alone and sick tomorrow. And you better hope it's nothing contagious, either. I won't have you making everyone else sick because of your poor judgement." He finished, walking out of the kitchen and leaving a dripping Louis to stand in the middle of the floor.

A few minutes later, Niall walked in, looking guilty. "I'm sorry." He said.
"For what?"

"For making you go outside. I wanted to show you the hot tub and the pool."

"It was both of our faults. We shouldn't have stayed out there for so long. It worried our doms."
Louis told him. "What's your punishment?"

"No help if I'm sick tomorrow." He said.

"Hey, me too! If we're both sick, we can help each other!" Louis assured him. "Or, if you're sick, I'll sneak some medicine or something up to you. You'll do the same for me, right?" He nudged Niall, who nudged back and nodded.

"Well, I better go change. You should too. I don't want either of us being sick." Louis said, walking out of the kitchen and upstairs to his and Harry's room. He stripped of his wet clothes in the bathroom and threw them in a sopping heap in the corner. He made sure the temperature of the shower was just right before hopping in under the hot spray. He stood there for a few minutes, letting the steam and hot water warm him up.

He washed his hair with what he assumed was Harry's shampoo and conditioner, and did the same for the bodywash. He didn't think Harry would mind him using his products. At least he hoped not. Once he felt clean and warm, he turned the shower off and toweled himself down. He forgot to bring clothes with him into the bathroom, so he wrapped the towel around his waist and stepped out.

Harry wasn't in the room, so he was free to dress outside of his closet. He slipped on a pair of panties and grabbed a pair of sweatpants from his drawer. He rifled around his closet for a jumper, but he figured Harry must have already put them in his closet. So he walked into his doms closet and grabbed one that looked like it had been worn quite a few times. He slid that on his small frame and walked back out to grab his towel.

He shook his hair a few times before rubbing it with the towel before he decided that it was good. And before he walked back downstairs, just to make Harry happy, he put on a pair of socks. He padded down the stairs, seeing Harry and Liam sitting in the den. Harry was reading the business section of the newspaper, and Liam was reading a business magazine on the opposite sofa.

He turned when he heard Niall come down the stairs behind him. Niall was dressed similarly as him, in all comfy clothes. They both entered the room and sat by their doms, who didn't acknowledge
them. Louis scooted closer to Harry, thighs touching. Still nothing. He squirmed closer, looking across the couch at Niall, who was now cuddling under Liam's arm, who was still reading the magazine.

He turned to Harry, who was still reading the newspaper intently. Louis sighed quietly and carefully nudged Harry's thigh with his foot, propping it under him in the process. Harry still kept staring at the paper. Louis stood up and exited the room, walking upstairs and grabbing his laptop off of the dresser in their room where Harry must've sat it.

He slipped his glasses on and grabbed his history book from his bag and got comfortable on his bed, the only light in the room coming from the bedside lamp. He sat in the middle and stacked his and Harry's pillows behind him to prop him up. He leaned down and plugged the charger underneath the lamp cord and powered up the laptop. Once it was up and he had set up his user account, he searched for the writing document. He opened it and took out his rough draft, flipping to the first page, and he began typing away.

The storm raged on outside, or so it seemed from the rain pelting against the windows, and Louis kept typing, eager to finish the paper and turn it in so he wouldn't have to worry about it anymore. He remembered to save the work, and he kept hitting save after every paragraph he wrote. Soon, he was nearing the end of his four and a half page paper, which made him type faster. Soon, he was hitting save for the last time before pushing his laptop away and rearranging the pillows so he could close his eyes and sleep, which he did.

About an hour later, Harry folded the newspaper and creased it, tossing it onto the coffee table. He looked at his watch: 7:46. He turned to Liam and Niall, who were all snuggled up. He turned to address Louis but forgot the younger boy had come and gone.

"Liam, do you want to just order in for dinner?" He asked the other dom, who closed his magazine and nodded.

"Just not Thai. That new place downtown has a new chef and he can't cook as half as good as the old one. Other than that, I'll eat anything." Liam said. He turned to Niall. "What do you want, Ni?"

Niall pondered it for a moment before shrugging. "I'll eat anything, sir. Just not Thai, like you said." He finally told them. Liam looked at Harry.
"Up to you, mate." He said. Harry nodded and walked to the cabinet in the foyer that had a drawer full of nothing but take-away menus. He grabbed them and walked back into the den.

"Alright. Chinese, pizza, Italian, Mexican, Indian, no Thai..." He listed, reading through each brochure.

"Just get four meals from Golden Palace, mate." Liam suggested. "I could eat a few egg rolls right now, and the meals come with a variety of things." He said. Harry agreed with him, eggrolls did sound good.

He stood and grabbed his cell phone and the menu. "Alright. Four meals." He said, walking off to the foyer to return the menus and make the call. He recited the order into the phone and promised to pay extra if it was delivered quickly. "Should be here quick. I'm going to go find Louis." He told the two in the den before turning and walking up the stairs to their room.

The room was dark, save for a lamp that was glowing dimly. He crossed the room and over to the bed, where his sub lay sleeping, one arm under his stomach and the other under his chin. He was laying on top of some papers, and his history book and laptop were both open next to him. He had been finishing his history paper, Harry thought as he cleared the books and laptop from the bed before tugging on the papers. He placed them all together on the dresser before turning back to his sleeping boy.

Louis had taken the pillows and put them under his head, but the top one was pushed back, so his head only rested on the bottom one. Harry noticed that Louis was wearing one of his favorite jumpers, and it made him feel possessive and protective at the same time. He sat on the edge of the bed and tugged Louis up against him so he could pull down the covers and readjust the pillows. Louis latched onto him. When he had finally pulled the covers down, he laid Louis back down as gently as he could. He watched the sub curl up on his side, yanking Harry's pillow down next to him so he could throw his arm around it.

Harry smiled at the small boy and leaned down and kissed his forehead gently before turning the lamp off and leaving the room quietly. He walked downstairs and went into the kitchen to the wine rack. He chose a good wine and sat it and three glasses out on the dining room table. He heard the doorbell go off and he grabbed his wallet on his way to the door.

"Is it fresh?" He asked the out of breath delivery boy.

"Yes, sir. Practically broke every speed limit getting it to you." He replied, and Harry nodded, thumbing through the bills in his wallet. He pulled out two hundreds and handed them to the boy,
who was now wide eyed.

"Sir-" He began, but Harry grabbed the bags from him and nodded.

"Thanks for the fast service. Have a great night." He shut the door and walked to the den. He held up the bags and said. "Dinner."

Liam and Niall followed him into the dining room and sat down. Liam opened the wine and poured it while Harry took Louis' bag and put it in the refrigerator. He had no doubt that the boy would be hungry when he woke up. He sat back down with the other two and they ate quietly, Harry telling them that Louis had fallen asleep doing his homework. After they were all done, the leftovers and the wine were stored in the fridge and they all went their separate ways to bed.

Harry took a quick shower and changed into his pajamas before walking over to join his boy in bed. His boy, who was currently starfished in the center of the mattress, on his stomach. Harry rolled his eyes and flipped his sub over. Louis automatically went to Harry, and Harry wrapped his arm around Louis' middle and pulled him close to his chest. Louis sighed in his sleep, and Harry listened to him breathe before drifting off himself.

Louis' growling stomach woke him up at 1:28 in the morning. But his headache and sore throat and sniffling nose all played a part in his waking. He blinked his eyes open at the ceiling before turning to look at his dom, who was sleeping peacefully behind him. His arm was thrown loosely around Louis' waist, so Louis had no trouble sliding out of bed and walking to the bathroom, shutting the door and turning the light on.

The tip of his nose was red and his face was flushed. So he guessed he had a fever as well. Great. Now he was hungry and sick and completely alone for all of it because of his punishment. His stomach growled at him again, and his exited the bathroom and went downstairs into the kitchen. He opened the fridge and saw a sack with a dragon on the side. He assumed it was Chinese, and he assumed it was his. He pulled out the containers of food and stuck them all in the microwave. He leaned his hot forehead against the cool steel of the refrigerator while he waited for his food to heat up.

How was it he could be so cold yet so hot, he wondered. The microwave let out a few low beeps and he shuffled back over to it, sticking his fingers in the food to see if they were hot enough, which they weren't. He set the timer for two minutes and laid his head down on the counter beside the microwave.
"Love?" He heard behind him, and a few seconds later, large cold hands settled on his waist. "Woke up hungry, huh?" Harry asked. Louis nodded and turned, resting his hot forehead on Harry's cool, bare chest.

"Darling, are you sick?" Harry asked, trying to keep the I told you so out of his voice. Louis looked up at him and nodded pathetically. Harry couldn't help but coo at his sub and pull him close once more. The microwave behind him beeped and Louis drug himself out of Harry's grasp and opened the door, taking his food out carefully. He turned to the drawer below him and grabbed a fork to stab the food with.

"Come on, love. Let's go to the dining room." Harry said, placing the food onto a plate and led Louis through the swinging door to the dining on the other side of it. He placed the food in front of Louis and sat there next to him while he ate it, protesting every time something scratched his already rough throat. When he was done, Harry carried everything back into the kitchen before retrieving Louis to take him back upstairs.

"Goodnight, love." He said, climbing back into bed without so much as a kiss to Louis, who frowned, remembering what Harry said about getting everyone else sick. He trudged over to the bathroom and rifled through the cabinets looking for some NyQuil or something to help reduce his symptoms, but all he could find was some headache tablets. He read the back: Take two to four prescription strength tablets every four hours to reduce headache, fever, or flu like symptoms. He poured four into his hand and chugged them down with water from the tap;

Once he was done, he rubbed his cold wet hand onto his forehead and wiped it off before climbing into bed with his dom, who didn't make a move to cuddle him at all. He frowned once more before scooting towards Harry, making sure that they were touching before closing his eyes.

A few minutes later, he heard Harry groan, and he felt Harry's arm close around his waist and drag him close once more, sending him to sleep with a kiss to the temple.

Chapter End Notes

Well???

Spoilers: fair next chapter and then America after that!!!!!! SO, I need suggestions maybe? If you have any ideas, I would LOVE to hear them and I will try to include as many as possible!

Frozen lyric in there somewhere. You find it? :D
ALSO, smut coming up maybe? Except I suck at writing it so if you don't like it, let me know and I'll try to change it, or if you think you can do a better job, let me know!! :)

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

you get smut, yo.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Louis was woken up by a shake to the shoulder. He opened his eyes slowly, adjusting to the bathroom light that was pouring into the room. Harry was standing above him.

"Take this, doll." Harry said, helping him sit up. A small pill and a glass of water was placed in his hands. "It's your birth control. I figured a morning schedule would be best so I could give it to you before I left for work." He explained to Louis, who nodded groggily. Once he had swallowed the pill and drank half of the glass, he handed it back to Harry, who sat it on the nightstand by his side of the bed.

"Time is it?" Louis asked, watching Harry walk over to the mirror and adjust his suit tie. Louis couldn't help but admire how handsome his dom looked in his suit.

"Just after six. You can go back to sleep, love." Harry said, running his hand through his hair and turning to the smaller boy, who was curled up under the big duvet. "Do you still feel poorly?" He asked, sitting on the edge of the bed next to Louis' torso.

Louis nodded and threw his arm over Harry's thighs. Harry stroked his hand down Louis' warm back. "Maybe next time you'll think twice about going outside when it's cold and raining, hm?" Harry said quietly. His sub whined and nodded, burying his face in the pillow.

"Poor baby." Harry mused, leaning down to kiss his subs burning forehead. "Go back to sleep, now. It's too early for you to be up. Do you have classes today?"

Louis shook his head. "Online today." He croaked out. Harry hummed and kissed Louis once more.

"Alright." He rubbed Louis' back until the younger boys breathing softened out and he was snuffling into the pillow. He smiled and covered him back up, tucking him in. He closed the door when he left
and walked downstairs to the kitchen, where Liam was boiling water for tea.

"Is Niall sick?" He asked Liam, who nodded tiredly.

"He kicks in his sleep when he's sick, I think." He said, slumping over the counter. "He kicks. And jerks around a lot and he coughed on my chest last night." Liam complained. Harry laughed.

"Louis is sick, too." He poured the water into two cups and gave Liam one and a teabag. Liam grunted a thanks. "He doesn't kick or jerk around though. Yet." He said. "He's a cuddly sick. And a pathetic one, too. Every look he gives you makes you want to drop everything and cater to his every whim." Harry said, remembering the looks Louis had given him last night when he got up and early this morning.

"I wish I could help Niall. I should have just spanked him because then I could stay home and take care of him." Liam mumbled.

"I think Louis isn't taking this punishment too seriously." Harry said, draining the rest of his tea and standing up to put it in the dishwasher. Liam looked up at him.

"Why?"

"Because I'm about to give in." Harry called from down the hall where he was putting his coat on. "Need anything from the pharmacy?" Liam chuckled to himself before standing and placing his own mug in next to Harry's.

"I'm good." He said, entering the foyer where Harry was standing, putting his wallet and keys into his pocket. Liam picked up his briefcase in sync with Harry. "Niall isn't that sick. Just a cough and a sneeze." They both walked out to their cars and pulled around the driveway and out of the gate. Liam went straight to work while Harry stopped at the pharmacy and picked up cold and flu medicine along with throat lozenges and orange juice. He wanted Louis to get his fill of Vitamin D while he was sick.

He placed his purchases in the front seat with him and rushed home and upstairs, where he set them on the nightstand for Louis, who was currently curled up in the center of the bed, clutching Harry's pillow. Harry kissed him once more before leaving to start his busy day.
When Louis woke up again, it was cloudy out but not raining, which was a good sign. He stretched and yawned and caught sight of the medicine sitting next to his charging phone on the nightstand. He propped himself up and smiled. Harry had gotten him the medicine even after he said he wasn't going to help Louis if he was sick.

After he had taken some cough syrup and fever reducer, he opened the slightly chilled orange juice and took a few sips. He unwrapped a throat lozenge and popped it in his mouth before getting dressed in some tights and one of Harry's jumpers. He walked downstairs in search of Niall, who he found in the kitchen, of course.

"Louis!" Niall cheered. "You're sick too!" He laughed. He was standing at the stove, boiling some water for tea.

"Mildly. Not sick enough to miss the fair tomorrow." He said excitedly. Niall grinned. "Since we're going to be alone and bored, do you want to go grocery shopping today? The refrigerator isn't stocked enough for four people plus some." Louis mentioned.

"Yeah, sure." Niall said, placing two of the mugs on the small island and sat on a barstool next to Louis.

"Harry started me on my birth control this morning." He told Niall.

"Really? So, he really doesn't want kids?" Niall said, making a face. "You'd think in the type of work he does, he'd want an heir or something, and soon. I mean, he can't stay single and 25 forever."

"He's not single." Louis pointed out, and Niall scoffed.

"Louis, we're not their boyfriends or fiancés or husbands. We're here to serve them. It's their choice to marry us or get rid of us and get a new sub."

"That's only if we're really bad or they don't like us. Other than that, they have to keep us." Louis pointed out. "What about you? Did Liam put you on birth control?"

"No, he said he'd be thrilled to have a baby." Niall said. "I don't know why Harry doesn't want kids."
You'd be the perfect mum." Niall pointed out. Louis nodded.

"Oh well, I have no say in it." Louis replied, finishing his tea and looking at the clock. "Breakfast or lunch?" He asked Niall. It was 10:40, that weird time when it was too late for a proper breakfast but too early for a proper lunch.

"Let's go shopping and then just stop for something and bring it back here." Niall suggested. They both grabbed their coats and Louis took the keys to the sleek black Suburban and they walked to the garage and got in.

"I've never driven a car this big." Louis said as he pressed the garage door open, and then closed again when they were outside. Niall laughed and pressed the radio on.

"Just don't kill us." He replied. Louis rolled his eyes.

"Thanks for the confidence, Nialler." He said sassily. "Where to first?"

"Maybe Whole Foods?"

"Great. I know where that is." Louis said, and managed to get them there in once piece. "There aren't any paparazzi." He said when he and Niall were walking to the front of the store to get a cart.

"That's a good thing." Niall commented as they headed towards the produce. They chatted while they picked up any fruit and vegetables they thought they would need or could use while cooking. Then they moved onto the pasta aisle.

"I don't know what Harry's favorite pasta is." Louis said. "Oh well. We can just get a bunch of different types." He and Niall grabbed some boxes of pasta and placed them in the cart. They picked up bread, some more tea, coffee for Harry and Liam, they got various meats at the deli, some eggs and milk, juice, and Niall sneaked some crisps and biscuits in the cart.

"Are we done?" Louis asked Niall, eying the full cart. Niall nodded.

"Looks pretty full." They paid with the credit card that Liam and Harry had issued them for groceries
and household items. They placed the groceries in the back of the Suburban and pulled out of the parking lot in search of food.

"Where too?" Louis asked. "What are you in the mood for?

"Maybe burritos or something?" Niall suggested. "Nachos, maybe." Louis nodded and stopped at a Mexican restaurant that had raving reviews on Yelp, as Niall said when he looked it up.

They ordered burritos and nachos to go and got back in the car. They drove home and unpacked the groceries, putting things in the fridge and the cabinets, each one looking fuller by the minute.

"There." Louis said when they sat down to eat at the island. "Everything looks better stocked for more than two people." They dug into their food, only stopping to reply to each others comments. Once they were done, Niall threw away the trash while Louis put the leftovers in the fridge.

"Hey, Ni, do you want to go sit in the hot tub?" Louis asked, sniffling. He needed to take more medicine. Niall nodded. "Great. Let me go take some more medicine and then I'll meet you down there!" He bounded up the stairs, taking the cough medicine like a shot and sucking on a throat lozenge before changing into his swim trunks. Once he was done, he threw on a beanie because he didn't want his head cold to get worse.

He met Niall downstairs in the kitchen, where he was pouring boiling water into two mugs. He looked up as Louis entered. "I figured this would keep us from getting sicker." He said, pointing to the jar of honey sitting beside the kettle. "Honey is supposed to calm the throat, too." He handed Louis a mug and they walked outside. There was a little nip in the air but nothing a good dip in the hot tub couldn't fixed.

Once the hot tub was situated and the water was steaming towards the sky, they got in, sitting their mugs onto the ledge around the hot tub. Louis sank until his shoulders were covered in the hot water.

"God this feels good." Niall commented, mimicking Louis' actions and sliding further into the water. Louis nodded and closed his eyes.

"I could fall asleep in here." He said.

"Please don't. Because then I'll fall asleep too and we'll both drown." Niall said, making Louis
giggle. He held his mug in between his hands, sipping it, careful not to choke on his lozenge. They sat in the tub for a little while longer until Louis began to feel sleepy. He looked over at Niall, who's own eyes were closed. He nudged his friend with his foot.

"Come on. Let's go inside. I'm tired." Louis said, and they got out and towed off before walking inside. They went their separate ways to get dressed in warm and comfortable clothes. They met back in the den, and Louis clicked the fire on. Niall was already laying on one long couch, eyes slipping closed, and Louis did the same, falling into a peaceful sleep.

It was five-thirty before Harry and Liam could get off of work. They had been bombarded with a company threatening to pull ties with them, and they had to fix that mess and organize their trip to New York as well, seeing as how the company said either Monday or Tuesday would be the best and only time for them to meet. When they got home, they entered expecting to find commotion with the two subs or the TV going or something, but they were met with silence.

They walked into the den, the confusion slipping from their faces when they found their subs, curled up on the couches. The fire was crackling, and on the coffee table were two half empty mugs of tea. Liam smiled and mouthed "dinner" to Harry, meaning he was going to go cook something. Harry nodded and walked over to the couch Louis was sleeping on and sat on the side of it.

He felt his subs forehead, sighing in relief when it didn't seem as hot as it did this morning. Louis stirred under Harry's touch. He opened his bright blue eyes and they lit up when he saw his dom sitting next to him.

"Harry!" He exclaimed, his throat still sore but not near as scratchy as it was. He sat up and wrapped his arms around his dom. "You're cold." He mumbled into Harry's chest. Harry laughed and wrapped his arms around the smaller boy. He leaned back so his back was against the couch, and Louis climbed on top of him, sitting on his lap, facing the older man. He pressed his face into the crook of Harry's neck while Harry rubbed his back.

"How's my little patient?" He asked his sub. Truth be told, he worried about his boy all day.

"I'm fine. Niall made me some tea and we sat in the hot tub but we came in when we were tired." Louis told his dom. He felt the rise and fall of Harry's chest under him, and that made him sleepy again.
"That sounds great. I think your fever has gone down." Harry said, kissing Louis' forehead. They sat like that a little longer, until Liam came in.

"I made soup. It'll be good for these two." He said, nodded to Louis and Niall as he shook Niall awake. "Wake up, love." He whispered in Niall's ear. Niall finally stirred.

"Liam! When did you get home?" He asked, his accent thick with sleep. He rubbed his eyes and stood.

"A little while ago, Ni." He replied, leading him into the kitchen.

"Let's go get something in your belly and then how about a nice shower?" Harry asked, leading his own sub to the kitchen. Louis could only nod and lean on his dom. Harry got their soup and took it over to the table. They all ate slowly, Liam and Harry talking about the plans for tomorrow. When Louis was done, Harry took their bowls to the kitchen and came back to collect his sub.

"See you tomorrow, Ni." Louis said as he was led out of the dining room and upstairs. Harry made him take more cough medicine before his shower, and Louis made a face. He really hated the stuff.

"Shower time?" Harry asked him from the bathroom door. Louis nodded and followed his dom into the bathroom.

"Can you, uh, can you..." Louis began, looking at Harry. "Take it with me? I think I may be too tired to wash my hair." He said. Harry looked down at him and smiled.

"Darling, I don't ever think I'll say no to a shower with you. Arms up." He said, pulling his jumper off of Louis. He pulled off his own clothes while Louis was stepping out of his pants and underwear.

Harry turned the shower on hot and stood back, waiting to help Louis in first. His sub stepped in and wrapped his arms around himself. Harry stood so he was the one under the spray. He took Louis' arms and lowered them.

"None of that here. You're perfect, okay?" He whispered underneath the spray of the water. It was calming and cozy, just the two of them under the spray of the hot water, steam curling around them. Louis nodded. Harry changed their positions and leaned Louis' head back, getting his hair wet. He massaged through Louis' hair as he shampooed it, deciding against using conditioner for the sole fact
that Louis was almost dead on his feet.

He washed his own hair real quick and drizzled some bodywash onto a washcloth. "Gonna wash you now, love." He said to Louis, who nodded. Harry ran the cloth over Louis' shoulders and down his arms, over his chest and back. Louis lifted up each foot so Harry could wash his feet and up his legs. He dove right in to washing his subs bum. He looked at Louis who was watching him.

"It's okay." Louis encouraged. Harry nodded and stood to his full height.

"Alright love. Spread your legs." He said, and Louis complied. Harry ran the cloth over each plump cheek before dipping it down over his hole a few times. Louis was leaning against the shower wall and breathing hard. Harry washed over his hole a few more times before sliding the cloth forward to wash Louis' cock, which was hard under his hand.

"Harry..." Louis moaned. Harry leaned forward.

"Yes love?" He whispered in Louis' ear, lips against the skin there. Louis shuddered.

"Can you...can you touch me?" He finally asked, and Harry almost dropped the washcloth. He couldn't deny that washing Louis' little body had made him hard because it had. He nodded his head.

"Of course, love. Where do you want me?" He asked, trailing his fingers over Louis' cock. "Here? Or here?" He moved his hand to Louis' hole, running his fingers over it. Louis pushed back a little.

"There, please." Louis breathed. He couldn't remember a time where he wanted to be touched so bad in his life. He actually wanted more than that. He wanted Harry to lay him on the bed and take him.

"As you wish, darling." Harry said before nudging the tip of his finger inside Louis' hole. His cock jumped whenever it seemed to suck his finger in. Harry pushed more of it in, watching Louis for any signs of discomfort. The younger boy just seemed to push back more.

"Do another." Louis whispered. Harry complied and pushed back in with two, moving them slowly. Louis' hole clenched around the two fingers, drawing them in. Harry started to move them faster, searching for Louis' prostate. When he hit the bundle of nerves, Louis threw his head back and moaned loudly.
Harry dropped to his knees and removed his fingers, earning a whine from Louis. He ran one hand around Louis hip and stroked his hard cock. "It's okay, love. I've got you." He said before placing both hands on Louis' bum cheeks and spreading them open. He watched as Louis' hole clenched around nothing, and he almost came from watching it.

He leaned forward and let his hot breath hit the fluttering ring of muscle before diving in and licking around the rim. Louis' scrambled to hold on to something, finally settling one hand in Harry's hair and the other in his. Harry licked deeper, teasing his tongue in and out, getting the rim soaking wet with spit. He pulled back and blew on it before dipping his tongue back in.

"Harry!" Louis chanted. Harry ran a finger from Louis' heavy balls to the hole and pushed it in beside his tongue. He worked them in and out together, making Louis fall apart above him. "Harry, please-

"Please what, Louis?" Harry asked roughly, sliding another two fingers in. He watched as Louis' hole stretched around the three long fingers.

"Fuck me." Louis whispered, and Harry almost didn't hear it. His head shot up and he moved his fingers harder inside the boy.

"What?" He stood, keeping his fingers in place. "Are you sure?"

Louis nodded frantically. "I need it. Harry please!" He cried, his hole swallowing Harry's fingers up. Harry nodded.

"Of course, anything for you baby." He pulled his fingers out and turned off the shower and stepped out, helping Louis. They both toweled off quickly before Harry walked Louis back into the bedroom and threw him on the bed.

"Legs up." He commanded, digging around his nightstand for a bottle of lube. He bypassed the condoms because Louis was on birth control and he really wanted to come in Louis' arse. When he found the bottle, he snicked it open and looked at Louis, who was holding his legs up, hands under his gorgeous thighs, his pink hole on display.

"Gorgeous." He muttered, draping himself over Louis. They kissed deeply and messily while Harry slid three fingers inside the smaller boy. His cock was not small by any means, and he didn't want to
hurt the boy. He sucked a mark into Louis' neck, biting and soothing the skin. Louis' hands carded through Harry's curls, tugging on them. He finally pulled away and slicked his cock up.

"Ready, love?" He asked Louis, who nodded vigorously. He slowly pushed in, the head catching on Louis' rim. When he was halfway in, he looked at Louis. He was laying there, one hand gripping onto Harry's large bicep and the other stroking his own hard cock.

"Christ, Harry." Louis breathed. "You're going to tear me apart." He said, smiling up at the older boy. Harry leaned down and gave him a quick snog before pushing all the way in. He stayed still for a moment and listened to Louis' heavy breathing. A few minutes later, he felt Louis' push back. "You can move." He said breathlessly.

Harry nodded and thrust his hips up into Louis', watching the younger boy, who threw his head back and moaned. Harry thrust harder.

"Don't hold your moans back, baby. Let me hear them." He said, pounding into the younger boy, who let out a stream of loud moans and whimpers.

"Harry!" He shouted when Harry had found his prostate. "Right there! Please please please, don't stop!" He cried. Harry moved so that his cock was relentlessly pounding onto Louis' prostate.

"Shit, love. Gonna make me cum so hard." Harry grunted, leaning down to suck another bruise onto Louis' skin, this time on his perfect collarbone.

"Yeah?" Louis breathed. "Come inside me, make a mess! Please!" Harry drove his hips harder when he heard his subs, his quiet, shy subs dirty talk. Louis cried out louder. Harry moved his hands to the back of Louis' knees and held his legs open, watching his cock slide in and out of Louis' hole.

"Harry! I'm gonna-" Louis said, the words dying out as he came, shooting white up his stomach. Harry groaned at the sight and pounded harder before coming inside Louis, jerking his hips as he filled the small boy with his hot cum. He laid on top of the boy and kissed him senseless before pulling out, watching as Louis winced slightly.

"Sorry, baby." Harry apologized as he pulled out completely. He got off of the bed and went to get a warm washcloth so he could clean both of them. He wiped the cum off of Louis' chest and leaned down to clean his hole, which was dripping cum. He cleaned it all up and wiped himself off before joining his sub in bed.
"Hi, baby." He said, pulling Louis close to him. Louis just hummed in response. "I didn't put you to sleep with sex, did I?" Harry joked, and Louis cracked an eye open.

"No. But I don't think I can walk at all anymore." Louis replied, stretching his arm over Harry's warm torso and lazily sucking on the skin above his nipple, making a mark. Harry laughed at that.

"Good." He said before kissing Louis one more time before they both fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Okay!! So you got the smut! ANDDDDDDD...dun dun dun! Louis only took his birth control one day which means IT ISN'T WORKING YET WHICH MEANS.....

The fair is next chapter!! Prepare for angst!!

Then America, where there will be more angst!!!

Also, send in ideas for any future chapters!! Im a sucker for angst so bring it on! And I may or may not be asking for baby names soon!!! IF you can't wait that long, go ahead and send in some names!
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Crazy crazy time jump during the fair (I apologize)

Also there is some slight abuse in this story towards the end.
Harry will /not/ be like that further in the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Harry woke Louis up again at 6:00 am, handing him his pill and glass of water. Louis swallowed it and then grabbed the little cup of cough medicine Harry handed him, throwing it back and slumping back down under the warm covers, goosebumps breaking out over his skin. He heard a drawer open and shut, and then the covers were being taken off of him. He curled in on himself and whined in protest. Harry shushed him and straightened his legs out. Louis laid there boneless while Harry slid a pair of sweatpants over his legs. He snapped the waistband and kissed Louis' little stomach when the sub made an annoyed sound.

"Okay, you can go back to sleep, darling." Harry muttered, getting in the bed and drawing the boy close. Louis tangled their legs together and pressed his nose against Harry's bare chest and fell back to sleep.

The second time he woke up was because he had to use the bathroom really bad. Harry was sleeping soundly next to him, and he leaned his head up and looked at the alarm clock next to Harry's lamp. 8:35. He figured that Harry called in to work today so they could go to the fair. He slid out of bed and immediately grabbed onto the covers. There was a sharp pain that radiated from his bum to the middle of his back. Damn Harry and his big cock.

Louis took his time and stepped slowly into the bathroom, doing his business and brushing his teeth. He fluffed his messy hair up in the mirror, giving up on it after it wouldn't do anything but stick up everywhere. He exited the bathroom and climbed back into bed. Harry had turned and his back was now facing Louis.

Louis crawled over to his dom and began tracing patterns on his back. He noticed that there were some crescent-shaped marks on his shoulders and biceps and a few mild scratch marks down Harry's back. He blushed because he had left them there. He trailed his fingers from the top of Harry's back to the very bottom of it, and brought them around to his sides, where Harry jerked in his sleep.
A big smile broke out over Louis' face. Harry was ticklish? He traced his fingers over Harry's side again, and Harry jerked once more. Louis giggled and did it again and again, watching his dom try to jerk away his sleep. He began to reach for Harry's side again but Harry jerked Louis' around to lay spooned against him. His legs were thrown over Harry's and he was crushed against Harry's chest.

"Is there any particular reason you woke me up at 8:40 in the morning by tickling me, love?" Harry asked, his eyes still closed. Louis giggled, which made a small smile appear on his doms face.


"Hi, love." Harry replied, his face still relaxed and eyes still closed. "Do you want to go back to sleep for a few more minutes?" He asked, heavily implying that he wasn't going to be getting up any time soon.

"Can I make you breakfast?" Louis asked suddenly.

"Yes you can love." Harry replied dismissively, most likely trying to go back to sleep. Louis slid out of bed carefully.

"Great!" He said quietly, closing their bedroom door. The rest of the house was quiet, so he cooked the breakfast for Harry in peace. He was glad that they had gone grocery shopping the day before.

He popped some toast in the toaster and fried some eggs and bacon together, keeping them separate from the hashbrowns. While they were frying, he poured some orange juice in a glass and flicked on the coffee pot. It whirred, meaning that there was no coffee or water in it. He got up onto the counter and looked through the cabinets, searching for the coffee. He finally spotted it in the back and reached for it.

He filled up a filter and put some water in, and the coffee began to brew. He turned back to the breakfast and turned off all the burners and slid the food onto a plate, grimacing when the eggs and bacon alone filled up the whole plate. Maybe he had made too much. He stacked the bacon on the sides and scooped the eggs to the other, placing the hashbrowns in the middle. He placed the toast on top of it and stood back, satisfied. Even though it was a heaping mess, he was proud of it.

He poured some coffee into a mug for Harry and put some cream and sugar in it. Just as he was placing it all on the dining room table, he heard footsteps in the kitchen. Must be Niall, he thought, remembering the orange juice. He was surprised to see Harry standing there in just a pair of flannel
pajama pants and nothing more.

"Smells good, love." He said, scooping Louis into a hug.

"Be careful with me. You broke me last night." Louis said, his words muffled by Harry's broad chest. He felt Harry laugh.

"Sorry about that. You insisted, though." He pointed out, and Louis blushed. "Now, where's this breakfast I was promised?" Louis led him to the dining room and sat him down, handing him a fork. Before he could walk away thought, Harry grabbed him by the waist and placed him on his lap.

"You're going to share this, right?" Harry asked in his ear. Louis made himself comfortable and looked at Harry.

"I wasn't planning on it." He replied, and Harry clicked his tongue.

"Well, now you are. Eat up, love. We've got a big day ahead of us." Harry said, and they finished the plate, feeding each other some bites or stealing some. When they were through and Louis was sipping the orange juice and Harry his coffee, they heard a commotion in the kitchen.

"All these dirty dishes and no food?" They heard Niall complain.

"Calm down, love. You'll get your food." Liam's voice said.

"Good. I haven't eaten in hours, Liam. Hours." Niall whined.

"I heard you love." Liam assured him. "Want to help me cook?" There was no more noise after that, so Louis assumed they were busy cooking. He turned to Harry, who looked at him.

"When can we leave for the fair?" Louis asked his dom.

"Right after breakfast is done and we turn in your paper." Harry reminded him.
"Oh yeah, it's Friday, isn't it?" Louis asked, glad that he had finished the paper days prior. The dining room door swung open.

"There ya are!" Niall exclaimed. He was holding a piece of toast. Liam must have given it to him to keep him from complaining about not having food yet. He pointed at Louis' neck. "Got yerself a love bite, mate." He said, gnawing on the bread.

Louis' hand flew up to his neck and pressed around, searching for the bite. Harry's hand joined his and pressed two fingers against a spot on his collarbone, which ached under pressure.

"Oh. Well...." Louis didn't really know what to say.

"Ni, it's none of your business." Came Liam's voice. He entered the dining room with two plates of food in his hand. Niall made a face and dug into the food. Liam smiled and began eating his.

"How about after everyone's eaten and dressed, we leave for the fair?" Harry asked, tapping Louis' thigh to make him stand up. Liam nodded and agreed. "Great. Let's go get dressed, love." He said to Louis.

Once they were upstairs in their bedroom, Harry went straight for his closet to pick out something to wear. Louis walked carefully over to his dresser and pulled out a pair of silk pink panties to put on. He slid them on and admired the color against his tan skin. When he was done oogling himself in the mirror, he turned to put on some jeans. He pulled them up over his calves and thighs, no problem, but it was his bum that was giving him trouble, again.

He jumped a few times to get the jeans over his bum, and when he was done he buttoned them up. He turned to get a jumper and was met with Harry standing there, holding a thick, cream colored one. His eyebrow was raised.

"Quite the showstopper, darling. Please, do that again soon." Harry said, buttoning up his shirt. Louis blushed and slid the jumper on. Harry stopped buttoning when he came to the love bite on his pec. "Looks like you've left your mark on me." He pointed to it.

"Oops." Louis said shyly. Harry walked over to him and rubbed his shoulders.
"Hey now. Don't get shy, love. Where's that tiger I had last night?" Harry asked, and Louis blushed, remembering how he begged last night.

"Now." Harry said. "Let's get going." Louis followed him downstairs, where Liam and Niall were slipping on their coats. They did the same, buttoning their own coats and slipping on shoes. Louis and Niall walked ahead of their doms, quietly talking about the fair. Harry and Liam sat in the front of the Escalade while the two subs sat in back. Harry pulled out the gate and began driving to the outskirts of town, where the fair was.

He decided to park in a secluded area and have them walk the rest of the way, claiming it was less likely to be mobbed by paparazzi. The two doms walked in front of their subs, taking on the role of a typical Dom in public. They could hear the two subs quietly chattering behind them. Once they got to the fairground and bought their tickets, they began deciding what they would do first. Niall suggested trying out the food booths, while Louis wanted to go through the pumpkin patch. Liam wanted to try the carnival rides first and Harry wanted to see the craft booths.

"How about we just go our separate ways and meet back here in an hour?" Liam asked.

"Or, we could do the craft booths first, then the rides, then the food, and then the pumpkin patch." Harry said. "Food before the rides will make you sick and carrying a pumpkin around everywhere we go isn't going to be fun." Harry pointed out.

Liam nodded. "Great." Harry said. "It's settled." He and Liam went off in the direction of the craft booths, leaving their subs to trail behind them. The two doms began talking amongst themselves about the trip to America.

"Are you going to take Niall?" Harry asked him.

"I was planning on it. Are you taking Louis?" Liam replied.

"I'm not sure." Harry confided in him. He knew that if he didn't take Louis, the younger boy would be hurt, but he didn't want to take him because of the insane amount of paparazzi that would be around. Not to mention it was strictly business only; Louis would have nothing fun to do.

"Well, if-" Liam said, glancing back to check on their two subs. He stopped and turned fully around. Harry stopped with him. "Bloody fuck. Where did they go?" Liam hissed. Harry looked around him. He didn't see either of them.
"They couldn't have gotten in front of us, so let's just retrace our steps." Harry said, and they began walking. "I should have known that Louis would wander off. He's like a two year old." Harry shook his head, looking into the booths around him. Liam did the same. He finally stopped and pointed. There was a small tent-like booth with its doors open. They walked closer and peeked in.

Louis and Niall were sitting on a blanket on the ground and there was an elderly woman sitting in front of them and two children seated in the two younger boys' laps. The woman was knitting something quickly and Louis and Niall were helping the kids do the same. The woman said something which made Louis and Niall laugh.

"I would be furious at Niall if seeing him with kids wasn't so damn attractive." Liam muttered to Harry. "I guess this means I need to knock him up soon."

Harry looked at him in shock. "Wait, what? You're going to get Niall pregnant?" He figured Liam didn't want children either.

"Harry, I'm almost 26. I want a family. Why? You're not getting Louis pregnant?"

"No! I don't want children." Harry replied.

"But why? I mean, Louis would be the perfect mummy. And I bet he would give you adorable children." Liam pointed out. Harry shook his head.

"I don't see myself having kids, ever." Harry said. "But who knows, maybe in a few years I'll get Louis pregnant so I can have someone to pass the business on too." Liam looked at him for a while.

"Louis wants children more than anything. I mean, look at him!" Liam gestured to Louis, who was helping the little girl in his lap with the jumble of yarn in their laps. Niall was doing the same to what Harry assumed was the little girls' sister.

"Like I said, who knows. I don't want kids and I don't see them in my future anytime soon." Harry said, stepping inside the tent, Liam following him. They waited a few more minutes, watching their subs. Louis looked up, as if he sensed his doms stare. Harry's hard stare made him uneasy and he whispered something to Niall, who looked up too. They said goodbye to the two girls and their grandma and walked over to their doms, heads down.
Once they were out of the tent, Liam and Harry began walking again, not acknowledging their subs. They walked quickly, and Niall could kind of keep up because he was taller than Louis, but Louis' short legs couldn't walk as fast. Finally Harry and Liam slowed down, which made Louis run into Harry's hard back.

"Sorry." He mumbled. He looked over at Niall, who was looking at him. Louis just shrugged and followed Harry, who had begun walking again. Louis looked at all the booths and tents that they were passing. He guessed that he and Niall had fucked everything up by stopping at that tent. A small tent caught his eye, however. A candle making tent. He could smell the thick aromas of the different candles.

He reached for the back of Harry's coat and tugged. He wasn't sure if he could talk, so this was the next best thing he thought of. Harry stopped and turned, looking down at his sub. Louis looked at Harry and then over to the candles. Harry followed the smaller boys eyes and saw what he wanted to do. He looked back at Louis, who was still staring at the candles.

Harry turned back around and began walking again with Liam. Louis let go of Harry's coat and looked at the ground. He felt a nudge to his side and looked up at Niall, who crinkled his brows.

*Candles*, Louis mouthed to him. Niall nodded in understanding.

*I want to do them too.* Niall mouthed back.

*I think we're in trouble.* Louis looked at the dom in front of him. Niall nodded next to him. The next few minutes were quiet, the only sound coming from the people and booths around them. There was screaming in the distance from the carnival rides.

Finally, the two doms stopped at the end of the long row of booths. Louis halted so he wouldn't run into his doms back again. Harry and Liam turned them, staring at them for a few moments. Louis shifted from one foot to the other.

"Now," Harry said, pulling Louis under his arm, and Louis immediately cuddled closer. Liam did the same with Niall. "We can look at them together *without* running off." He looked pointedly at Louis, who blushed and looked down.

They looked at every booth, Louis finally getting to make his candles, and Harry even made one.
They stopped at a pastry booth and Harry purchased Louis some cookies to eat while Niall opted for Liam to buy him apple pie bites. They looked at a quilt booth, a sewing booth, tons of jewelry tents, and there were a few leather and wool ones as well, which they stayed away from.

Louis broke off a piece of cookie and handed it to Harry, who took it. Niall had long ago finished the apple pie bites and now was looking at the many food booths. Liam looked at his watch.

"Do you two want to ride the rides now?" Liam asked Niall and Louis, both of whom shook their heads yes. Liam and Harry took them over to the rides and watched when they got in line for a ride called the *tilt-a-whirl*. Louis sneezed into his elbow three times. Niall looked at him.

"You still sick?" He asked his friend. Louis shook his head.

"I shouldn't be. At least I think it's gone." Louis replied, sniffing. "At least, the throat part is gone." Louis looked over to their doms, who were both typing away at their phones. "Are they not going to ride any with us?"

Niall shrugged. "We can ask?" Louis nodded and walked over to Harry, sliding under one of his arms. Harry kept typing at his phone.

"Harry?" He asked, watching Harry's face. The older man didn't falter and kept clicking away at his keys. "Harry-" Louis began.

"Not now Louis." Harry said sharply, turning away from his sub. Louis' shoulders slumped and he walked back over to Niall.

"So, I guess that's a no?" Niall asked. Louis nodded and they faced the front of the relatively short line. Once they were on the ride, Louis turned to Niall.

"This isn't going to be fun if it's just us today. No offense." He said.

Niall nodded. "I know what you mean. I expected them to be with us." The ride started up shortly after, and they tried to enjoy it, they really did. It's just that every time the ride passed their doms, who were still on their phones, they got sad. When the ride was over, they rode a few more before growing increasingly bored. Liam and Harry had been on their phones for an hour.
After they ate silently, Louis and Niall linked arms and walked in front of their doms to the pumpkin patch. The sun was setting and there was a tractor with a trailer attached for hayrides. The pumpkin patch was large and there was a corn field behind it, Louis guessed that it was for the hayride, to scare people.

He and Niall began searching for the perfect pumpkin; big and round. They giggled as they tripped over vines and raced each other around, trying to out-pumpkin each other. They had decided not to let the lack of attention or participation from their doms bother them or ruin their day. Louis spotted a large, bright orange pumpkin and went over to it.

"Hey Niall! Found mine!" Louis called to the Irish boy, who was standing by his own large pumpkin. He picked it up and walked over to Louis.

"You can't lift that! It's practically bigger than you are!" Niall said, sitting his down. "I'll carry yours and you can carry mine. Deal?" Louis nodded and they sat their pumpkins over by their doms, who were now talking lowly into their phones.

"Let's get on the hayride," Louis suggested. They walked over to a little stand and purchased some hot chocolate before climbing onto the trailer. There were a few other people on it. The two huddled together and sipped the piping hot drinks. The tractor pulled the trailer around the cornfield, weaving through the little paths. A few things jumped out at them, making everyone shriek and squeal.

When the ride was done a few moments later, they hopped off and started to look for their doms. Before they could start walking, someone grabbed Louis' elbow and jerked him around. He turned quickly, as did Niall. A man in his late thirties was standing there, looking guilty.

"Sorry about that, mate. But you're Harry Style's sub, right?" He asked, and Louis nodded warily, looking at Niall. "That's awesome! I wish I'd landed someone like that!" The man chuckled, and Louis was uneasy.

"We really should get going." Niall said, but the man waved him off.

"I just want to talk. I don't have many friends. You know, strict dom. Is Harry strict with you?" He asked.

"Uh, sometimes. Listen-" Louis tried to say, but the man began talking again, cutting Louis off.
"Really? How strict?" The man leaned forward.

"Not really that strict. Now we really need to go." Louis grabbed Niall's arm to pull him away, but the man was quicker and grabbed Louis.

"Come on, I'm really lonely. I don't know where my dom went." The man sounded sad, and Louis couldn't help but feel sorry for him.

"I know what you mean. We've pretty much been alone all day, too." Louis said to the man, who lit up.

"Really? Why?"

"Our doms have just been busy on the phone." Louis said, sneezing.

"Are you sick?" The man asked.

"Sort of." Louis said, sneezing again. The man opened his mouth to talk again, but snapped it shut quickly.

"What in the fuck is going on here?" Louis heard Harry's voice from behind him. Harry appeared next to Louis.

The man waved to Louis before running off. "Thanks for the story!" He yelled, and Louis' eyes widened.

"What-" He turned to face Niall, but Harry jerked him around harshly.

"What the fuck did you tell him, Louis? And why were you speaking to a pap?" Harry demanded furiously. Louis looked at Niall for help.
"I didn't-" Louis tried to defend himself, but Harry cut him off, gripping his arm tightly and jerking him away.

"I have specifically told you to never talk to any paparazzi and what do you do? The second I turn my back, you're telling them stories?" Harry yelled. Louis was thankful that no one was around to hear them. Louis got angry and jerked his arm out of Harry's grasp.

"I didn't tell him anything!" Louis shouted back. He knew that he shouldn't yell at his dom, but he was so angry and felt so ignored and Harry wasn't listening to him. "You have been ignoring me all day!"

Harry grabbed his arm again and yanked, causing Louis to trip over a thick pumpkin vine and fall to the ground, twisting his knee. "Get the fuck up. We're leaving. You are in so much fucking trouble, I swear to God." Harry said, pulling Louis' up harshly and practically dragging him to the car. Liam and Niall followed behind wordlessly. Once they got to the car, Harry threw Louis against the side of it and got in the drivers side, slamming his door shut.

Louis winced as he opened the door and slid in, his shoulder and knee screaming in protest. He rolled his shoulder a few times to make sure it wasn't out of place, which thankfully it wasn't. The drive home was silent and once Harry had parked the car in the garage and got out, he stormed into the house. Liam followed him quickly, leaving Niall to help Louis out of the car.

The second the car door was shut, Louis burst into tears. "I didn't know, Niall. I really didn't!" He sobbed into Niall's shirt. "I believed him when he said he was lonely!" Niall patted his back soothingly.

"I know, Lou, I know." He rubbed Louis' back, hoping to calm the hysterical boy.

"And-" Louis hiccuped. "He hurt me." Louis cried harder. Niall cringed. He had seen the way Louis bent when he fell, and he heard Harry throw him against the side of the door. "I thought he wasn't supposed to do that?"

"I know, Louis. I'm sorry." Niall said. "Let's get you inside and get something on that knee. Can you walk?" Niall asked, and Louis pulled back and wiped his face.

"I think so." He took a step with his hurt leg and grabbed Niall when it almost buckled. "No. Can you help me?" He asked, and Niall nodded. Louis hobbled into the house, his arm around Niall's
waist. The kitchen and dining room were silent, so Louis guessed that the two doms were upstairs.

Niall led him to the staircase when Louis told him that he just wanted to go to sleep. His knee and shoulder and head hurt and he just wanted to forget the past day. Niall helped him upstairs and to the guest room, as Louis directed. He helped Louis out of his tight jeans and into a pair of leggings that he had grabbed quickly. He tried not to cringe at the purple skin around Louis' knee as he tugged the leggings onto his friend.

Once that was done, he hugged Louis and stayed with him until he was asleep, sniffing into the pillow. He pulled the covers up over his friend and turned the light out and left the room, closing the door behind him. Liam and Harry were coming out of Harry's office.

"Where is he?" Liam asked as Harry breezed past the two and into his room.

"In the guest room." Niall replied. Liam nodded before looking at Niall.

"We need to talk about what happened. You need punishment." Liam said. "I was going to take you to America with me, but now I'm not so sure."

Niall's eyes widened, but his shoulders slumped. "I understand, sir." He said softly. "I don't deserve to go."

"But then again I could also just spank you or make you sleep alone tonight." Liam said thoughtfully. Niall looked up at him and grinned, standing on his tiptoes to kiss his doms cheek before taking off down the hall to the other guest bedroom.

"I'll see you tomorrow!" He hollered behind him. He really wanted to go to America.

Harry angrily threw that mornings special edition newspaper onto the counter next to Liam. Liam read the headline: Harry Styles Neglects Sick Sub at Local Fair-PG. 6-Is He a Bad Dom?

"Wow." Liam said, picking it up and flipping to page six before reading out loud. "Harry Styles' young Sub Louis Tomlinson has told a reporter that what was supposed to be a fun day at the fair quickly turned sour when his Dom neglected him for his phone, even while he was sick and
"Wandering the fair with an unnamed friend. Does Harry Styles care about his sub? From what we've just read, the answer is obvious." Liam finished, folding the paper and setting it down.

"The fucking nerve." Harry gritted through his teeth. "I should have known." Liam sighed and placed a mug in front of Harry.

"Harry, I'm sure it's not what it looks or sounds like." Liam defended Louis. Something was fishy about this whole thing. He knew that Louis wouldn't talk to a pap if he knew who they were.

"Yeah, I'm sure." Harry said sarcastically. "The first chance he got he slandered my name." Harry said. There was a gasp from the doorway of the kitchen, and both of the doms looked up to see Niall and Louis standing there.

"That's not what happened!" Louis said and Harry stood up to his full height and walked over to Louis.

"You are not to look at me or talk to me. I don't want to see your face today. Go. Away." Harry demanded harshly. "Go!" He shouted when Louis stood there looking up at him. He finally turned and hobbled off quickly. Harry sat back down, ignoring the sobs he could hear from his sub. Niall hesitated before Liam motioned for him to come over.

"We're leaving for America at noon. Our flight leaves at one." Liam said to an excited Niall. "So why don't you go pack. We leave in three hours." He chuckled when Niall left the kitchen, rushing up the stairs to pack.

Liam turned to Harry, who's face was blank and emotionless. "So, I take it Louis isn't going?" He asked quietly. Harry shook his head.

"Nope." He replied. Liam frowned. He knew how upset Harry was at the thought of Louis speaking to the paparazzi, but he believed that Louis deserved the right to explain himself. Harry stood.

"I'm going to go pack. We can leave early and get something to eat before the flight." He said before exiting the kitchen. Liam sat there for a few more minutes before doing the same.
An hour and a half later, there were two suitcases sitting by the door and neither Louis nor Harry had shown their face since the scene in the kitchen. Liam pulled out his phone and quickly sent Harry a text that he and Niall were going to go ahead and put their stuff into the Escalade. He picked up their suitcases and they left the house.

Louis, who was laying in bed, trying to find a comfortable position for his knee, heard the door slam shut. He slid out of bed and walked slowly to the bedroom door and opened it. His and Harry’s bedroom door was open, and he saw an open suitcase on the bed. Panic arose in him. Was Harry leaving him? Or was he leaving Harry? He walked to their bedroom and pushed the door open all the way.

Harry's back was to him, folding a shirt and placing it into the suitcase. He turned and went to the closet and pulled out a suit with a protective plastic slip over it. He placed that on top of the suitcase and closed it. So the suitcase wasn't for Louis.

"Harry?" Louis stepped further into the room. Harry ignored him and walked over to the wall to unplug his charger. He stuffed it into the outer pocket of his suitcase and slid his phone into the pocket of his jeans.

"Harry?" Louis tried again. "What are you doing?" He got no answer again. Harry picked up his suitcase and brushed past Louis with it. Louis followed him down the hall. "Are you leaving?" He asked, and then he remembered something. "You're going to America?" He asked, tearing up. "Everyone is going but me?" He choked back a sob. Harry descended the stairs and sat the suitcase down to slip on his coat and shoes.

"You're going to leave me here alone while you go to America?" Louis cried harder when Harry picked up his suitcase again and slammed the door shut. He crumpled onto the first step and bawled his eyes out. He was alone.

Chapter End Notes

WELL? Was that enough angst? cause I kind of teared up at the end. anyway, let me know what you think! and if you have any suggestions on what should go down?
THERE WILL BE MORE ANGST IN THE NEXT CHAPTER AYO
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

trigger warning: home invasion

Harry is still a mild dick in this but nothing happens that is violent between him and Louis

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Not a word was said between Harry, Niall, or Liam. They ate, arrived at the airport, and boarded silently. Liam and Niall had two seats next to each other, and Harry ignored the empty chair next to him. The first class cabin was eerily silent, everyone opting to type away on their phones or flip through magazines. The only noise came from the filling coach cabin.

The plane took off at precisely one o'clock, and Harry pretended to read a business magazine, ignoring the sad look Niall was giving him. This was going to be a long flight to New York.

Louis didn't know how long he cried after Harry left, sitting at the top of the stairs. The house was too quiet, and it made Louis uneasy. He kept waiting for the door to open and for Harry to rush in and up the stairs to him, but that never happened. Harry had gone to America without him. He didn't know what to do, he wasn't used to being alone. And what made it worse was that he had upset Harry, his dom, and in return he was left alone. He hated when Harry ignored him.

He got up and wiped his eyes and nose on the sleeves of his jumper. He limped to his and Harry's room and crawled under the covers and curled up on Harry's side of the bed, breathing in the his scent.

"He didn't answer." Niall said, frowning and pressing the end call on his phone. They were about an hour away from New York. He and Liam had just sat down from walking around the cabin to stretch their legs when Niall decided to call and check up on his friend.
"He's probably sleeping or not near his phone." Liam assured Niall. He didn't want the tension between Louis and Harry to bother Niall, even though it bothered himself greatly. He looked over at Harry, who was staring intently out the plane window. He hadn't said a single word since breakfast that morning. Liam sighed and leaned forward to click that the little TV in front of his chair.

"I'm going to call him one more time." Niall decided, typing in the number and bringing the phone to his ear. It rang once, twice, three times before going to voicemail. Louis' chirpy voice greeted him: Hi! This is Louis! I'm not near my phone right now, but if you would kindly leave your message and number, I'll call you back! Niall waited for the beep before talking.

"Hey, Lou. Call me when you get this." He said, and he saw Harry turn towards him at the mention of Louis' name, but the man said nothing. Niall pressed end and leaned on Liam's shoulder. "I really hope he's just not around his phone."

The rest of the hour flew by (pun intended), and before Niall knew it, they were grabbing their carry-ons and exiting the plane. There were some paparazzi scattered around, clicking away when they saw Harry without his sub while Liam had his. They were shouting questions left and right. Harry ignored them and plowed through to baggage claim, where they picked up their suitcases.

There was a limo waiting for them outside and they slid in, glad to get away from the clicking cameras and shouting paps. The driver took them to the Waldorf Astoria. Niall looked out the window at all of the tall buildings and all of the people who were walking around. There were so many signs and bright lights. When they pulled up the the Waldorf, there were dozens of paparazzi waiting outside for them.

The driver opened the door for them and they all walked quickly up to the hotel doors. Liam was thankful that paparazzi weren't allowed in the hotels. Two bellhops took the suitcases from the limo driver and placed them onto a luggage cart. Harry checked them into their rooms and they rode silently up to the 38th floor, where their rooms were side by side.

Harry took his suitcase and keyed open his room, disappearing inside of it. He sat his suitcase down on the bed and went straight to take a shower to get ready for the business meeting that was to take place at the restaurant here in an hour. He showered quickly and dressed in the suit he brought. He towel dried his hair and turned his phone on. He ignored the background, which was a picture he had taken of Louis when the small boy was sleeping. He was curled up wearing one of Harry's jumpers, of course, and he was napping on Harry's side of the bed.

Harry clicked through his texts and emails, replying to the important ones before clicking his phone closed and putting on his shoes and spritzing some cologne on, ignoring the fact that Louis loved this cologne and would bury his face in Harry's neck and breathe it in deep. He opened his phone again and called Liam.
"Hello?" Liam answered, looking down as Niall tied his tie for him.

"Are you ready? I want to get there early." Harry said into the phone. Liam watched as Niall finished tying the tie and smoothed his hands down Liam's shirt.

"Yeah. Let me finish up here and I'll meet you by the elevator." Liam said, pressing end. "I should be back around ten. Order room service, okay?" He instructed Niall as he put his shoes on. Niall nodded.

"Good luck!" He said to his dom, hugging him tight. Liam kissed his head and left the room, seeing Harry standing at the end of the hallway. He was holding his briefcase.

"Ready?" Liam asked Harry, who nodded. This client was the most important one they've had in a long time and they were determined not to fuck it up. They rode the elevator down and entered the restaurant.

"We're here with the Jenner party." Harry told the maître d', who nodded and began walking to a table in the back of the restaurant. Harry and Liam shook hands with the three people sitting there, a woman and two men.

"I'm Liam and this is-" Liam began, but the woman held her hand out daintily towards Harry.

"Harry Styles." She said. "I've heard so much about you. I'm Kendall." She batted her eyelashes, clearly flirting with Harry. Liam looked her over. She wasn't the prettiest girl he'd ever seen, and he wouldn't go near her if he was straight, he decided.

"Pleasure to meet you." Harry sat down. Kendall smiled coyly.

"The pleasure will be mine, later tonight." She said, causing Liam to cough nervously and look at Harry, who was flipping through his menu.

"I'm not sure if you knew, but I have a submissive." Harry said. She flipped her hair.
"But you didn't bring him." She pointed out. "And Mr. Payne brought his. I read the magazines and I'm close with the paparazzi." She said.

"Clearly." Harry muttered. "Now, let's talk business." Once Harry said that, everyone got serious. Numbers were talked and papers were signed. They ordered and finished their food, celebrating the new client with a toast. Once the dinner was done, an hour and a half later, and all of the hands were shook, Kendall approached Harry. Liam watched them warily.

"If you change your mind about your sub." She said, pressing something into his palm. "My number and room key." Harry handed them back.

"Thank you, but I'm quite taken with him." Harry politely declined. He walked over to Liam and they left the restaurant. The elevator ride was quiet and Liam finally spoke up when Harry pulled out his key card.

"Harry, we need to talk." He told his friend. Harry swung his door open and let Liam walk in first. "What's happened?"

"What are you talking about?" Harry asked, shedding his suit jacket and removing his tie. He kicked his shoes off and sat on the bed.

"You and Louis." Liam reminded him, even though Harry knew exactly what he meant.

"I don't want to talk about him right now. He's being punished." Harry replied, picking up his remote and flicking on the TV.

"Yeah, and he's not here. He's seven hours and three thousand miles away." Liam sat next to Harry. "Why didn't you bring him?"

"Liam, I said I don't want to talk about him. Now drop it." Harry said through gritted teeth. Liam sighed and got up.

"This isn't like you. I know you, and something's up." Liam said before leaving Harry's room. Harry sat there for a long time after Liam left. What was going on with him? He treated his sub like shit and he was mean to him. How could he be so mean to Louis? He paced his room. He couldn't think straight, all of this new information flooding his brain.
He grabbed his phone and dialed the only person he knew he could talk to about this kind of stuff. It rang for a while before someone picked up.

"Harry?"

"Hi, mum." He said quietly.

"What's wrong? Why are you calling at four in the morning?" She asked.

"Oh, I forgot about the time zones. Sorry, mum."

"Where are you?"

"America. We just signed with the Jenner Company." He said.

"That's great, honey!" His mom exclaimed. There was rustling in the background, and he assumed that it was his stepdad. "That's not why you called, though, is it?" She said knowingly.

"No, it's not." He was silent for a few moments. "I think I'm in too deep. With Louis." He admitted, thinking of the blue eyed boy.

"Is that a bad thing?" She asked.

"No, but-God. I've only known him for a week!" He exclaimed.

"So you think you love him?"

"I don't know. I'm not talking to him right now." He said.
"I know, I read the paper. But Harry, that's a rag. You believed that he would actually tell them that?"

"I don't know! I just got so angry, mum. I didn't...I didn't let him explain. I just..."

"You just what?"

"Left him. He's back in London." He said quietly.

"Harry...oh honey. You left him alone?"

"Yes! I was just so mad at him and I knew I shouldn't have left when we were both upset, but I couldn't be near him."

"Honey, being away from each other isn't going to solve anything. Especially if you're both so upset. It's so obvious you care for this boy."

"I don't care for him, mum." He said weakly. "He's just my sub."

"Oh, Harry. We both know that's not true."

"Yes it is! He's disobedient and he ignores me and he wanders off and he doesn't follow my rules!" Harry said, growing angrier at the smaller boy. He deserved this punishment. He shouldn't have been talking to anyone without Harry's permission.

"So request a new one." Anne said. "That's the most obvious solution."

"Yeah." He muttered. "Thanks for the advice, mum." He ended the call and tossed his phone to the other side of the king bed. He yanked the covers back and fell asleep still in his shirt and pants.
Louis woke up twice in the night to cough and sneeze. He assumed that his cold had gotten better but it clearly hadn't. He tossed back some medicine, and when he saw the time (5:58) he took his birth control. He wished that Harry was there to wake him and give it to him, but his dom had given up on him, it seemed. He fished around the covers for his phone, clicking it on.

He had four missed calls from Niall and four voicemails. They all said the same thing, for him to call Niall when he got the message. He sent Niall a quick text, even though it was probably around midnight in America. He slid out of bed, his knee bothering him as he walked out of the door, dragging the comforter with him. He went into the large library and scanned the rows of books for something good to read. Harry had a lot of classics, and he finally settled on *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

He read that until the sun was coming through the windows of the library, casting rays across the carpeted floor. His stomach growled but he didn't feel like getting up to eat, but he knew that if he didn't, Harry would be even more upset with him. He took the book downstairs with him and read it while he ate some toast and drank some tea. It was only ten o'clock.

He wanted to know when Harry and Liam and Niall would be back, so he picked up his phone and dialed Harry's number, biting his lip as it rang. And rang, and rang. Harry's voicemail clicked on and Louis ended the call. Harry was probably just busy. Maybe at his business meeting. Throughout the day, he busied himself, reading and doing schoolwork and cleaning already clean house.

He skipped lunch in favor of watching Netflix on his laptop. He tried calling Harry a few more times, and each time he was sent to voicemail. He sighed and rearranged himself on the couch and settled back for another few hours of Supernatural. Maybe Harry would call him back later.

Harry, Liam, and Niall spent the next day wandering around New York, sightseeing and eating lunch in Central Park. Niall was grossed out by the number of pigeons everywhere, and Liam couldn't help but agree with him. They went to Fifth Avenue and shopped for a while, going in and out of every store, which was quite a lot. Once their arms were loaded with bags, they put them in the limo and walked to Times Square.

They were mesmerized by all of the tall buildings and huge signs advertising Broadway plays. Liam nudged Niall.

"How does a Broadway play sound tonight? Harry?"
"Sounds great. What's playing?" He asked. Liam looked it up on his phone.


"The Lion King!" He shouted, and it was settled. Liam bought the tickets from his phone and they would pick them up tonight when the show started. They walked around for a little while longer before heading to the limo to go back to the hotel.

As soon as they slid into the limo, Harry's phone rang again. He silenced it. Liam raised his brow.

"Louis?" He asked. Harry nodded. "Mate, why don't you just talk to him? You're miserable!"

"I'm fine. This is his punishment. He *knew* not to talk to the paparazzi and that's exactly what he does." Harry said.

"He didn't know." Niall spoke up. Both of the doms looked at him. He continued. "I was standing next to him. The man grabbed him when we got off of the hayride and began talking to him. Louis told him multiple times that he couldn't talk and he looked around for you. The man told him that he didn't know where his dom was and that he was lonely, and all Louis' said was that he knew the feeling. He kept trying to leave and the guy wouldn't let him. That's when you showed up and the guy ran off."

"Niall, why didn't you say anything?" Liam asked him. Niall shrugged.

"I thought that he would be given the chance to explain. I didn't think that he would have to sleep by himself or not get to come with us." Niall replied. Harry looked down at his phone, looking at all of the missed calls from his boy.

"You should call him back, Harry." Liam urged him, and Harry shook his head and put his phone in his coat pocket.

"I'll talk to him when we get home tomorrow night." He said, opening the limo door when they pulled up to the hotel. "I'll see you guys tonight." He said when they exited the elevator and walked to their rooms. Liam just nodded and followed Niall into their room.
"I think that Harry is in love with Louis and he doesn't know what to do about it." Niall said, flopping down on the bed. Liam flopped down beside him.

"They've only known each other a week." Liam pointed out, slinging his arm around Niall and pulling him to his chest. Niall snuggled closer.

"Yeah, and? I know that Louis already trusts Harry and feels something for him. And Harry feels the exact same way. They're hurting each other right now by not talking." Niall replied. Liam was silent for a moment.

"Let's nap before the show. We can get dinner before." He said, and they both fell asleep wrapped in each others arms.

Louis shut his laptop after the fifth episode of Supernatural. The sun was already setting outside, so Louis drew the curtains closed and walked to the kitchen, searching for something to eat. He finally settled on a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. He placed it on the island and made himself a cup of tea. He was hobbling over to his sandwich when he heard a thump come from upstairs. It startled him so much that he dropped his mug and it shattered on impact.

He sidestepped the shards and walked slowly to the staircase, looking up it. It was probably a book falling in the library or something, he thought. He began walking to the kitchen when he heard it again. He stopped in his tracks, now a little scared. He hurried as fast as he could to the den and grabbed his phone, dialing Harry's number. Harry, of course, didn't pick up.

He heard another thump, this time it was softer. He began walking up the stairs slowly, frantically calling Harry over and over again. When he reached the top of the stairs, he listened for another noise. When he didn't hear anything, he turned to walk back downstairs. Just as he began to walk down them, there was a smaller noise. He turned back around and began walking towards the library, where the noise came from.

*Did I leave the balcony doors open? Or maybe an uneven stack of books is finally falling? I didn't even go out on the balcony today, and I would have needed the alarm code if I did.* He thought to himself as he crept closer to the library door. He called Harry once more, willing for him to pick up. Tears pricked his eyes when he heard Harry's voicemail again.
He slowly reached for the doorknob when it began turning itself. His heart began pounding wildly and he stared at it. He didn't know what to do. There was someone else in the house with him. The thought made him panic. He brought his phone up and dialed 999. Before he could talk into it, the door swung open and he dropped his phone, shrieking.

"What the fuck?!" The man standing in front of him shouted. "You said there was no one here!" He yelled before trying to grab Louis, who dodged him and began running despite his knee. He heard the man running behind him. He turned to run down the stairs when his knee buckled and he tripped, falling down them. His head cracked against the hard wooden floors and the last thing he heard before he blacked out were sirens.

Harry, Liam, and Niall had decided to eat at Aureole before the show at eight. They had just ordered when Harry's phone rang. He looked down at it and furrowed his brow when it wasn't Louis' number. It was his alarm company.

"Hello?" He asked into it. Liam and Niall were watching him.

"Mr. Styles, we've received an alert of a security breach at your home. Is everything okay?" A woman asked.

"I'm not home." He said. But Louis was. No no no. He stood. Liam looked at him before doing the same.

"There was also a 999 call placed from a cell phone in the house. We've sent the police and ambulance to your home." She told him. He brought his hand up to rub at his forehead.

"Thank you." He said, hanging up.

"Is everything okay?" Liam asked when Harry pulled his coat on. Harry shook his head and walked quickly out of the restaurant and to the parked limo. Liam and Niall followed him quickly.

"What's going on? Harry, talk to me!" Liam demanded. They got into the limo and it sped off.
"There was a breach in the security at home." He said, and their eyes widened. "Someone broke in and if anything happened to Louis..." He rubbed his hand over his face.

"I'll get us on the next flight out to London. You go back." He said to Harry and Niall, who rushed out of the limo and into the hotel. They packed with record speed and were back in the limo in five minutes.

"The next flight leaves in forty minutes." Liam told them when they got back in. Harry nodded and handed the limo driver a stack of hundreds and demanded to be at the airport within ten minutes, which they did. The trio grabbed the luggage and rushed through the airport to the appropriate gate. They went through all of the security measures and finally they were being called to board the plane.

Harry was surprised that there were any available first class seats left. He put his carry-on up above him and settled into his seat, chewing nervously on his lip. If anything bad had happened to Louis he would never forgive himself. He turned his cellphone off, as was procedure, and didn't stop worrying the whole seven hour flight.

When the flight landed and they rushed off of it, Harry turned his phone back on. He had a few more missed calls from Louis' number. He swiped at the notification and brought the phone up to his ear, listening to the ringing. Finally, someone picked up.

"Hello?" He said.

"Is this Harry Styles?" A mans voice asked.

"Yes. Where's Louis? Is he okay?" Harry asked as he, Niall, and Liam got into a waiting car.

"He's going to be fine. This is Dr. Malik at The Royal London Hospital. Louis is here and he's fine." The doctor said, and Harry breathed a sigh of relief. He told the doctor that he would be right there and told the driver where to go.

Twenty minutes later, the driver pulled up to the hospital and Harry sprinted out of it and to the front
desk. "Louis Tomlinson?" He asked breathlessly. The nurse looked up at him.

"Are you related?" She asked. He banged his fist on the counter.

"He's my sub. Now where is he, dammit?" The nurse flipped through a book wide-eyed.

"Third floor. Room 282." She said, and he ran to the elevator. Once it dinged, he got on and pressed the third floor. He rushed off of it and went to find room 282. There was a gorgeous doctor standing outside of the room, talking to an equally as gorgeous female nurse.

"Dr. Malik?" He asked, approaching the man. Dr. Malik looked up.

"Harry Styles, I presume?" Harry nodded. "Right. Louis was brought in around five-thirty last night. He has a mild concussion and he's bruised a few ribs. His knee was messed up pretty bad, but from the bruising, it wasn't from falling down the stairs." Dr. Malik informed him, and Harry sucked in a breath.

"Falling down the stairs?" He asked. Dr. Malik looked at him.

"That's how he sustained his injuries. He tripped down the stairs. One of the EMT's who brought him in say that his knee must have buckled when he was trying to get away from the two that broke in." He replied. "You can go in, if you want. He's sleeping. We gave him a sedative a while ago because we needed to set his knee." Harry nodded and opened Louis' door.

His room was dark, but the blinds on the windows were up, causing the moonlight to fall over his face. He was laying on his right side, so his back was to Harry. Harry closed the door and walked over to sit on the right side of the bed. He just wanted to scoop up the smaller boy and never let him go again. He pulled up a chair close to the bed and sat down, rubbing his thumb over the bruise on Louis' left cheekbone.

Louis stirred a few minutes later, but he kept sleeping. Harry watched him for a few more moments, focusing on his sub's face. His beautiful, beautiful face. He watched as Louis' nose twitched, an indicator that he was waking up. A few seconds later, his eyes opened slowly. Harry watched him silently.

"What are you doing here?" Louis asked, and Harry's heart fell. The first words out of his injured
subs mouth should not have been anything that would question his doms presence, yet they were. Harry realized just then how much he had hurt the younger boy.

"Love. My precious, precious darling." Harry said, grabbing Louis' hands in his and kissing them. "Why wouldn't I be here?" Louis struggled for a moment before sitting up.

"Because you hurt me. You hurt me and then you left me." Louis replied, tearing up. "You said I would always get the chance to explain things to you but I didn't. You just left me alone." He sobbed. Harry sat on the edge of the bed and gathered Louis in his arms, careful of his injuries.

"Baby, sweetheart, darling. I am so incredibly sorry. I never meant to hurt you at all. I was angry at the wrong person for the wrong reasons. You didn't do anything wrong and I realize that now. Baby please forgive me." Harry said, rocking the crying boy. Louis sniffled against Harry's chest.

"I tried to call you when I heard something in the house." He began, and Harry's heart clenched. "But you wouldn't answer. You didn't answer any of my calls. I just wanted you so bad but you weren't there." He cried harder.

"Shhh. I will never, ever leave you again. Do you understand? I have ignored and neglected you and I've hurt you. I will never forgive myself. Louis, I love you so much." Harry finally said it, and suddenly, everything seemed better to him. "I'm already so madly in love with you. It took me a week to fall in love with you. How is that possible?" He asked, still rocking Louis. "I don't know how, but I'm so glad."

Louis was silently sniffling. He looked up at Harry, his eyes shining with tears and his face a mess, but he was so beautiful to Harry. "Really?" He asked. Harry nodded. He snaked his arms around Harry and squeezed his dom as hard as he could without hurting himself. "I love you too." He mumbled into Harry's shirt. Harry ran his hands up and down Louis' back.

"Alright, love. Lay down. You need to sleep." He said, laying Louis back down and pulling the blankets over him. Louis looked at him sleepily.

"Lay with me?" He asked, and Harry will never say no to that, so he kicked his shoes off and climbed in behind the boy, spooning him close and falling right to sleep.
yo yo hows that? you like it? let me knooowww :)}
Harry must have been exhausted, because when he woke up, he was still in the hospital bed with Louis, who was propped up on some pillows and running his fingers through Harry's hair, eyes glued to the TV. Harry stared at him for a moment, taking in the way that light from the bedside lamp cast a soft shadow across his sub's face, how long his eyelashes were, how messy his hair was. He was nothing short of perfect.

The door to his room opened and Dr. Malik walked in, smiling and holding a clipboard. "How are you feeling?" he asked lowly, seeing Harry still laying there, but Harry sat up, pressing a kiss to Louis' cheek. Louis smiled up at him.

"Much better than when I came in." Louis replied. Dr. Malik laughed and stood next to the bed, holding a flashlight up and checking Louis' pupils. He shined it in both and clicked it off.

"You don't have a concussion, which is lucky considering how hard you hit your head." He said, motioning to the bandage on Louis' temple. He wrapped a blood pressure cuff on Louis' bicep. "Blood pressure is great. Your vitals are great." He removed the cuff. "I'll wrap your knee again and your ribs, and then you should be good to go."

Louis nodded and threw the blankets off of his legs so Dr. Malik could unwrap his knee and re-wrap it. It was swollen and bruised, but it was already starting to feel better than it did a few days ago when Harry had hurt him.

"Louis, how did you hurt your knee?" Dr. Malik asked, pulling the wrap tight around his knee before wrapping it around again. Louis bit his lip. "You didn't hurt it falling down the stairs, that's for sure."
"I, uh...you're right. It was hurt before I fell." Louis said quietly. Harry looked at him.

"How did you hurt it, Louis?" He asked his sub. Louis was quiet before answering.

"At the pumpkin patch, when you yanked me behind you, I tripped over a vine and tripped and my knee twisted." He said, not making eye contact with his dom. Dr. Malik finished wrapping his knee and looked at the two.

"What?" Harry said. "Why didn't you tell me?" Harry stood up and began pacing by Louis' bed. "Goddammit Louis." Louis reached for him but Harry moved out of the way. He looked at Louis before he left the room in a huff.

Dr. Malik was quiet, stunned at what just happened. He cleared his throat. "If you would just untie your gown at the neck and pull it down your torso, I can wrap your ribs." He said. Louis nodded and did as he was instructed. Dr. Malik began wrapping his torso tightly.

"This may feel too tight, but it will loosen up throughout the day. You can take the wrap off tonight before bed, and I recommend that you ice it for an hour before you fall asleep. Take painkillers as well. The pills will also help your knee. You'll need to take it easy, physically. Don't walk any stairs by yourself, and you'll need assistance getting in and out of bed, in and out of cars, and in and out of the shower. And you need to rest. You need lots and lots of rest." He finished wrapping and stood up.

"Do you have any clothes to change into?" He asked Louis, who made no move to pull his gown back up.

"Uh, I don't know. Maybe Harry brought me some? Or Niall or Liam." He shrugged. Dr. Malik nodded.

"I'll go check." He said, leaving the room. Louis sat there for a few more moments before throwing his legs over the side of the bed. The door reopened and Harry walked in, carrying a stack of clothes. He sat them on the bed next to Louis and wrapped his arm around the smaller boy, helping him off of the bed.

Louis thanked him quietly and Harry slid the rest of the gown off of him. "Can you lift your arms?" He asked, his hands on Louis' ribs.
"I can try?" Louis asked, but winced when he raised them.

"Don't do that if it hurts." Harry slid one of his jumpers over Louis' head and threaded each arm through carefully. He then crouched down and slid a pair of yoga pants on Louis' legs, minding his wrapped knee, the injury that he caused. He adjusted the band of the pants so that it laid flat across Louis' bum.

Dr. Malik came back in carrying a clipboard. He handed it and a pen to Harry. "You just need to sign his discharge papers. Also, there's a large group of paparazzi outside. There's an exit out back, if you would rather go out that way." He said, and Harry nodded and scribbled his signature, handing the clipboard back to Dr. Malik. "Alright, you're free to go."

Harry nodded again and thanked the doctor. Louis slipped on the pair of toms that Harry brought him, wincing when he tried to bend down. Harry knelt next to him and pulled them on his feet. He stood back up and grabbed the bag of clothes that Louis was wearing when he was admitted. They left the room and followed Dr. Malik's directions to the back exit.

They weaved through the hospital staffs parked cars to Harry's Escalade. Harry helped Louis up into it, mindful of his ribs and knee. Once Louis was situated, Harry got in and in and turned the heat on. He maneuvered out of the parking lot and onto the road.

"Are you hungry?" Harry asked, adjusting the heaters so they pointed to Louis.

"A little. The hospital food wasn't that good." Louis admitted, reaching for Harry's hand, but Harry placed it back on the wheel. "Why won't you let me hold your hand?" He asked his dom.

"Both hands on the wheel." Harry muttered, looking in the rear-view mirror before switching lanes. "What do you want to eat?"

"I can eat at home." Louis said, folding his hands in his lap.

"No, you'll eat now. Tell me what you want to eat." Harry said shortly. Louis looked at the passing restaurants before pointing to a McDonalds drive-thru. Harry pulled in behind a string of cars.

"Are you mad at me?" Louis turned to Harry carefully. Harry sighed and stared out his window.
"No." He finally answered, moving forward slowly.

"Then why won't you look at me or let me hold your hand?" Louis asked. Harry didn't reply. When he got to the menu, he ordered Louis the two cheeseburger meal. When they were waiting to pay, Louis asked again. "Harry-if you're not mad at me-" He started to say but Harry cut him off.

"I'm not mad at you, I'm mad at myself. I don't want to touch or look at you so drop it." He snapped, pulling out his credit card for the lady at the window to swipe. He stuffed it and the receipt back into his wallet. He drove forward and grabbed the bag of food and tossed it to Louis, who wasn't hungry anymore. The drive home was silent, and Harry helped Louis out of the car and into the house.

"I want to go upstairs." He said quietly, and Harry nodded, holding the food in one hand and Louis' waist in the other. He got Louis into bed and left the room, placing the food onto the bed. Louis just picked it up and put it on his nightstand and rolled over, closing his eyes and falling to sleep.

Harry holed himself up in his office, busying himself with work. He made calls, sent and responded to emails, and had a skype conference with Liam present. When the conference was over, Harry closed out of skype and sighed.

"Why are you ignoring Louis again?" Liam sighed.

"I'm not." Harry lied, shuffling a stack of papers and putting them into his desk drawer.

"Yes you are. You brought him home four hours ago and he's been sleeping the whole time and you've been in here the whole time." Liam replied, giving Harry a look.

"What am I supposed to do, Liam? I hurt him. I'm supposed to protect him, and instead I hurt him." Harry said, looking at his friend. "I don't think I can touch him again knowing that the last time I did wasn't so nice." He admitted.

"Harry. He loves you and you love him. He knows that it was an accident and that you would never hurt him like that on purpose." Liam spoke for Louis.
"I just don't see how I can be near him again. It's killing me knowing that I hurt him."

"Mate, you're hurting him right now by not talking to him." Liam pointed out, and Harry sighed and stood up.

"You're right. I'll go talk to him." He said, leaving the room. Liam gave him a broad smile. Harry walked down the hallway and opened their bedroom door, his eyes falling on Louis, who was curled up with a pillow under his side to cushion his ribs. His face was buried in Harry's pillow. Harry smiled and sat next to him on the bed. He frowned, however, when he saw the bag of food sitting on Louis' nightstand.

The weight of Harry sitting next to him must have woken Louis up, because he opened his eyes and blinked before settling them on Harry. "Hi, love." Harry said, running his hands through Louis' soft, feathery hair, much like Louis was doing to him at the hospital earlier that day.

"Hi." Louis said, his words muffled because he pressed his face against Harry's thigh.

"How are you feeling after your nap?" Louis looked up at him before replying.

"Good. I need some painkillers though." He replied, and Harry nodded.

"Louis, I need to explain to you why I was so angry in the car." Harry said, shuffling down the bed and laying on his side so that he was facing Louis. "I wasn't angry at you, I'm never really angry at you. I was mad at myself for hurting you. I should have never done what I did, and I will never forgive myself for what I put you through. I'm supposed to love and protect you and I didn't do either." He explained, watching Louis' face.

"I understand." Louis finally said. "But next time, can you just tell me this stuff before icing me out?" He asked, and Harry smiled and nodded.

"I'll try, baby." He said, placing a kiss on Louis' lips. "Now, darling, are you hungry? I can see that you didn't eat the food I bought you."

"I'm starving." Louis replied, and Harry helped him out of bed to go find something to eat.
Week 3: The moment you have been waiting for has finally arrived! You've conceived and your soon-to-be baby has started its transformation from a single cell into a baby boy or girl!

"Niall" Louis hollered at his Irish friend, who was busy eating the cookie dough instead of shaping it into cookies. It had been three weeks since Louis was released from the hospital, and things between him and Harry were never better. They never let each other out of sight and on more than one occasion, that lead to frantic sex on whatever surface they were near.

Right now, Louis and Niall were making all sorts of sweets to surprise Harry and Liam with when they got home, but Niall was too busy eating all of the ingredients. Louis checked his Dutch apple pie in the oven before facing Niall again.

"You have to make those cookies yourself now." He declared. "I'm not helping you." Niall whined.

"But cookie dough is just so good! Try some!" He said, holding out a mixing spoon full of cookie dough. Louis grabbed it and took a small bite of it. "Well?" Niall waggled his eyebrows.

"Fine, you win. It's fantastic." Louis admitted, hopping up on the counter next to Niall as they both happily ate some cookie dough. When the bowl was empty, Louis got up and removed his pie from the oven.

"That looks great, Lou!" Niall said behind him, mixing up more ingredients for another batch of cookies.

"Thanks, Ni." Louis smiled. "I just hope Harry likes it. This took forever to make." He placed the pie on a cooling rack and began helping Niall shape cookies. When they were done and in the oven, he turned to Niall, who was loading the last few dirty dishes into the dishwasher. "They'll be home in about twenty minutes, I think." Louis said, looking at the clock. It was 5:00 on the dot.

"Uhh...what can we cook in twenty minutes?" Niall asked, opening and shutting cupboards. Louis thought for a moment before running to the cabinet in the foyer that held all of the takeout menus. He grabbed them and rushed back to Niall.
"We can order in!" He exclaimed. "Pizza, Chinese, Thai, Indian, Italian..." He read.

"Lets just get pizza. It's great the next day." Niall said as he dialed the number and ordered two pies, one pepperoni and the other taco, because that was Harry's favorite. He ended the call and Louis ran to get four plates down from the cabinet and set them on the dining room table. Niall made a quick salad that consisted of spinach, bacon bits, and croutons. Louis stared at the bowl before looking up at Niall, who shrugged.

"What else do I put in it?" He asked, placing it on the table. Louis grabbed a bottle of wine and poured it into the cups he had sat next to the plates. Niall got silverware and placed them on the table.

"Great!" Louis clapped his hands. "This is fabulous! They'll be so surprised to know that we cooked!" He viewed the room once more before walking back into the kitchen and standing on his tiptoes to reach the cookie jar on top of the fridge that doubled as a cash bank for the two subs. He pulled out a few bills and stuffed them in his pocket for the pizza boy.

"Whoa Lou." Niall said, poking Louis' stomach. "What's Harry been feeding you?" He joked. Louis shoved him and readjusted his shirt.

"Apparently too much take-out." He replied, jabbing his fingers into Niall's side. They wrestled around the kitchen for a few more minutes, the sound of the doorbell stopping them. Louis adjusted his clothes and walked to the door with Niall. He took the pizzas and handed them to Niall and he handed the delivery boy the bills he had.

"Thanks so much!" The boy tipped his hat before running back to his running car. Louis waved and shut the door. He entered the dining room where Niall had set the pizzas.

"Did the cookie timer go off?" He asked Niall, who shook his head no. Louis walked to the kitchen and slipped on some red oven mitts to take the cookies out of the oven. He lifted them off of the hot tray he cooked them on and placed them on the cooling wrack next to the pie, looking at the clock. 5:27. Their doms should be home any minute. He turned to put the tray in the dishwasher when he felt two strong arms wrap around his waist.

"Okay, Niall, but we need to be quick. Our doms will be home any minute." He said laughing. He knew that it was Harry behind him. The arms tightened and warm kisses were pressed to his neck.

"Better not, baby doll." Harry's deep voice said in his ear. Louis turned and wrapped his arms around
"Niall and I cooked." He said proudly.

Harry eyed the cookies and pie on the counter. "I can see that love. Looks delicious." He said.

"We also cooked dinner. It's in the dining room." He said, grabbing Harry's arm and leading him into the dining room, where Liam was already sitting next to Niall. Harry raised his eyebrows when he saw the pizza boxes.

"I'm so proud of you, love." Harry said, sitting down next to Louis. He swallowed some wine. Louis leaned over and reached across the table to grab the corner of a pizza box and slide it towards him. Harry eyed his bum because Louis was wearing yoga pants and why the hell not?

"So, how was work?" He asked Harry when he noticed that Harry had already finished his glass of wine and was pouring another one. Harry grunted his response. Liam responded for him.

"We almost lost a client today at work. One of our biggest." He told Louis, who nodded and placed his hand on Harry's leg in what he hoped was a comforting manner. "And Harry had to spend four hours on the phone trying to get them to stay, which finally they did.

"Whoa. Four hours." Niall said, biting a big piece of pizza off and chewing. The table was quiet after that, no one knowing what to say. Harry seemed to finish off the wine himself, refilling his glass for the third time. Louis looked at Liam worriedly. Liam just nodded to him reassuringly. He picked at his salad until Harry's voice rang in his ear.

"Eat the salad, Louis and stop picking at it." He said, and Louis wordlessly shoved some in his mouth to appease Harry. Once dinner was over, Niall and Louis cleaned up while Harry and Liam went into the den.

"I hope Harry is okay." Louis said, rinsing off the dishes and handing them to Niall so he could place them in the dishwasher.

"He seemed kind of stressed." Niall replied. "I just hope he isn't still stressed out this weekend. We need to get Halloween decorations and carve the pumpkins to set out on the porch for the trick-or-treaters. And we need to get costumes for the Halloween party and we also need to get the candy to
"I'll talk to him." Louis promised. They finished up the dishes and went into the den, where their two doms were in a conversation. Louis sat next to Harry, while Niall curled up next to Liam.

"I just think that we should have held our foot down on this one." Liam said, and Harry shook his head.

"I wouldn't have spent four hours on the phone with them if we didn't need them." Harry replied, and Liam held up his hands, quitting the conversation.

"Alright." He leaned back on the couch. Louis scooted closer to Harry.

"So, Niall and I need to go and get decorations and supplies for the Halloween party, and we need to get candy for the trick-or-treaters. And we need to carve pumpkins." He said to his dom. "And if we want to set them out in time for Halloween, we need to carve them...tomorrow." Both doms were quiet before Liam spoke up.

"Okay. That's no problem. Harry and I will even help you decorate for the party." He offered, and Niall beamed at him. Harry stood and stretched his arms in front him.

"I'm going to finish up some work and go to bed." He said, walking out of the room. Louis followed him up the stairs, carefully because his knee and ribs still smarted a little when too much pressure was applied. Harry entered their bedroom and stripped his work suit off, hanging it up carefully. Louis shamelessly ogled his very fit dom. Harry was down to his tight black Topman briefs. His eyes were a little glassy so Louis wondered if the wine gave him a buzz or even made him a little drunk.

"So, Harry. Do you want to help me and Niall decorate?" Louis sprawled across the bed, placing Harry's pillow under him.

"Why do you want to decorate when I can just hire a party planner?" Harry asked Louis, giving him a questioning look. Louis rolled his eyes.

"Because that takes away the fun. You can, however, hire someone to make the food because I don't know if I want to cook for that many people." Louis said. It was Harry's turn to roll his eyes.
"Are you so stressed about the business guy today?" Louis asked after a few moments.

"No." Harry said.

"I think you are. You know, if you would just talk to me-"

"Why would I talk to you about something you know nothing about?" Harry snapped.

"Because it might help you?" Louis said sarcastically, rolling off of the bed and following Harry into the bathroom.

"I said no. Now drop it Louis, seriously."

"You said that instead of letting things bother you, you would talk about them! And right now you're letting them bother you." Louis exclaimed. Harry clenched his jaw.

"Drop it, now. Louis, I mean it. Or I'll punish you." Harry said, which frustrated Louis more, and he cracked.

"Because you're so good at that. You're last 'punishment' landed me in the hospital." Louis snapped, and Harry's head shot up, mixed emotions on his face. He turned from Louis and opened the shower door, flicking it on and slipping his briefs off. Louis sighed and left the bathroom, closing the door behind him. He pulled the covers back and walked over to his drawers to change into his pajamas.

He settled for one of Harry's old t-shirts and a pair of lavender lace panties, one of Harry's favorites on him. He slipped into bed and pretended to be asleep when Harry got in next to him ten minutes later and turned away from him.

He wished that he hadn't said that to Harry, but the older man just frustrated him so much and had hurt him so much, and it gave him a small satisfaction that Harry could now hurt just like he had. He sighed and rolled over, pressing himself against Harry's broad back. Just because they were fighting doesn't mean he didn't want to be near his dom, especially in bed.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

ALL information and summaries I use for the pregnancy is coming from www.whattoexpect.com !! I did however change the 'women' part to people because in this story men can get preggers (duh)

Chapter dedicated to my number 1 (?) fan, helen
thanks for commenting and keeping me motivated to write this chapter xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Week 4: Your baby is smaller than a seed. The blastocyst that will be your baby splits to form the placenta and the embryo and the specialized parts of your baby's body begin to develop. Chances are you're oblivious to all the hubbub; while some people experience those pesky early pregnancy symptoms similar to PMS symptoms about now (mood swings, bloating, cramping — the usual suspects), others don't feel a thing.

The Halloween party was in full swing. The pumpkins were out and lit on the porch, spiderwebs were hung and witches were flying from the trees. Louis, who was dressed up as Peter Pan to Harry's Captain Hook, and even though they still weren't talking to each other, their costumes were easily the best ones there. Even Liam and Niall's The Lone Ranger and Tonto couldn't beat them.

Louis was keeping his distance from Harry, standing by the door and offering full-sized candy bars to all trick-or-treaters and juice drinks so they wouldn't get thirsty. He saw so many cute costumes, and proud parents watching their kids bounce up and down to each house. He couldn't wait until that was him one day, standing next to Harry, pushing an empty stroller, Harry holding their newest edition while their eldest child ran up to the door, wearing a princess costume, or a little monster costume, laughing and smiling at their child's excited face.

"Whoo! Full sized candy!" He held the bucket of candy out for the next wave of children. This time, there was Little Red Riding Hood, The Big Bad Wolf, the Grandma, and two Disney Princesses. He assumed that the Red Riding Hood trio were related.

"And," He said, pointing to the cooler of juice. "Juice, so you don't run out of energy before you're done getting all of your treasure!" He said, and they caught on, seeing as how he was Peter Pan.

One little boy stared wide-eyed at him. "Did Captain Hook take your treasure?" He asked, and Louis crouched down so he was eye level with the cute little boy. He grinned and shook his head.
"Not yet. But he keeps trying, and do you know what I do?" He asked, and now all five children were listening intensely. The boy shook his small fist in the air.

"You and Tinkerbell fight him!" He cheered, and Louis clapped his hands.

"That's exactly what we do!" He said, slipping them all another candy bar before they were taking off down the walk, leaves scattering behind them. Louis smiled and waved to their parents before shutting the door and placing the candy down on the table next to it. Niall wandered into the foyer.

"There you are!" He exclaimed. He was holding a smoking goblet filled with alcohol, courtesy of the caterers. "Everyone is raving about how good this place looks! And the DJ you found is perfect!" He grabbed Louis' arm and dragged him into the main room, where people were dancing and chatting, grabbing spooky hors d'oeuvres from the passing waiters.

Louis grabbed a goblet and dumped the alcohol out of, filling it with chilled ginger ale, instead. He had been feeling a little bloated recently, and he had cut out all friend foods or anything that could potentially bloat him, which nothing seemed to work. He took small sips and looked around the room, feeling accomplished. Everyone looked like they were having so much fun. He looked around for a big red hat with a feather on it, and sighed when he didn't see one.

Liam and Niall were standing in the corner, talking to a Britney Spears and a Glenda the Good Witch. He walked to the kitchen to look for Harry there, but the doorbell rang. He walked over to the door and picked up the bowl of candy, placing his goblet down and opening the door. This time it was four Disney princesses, a robot, a puppy, and a little Harry Potter.

He smiled at them and gave them their candy bars and juice before complimenting their costumes and waving them off down the path. He watched them join up with their parents and friends and trek to the next house. He stood outside for a little while longer, smelling the scent of falling leaves and the smoke from the candles inside the pumpkins. There was a chill in the air, and the leaves that were still in the thinning trees rustles. Everything was so orange and red and just beautiful. He could hear the laughter of the children and their delighted screams as someone yelled Boo!

He gazed at the decorations on the porch, the pumpkins they had all carved, and the scarecrow that he and Niall had stuffed and took hours making sitting in a chair next to the cooler. There were orange lights wrapped around the two pillars in front, twinkling in the setting sun. He shivered once more before closing the door and putting the candy back on the table and picking his goblet back up. He continued his search for Harry.
He wasn't in the kitchen, but a Kim Kardashian West and her Kanye were snogging against the dishwasher, oblivious to their surroundings. Harry wasn't anywhere downstairs, Louis decided, and he headed upstairs to check all of the rooms. He wasn't in his office or their bedroom, or the guest bedroom. He opened the library door and bingo. He saw the balcony doors open and Harry's tall frame hunched over the railing.

He walked over to Harry and stood behind him. "Some trick-or-treaters asked me where my Hook was. Basically asked if you were plundering my booty or not." He said eying his dom. His red hat was off and sitting on the ground next to him. His curls were perfectly tousled and he looked perfect in the red overcoat, white shirt, and tight black pants. He looked like the perfect Captain Hook.

Harry looked off into the distance. "Yeah?" He finally asked. Things were still so tense between the two, after not talking for weeks.

"Yeah. I said that you kept trying but me and Tink always fought you off and won." He replied, watching Harry.

"Naturally." He said, still not looking at Louis. "You look so tough in your green tights." Louis looked down at his tights. He had almost not worn this costume because he felt bloated, but he decided to because bloated or not, his bum looked magnificent in them.

"Tough enough to always defeat you." Louis replied, trying to get Harry to smile.

"Yeah." Harry said sadly. Louis stepped closer to him.

"Harry, what I said a few weeks ago, I shouldn't have said anything like that, and I am so sorry." He said. "I knew that it would hurt you and that's why I said it, but it was wrong of me."

Harry shook his head. "You were right, though. My punishment put you in danger." He said. "I should never have been that angry at you."

"Harry, look at me. Please." He said, and after a few moments, Harry's emerald green eyes met his. "There we are! I miss you, Harry. And even though we're in the same house, it feels as though we're both somewhere else. I am so sorry for what I said and I wasn't right to say it. Please forgive me because I miss your touch." He admitted.
Harry was silent for a few moments before speaking. "Come here." He said, opening his arms, and Louis wiggled into them, hugging Harry tightly. He took a deep breath and inhaled Harry's cologne. Harry pulled away and lifted Louis' chin, capturing the boys lips with his own in a deep, frantic kiss. Louis tugged on Harry's curls and swept his tongue in his doms mouth. Harry's hands cupped Louis' bum through his tights.

Louis pushed Harry's coat off of his shoulders and tried to take off the shirt that was underneath it. Harry pulled his lips away from Louis' and shook his head.

"Not out here baby. Inside." He said, and Louis tugged him inside the library, both of them stripping their costumes while kissing and touching each other wildly. Louis smiled into Harry's kiss, glad that everything was okay between them.

After Louis rode Harry and Harry had licked Louis out and they had both reached two orgasms, they redressed with flushed cheeks and messy hair. They went back downstairs, hand in hand. The party was in full swing, and Niall saw them coming downstairs and he frowned and marched over to them.

"Where were you?" He demanded Louis. "I've had to stop drinking and pass out candy for the past forty minutes." He complained before stomping back to the party. The doorbell rang, and Harry slapped Louis' bum gently before walking with him to the door. Harry put his hat and hook on and opened the door, watching as his sub stepped forward and passed out the candy. One little cowboys eyes widened.

"Uh oh! Captain Hook is behind you!" He exclaimed to Louis' who smiled mentally before gasping and turning around.

"Trying to steal the treasure again?" He cried, hiding the candy bowl behind his back. He felt little hands enter it and take some candy. Harry laughed.

"As always, Peter." He said, standing behind Louis. He looked down at the children before crouching beside them. "But Peter and I are friends, now. Best friends." He promised the little boy, who looked at him skeptically.

"Are you sure?" He asked, crossing his arms. Louis giggled behind Harry.
"Of course. I would never lie to a cowboy like yourself!" He said, and the little boy smiled big.

"That's right!" He said before taking a juice from Harry and running down the path. Harry stood and faced Louis once more, leaning down and whispering in his ear.

"I've already stolen your treasure." He said cheekily and Louis grinned wickedly at him.

"Get inside." He said, pushing the bigger man inside the house. "I don't want to freeze." He closed the door and put the candy down. He followed Harry pack into the den to dance. Niall and Liam were chatting with more people this time; a skeleton, a witch, a Willy Wonka, and a Gandalf. At nine o'clock, Louis turned the porch light off, because most of the trick-or-treaters had gone home by now.

The party lasted for a few more hours, winding down at midnight, but not after everyone danced to Thriller, the man who came dressed as a zombie Michael Jackson leading everyone in that dance. When everyone filed out, after complimenting them on a fantastic and fun party, the party planner and her people came in and cleaned the mess while Niall, Liam, Harry, and Louis trudged upstairs, each one exhausted. Louis felt bad for Niall, who had all of that makeup to clean off. They said weak goodnights to each other and went into their rooms.

Louis fell onto the bed, his feet dangling off the sides. "That was fun. I had fun." He said, toeing off the green Peter Pan slippers he was wearing and kicking them off somewhere into the room. Harry chuckled and hung up his red coat before slipping the white shirt off, which left him in nothing but his tight pants, sword through a belt loop, and his boots.

"If you still have energy, Captain, I could use a little tending to." Louis wiggled his eyebrows at Harry, who smirked and walked over to him, leaning over the small boy.

"Oh yeah?" He asked, sliding his hands up Louis' thighs. "Your little tending to in the library didn't do anything?" Louis nodded. "Don't you think you're being a bit...greedy, baby?" He asked Louis, tweaking one of his nipples. Louis arched his back a little.

"What are you going to do about it?" Louis asked sweetly, watching Harry.

"Greedy boys get spanked, love." He replied, sitting on the bed. "Over my lap, baby." Louis scrambled to drape himself over Harry's lap, fisting his hands in the material of Harry's pants.
"You threw a great party, love, and you were so good during it." Harry praised rubbing his hands over Louis' bum before sliding his warm hands down the back of Louis' tights and pulling them down so they were resting under the swell of his arse. "So I think ten spanks will be enough, don't you?"

Louis nodded. "Okay, darling. Count them for me." He said, rubbing over the soft skin before bringing his hand down and laying a piercing smack over Louis' right bum cheek.

"One." Louis gasped out. He counted each spank breathlessly as Harry brought his hand down sharply across his now tender arse.

"Few more love. Then I'll take care of you." Harry promised, sharply smacking the eighth spank across Louis' red left cheek. It bounced under each smack, and Harry rubbed his hand down the hot skin before delivering the last two spanks quickly, massaging Louis' fleshy bum. Louis was rutting against Harry, his hard cock dripping.

"My poor baby. So hard, huh?" He said, lifting Louis up so that he straddled his doms lap. Louis nodded weakly and laid his head down on Harry's shoulder, moving his hips and grinding down. "You've got me so hard, baby. Feel that?" He asked Louis, who nodded and moved his hips quicker, looking for relief. "Hey, calm down. I'll take care of you. Lay down for me darling. You're so perfect. My perfect boy." He praised before doing as he promised; taking care of Louis.

Week 5: Your baby is the size of an orange seed. The heart and circulatory system of your baby are developing, while the hCG hormone levels in your body are now high enough to confirm that you're expecting using a home pregnancy test. Mood-swings are totally normal (kind of like PMS on overdrive) and you'd better get used to them since they'll be hanging around for the next nine months or so.

A week later, and the Halloween party was still the papers, grainy paparazzi photos showing various shots of Louis passing out candy and interacting with the trick-or-treaters, as well as their guests arriving and leaving hours later. And Styles and Payne Global hadn't been more successful than they were now. The only downside being that the two often worked late, leaving before their subs woke up and coming back after their subs were sleeping.

Louis and Niall were busy planning other things, like Thanksgiving, which they wanted to be hosted at their house this year. They were busy calling their families and inviting them to the holiday dinner, and plans were made and lists of who would bring what were made. And naturally, everyone was
making and bringing some type of dessert, regardless.

No one would be staying the night, however, because many of them had second Thanksgivings to go to. Louis ended the call to his mother and wrote her name down next to stuffing and gravy. Once the list was full, Louis looked at the clock. Tonight was a rare day that Harry and Liam weren't going to work late, and instead of going out, they decided a quiet night at home would be more relaxing for the two doms.

"Want to watch TV while we're waiting for Harry and Liam?" Niall asked from the couch, remote poised in the air. Louis nodded and sat down in the oversized armchair. Niall clicked the television on and flipped through the channels. He stopped at a footie match, checking the scores.

"Can we please watch something other than footie?" Louis asked exasperatedly. Niall nodded his head.

"Yeah, I just want to see the-no! Come on! What's the foul for?" Niall shouted at the TV. Louis rolled his eyes.

"Niall!" He barked. "Change the channel!" He demanded.

"Hold on, Lou. Calm down, I just want to look at the scores." Niall replied absently. Louis stood up.

"I don't to watch the damn footie match and I said turn it!" He shouted at Niall, who finally looked at him.

"Jesus, Lou. Calm down." He said to his friend.

"I am calm! Why do you keep saying that I'm not?" Louis demanded, planting his hands on his hips and looking at Niall. Niall stood in front of him.

"Because you're freaking out over a damn TV show." Niall retorted.

"Well you're being mean to me! And I'm not freaking out!" Louis shouted again, turning on his heel and stomping up the stairs to his and Harry's room. He dived onto the bed and pulled a blanket over
him, sniffling. He was not freaking out. He wasn't. He laid there for a little while longer before he heard the bedroom door open and close. Someone sat down behind him.

"Hey, love. Niall said you were upset over something?" Harry asked. Louis turned to face him, and Harry wiped his watery eyes. "Why are you so upset?"

"I don't know." Louis admitted. Harry frowned.

"You think you're stressed out about Thanksgiving?" Harry asked. Louis thought about it.

"Maybe?" He said, shrugging his shoulders. "But I wasn't stressed out about planning the Halloween party."

"But remember, I hired that party planner to help you? And there was a caterer." Harry pointed out. He pulled Louis up into his lap and rubbed his back.

"Maybe I was a little stressed?" He thought about it. "We weren't talking and I felt alone, so maybe I was stressed then and it's just now showing up?"

Harry shrugged. "It's a possibility, love." He replied. "Now come on. Dinner is downstairs and you should apologize to Niall." Harry said, helping Louis off of the bed. They walked downstairs and Louis launched himself at his Irish friend, babbling apologies into his neck. Niall hugged Louis back and patted his back. When the two were done with their hug, they sat down and ate the Indian food that Liam and Harry had ordered on their way home from work.

Louis and Niall told them all about the Thanksgiving plans while scooping food into their mouths. Louis' appetite had increased mildly, and he chalked that up to stress-eating. When he really thought about it, these two holidays were putting stress on him. He was glad that Thanksgiving was almost here, because Christmas was his favorite holiday, and Harry said that they could go pick out a Christmas tree the day after Thanksgiving and set it up.

They finished off the Indian food, Louis' contributing to it more than anyone else, but no one seemed to notice. Niall and Louis cleaned up the trash and since they ate out of containers, they had no dishes to put in the dishwasher. They joined their doms in the den and curled up with them, watching TV until it was time to go to bed.
Louis always liked lazy days with Harry. They would just cuddle in bed and mess around and usually make love a few times before leaving the bed to get something to eat, which was usually leftovers from the dinner the night before. Louis would make the tea and Harry would heat up the food and they would take it back to their bedroom and eat in bed, snuggled up together.

He apologized to Niall once more before they all went to their rooms, Niall who was practically dragging Liam down the hall with his lips on his doms neck. Louis assumed that they were going to do something kinky. He closed his bedroom door behind him and went to the bathroom, where Harry had already stripped and was in the steaming shower. He took off his own clothes and slipped in beside his dom.

They exchanged handjobs, and Harry fingered Louis until he came against his stomach. They washed each others hair and bodies, toweling each other off before collapsing in bed, falling fast asleep.

Chapter End Notes

I apologize at how short this is!! again, thanks to helen for keeping me motivated :)
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Sorry for the shortness (?)
The nurse that Zayn was standing with when Harry went to the hospital wasn't Perrie.
Like the tag said, Perrie is going to be the baby nurse.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Week 6: Your baby is the size of a sweet pea. Your baby's face is taking shape, which is something sweet to think about as you race to the toilet to pee yet again. Your body may not yet have changed on the outside, but you'll be reminded you're 6 weeks pregnant every time you feel queasy or bloated.

"Do you think a 22-pound turkey will be enough?" Louis asked Niall as he tapped his pen against his lips. They were standing in front of a freezer full of turkeys at Whole Foods, getting supplies and ingredients for Thanksgiving, which was two weeks away.

"Better not chance it." Niall replied. "A 26-pound one should be good. Remember, there will be a lot of people." Louis nodded and slipping the pen in between his teeth. He reached for the handle on the 26-pound turkey and placed it into the cart.

"Jesus that's a fat bird." He said, stretching his arm out. They pushed the cart around the store, picking up the necessary ingredients to make fresh pumpkin pie and the stuffing to go inside the turkey. Louis stopped and thought.

"Should we also make ham?" He wondered. "Just in case someone doesn't care for turkey?" He looked at Niall.

"I wouldn't mind a variety." He replied. "And a nice glazed ham would be nice." So they backtracked and chose a ham.

"Should we also get a turkey for Christmas? I don't want them to be gone or have to rush to get one." Louis said. He went ahead and placed another 26-pound turkey in the cart next to the two other
frozen lumps and various cans and bottles of spices. Once they were done, they checked out and exited the store, lifting the heavy bags into the car and driving home.

"I hope Liam and Harry aren't busy so they can carry these bags out for us." Niall joked as they pulled into the garage. Louis snorted a laugh. Of course the two doms weren't waiting for their subs, they were too busy working upstairs.

They lugged the heavy bags inside and sat them on the counter with a heavy thunk. "I am never lifting those things again." Louis complained, stretching his arms back and forth, Niall doing the same. They made busy putting the cans and spices up in the cabinet and Louis tossed the whipped cream containers into the freezer.

"We forgot the pie pumpkins." Louis groaned after looking everything over.

"We can have Liam and Harry get some tomorrow on their way home from work." Niall replied, folding the reusable bags and placing them on top of the refrigerator. Louis nodded.

"I guess." Louis replied, opening the fridge and looking through it. He spotted a jar of dill pickle slices and his mouth began watering. He pulled them out and opened the lid, dropping it on the counter before dipping his fingers in the jar and putting a pickle slice in his mouth. "This is so good." Louis said.

"Wouldn't you like a fork, mate?" Niall asked from the other side of the island. He was sitting on a barstool and flipping through a shopping catalog. Louis shook his head.

"No, this is fine." He said, crunching down. Something was missing. But what? He placed another pickle in his mouth before turning back to the refrigerator and looking through it. He spotted a jar of mustard and bingo. He sat that down by the pickles and began dipping his pickle into the yellow sauce. The combination was heavenly. He moaned as he put another mustard-covered pickle in his mouth.

Niall looked up at him. "What in the hell are you eating?" He asked, watching his friend eat the disgusting-looking food.

"What does it look like?" Louis snapped back. Niall held up his hands in surrender. He had become accustomed to Louis' weird outbursts, but Louis always apologized and blamed stress.
"Sorry, Nialler." Louis said, placing the lids back on the jars and putting them in the fridge again. "I'm gonna go find Harry." He said, patting Niall's shoulder when he walked past him to go out the door.

Harry was in his office, furiously typing away at his laptop. The door was open though, so Louis quietly entered and walked over to his dom. Harry paused typing and brought his hands up to his face frowning. Louis took that opportunity to make himself known.

"How much longer do you have to work?" He asked. "I wanna snuggle with you." He draped himself across Harry and kissed his dom's neck. He yawned for effect.

"Not now, Louis. I'm busy right now." Harry replied, not looking at his sub. He resumed typing.

Louis protested. "But Harry! I'm so tired right now."

"Then take a nap."

"With you?" Louis asked happily.

"No. By yourself." Harry said, his long fingers hitting the keys at a quick rate.

"No. With you." Louis said, crossing his arms.

"Don't talk back to me." Harry said shortly, still not looking at Louis.

"I'll do what I want. And I want you to snuggle with me." Louis stomped his foot. Harry stopped typing at swiveled his chair to look at his sub.

"What did you just say? Did you just defy me? And demand me?" He narrowed his eyes. Louis cocked his hip out and stared at Harry.

"Yes I did. Because you don't want to snuggle with me." He replied haughtily. Harry stood, looking down at Louis.
"I don't want to do anything with you right now." Harry snapped. "I think you need some time by yourself. Go to the library." He demanded.

"I'll go where I please." Louis replied, turning sharply on his heel and moving away from Harry. "If you don't want to snuggle with me now, then you can forget about it tonight." He walked out of Harry's office and into the library, slamming the door. He plopped down on the couch and the guilt washed over him. He was just rude and disrespectful to his dom. Harry was for sure going to punish him good now. Or ignore him. Louis hated being ignored by Harry.

He rolled over on the plush couch and closed his eyes. He was always so tired, and it upset him that Harry wouldn't take time from work to snuggle with him. After a few minutes of thinking that, he closed his eyes and drifted to sleep.

Harry stared at the empty doorway, dumbfounded. Louis had talked back to him and didn't seemed phased by it. What in the hell was going on with his sub? He knew that Louis was stressed out but he didn't think it would be that bad. He sighed and shook his head, turning back to his laptop.

It's not that he didn't want to snuggle with the smaller boy, because he did, very much so. He just needed to get these numbers over to Kendall quickly, as she had requested. It took him another hour to sort and type all of the numbers and business details and send them, but when he did, he was done for the day. Free to spend it with Louis.

He stood up and cracked his knuckles and back, stretching his fingers towards the ceiling. He needed to get a more comfortable chair, one that didn't make his tailbone throb for sitting on it less than an hour. He closed his office door behind him and went to the library, ready to reprimand Louis for his behavior. He hoped that Louis had obeyed his order of going to the library because that would mean less punishment for the younger boy.

He saw his sub curled up on the couch, facing the back of it. His shirt had ridden up in the back and a small sliver of smooth, tan skin was visible, covered in goosebumps. He huffed quietly into the couch, his foot twitching, a sign that he was about to kick in his sleep. Harry hoped that he wouldn't start kicking now, because he really didn't want to be woken up in the middle of the night with a kick to the shin.

He sat down beside Louis and rubbed his fingers over the skin of his back, causing more
goosebumps to break out. His foot kicked out and made contact with Harry's back. Damn. He rubbed his hand from Louis' back to his shoulders and shook it, bringing the boy from his nap. Louis stretched (revealing more skin to Harry's glee) and turned. He saw Harry's serious expression and sat up quickly, throwing his arms around his dom.

"I didn't mean to talk back!" He wailed into Harry's shoulder. "Please don't be mad at me!" He sobbed. Harry was shocked at Louis' outburst, but he comforted the boy, hugging him tightly.

"Shhh, darling calm down." He murmured to Louis. "What's gotten you upset today?" He asked. This past week he's baffled by his subs random outbursts of anger or sadness. He could cry at the drop of a hat or make you regret the day you were born.

"I don't know." Louis cried, winding his fingers through Harry's curly hair. "I'm sorry I was bad." He said quietly.

"You weren't bad, I know that you've been so stressed out lately, and I want you to see a doctor before Thanksgiving, just to see if there's anything he can prescribe for all of this stress." Harry told him. "Okay? Can you do that for me?"

Louis nodded and wiped his eyes. "Okay." He wiped the wetness off of Harry's skin, where his tears had wet it. He looked at Harry and giggled. "Can we get Mexican food for dinner?" He asked. "I really want some nachos."

"Course, darling. Anything for you." Harry watched as Louis stood up and flounced out of the room. He had no idea what was going on with Louis, but the sooner that whatever problem he had was gone, the better.

True to his word, Harry ordered Mexican for everyone, reading the orders off of a piece of paper that Louis had given him. Louis, of course, had gotten his nachos and didn't share with anyone, but got teary when Harry refused to let him have a piece of his own fajitas.

"I just want a little piece of the fajita meat! Come on, Harry!" He whined, scooting closer to his dom, who slid his fajitas away from Louis poking fork.

"No." He replied. "You wouldn't share a nacho with me." He began eating again, and Louis started sniffing.
"I get it. You hate me." He said, pushing his nachos away. "I'm hot hungry anymore." He stood and hurried out of the kitchen and up the stairs. Everyone watched him go.

"Mate, what?" Liam asked Harry after a few moments.

"I have no idea. I guess it's just stress." Harry shrugged.

"But does stress make people that...emotionally unstable?" Liam questioned.

"I don't know. I'm making him see a doctor before Thanksgiving. I don't want him to be that way when the family is here. It will be the first time he's meeting my parents." Harry replied, standing up and gathering the food before heading upstairs to their room. Louis was starfished across the bed, lazily kicking his feet. He lifted his head when Harry came in, and he grinned when he saw the food in Harry's hands.

"Food! I should have taken it with me." He said, reaching for his container of nachos, sitting up and crossing his legs on the bed, chewing happily.

"Louis, you know I don't hate you." Harry said, sitting next to his sub, who was now looking guilty. "I would have given all of my food if you'd asked, you know that." He went on. Louis swallowed.

"I'm sorry. I'm calling the doctors tomorrow and asking for an appointment." He replied, digging through his nachos to get the the good ones at the bottom, his hands getting covered in refried beans, sour cream, and nacho cheese. He dug one out and handed it to Harry. "Here." He said happily. Harry smiled and took it.

"Thanks love." He ate it. "Now, would you like some of mine?" He held out his fajita, holding the warm foil in his hands. Louis wrinkled his eyes at it.

"I've lost the hankering for it. But thank you Harry." He placed a sweet kiss to Harry's cheek and returned to devouring his nachos, which were soon gone. He swept his finger through the leftover toppings and sucked it off of his fingers, Harry watching him closely.
Week 8: Your baby is the size of a raspberry. As your baby starts moving in the womb, morning sickness (which doesn't just strike in the morning) may have you moving to the bathroom. While your raspberry-sized babe isn't exactly causing you to show yet, chances are your clothes are feeling a little tight around the tummy. That's because your uterus, usually the size of a fist, has grown to the size of an orange by week 8 of pregnancy.

Louis hadn't been able to get a doctors appointment until 3 days before Thanksgiving, and that's where he and Niall were headed now at 10 in the morning. They were going to the same hospital Louis had gone too when he fell down the stairs. They parked the car and made their way into the hospital slowly so that Louis wouldn't get sick. He had been feeling off all morning. They walked in and checked in and sat down, waiting.

Louis picked up a magazine and began fanning himself. "I feel like I could get sick at any minute," He said slowly and quietly. This part of the hospital wasn't very busy at this time of morning, he noticed. And that proved true when five minutes later when a short nurse with bright blond hair and a warm smile called his name. They followed Nurse Perrie into a room and Louis sat down on the bed, crinkling the paper.

"Alright, Mr. Tomlinson, what seems to be the problem?" She asked, wrapping a blood pressure cuff around his arm and watching it.

"The past few weeks I've been stressed, I guess? I've been snapping at everyone on minute and upset the next." He shrugged, and she took the cuff off and wrote something down on a clipboard.

"Anything else?" She asked, pen poised.

"Just this morning I've been feeling nauseous..." He said. She nodded.

"Alright, let me just take a blood sample and the doctor will be in shortly." She said, and he looked away when his arm was swapped, tightened, and the blood was drawn. She left the room with the vial and Niall looked at Louis.

"Hate giving blood?" He asked, flipping through a magazine he had smuggled in from the waiting room.

"I hate having it taken." Louis replied. He turned his head and caught a whiff of the strong alcohol
from the arm swab. Bile rose in his throat, and he stood up and grabbed the nearest trash can, throwing up. Niall was beside him in a second, rubbing his back. When Louis was finished, Niall handed him a cup of water from the sink in the room and he swished out his mouth.

"Here." Niall handed him a piece of gum and Louis accepted, muttering a thank you. He sat back on the bed and kicked his feet back and forth, hoping that he wouldn't throw up again when the doctor came in.

"Good morning, Mr. Tomlinson." He greeted. "I'm Dr. Bowen. What seems to be the problem?" He asked, sitting on a swivel chair and facing Louis, who repeated everything he had told the nurse, including the part where he just threw up not five minutes ago.

"I see. Well, your blood tests were fine, although they did say something, and I would like to check for myself." He said, standing and rolling over a machine that looked like a TV. "Please lean back and lift your shirt." He asked, and Louis did so. "This may be a little cold." He squirted some blue jelly onto Louis' abdomen, and started moving a wand around. Louis and Niall stared at the snowy black and white screen, watching as the picture moved around.

"There we are!" He finally stopped and pointed to a little gray blob. "I believe a congratulations is in order. You're pregnant!" He said, turning to Louis and Niall, who were both wide-eyed and their jaws were dropped.

"I'm what?!!" Louis shrieked. "But-but, I'm on birth control, for God's sake!"

"Birth control takes at least 48 hours to begin working, so any unprotected sexual intercourse within the first two days you've taken it will more than likely result in pregnancy." He told Louis. "I estimate you're 8 weeks, today. Just in time to tell the family for the holidays!" He looked at Niall. "Is this your dom?" He asked Louis.

"No, he's my friend. My dom, our doms work together." He said. "So, this explains the mood swings and nausea. I wasn't stressed out?"

The doctor shook his head. "No, you were never stressed, and we will need to avoid that in the future to keep your blood pressure down. The calmer mommy is, the calmer baby is." He wrote something down on a piece of paper. "This is a list of all of the vitamins I would like you take, and my hospital extension in case you need anything, or your sickness has worsened by week ten, or you need to schedule an appointment." He said, and Louis clutched the paper in his hand.
"Now, let's weigh you so we can monitor how much you've gained and how much you should gain," The doctor said, handing Louis some paper towels to wipe his stomach off. "Before I forget, would you like a picture?" Louis nodded, and the picture printed shortly after. He handed it to Niall to hold while he was weighed.

"Alright, your weight is right where we want it. You will need to gain two to three pounds a week for the next few weeks. And by your height, I estimate you should be showing just a tad bit in the next two weeks. It won't be noticeable to anyone but you, I promise." The doctor laughed. Louis nodded and stepped off of the scale. "Now, there is a wall of brochures outside the door and down the hall that I would like you to look at. It has vital information about the foods you should eat, shouldn't eat, as well as exercises to relieve swelling and backache." He said when they walked out.

Louis and Niall nodded and thanked him, walking to the wall of brochures. Louis picked out quite a few, stuffing them into Niall's coat pockets. They exited the hospital quietly, climbing into the vehicle. Louis turned to Niall.

"You can't say a word of this to anyone." He said to Niall. "Not to Liam, not to your mum, not even to your nephew. Harry can't know until I'm ready to tell him." Niall nodded.

"Of course I won't tell." He promised, handing Louis the paper that the doctor had given him. Louis looked it over.

"I guess I'd better go get the vitamins." He said, sighing and pulling out of the hospital and making his way to the pharmacy. Inside, he got prenatal vitamins, gummy of course, and some other pills to help his heart health and some iron to keep anemia away. They checked out and left quickly, not wanting to get caught by the paparazzi or anyone with a camera and a story to sell.

"What are you going to tell Harry?" Niall asked him when they were on their way home.

"Just that I had an iron deficiency and that was making me irritable." Louis mumbled, nodding to the bag that he had sat on the center console. Niall nodded.

"What about the brochures and the baby picture?" He asked again. Louis hadn't thought about that. Shit. How was he going to hide all of those? He sighed and shrugged.

"I don't really know. I'll think of something." He said, parking the vehicle in the garage and gathering up the stuff he had gotten at the doctors and the pharmacy. He followed Niall into the
"Do you want something to eat?" Niall asked. "I can cook up something real quick. You should eat." Louis nodded.

"I guess I should." He said, looking down and placing his hand on his stomach. So he hadn't been bloated, moody, or sick because of stress. It was because of the little baby inside of him. He went upstairs while Niall was cooking to hide the vitamins, all except the iron (he needed to keep it out to convince Harry that it was just an iron deficiency), and he slid the brochures under the mattress. But where was he going to put the sonogram? He didn't want to stuff it under the bed.

Aha! He walked to the library and found the copy of *To Kill a Mockingbird* and slid the picture between the pages. It was a safe place that only he knew of. Harry didn't read books much because he never had the time. When he was pleased with his hiding spot, he walked back downstairs and into the kitchen, where Niall was frying eggs. The smell had him turning quickly into the sink, throwing up for the second time that day.

Niall stopped cooking. "So...no eggs?" He asked when Louis was done, rubbing his back. Louis shook his head.

"No eggs." He said after rinsing his mouth. Niall handed him a cup of tea and a slice of toast, and he nibbled the toast until it was gone and drank half of the tea. "I'm going to take a shower and then a nap." He said. Niall nodded.

"Don't get sick!" He hollered after his friend, cleaning up the pan that held the eggs.

Once Louis got to his and Harry's room, he stripped of his clothes and walked into the bathroom and stood in front of the mirror. He personally thought he was already showing, but that was only the little tummy he was born with and could never get rid of. His stomach was a little hard, though. He just had to keep Harry from touching it.

He stepped into the shower and stood under the hot spray before wetting his hair and washing it. He didn't use conditioner because that would take too long. He washed his body thoroughly and rinsed off. He turned the water off and stepped out of the shower to towel off. He barely managed to slip on one of Harry's jumpers and a pair of underwear before collapsing into bed and falling right to sleep.

Chapter End Notes
I finish a lot of the chapters with them falling asleep
oh well
When Harry and Liam got home, they were surprised to find their two subs in the kitchen, Louis stirring something in a bowl and Niall checking something in the oven. They had been eating out quite often, and frankly, they were all sick of it. So seeing this dinner being prepared was a nice surprise.

"And what's on the menu tonight, chefs?" Liam asked, causing both boys to startle and look up. Louis smiled and made grabby hands towards Harry, who was walking over to the small boy. He leaned down and gave Louis a quick snog. Liam did the same with Niall.

"Well, there's a roasted chicken in the oven, and Louis is mashing the potatoes right now." Niall replied. "And he kneaded some dough today for the hot rolls, which are in under the chicken."

"That sounds amazing." Harry said, watching Louis gently mash the spuds in his bowl.

"Louis really wanted chicken tonight, so we decided to make a big meal of it." Niall said to the doms. "And dessert is in the freezer." He said, turning back to the chicken to stick a meat thermometer in it.

"Well, I'm glad he wanted it because now that I've smelled it, I don't think I could eat anything else." Liam stated, leaning against the counter tops. Louis tapped Harry's shoulder and asked for help down off of the counter he was sitting on. Harry helped him down and watched as Louis placed the pot of potatoes onto the stove top. He was wearing one of Harry's lavender sweaters and some black leggings, which made Harry drool.

"It does smell great, huh?" Louis asked, looking up at Harry for confirmation. Louis was sitting as close to Harry as possible and was dragging his bread through the gravy that was on top of the potatoes and stuffing it in his mouth. He did the same with his chicken, bringing the dripping piece to his mouth. No one said anything about it, knowing that Louis was still moody.

"It smells delicious." Harry agreed. "You and Niall are wonderful cooks." Once Louis was away from the hot stove, he slipped his arms around Louis from behind and placed small kisses on the back of his neck. Louis leaned into his touch, and Niall watched.

He knew that Louis was trying to keep things as normal as possible so that when he told Harry, there wouldn't be a huge blowup. He knew that Louis was terrified of telling his dom because Harry had
stated numerous times that he did not want children in the next few years. That's why Louis was loving up on Harry and doing everything he asked, and making this dinner for him.

"It's almost ready." Louis told Harry, looking up at him. "So you can go get changed into something more comfortable, if you want." Harry nodded and gave Louis a peck on the forehead.

"I think I will." He said leaving the room. Liam did the same, grumbling about his tie. Niall looked at Louis, who was now stirring the potatoes.

"I think I'm going to tell him after Thanksgiving." Louis said quietly. Niall pulled the chicken out of the oven when the timer went off and sat it on the counter, testing the temperature.

"Why not now?" Niall asked.

"I'm not ready to tell him now. I just found out myself. And I figure after Thanksgiving, he'll be happy from seeing his family, and maybe that will put it into perspective for him." Louis said. "But if not...I don't know what I'll do."

Niall walked over to him and patted his shoulder."Hey, I don't think he'll be mad. Shocked, maybe, but not mad at you. This isn't your fault. Neither of you knew that the birth control needed 48 hours to work, and this is his fault, when you think about it. You can't knock yourself up."

"Yeah, you're right. I just, I don't know. I want him to be happy that he's having a baby, not upset or angry because of it. And want him to want it, and not just live with it. That is, if he keeps me."

"Don't say that! He's not going to get rid of you because you got pregnant. Because he got you pregnant. But I do think that it will stun him. Like, a lot." Niall replied. "He loves you and no unplanned pregnancy is going to change that."

"What if he thinks that I planned it? He knows that I want babies and I kept asking for them. He's going to think that I planned it." Louis turned to Niall. "I didn't plan this, you know that, right?"

"Of course I know, Lou. I was in the doctors office with you, I saw your face when he told you." Niall comforted his friend. The timer for the hot rolls went off and he went and pulled them out. Just as Louis was standing on his tiptoes to pull down four plates, Harry and Liam walked back in. Harry came up behind him and grabbed the plates.
"Thanks." Louis smiled up at him. They brought everything to the table and sat down to eat, forks clinking against the plates as they devoured the good food that was prepared.

"This is delicious." Liam complimented the boys, who smiled brightly.

Once dinner was over and done with, and the dishes were done, Harry and Louis were sitting up in their room, Louis laying down across the bed while Harry was taking a shower. He brought up a baby website on his phone to read through while he waited for Harry to finish. He downloaded a few baby apps and quickly closed the phone when Harry came out, dressed in nothing but low riding sweats.

He climbed in bed behind his sub and gathered him close. "What did the doctor say today?" He asked into Louis' neck.

"I have an iron deficiency, and that's why I was so moody all of the time." He lied, hoping Harry would believe him.

"So no stress?" He asked his sub.

"Nope. Which is great, but I have to take iron pills for the deficiency thing." He replied. Harry hummed and he seemed to have believed the lie Louis just told. He knew that he was going to be sorry for lying to Harry, but he couldn't seem to bring himself to tell his dom the truth.

"That is great, baby. I'm glad you're not stressed." Harry said, starting to suck a mark into Louis' shoulder where he had pulled the jumper down. Louis shivered. "You're going to start cooking tomorrow to prepare for Thursday, right?" He asked, biting the smooth skin.

"Yeah. We have to stuff the turkey and glaze the ham, but I'm not cooking it until about five in the morning on Thursday. It needs about five hours to cook." He replied, turning over to face Harry.

"Tired, love?" He asked when Louis yawned. "Alright, let's get you to sleep. You've got a big weekend coming up." Harry lifted the thick blankets up around them and snuggled the boy close, turning off the light.
Thursday morning came way too fast, in Louis' opinion. First, he was woken up at three in the morning with the overwhelming urge to throw up everything in his stomach, which he did, trying to be as quiet as possible so Harry wouldn't ask any questions. He took all of his vitamins and crawled back into bed, only to wake up an hour later to puke again. This time, he just laid next to Harry until five o'clock when he made his way downstairs.

He took the prepared turkey and ham out of the fridge and preheated the ovens while making a pot of tea to sip while he waited. He gazed out of the small window above the sink. It was still so dark outside, so Louis figured that it wasn't going to be sunny at all. He also knew that it was freezing out. He sipped the tea slowly so that it wouldn't upset his stomach any further and waited for the ovens to beep.

When they did, he slid the turkey into the top one and set the timer, doing the same with the ham, only placing it in the oven below the turkey and setting it for a different time so that it wouldn't burn or dry out. He finished his tea and walked back upstairs and climbed into bed next to Harry, who immediately turned in his sleep and slung his arm over Louis' waist.

Harry woke up at eight o'clock to Louis kicking his leg. He also noticed that Louis had taken all of the blankets and cocooned himself, only his hand, which was holding Harry's, peeking out. Harry watched as Louis' foot kicked out again and made contact with his shin. He winced and unwrapped his little Louis burrito and snuggled up next to the warm boy.

"Love." He whispered, nosing along Louis' jaw. Louis turned over and blinked at Harry.

"What." He said, yawning. Harry pressed a few kisses to Louis' face.

"We need to get up and ready. Families will be here in two hours." Harry replied. Louis groaned and rolled over, wrapping his leg around Harry's waist.

"Don't wanna. I'm comfortable." He protested.

"Come on, love. You've got to finish preparing the food. And you have to take your birth control." Harry said, sliding off of the bed. He walked to his closet and emerged wearing tight black jeans and a thick white cable knit sweater.
"I already took it." Louis lied. Harry raised an eyebrow at him.

"You already took it?" He repeated. Louis nodded and sat up, the covers pooling around his waist.

"Yeah. I woke up this morning around five to put everything into the ovens and I took it along with my iron." He had almost said vitamins. Harry gave him a look before nodding.

"Alright." He pulled on some socks and loomed over Louis, snogging him. He pulled away a few seconds later and kissed Louis' head. "Get dressed. Liam and I will be downstairs, watching the game, no doubt." He said before leaving.

Louis sighed and sat back against the pillows. He hated lying to Harry, and he hated the thought of Harry finding out and hating him forever. He wasn't a dishonest person, he always thought that telling the truth was best in every situation, but now he wasn't so sure. He rolled out of bed and got dressed, slipping up some tight khaki jeans, but they wouldn't button. He looked down.

"What the fuck." He wasn't supposed to show at all! So why were his pants not fitting? He chalked it up to bloating and forced the button through the hole. Once they were stretched out, they wouldn't be so uncomfortable. He pulled on a sweater similar to Harry's and walked down to the kitchen. He could hear the excitement of the game from the TV, and Harry and Liam protesting something.

Niall was standing at the oven, door open and he was sticking meat thermometers inside the turkey. He turned when Louis walked in. "I'd say maybe another hour and then this bird will be done." He chirped happily. He picked up a different thermometer and did the same to the ham.

Louis busied himself with mixing up the ingredients for the four pumpkin pies he was making. Everyone loved pumpkin pie, especially during the holidays. He rolled out the crusts and placed them into four pie pans. He filled each one up with the right amount and finished just as Niall took the ham out of the bottom oven and placing it with the turkey. He helped Louis transfer the four pies from the counter to the oven.

Louis turned the timer on and turned to Niall. "Well, now we wait?" He asked, and Niall nodded.

"We wait." He said, pouring four cups of hot apple cider and he handed two to Louis, and they made their way into the den, where both the fireplace and the TV were roaring. Louis handed a mug to Harry, who took it and immediately took a few sips. He sat it on the coffee table beside Louis' and
dragged his sub down to sit beside him.

"Thank you, baby." He whispered into Louis' ear, kissing his cheek before turning back to the game. Even though they lived in England, they were both invested in American football, and loved watching all of the games. If you asked Louis, he would much rather watch the parade.

He and Niall watched a few more minutes of football before the doorbell rang. Harry and Liam didn't hear it, of course. They were too busy watching the game. They got up and walked over to the door, opening it and letting in a rush of cold, crisp air.

"Louis!" His mum cried, wrapping him up in her arms, peppering his face with kisses. His dad patted his back. They had arrived at the same time Niall's parents did, and they all exchanged greetings with their children and each other.

"There's cider in the kitchen," Louis said, pointing the hall. "Help yourselves." They all thanked him and made their way to the kitchen to get some of the warm drink and place the dishes they had brought down. Louis was about to close the door when he saw more people walk up the stairs to the door.

"You're Louis?" A woman asked, and he nodded. She smiled and engulfed him in a bear hug. "I'm Anne! Harry's mum!" She pulled back, keeping her hands on his shoulders as she eyed him over. "You're just too cute!" She exclaimed. Her eyes lingered on his stomach, and he shifted uncomfortably. She leaned forward and whispered in his ear. "We'll talk later, yeah?"

Louis nodded at her, and she left him to greet his mum, who was walking back from the kitchen with a steaming mug. He greeted Harry's father, and Niall was doing the same to Liam's parents. When everyone had greeted and gotten their mugs of cider, they made their way into the den, where Harry and Liam still sat.

"Selective hearing, I tell you." Harry's mum said, smacking her sons arm. He looked up at her and his whole face changed.

"Mum!" He hopped up and pulled her into a big hug that made Louis warm inside. Harry greeted his step-dad with a hug, too.

Liam was hugging his own mum, and Louis thought that he had saw Liam wipe at a tear, but he looked away before he could confirm it. He caught Niall's eye and motioned for him to follow, which he did, leaving the families to get acquainted.
"What is it?" He asked Louis once they were away from the families.

"Harry's mum knows I'm pregnant." He rushed out, and Niall's eyes widened.

"You told her?" He asked, looking at Louis like he was crazy.

"No! When we hugged at the door, she kept looking at my stomach, and then she whispered that we would talk later!" He cried. "Niall, what if she tells Harry?" He said, on the verge of freaking out.

"Hey, hey calm down! She's not gonna tell, I promise." Niall said, hugging Louis tightly. A throat cleared from the doorway, and they jerked apart, scared that Harry or Liam had heard. Thankfully, it was just Anne and Jay.

"Louis, dear, is there somewhere we can talk?" Jay asked, not really giving her son the option of saying no. He nodded and motioned for them to follow him upstairs. Niall gave him a reassuring thumbs-up. They walked up to the library and Louis closed the door.

"Is there something you would like to tell us?" Jay asked, sitting on the couch, Anne following suit. Louis began pacing nervously.

"Why?" He stuttered out, not looking at the two women.

"Louis, cut the crap. Are you pregnant?" Anne asked, placing her hand on Jay's thigh as they both waited for an answer. Louis looked at the ground, tears filling his eyes.

"Yes." He said quietly. It was silent for a moment before Jay and Anne jumped up and started screaming. Louis looked at them, and they were engaged in a hug, both crying tears of joy. "Wait, you're not mad?" He asked, and they pulled apart.

"Are you kidding?" Jay asked, and Anne nodded.

"I'm finally getting grandchildren from Harry!" She praised, and they gathered Louis into a hug.
"This is one of the happiest days of my life!" She and Jay agreed. After a few minutes of hugging, and crying on Louis' part, they pulled away.

"How far along are you?" Jay asked.

He walked over to the bookcase and pulled out the copy of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, flipping to the page where he had slipped the ultrasound photo in. He put the book down on the shelf and walked over to the two women. "8 weeks and two days." He said, handing them the picture. They covered their mouths and their eyes misted as they stared at the first picture of their grandchild.

"Have you told Harry?" Jay asked, and Anne looked at him pityingly. She knew that while her son adored children, he didn't want any of his own for awhile. Louis sat down on the couch.

"No. He won't want it." He said. Anne and Jay were beside him in an instant. "He doesn't want kids and he won't want this one."

"He'll change his mind. He loves you, you know that. And he'll love this baby because he loves its mother." Jay promised. Anne nodded.

"I know my son is a tough nut to crack, but trust me, once he lays eyes on that baby, he'll be a goner." She said. Louis wiped his eyes and looked at the two women.

"I guess. I'm going to tell him after today. I don't know when, because the getting sick stage of pregnancy has just hit me full force, as well as the mood swings, so he'll find out eventually." He stood and put the sonogram back into the book and slid the book back.

"Just don't take anything he says to heart." Anne told him. "Remember, this will affect him just as much as it did you." Louis nodded. She had a good point, and Harry, bless him, spoke quickly and out of anger when he didn't like something.

They made their way back downstairs, and Louis left the two moms at the den while he headed to the kitchen to check on his pies. Niall was standing in there already, sticking a toothpick in the center of one.

"How'd it go?" He asked once Louis was standing next to him, taking the first pie from Niall and placing on the counter. They did this until every pie was out of the oven.
"It was fine. They didn't freak out or anything. They were both thrilled to be getting a grandchild." He replied to Niall as they both began carrying food to place in the dining room. Louis placed the turkey at the head of the table where Harry would sit so he could carve it, and Niall placed the ham in the middle. Once all of the food, and it was quite a lot, was placed at the table, they made their way into the den.

Liam noticed them first. "Is it done?" He asked, and Niall nodded. Everyone jumped up and made their way into the dining room. Harry caught Louis' arm and held him back, gently pressing him into the wall and giving him a heated kiss, gripping Louis' hips.

"You made quite the impression on my mum." He muttered, his lips moving against Louis'. "She loves you already, love." He gave Louis another kiss before grabbing his hand and walking them into the dining room, where everyone was chatting and pouring wine. Harry took his place at the head of the table, Liam sitting in the same spot down the table. He began carving the turkey while everyone passed around the dishes.

Harry began distributing the turkey, which was cooked beautifully, and everyone complimented Louis and Niall on the ham glaze. Soon, plates were full and everyone was having their own individual conversations. Louis locked his foot with Harry's.

Anne spoke when the table was quiet. "So, Harry, when do you think that I'll be getting grandbabies?" She asked bluntly, Jay watching him. Harry sat his fork down and looked at his mum.

"Well...not for a few more years." He answered slowly, everyone staring at him, everyone but Louis, who was staring at his plate. "And maybe not even then. But that's a small possibility. I want a child to leave the company too." He said.

"You don't want a houseful?" Dan asked Harry, cutting up his turkey.

"Quite honestly, no. One would be more than enough." He said, drinking his wine. Dan nodded.

"This raises the same question for Liam." Liam's mum said, looking at her son. "When am I getting grandbabies?" She asked, and now all eyes were on Liam, who was blushing madly next to Niall, who's face was equally as red.

"Well, uh, we've been trying?" Liam stuttered out, and Louis' head snapped up and Harry's eyes
"You never said anything about trying." He said. Liam shrugged.

"We only started a few weeks ago. Quite frankly, I don't want to wait anymore. I've found the love of my life and I want children with him. Lots of children, mum. So you'll get your grandkids." He promised, and his mum clapped happily, smiling warmly at Niall's mum, who was wiping her eyes. Louis looked back down at his plate, feeling sick. He wished that Harry was willing to get him pregnant instead of slapping a pill in his hand every morning before he left for work.

Now Louis was pregnant and didn't want it, and Niall wasn't pregnant but wanted it. Life wasn't fair. He wished Harry was a little more open minded about having a baby. He had no idea how he would tell Harry now.

Dinner was done and the families were watching the rest of the game before hitting the road. Louis and Niall distributed pieces of pie with whipped cream and ice cream to everyone in the den, and Louis got sad looks from Anne and Jay when he handed them their slices. He went back into the kitchen and began moving the food into smaller containers and putting them into the fridge before rinsing off the dishes and stacking them into the dishwasher.

Niall brought in the rest of the dishes while Louis was wrapping up the half of a pie he was left with. Once the kitchen was completely cleaned, Louis turned to Niall, arms crossed.

"You're trying to get pregnant and you didn't tell me?" He asked, tapping his foot. Niall smiled meekly.

"Yeah? But it hasn't happened yet, so we weren't going to tell anyone until we knew for sure." He said. "Don't be mad, Louis."

Louis sighed and let his arms fall to his sides. "I'm not mad. I'm jealous. Liam wants kids and he's willingly trying with you. Harry refuses to talk about it every time I bring it up." He said.

"He'll come around. I promise." Niall said, and Louis could only hope.
A few hours later, they said goodbye to their families, promising to see them again on Christmas. They stood waving on the porch until every vehicle was out of sight, and hurried back into the warm house. Harry yawned in the doorway of the den, where Liam was putting the fire out. Once he was done, they all reheated the leftovers from lunch and ate quietly, each of them tired.

Once dinner was done, they all headed upstairs to bed. Harry flopped down and closed his eyes after stripping off his jeans and sweater. Louis covered him up and did the same, placing his clothes on the hamper. He got back in to bed and watched Harry sleep. He looked so beautiful and relaxed when he slept, Louis noted, and he couldn't help but send a prayer or two that he would be relaxed when Louis told him the news.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

He was able to keep it a secret for two more weeks after Thanksgiving. He was surprised Harry hadn't figured it out yet, to be honest. He wouldn't let Harry touch his belly, or try to have sex with him because he just felt bad all the time, and not to mention that his nipples were growing increasingly sore; and he tried not to announce his cravings or get sick near Harry. It was hard, especially when they all went out to shop for a Christmas tree. Harry had gotten him some hot chocolate, which would have been fine if there wasn't cinnamon sprinkled on the whipped cream, which made him ill. He had mumbled an excuse about seeing a potential present for Harry and ran off, Harry staring confusedly.

10 weeks: Your baby is the size of a prune. On your baby’s to-do list this week: Build bones and cartilage. On your agenda, increase your fiber intake to cope with constipation.

Louis was sitting on the edge of his bed, reading a pamphlet on pregnancy and waiting to schedule an appointment with the doctor. Harry was downstairs with Liam, and Niall was wrapping a Christmas present. When he finally called the doctor, he made his appointment for the next day, because he wanted a new ultrasound to show Harry when he told him. He didn't know how or what he was going to say, but he needed to do it soon because he thought that he was starting to show already.

He hopped off the bed and slid the pamphlet back under the mattress. Just as he went to open the bedroom door to walk downstairs, Harry swung it open.

"Who were you on the phone with?" He asked. "I heard you talking."

"Uh, well, the doctor. I have a doctor’s appointment tomorrow." Louis replied nervously.

"Alright, what time? I'll come with you." Harry said, moving from the doorway to the bed. Louis tried not to panic.

"That's okay! You can stay home." He tried to convince the dom, who wasn't budging. But then again, maybe it would be best if a doctor told him. But what if Harry thought that he was a coward for not telling him, knowing full well that he wouldn't make a scene in a doctors office? Louis needed to think fast. He raced to the library and took the ultrasound out, closing it in his hands.
Harry was laying on the bed scrolling through his phone when Louis walked back in. He went around to his side of the bed and pulled out the pamphlets, but stopped, deciding to ask Harry one more time.

"Hey, Harry?" He asked timidly.

"Yes, love?" He asked, still scrolling through his phone. Louis took a deep breath and continued.

"Why exactly do you not want kids?" He asked, and Harry was finally paying attention to him, and he looked a bit irritated.

"Louis, we've been over this."

"No we haven't. You have. I want to know the reason why you don't want kids." Louis said. Harry sat up and stared at his sub.

"I don't know the exact reason. They're loud? They take up too much time and money?" He rolled his eyes. Louis huffed.

"But they're babies, Harry. Of course they're going to take up time and money, and they're obviously going to be loud."

"Drop it." Harry warned.

"No! Why don't you want kids? Is it me?" Louis asked, dreading the answer. If Harry said that it was him, then Louis didn't know what he would do.

"No, it's not you. I just don't want them at this point in my life, Louis, Jesus." Harry said, leaning back.

"You're twenty-five, almost twenty-six! Most men your age have at least two kids already!" Louis cried.
"This is your only warning, Louis. I said drop it."

"I can't! I physically can't drop it!" He said, letting the cat out of the bag. Harry sat up quickly, eyes narrowing.

"What are you talking about?"

Louis threw the sonogram and pamphlets at his dom, who stared down at them. "That's what I'm talking about!" He said, tears filling his eyes.

"You lied to me! This wasn't low iron or any of that bullshit, was it?" Harry shouted. He stood up, pushing away the papers Louis flung at him. "How long, exactly, have you lied to me?"

"Two and a half weeks." Louis muttered, crossing his arms and looking away from Harry.

"Two and a half weeks?!" Harry yelled. "What the fuck, Louis? Did you do this on purpose?" He demanded, and that flipped a switch in Louis' mind. How dare Harry ask him that? He stepped towards Harry.

"No! And why can't you be happy? Your mum is!" When Louis said that, Harry's eyes widened and a look of...betrayal?...crossed his face.

"My mum knows? You fucking told my mum before you told me?" He sneered. "That's great. My sub is a liar and a manipulator. Was this your plan all along? Get matched with the rich guy and get pregnant? Knowing that he couldn't possibly leave you once he found out you were carrying his child? Well guess what, Louis? I can leave you! There is nothing stopping me!"

"I didn't do it on purpose!" Louis screamed. "It was your stupid birth control that you didn't bother learning about!" He said, pushing Harry away from him. Harry's eyes lit up and he shoved Louis back harder, underestimating his strength because Louis tumbled back and landed on his bum. He looked up at Harry, sobbing. "You think you're the only one who can leave?" He asked, standing up on quivering legs. He wiped at his nose.

"I will not bring my baby home to you." And with that, he left the room, slamming the door shut.
behind him.

He ended up sleeping in the guest bedroom, not really sleeping. He spent half of the night and early morning crying, and then throwing up the rest of it. He finally stopped puking up his stomach around eight, and his appointment was at ten, so he decided not to go to sleep. He would sleep when he got home from the appointment.

He walked downstairs and into the kitchen, after taking all of his clothes and other stuff from Harry's room into the guest room. He looked for the sonogram but he figured Harry had thrown it away. His pamphlets were crumpled on the floor, and he left them. He would get more today at the doctors.

Niall was sitting in the kitchen, staring at the counter and ignoring the full mug of tea. He looked up when Louis entered and immediately gathered Louis into a hug. "I heard you and Harry last night. Louis...I'm sorry."

Louis sniffled into his chest. "Thanks, Ni. At least someone is." He moved from his friends embrace and poured himself some tea, not getting anything to eat, partially because he didn't want to throw up again and partially because he was too upset to eat.

"Uh, Liam and Harry left early today...something about a big conference meeting."


"You don't mean that, Lou."

"Yes, I do. I'm so sick of him blaming me for everything when something goes wrong. Why is it never his fault?" Louis tugged at his hair. He finally looked up at Niall. "You wouldn't know, Niall. Liam never gets mad at you because he lets you explain things. Harry always jumps to conclusions and I don't that he realizes that I'm done. I don't want to be in a relationship with someone who claims to love me but the second something goes wrong, it's my fault and I've fucked up everything."

Niall was quiet, and Louis walked over to the doorway. "I don't think he realizes that this affects me more than it does him." He slipped on his coat at the front door and grabbed his keys. He still had an hour left before his appointment, but he didn't want to be here with Niall questioning him any longer.
There was one other patient in the room besides him, and he was thankful to find out they had separate doctors. That meant that he would get in early today. Just as he flipped open the cover of a magazine, Perrie opened the door and smiled at him.

"Right this way, Mr. Tomlinson." She said. She weighed him, took his blood pressure and drew some blood and left him to wait for Dr. Bowen. He really wished that Harry was with him, but he didn't think that he and Harry were going to last. He rubbed his belly and looked down at it. How could something so small and pretty much nonexistent cause so much trouble?

Dr. Bowen breezed through the door, carrying his clipboard. "Good morning, Louis! How are we feeling?"

"Nauseous, tired, nipples are sore, craving a bunch of weird food at weird hours of the day." He rattled off. The doctor nodded.

"That's perfectly normal. You're right on track. Ready for the ultrasound?" He asked, wheeling over the machine when Louis nodded excitedly. He couldn't wait to see his little baby. The gel was squirted onto his belly and rubbed it around with the wand, stopping when he got a clear picture. "There we go! There's baby. Looks healthy and it's growing perfectly." Dr. Bowen printed off two pictures at Louis' request.

"Now, Louis." The doctor said when Louis had wiped his belly off and sat up. "Your blood pressure is a little high, and we need to get that back to normal, okay? That means no strenuous activity, although I do recommend that you bounce on an exercise ball for at least thirty minutes everyday, it will help with the sore muscles that are coming. No yelling, fighting with anyone, and I'm recommending you get at least nine hours a sleep at night, and that you nap at least once a day, which I'm sure won't be a problem." He said, and Louis shook his head. He was always so tired.

"Perfect. Increase your fiber intake as well to avoid any bowel problems, and take your vitamins regularly. You're growing at the perfect speed, and I estimate you should be showing within the next few weeks."

"My jeans are already a little tight." Louis admitted. "I've taken to wearing sweatpants unless I absolutely need to change."

"Great. You'll want to steer clear of anything with buttons for the next few months. Baby will be growing rapidly and anything that can cut into the skin of your belly will be very uncomfortable for
both mum and baby." Dr. Bowen stood up and walked Louis to the door. "But right now, I need you to go home and sleep. You look exhausted."

Louis thanked Dr. Bowen and grabbed more pamphlets on his way out. It was freezing cold outside, and on the way home, Louis heard the radio forecast talk about a few inches of snow tonight and early tomorrow morning, which excited Louis. He loved playing out in the snow. He parked the car and was surprised to see Harry's vehicle in front of his. But then again, it was probably their lunch break.

He gathered his things, holding the ultrasounds close as he got out and walked towards the house. It was nice and toasty inside, where he hung up his coat and kicked his shoes off before trudging upstairs to fall right to sleep. But he made a quick detour to Harry's room, placing the newest ultrasound on Harry's nightstand. Just because he was upset with Harry didn't mean that he didn't want his dom to see the baby's progress.

He closed the door behind him and went into the guest room and kicked his jeans off and climbed on top of the covers, laying his head on the cool pillows. He hadn't realized how tired he was, and the mattress felt like a cloud, lulling him right to sleep.

Harry had stared at the ultrasound for hours after his and Louis' fight. He didn't know what to do, and the little fuzzy gray blob wasn't helping him. This was his baby, and even looking at it he didn't want it. The idea of being a father scared him to death. He was such a natural with kids and he loved them to death, but they weren't his own kids; he didn't have to provide for them and protect them with his life.

He knew that it was all over once Louis hit the floor. He had sworn to the smaller boy that he would never hurt him again, but he did, emotionally and physically. He was disgusted with himself. He didn't deserve Louis, and he couldn't help but think that it would be better if Louis wasn't his sub. But he didn't want to think like that. He loved Louis with every fiber of his being. He would walk in front of a bus if it would make Louis happy, and frankly, he wished he could walk in front of a bus. Just to feel a little smidgen of the pain that he had caused Louis.

He knew that the younger boy got no sleep last night. All throughout the night, Harry was getting up to go check on his sub, listening through the door as Louis threw up or just simply walked around, sniffling. He wished that he could open the door and talk to the boy, but he couldn't do that unless he made Louis submit to him, and he didn't want to be that dom, the type that did that.
He took the picture to work with him that morning, still staring at the crumpled, little blob that he had put inside of Louis. Louis was right. It was his fault that the baby was even there to begin with, but it wasn't his fault that Louis lied to his face for two weeks. And he was furious at Louis for that. Harry had every right to know what was going on the moment it was happening, and Louis didn't see it that way. He figured that keeping something this important from his dom was best, and that all backfired.

He couldn't help but replay Louis' words over in his head. Did he really mean it when he said that he wasn't bringing the baby home to Harry? But he hadn't said the baby, Louis had called it his baby, completely cutting off Harry's ties to it.

He kept the picture in his pocket the rest of the day, resisting the urge to pull it out mid-meeting and stare at it some more. He made it, and on his and Liam's way home from work for the holiday season, he broke and told Liam everything.

To say Liam was shocked was an understatement. He was speechless, baffled, and he stuttered a lot. Harry didn't blame his reaction. In the end, Liam asked how Louis was doing in all of this and Harry felt like such an asshole because he didn't know how Louis, his sub, was doing in all of this. He told Liam that and got a disapproving look for it. He clenched his jaw to keep from snapping at his friend and parked the car in front of the house.

He went straight into the kitchen, where Niall was spreading something on a piece of bread. He looked up when Harry walked in and gave him the same pitying look that he had given Louis that morning. Harry sighed. Niall knew too, and it was obvious that he was siding with Louis.

It was quiet for a few more minutes, and they all heard the front door open and close, and then feet slowly climbing the stairs. It wasn't Liam, so that meant that Louis was back from his appointment. Liam walked in the kitchen and eyed the sandwich Niall was making.

"Looks good, babe." He complimented.

"It's not for you. Louis didn't eat this morning because he was sick. I'm taking this up to him." He looked the sandwich over. "Hopefully he can keep this down." He said, walking out of the kitchen, carrying the plate in one hand and a bottle of cranberry juice in the other. Harry rested his head on his folded arms, sighing heavily.

"I'm going to go lay down." He muttered, standing and leaving Liam in the kitchen. He passed an empty handed Niall on the stairs, and he hoped that Louis was eating and keeping it down. He got to his room and closed the door, and something felt off. Louis had take his stuff from this room, and Harry couldn't help but feel mad. His sub was trying to cut all ties with his dom and that wasn't going
to work—but wait. What's this?

Harry walked over to his nightstand, where another sonogram sat propped up. He pulled out the eight week one and compared it to the tenth week. It looked so different to him. He had seen two very different pictures of his baby in less than 24 hours, and it was kind of amazing, but it scared Harry so much. Terrified him, even. He sat on the edge of the bed and called his mum, who answered after two rings.

"Hello, Harry." She greeted.

"Hi mum." He said, trying to keep his emotions in check. Anne could hear the distress in his voice and she sighed.

"Oh, baby. He finally told you, didn't he?" She asked.

"Yes. Mum, I don't know what to do. We got into a huge fight last night, and honestly...I don't know what to do. This is a huge surprise for me."

"As much surprise as it is for you, it's a greater one for Louis, dear. Not to mention that it's going to be so hard on him."

"How do you mean? He seems healthy."

"Not like that, dear. He's carrying a baby that you don't want. He's going to deliver it, and bring it home, and it's only going to have one parent. That's what he's so scared of. And I don't blame him."

"He said he wasn't going to bring it home to me." Harry admitted. Anne was quiet for a few moments.

"Do you want him too?"

"I don't know. I need to think things over, decided what I want." Harry replied.
"Alright, baby. But don't take too long. Louis is in a very fragile stage of pregnancy right now. Nothing is for sure yet." She reminded him, and he felt psychically sick at the thought of Louis miscarrying, waking Harry up in the middle of the night, crying as he told Harry how he woke up to stomach cramps and turned on the light and saw that he was sitting in his own blood, and how he'd reach for Harry, wanting to be embraced and comforted before Harry took him to the emergency room.

"Okay, mum. Love you." He said, needing to get off of the phone.

"Love you too." She said, and he hung up the phone and laid face down in bed, willing himself not to cry. He was a highly respected business man, wealthy and powerful. Nothing made him cry, except for thinking about his baby dying. He could never imagine it. He would rather see Louis round with his baby instead of Louis with no baby bump but a mournful face on all the time.

So, did that mean he cared? He needed to see Louis. He didn't plan on talking to the small boy, and as he pushed the guest bedroom door open, he crossed his fingers, hoping that Louis was sleeping, which he was. The sandwich Niall brought up was sitting untouched next to the bed. Louis was laying in the center of the bed, one hand on his tummy, and the other splayed out next to him.

Harry sat in the armchair by the window and watched Louis sleep for the next hour and a half. He watched his subs every move. He watched him kick his feet out, frown in his sleep, even whimper, which made Harry want to wake him up and hold him close. He knew that Louis hated sleeping without Harry next to him, and Harry felt the same way.

He needed Louis to wake up so that he could talk to him. And fast.

Chapter End Notes

struggled a lot with this chapter
there is some pushing but no one gets hurt
sorry for the short chapter
xoxox
Harry was gone before Louis woke up. He needed to speak to his mother, to see what she would say. He just needed help collecting and sorting his thoughts. Liam couldn't help because Harry wouldn't tell him anything he was thinking. He grabbed some coffee from Starbucks and began the three and a half hour drive.

Louis woke up around two in the afternoon, his stomach grumbling instead of churning, which was a pleasant surprise. The sandwich that Niall had brought him earlier was still sitting on the nightstand. He picked it up and carried it downstairs, tossing in the trash. He wasn't about to eat a warm sandwich. He looked through the cabinets for something good to eat. His eyes landed on a box of macaroni and cheese. Bingo.

He pulled it out and began the process of making it. Once all of the ingredients were added and it was bubbling, he turned to pour some water into the kettle. The window above the sink caught his eye. Fluffy flakes of snow were spiraling towards the ground, and he smiled. He loved the snow. He would have to go out there later, he reminded himself. He set the kettle to boil and stirred the gooey, cheesy macaroni.

He wondered if Harry had gotten the newest sonogram or if he had thrown it away. He really wished that things weren't so strained between him and Harry all of the time. There had to be a reason that Harry didn't want kids, and by Harry not telling him, it was only making things worse. He got a bowl and a spoon out and poured some macaroni into the dish. He didn't sit down to eat, opting to stare outside at the falling snow.

Harry didn't stop the whole way to his mothers. His coffee was long gone and the radio wasn't providing any company at all. It was snowing harder than when he left, and he hoped that it let up so that he could get back home and speak to Louis. When he got to Holmes Chapel, he drove down the main street, watching as the people window shopped, Christmas lights and decorations were up in every shop.

He recognized some people, walking with their families, eyes lighting up at the displays in the windows. He clenched his jaw and turned down his street, watching as his old house came into view. His mothers car was parked outside, and he parked behind it. The cold wind whipped his coat back, and pulled it closer as he walked towards the door and knocked.
There was a rustling inside before his mother swung the door open. "Harry?" She asked, yanking him inside. "It's five-thirty! What are you doing?" He kicked his shoes off and hung his coat up.

"I just needed to talk to someone." He said, following her into the kitchen, where she poured them each a mug of tea.

"Alright. I have a feeling this is about Louis," she said, sitting next to him at the table. He nodded and wrapped his cold hands around the warmth from the mug.

"Yeah. We got into a fight, and he moved out of our bedroom. He keeps wanting to know why I don't want children, but I can't tell him."

"This is about your father, isn't it?" Anne asked, placing her mug on the table and placing her hand on top of Harry's. "Your biological father?"

Harry nodded. Anne sighed.

"Oh, honey. You aren't like him in any way. You know that, I know that." She said. "But Louis needs to know that. You can't keep him in the dark forever, Harry. If you truly love him, you need to tell him. When I talked to him at Thanksgiving, the poor boy was in tears at the thought of you rejecting him, and I told him that this would be hard on you. Harry, it may be hard for you but it's hard for him too."

"I can't tell him, mum. I don't want him to know." Harry said.

"He needs to know, Harry. If you want any of this behind you, he needs to know." She said, and Harry knew deep down that telling Louis would relieve a huge weight off of his chest. He nodded and stood up.

"You're right. I should go before the snow gets worse." He said, hugging his mum before walking to the door to put his shoes and coat back on. She waved at him from the doorway as he was pulling out of the driveway and onto the street. He just hoped that Louis was still awake.
Niall and Liam found Louis riffling through the refrigerator, grumbling about something under his breath. They stared for a moment before speaking up.

"Uh, Louis, whatcha doing?" Niall asked, causing Louis to stand upright and face them. He was wearing a tight white shirt and a pair of yoga pants, and he already had a little belly.

"Trying to find something in this place to eat." He grumbled, closing the fridge.

"Niall and I were about to go out and eat something, do you want to come?" Liam asked, buttoning his coat up. Louis bit his lip.

"I'll just order something in. I've been craving some lo mien noodles. And pizza? Oh, never mind." He made a face. "Pizza is disgusting."

Niall nodded and hugged his friend. "We'll be back later. Call if you need anything!" He said, walking out of the kitchen with Liam. Louis grabbed the old retro wall phone and dialed the number he had memorized for the Chinese restaurant that served the best food, in his opinion. He ordered a full meal and hung up.

He watched TV until the food arrived, and he practically killed himself running to get it. He slapped some bills into the delivery boys hands and closed the door. He sat the food down on the coffee table and dug in, stuffing his face and watching an episode of Law and Order: SVU. Soon, the episode was over and most of the food was gone. He cleaned up and clicked the TV off.

He was cramping a bit in his lower stomach, so he made his way into the home gym and rolled the big exercise ball he had gotten into the living room, queuing up the next episode of Law and Order up and bouncing on the ball, hands on his stomach, massaging his abdomen. He was so deep in an episode that he didn't hear the front door open. He was too busy watching Detective Benson and Stabler run after a perp, toting their guns in the air.

He felt the protruding bump with his fingers, marveling at the fact that he was only a few days after ten weeks and he was already showing a bit. To anyone else, it looked that he had just went overboard on the desserts, but his stomach was hard and already his old shirts stretched tight across it. He leaned back to stretch his back muscles, hoping that the pain in his lower back would leave.

"Louis." He heard a voice say, a voice that he hadn't heard in two days. He faltered a bit but kept bouncing, refusing to acknowledge his dom and instead grabbed the remote and turned the volume.
Harry sighed and sat down in an armchair, watching Louis. It was quiet after that, Louis watching the show and Harry watching his sub.

Niall and Liam came home an hour later, talking about the cold air and taking off their coats and shoes. They both stopped and stared when they saw Harry sitting in the armchair and Louis bouncing on a large green ball. Louis looked up at the doorway.

"Niall!" He exclaimed. Niall smiled at waved unsure.

"Uh, we're going to go...upstairs?" Niall said, looking at Liam, who nodded. They quickly walked upstairs, leaving the two others in the quiet room.

"Louis. We need to talk." Harry's voice broke the silence. Louis kept bouncing.

"No we don't." He hummed, turning the show up more. Harry marched over to him and grabbed the remote and flicked the TV off. Louis huffed and grabbed Harry's arm to heave himself up without falling backward. Once he was up, he let go of the arm. Harry pretended that it wasn't one of the cutest things he had ever seen.

"I am not talking to you." He crossed his arms.

"Fine, don't talk. Just listen." Harry replied. "The fact I don't want children has nothing to do with you, Louis, I swear that on my life. It's because I was afraid of being some fuck-up father. My own father, my biological one, not Robin, didn't want me. And he never hesitated to remind me that I was some big mistake to him. My mom finally left him and got reassigned to Robin when I was twelve." He said.

"I had to endure twelve years with a man who hated my very existence. I was never good enough for him, nothing I did made him proud. He wouldn't go to any of my school plays, or any of my footie games, and my perfect grades never pleased him. I was told more than once by him that I was the reason that birth control was invented, and he referred to me as Oops to all of his work friends. He never failed to mention that I was a complete failure in his eyes and that I would never amount to anything." He scrubbed a hand over his face before continuing.

"Before he left for good, he told me that he hoped to God that I never reproduced because the kid would never stand a chance with a father like me. He said the world didn't need anymore mistakes, and I believed him. After he left, I threw myself into my schoolwork, and when I left uni, I climbed
my way up the business ladder and made a name for myself. I own thousands of successful companies and businesses. So that's why I went ballistic when I found out that you were pregnant."

Louis didn't say anything, he just stood there. Harry sighed. "I just thought you deserved to know." He said, before leaving the room and walking upstairs to take a shower and climb into bed.

Louis cried in the shower. He buried his face into his hands and stood under the steaming hot spray and sobbed. He understood why Harry didn't want to tell him. It broke Louis' heart to hear that someone thought anything bad about Harry. Harry, who was nothing but a good man. He was kind and sweet, and he loved Louis with all of his heart. He couldn't help but hate Harry's real father. He could imagine a little Harry, with bouncing curls and bright green eyes filling with tears as he was humiliated and ridiculed and called Oops by his own father. He finished up his shower and dressed in a jumper hat he had stolen from Harry when he moved rooms and pulled on some leggings.

Harry was woken up by a sharp slap to his cheek. He sat up and almost hit his face against Louis', who was sitting on his legs.

"The baby does stand a chance." He sobbed to his dom, who wrapped his arms around the smaller boy and held him close. "I just kept thinking of little baby Harry and who could be so mean to such a little boy?" He stuttered into Harry's chest. "You won't treat our baby like that. I know you won't. You won't."

"Shh, baby, I know." Harry mumbled into Louis' shoulder. "Calm down, darling. I love you so much. Please stop crying." He whispered to Louis, and finally, he stopped crying. He sniffled and pulled back, looking at Harry.

"I'm so sorry. I love you so much." He said, wiping the sleeve of the jumper under his nose and eyes. Harry pulled him close once more.

"Don't worry about that, love. The past is in the past. You don't need to think about that anymore. I don't want you to be upset anymore." Harry said, kissing Louis' forehead. "I saw the ten week ultrasound, love."

Louis looked at him. "You did?"
"Yes I did. The baby looks like you." He said, and laughter bubbled from Louis. Harry smiled.

"I thought you were throwing them away." He said quietly. Harry shook his head.

"I've been carrying them both with me in my wallet. Staring at them all day." He replied, and Louis looked at him, his eyes filling up with tears again. "Oh no, did I say something wrong?" Harry asked, alarmed.

"No!" Louis said. He wiped at his eyes again. "I'm just so happy and a little emotional. It's part of the pregnancy." He said, and Harry's hands made their way to Louis' belly.

"Lay back, darling." He instructed Louis, helping him lay back, head on the pillows. He lifted his jumper and stared at the tiny little belly Louis was sporting. It was honestly the cutest thing ever. He placed a kiss under the bellybutton. Louis' breath hitched and Harry looked up at him.

"I've missed you so much, baby." He said.

"Harry, can you-can we..."

"Anything for you, love. Anything you want." Harry agreed, sitting on his knees and helping Louis pull of his jumper and leggings. Harry removed his own sleep pants, and soon they were both naked. He leaned down and placed a kiss on Louis' forehead. "Gonna take such perfect care of you and our baby." He said, leaning over and grabbing the bottle of lube from his nightstand drawer.

He slicked two fingers up and nudged Louis' knees apart. He circled one finger around the rim, kissing Louis before sinking it in, Louis' hole clenching around it. "So tight, baby." He said against Louis' mouth as he added the other one.

Louis ran his hand though Harry's hair and grabbed them while they were snogging. Harry moved his fingers in and out for a few more moments before adding a third finger, making Louis whimper.

"Shh, baby. You're doing so great. I know it's been awhile, love." He moved the fingers a little bit faster, his cock achingly hard. He needed to be inside Louis, and quickly. He pulled away from Louis' lips and sat between his legs, kissing the little tummy Louis' had before slicking his cock up and positioning it at Louis' entrance. He caught Louis' eyes.
"Ready, love?" He asked, and Louis nodded frantically. He pushed in slowly so he didn't hurt the boy. Louis brought his legs up around Harry's waist, his feet resting on the back of Harry's thighs.

Once he was all the way in, he leaned down and snogged Louis, nipping at his bottom lip and sucking on it. He found Louis' hands and weaved their fingers together. He began to thrust, aiming directly for Louis' prostate. When he found it, Louis' made a noise and arched his back, meeting Harry's thrusts, which had gotten faster.

"You feel so good around me, baby. So tight, I love you so much." Harry said, on the verge of coming. It had been so long since he had been inside the boy, and he couldn't hold it in any longer.

"Gonna come?" He asked Louis, who nodded and bit his lip.

"I need to touch-"

"No, you're gonna come from me being inside you. Got it? Can you do that for me darling? Come from just my cock?" He asked, and Louis nodded. "There's my good boy. My perfect boy."

Louis made a face. "Harry! I'm gonna-" He said, and Harry thrust his hips up, his cock nudging Louis' prostate, and Louis was coming, white streaking across his abdomen, his hole clenching around Harry's cock, and Harry came deep inside his sub, thrusting shallowly, chasing his orgasm. He slowed down and leaned down to press a kiss to Louis' forehead before pulling out. Louis whimpered at that, and Harry left to get a warm cloth to clean them up with.

He wiped Louis' stomach off and wiped around the boys sensitive hole where his come was seeping out. He tossed the cloth in the direction of the direction and pulled the jumper back over Louis' flushed skin.

"Don't want you two freezing." He said, helping Louis tug on the leggings. Once they were both dressed, Harry pulled up the covers and wrapped his arm around Louis' his hand brushing against Louis' chest. Louis hissed and Harry pulled back.

"What?" He asked.
"It's just, my nipples are, you know...sensitive." He mumbled, grabbing Harry's arm and adjusting it so that it was around his waist. Harry settled in behind him and followed him to sleep.

When he woke up again, Louis wasn't beside him, but the bed was still warm. He heard a noise come from the bathroom, so he swung his legs over the bed and padded to where Louis must be. He caught sight of the time: 2:58. There was another noise, and then Louis was throwing up. He opened the door and looked down. Louis was sitting slumped over the toilet, on his knees, throwing up.

Harry got on the floor behind him and rubbed his back. "Poor baby, why didn't you wake me?" He asked when Louis was done. His sub leaned back on him, and Harry pushed his sweaty fringe away.

"Didn't want to wake you." He mumbled, lurching forward to get sick again. Harry kept rubbing his back, and when Louis was done a few minutes later, Harry helped him stand and brush his teeth. He helped him walk back to bed and tucked him in, laying right beside him.

"I love you, baby." Harry said, but Louis was already fast asleep.

11 weeks: Your baby is the size of a lime. That adorable little alien inside your tummy is starting to look human about now, as you start feeling a bit more human yourself. You might be feeling a bit hungrier these days — and that's good: It's a sign your morning sickness is easing and your appetite is gearing up to help you nourish your body...and your baby.

"Harry!" Louis burst into Harry's closed office door-something he wasn't supposed to do, but he had exciting news to tell Harry. It was a week after Harry explained everything and things between the two were better than ever. Harry seemed willing to do anything and everything for Louis and his baby. But right now, he looked irritated that Louis' had interrupted him and Liam.

Louis, who was wearing one of Harry's jumpers and some yoga pants, which he seemed to wear all the time now, made himself comfortable on Harry's lap and showed the dom his phone.

"The baby has fingers and toes! And it's ears are almost done forming!" He said excitedly. "That means we can start talking to it now!" He wiggled around in Harry's lap and bounced up and down. Harry put his hands on the bouncing boys hips to keep him still. He didn't want to get a hard-on with Liam in the room.
"That's great, darling! What else?" He asked, watching as his subs eyes lit up.

"It's also moving around a lot, but I can't feel it yet because the baby is as big as a lime!" He showed Harry a dramatized photo of a baby in the uterus. Harry kissed Louis' cheek.

"Now what about mummy?"

"About the same as I've always been. It says increased hunger should be arriving soon and morning sickness should be leaving. I can only hope. I hate waking you up in the middle of the night just because I'm sick." Louis said.

"I hate that you're sick in the middle of the night." Harry replied. Louis smiled up at him.

"Oh! And at twelve weeks we can hear the heartbeat!" He cheered. Harry watched him fondly. He clicked his phone off and turned to Harry. "I've got to go do my pregnancy yoga. Niall is going to help me. That'll be a laugh." He said, turning to get up, but not before he grabbed Harry's face in between his face and snogged him senseless. "Come find me when you're done!" He said from the doorway, grabbing his tummy. "We'll probably be hungry."

Liam turned to Harry once Louis was gone and the door was shut. "He seems to be progressing well." He said, and Harry nodded.

"How are you and Niall? Any luck yet?" Now that everything was settled between him and Louis, he had no problem talking about pregnancy or announcing it whenever one of their family members called.

Liam bit his lip. "Actually, we've stopped trying." He admitted, and Harry nodded.

"Taking a break?"

"No, why bother trying for something that's already happened?" Liam said, and Harry snapped his head up and stared at his friend.
"You mean...?" He asked, and Liam grinned from ear to ear.

"He found out yesterday. Five and a half weeks." Harry stood up and gave Liam a great big hug.

"He's been pregnant with Louis for five weeks and nobody knew?" Harry laughed. "Imagine that."

"He's going to tell Louis while they're going their pregnancy yoga. I should have known, you know? He's just been irritable lately and he snapped at me a few days ago for stealing the covers in the middle of the night. I woke up to him pulling all of the blankets off of the bed and crying, telling me that if I really loved him I wouldn't take all of them. I told him, and no offense, that he was acting like Louis was before we found out that he was pregnant, and then we just kind of looked at each other. I made the appointment for yesterday, and that's how we found out."

"Can you imagine? Louis is pretty emotional right now, and Niall will be too." Harry shook his head, smiling. "Are you ready for this?" He asked Liam, who took a deep breath.

"In this together, right?"

An hour later, the two doms made their way to the gym, where Niall and Louis were supposed to be doing their yoga, but they found the two boys sitting on their mats, sobbing their eyes out. They rushed over to their subs, worried. Harry placed one hand on Louis' tummy and the other on his lower back.

"What's wrong baby?" He asked, rubbing the places where his hands were. Louis pointed to Niall.

"He's gonna have a baby with me!" Louis hiccuped, and he and Niall lunged towards each other, hugging. The doms looked at each other relieved that nothing was wrong with the two pregnant subs, who were still sobbing.

Louis pulled away from Niall and they both wiped their eyes. He looked at Harry and narrowed his eyes. "What are you doing? We're hungry!" He snapped at his dom.
"Then you should have told us, baby. We would be glad to get you two food," Harry replied, and Louis started crying again. He started to get up, and Harry scrambled to help him.

"Forget it! I'll do it myself. If you hate me then you should have told me!" He said, hugging Harry tightly around the middle. Harry was confused at his subs words and his opposite actions, but he hugged the boy back.

"Hey, baby, I don't hate you; I love you lots, remember?” He whispered into Louis' ear. "Love you so much, you and my baby. How is he doing?” Harry asked. He found that if Louis was getting upset to ask about the baby. That would change Louis' pending rampage into a peaceful speech about how his little baby was doing.

"Perfect. Little Bean is doing perfect." He replied, touching his belly. Harry smiled down at him.

"I bet he is. You've got him such a nice home in there, hm?” Harry rubbed the spot under Louis' belly button and looked up at Liam, who was wiping away Niall's tears. "Are we ready to eat?" He asked, and Niall nodded.

"Great. Let's go get something to eat, how does that sound? Is my little Bean hungry?” He asked Louis' tummy. "How about mummy?” He asked, kissing Louis' nose. Louis giggled and nodded.

After a dinner of (more) Chinese food and a special order of hot wings (Louis cried until Harry got them for him), they were all cuddled up in the den. The fire was roaring and they were watching the snow fall outside. It was the perfect weather for drinking hot chocolate, which they all were. Because of his changing body, Louis was freezing cold all of the time, so he was wearing a thick jumper and sweatpants, and a pair of Harry's thick socks. He was sitting with his back against the end of the couch, and his legs were thrown over Harry's lap, and Harry was rubbing his thighs while sipping his drink.

Niall and Liam were cozied up next to them, and no one was really talking about anything but Christmas. The doms promised that they would all go present shopping in a few days to avoid the large crowds at all of the shops and the mall. They didn't want their pregnant subs pushed or shoved in the mobs. Louis kept pestering Harry to put up more Christmas lights, because apparently the 5,000 bulbs already up around the house weren't enough. He agreed, promising that he and Liam would put more up before the families arrived on Christmas day.

All in all, everything was perfect between him and Louis. Louis and Niall were rambling about their
pregnancies and Harry and Liam were just watching adoringly. How did they get so lucky?

Chapter End Notes

if you google it, eleven week bumps are pretty noticeable.
just imagine little louis with his little prego belly :')
let me know in the comments if you cried because i sure as hell did
y'all won't say another bad thing about Harry, i can bet you that :D
sorry for the horrendous smut
was this short? i feel like this was short
what was your fave part of the chapter?
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

12 weeks: Your baby is the size of a large plum. While it may seem as if you've doubled in size over the past few weeks, it's your baby who actually has! As you near the end of your first trimester, your uterus, now about the size of a large grapefruit, begins to migrate from the bottom of your pelvis to a front-and-center position in your abdomen. But don't look now (though — considering the symptom — maybe you should), there's a new one added to the mix: dizziness.

"The baby is flexing it's digestive muscle." Louis read to Harry. They were on their way to the mall to buy Christmas presents. It was three days before Christmas, and the families were coming on Christmas day. Harry and Liam hoped that the mall and shops weren't too crowded, but they knew deep down that they wouldn't be leaving their subs sides the whole day.

"Really, now? That's fascinating, love. How about mummy?" He asked. He had taken to asking Louis about his symptoms and what was happening to his body while they were talking about what was happening to the baby.

"My uterus is moving forward and dizziness is now a symptom. I have been feeling a little off when I get out of bed in the mornings." He said. "I'll just have to get up slower."

"No, you won't be getting up without my help." Harry said sternly. Louis grumbled.

"My baby is developing it's head." Niall spoke up, and then he looked at Liam. "God help me if he's got his daddy's head." Liam made an indignant noise and Niall and Louis laughed.

"I think my baby is going to be huge. Anne told me Harry was a big baby. And look at him now, all six-foot-something of him." Louis giggled and ran his fingers up and down Harry's arm. "If I have to give birth to a big baby, you're not coming near this again." Louis laughed harder.

"We'll see about that." Harry muttered. He parked the vehicle a ways away from the entrance of the mall and ran around to help Louis out of the car. Even though Niall wasn't showing yet, Liam did the same for him. They tucked their subs underneath their arms and walked carefully, watching out for any covered ice. They made it to the entrance of the mall safely, but Harry and Liam still didn't let go.
"Where to first, love?" Harry asked Louis, who's nose was trying to make him walk over to the food court, but Harry kept a tight hold on him. Louis looked up at him pleadingly.

"Harry! The baby wants a soft pretzel!" He whined. Harry shook his head.

"We're here to shop, not to eat." Harry said, pulling Louis towards him again, but Louis dug his heels in the floor. "Do not cause a scene Louis, or you will regret it." He growled quietly. Louis stomped his foot.

"I need it! The baby needs it." Louis said, trying to tug Harry to the food court.

"You don't need it. You don't need to eat every five seconds Louis, Jesus Christ," He muttered, but Louis heard him and let go of his arm, pulling his coat tight around him to cover up his stomach. He had always felt insecure about his weight, and he thought that he was growing a baby bump, but now that Harry said it, he must have been wrong. It was nothing but fat, apparently.

Harry looked like he was going to say something, but Louis interrupted. "Let's just get this over with." He said, not looking at Harry, who sighed, irritated.

"If you want the pretzel, I'll get you the fucking pretzel." He said.

"I don't want it. God forbid I eat and choke the baby or something." He snapped. Liam and Niall were looking uncomfortable. Harry shrugged his shoulders. It was just Louis being emotional.

"Do you two want to split up and meet us somewhere, or...?" Liam asked, looking at Harry. Harry shook his head.

"We'd better stick together. With four of us, we're less likely to be surrounded by paparazzi. They'll swarm if we split up." Harry replied, and they began walking towards the more gift-y shops towards the back of the mall. Louis walked behind Harry, refusing to be touched or even look at his dom. His craving had gotten worse since they left the food court, and he felt like he could eat anything at this point. Harry didn't understand that his cravings and need to eat have intensified.

They entered a sweet-smelling shop, and immediately the two subs were off, looking at things. Niall was more excited than Louis, always touching something or smelling something. Louis just kept his jacket pulled over his stomach and barely glanced at things, he just followed Niall around.
"I think you should go back and get him something to eat." Liam spoke up next to him. Harry looked at his friend. "I mean, it's just that he's eating for two, and he didn't really eat breakfast because it made him sick. And we're not allowed to make eggs in the house anymore."

Harry didn't realize that breakfast had made Louis sick. He was upstairs sending off a few emails before they left. "I'm not going to get him the pretzel." He finally said. "If I give in every time he throws a fit, what does that say about me as a dom? He's going to need to learn to ask for stuff instead of demanding it."

"You called him fat." Liam pointed out.

"No I didn't." Harry denied.

"Why do you think he's been keeping his jacket over his belly?" Liam said, and Harry sighed.

"Do you think he wants cheese with his pretzel?" He asked, and Liam smiled and nodded.

"Better be safe and get the cheese." Liam said, and he moved closer to the two subs when Harry left. He followed them around the store, smiling at everything Niall picked up to show him. Louis stayed back and didn't really look at anything, but he had moved his hands down and let his coat open again.

Harry returned with the pretzel and walked over to Louis, who was watching a little train move around a little play village. "Here." He said. Louis looked at it before turning to look back at the little train.

"I don't want it." He replied.

"What?" Harry asked, leaning his ear towards Louis. "Ten minutes ago you were stomping your feet for it. I know you didn't eat breakfast and you are going to eat this." He said sharply.

"You can't force me to eat it if I don't want it." Louis replied.
"Seriously? I just did something nice for you because you asked, and now you're not going to thank me or even eat it?"

Louis laughed. "You're not doing something nice. You're doing what you're supposed to do as a dom. You're doing your job."

Harry grew angry. "No, my job is managing thousands of business worldwide. You are not my job, and see if I do anything nice for you again. You've gotten away with too much for far too long, and that stops today." He snarled. "And I do believe buying your family presents from you counts as something nice, right?"

Louis looked up at Harry, tears filling his eyes. "Why are you always so mean to me? Do I have to leave for real or something for you to understand that that's not how you treat me?" Harry narrowed his eyes and Louis stepped back, hands up in a mock surrender. "Are you going to push me down again or twist my knee again? Because that seems to be the only consistent thing in this...whatever this is. I believed your story about your father and I do feel sorry for you, but right now, I think that you inherited the asshole trait from your father because that's what you're being right now." He said before stomping off towards Niall and Liam. He said something to Niall and then Niall was pulling him into a hug and Liam was sending him a really? look, shaking his head.

Harry threw the pretzel away and left the store. He walked quickly, wanting to get as far away from Louis right now as possible. He passed a jewelry store and slowed down. He had his own little surprise for Louis sitting in it's black velvet box up in his office, but now he didn't think that was such a good idea. Louis had just compared him to his biological father, the one that treated him like absolute shit. He knew that he didn't act like his father, he knew exactly why he was always acting like such a dick whenever he didn't like something.

Whenever he felt like he was loosing control of a situation, he acted like the worst possible dom, one who took control and hurt people to get what he wanted. He knew those types of doms, he and Liam worked with those doms, who would always brag about hurting their subs for not doing a simple task. He knew that he had a lot of changing to do before his baby arrived, and he was afraid the Louis was going to request a new dom and get reassigned, taking their baby with them.

He had promised Louis that he would always get a chance to explain things but Harry would never let him. And it always resulted in Harry hurting him in some way. He knew that he needed to get help, to talk to someone, because Louis was the most important thing in his life right now, and the fact that he was pregnant made it a hundred times more important. And he should have never talked to Louis like he did this morning.

He sat down on a bench outside of a store and put his face in his hands. He had thrown his money in Louis' face. He had basically told him that if Louis couldn't buy his family presents, they weren't
going to get any. *Why* was he so fucking stupid? He was always fucking things up. Maybe he wasn't fit to be a dom. Maybe he should just forfeit his dom status. But then he would never get to see Louis or his baby.

He sighed and leaned back. He didn't know what to do. He just needed a lot of help. He stood back up and made his way back to the store that he had left Louis and the other two in, but they weren't there. He called Liam, who said that they were in a kitchen supply store two stores down. He made his way over there and saw Niall and Liam right off the bat. But where was Louis? He asked Liam, who pointed outside the door.

"He was feeling dizzy, so he sat down out there. I told him to come in, but he said he wasn't getting anything so what was the point of being on his feet if he didn't have to be." Liam told him, and Harry walked back out of the store and looked around for Louis. He finally spotted him, sitting in a massage chair, thumbing through what looked like one of his baby apps. He didn't look up when Harry approached.

"Louis?" He crouched down next to his sub, who still didn't acknowledge him. Which, okay, he deserved it. "Are you feeling dizzy?" No response. "Let's go get some gifts so we can leave and get something to eat. Bean needs to eat." He said, patting Louis' tummy, but Louis jerked away. He drew his hand back quickly and stood up. Louis didn't want Harry to touch his baby. All of his fears came crashing down on him. Louis thought that he was his father. *He was a fuck up. Don't touch the baby. You'll ruin everything if you touch it, just like you ruined his life. You're always ruining people's lives, aren't you, Oops? Everyone's life would be so much better if you weren't here. You're not a dom. You could never amount to anything, especially being a good dom. You hurt your sub, you pushed him to the ground. You didn't want that baby and now the baby doesn't want you.*

"Harry? Harry!" He heard someone say frantically, and he felt someone shake his shoulders. Liam was standing in front of him, a worried look on his face. "Harry? What's going on?" He asked. Harry shook his head and backed away. Louis was standing tucked under Niall's arm, and he looked panicked. "Where are you going, mate?"

He didn't answer, and instead turned on his heel and walked quickly away. He didn't stop until he was at his car. He started it up and peeled out of the parking lot and just drove. He stopped suddenly when he saw a little white building with a sign that said *Dr. Michael Swift-Psychiatric Help & Therapy for Dominants*. He pulled into the fairly empty parking lot and jumped out.

There were two other people in the waiting room, and they looked distressed. One was a woman who was chewing her nails, and she looked positively frazzled. The other, a man, was tapping his fingers rapidly and looking around the room. He checked in at the desk, filling out some information, and he sat. A blonde woman opened the door and called out the name Bethani Miller, and the woman stood up. The woman, Harry assumed that she was a doctor here as well, smiled and greeted her patient and closed the door.
He sat there for another hour before his name was called and he was sitting in front of Dr. Michael Swift, who looked to be about early thirties, thick brown hair and he was wearing a suit. He sat across from Harry.

"Harry Styles, is it?" He asked, and Harry nodded, wiping his palms on his knees. "The Harry Styles of Styles & Payne Global?"

Harry nodded again. "That's me." He said. Dr. Swift 'ahh'ed.

"I've been reading up about you in the tabloids. Not a very good source for information, but they entertain my wife in the line at the grocery store. You're sub is very cute." He complimented. 

"He's pregnant." Harry blurted. "And I'm just like my father." Dr. Swift raised an eyebrow, and Harry launched into the long story of his biological father and him, earning a few more raised eyebrows from the doctor. He told the doctor about what had just happened at the mall, and how he felt the need to become aggressive whenever he lost control of things. It felt good to vent and get all of this off of his chest.

"Harry, I don't think that you're an abusive dom. I don't think that you're meaning to hurt your sub. You mentioned that you worked harder than anyone else in school just to get to the top, and that you were a very competitive person. Competitive people have to have things locked down and under control, or they can get frantic when the feeling of control slips. And that's not working well with your dominant status. Being a dominant isn't about having control over everything, it's just about having control over your sub. And by control, I don't mean an abusive control. Right now, your dominant side and your competitive side are competing against each other, and you've been a very competitive person longer than you've been a Dom." The doctor told him.

"You were only competitive and controlling to try to please your father, and now that he's gone, you don't have to do that any more. You can let your dominant side have full reign now. Your father is long gone, and you can focus on being a loving, doting father."

Harry looked unsure and a little scared at what the doctor had said. And Dr. Swift must have noticed that. "Harry. It's okay. You don't have to please anyone anymore but your sub. He expects you to protect him and just be with him during the pregnancy, and long after. Can you do that?"

Harry nodded. He could do it. He wanted to be there for Louis 24/7. He hated hurting and disappointing Louis and he needed to stop before Louis left completely. He would go crazy with
grief if Louis left him and got reassigned. That would mean some other dom would be raising his baby. Maybe an abusive one. Harry clenched his jaw at the thought of some man knocking Louis to the ground every time the baby cried, using him for sex and nothing else, treating him like garbage.

"Just in case you feel like you're loosing it again." Dr. Swift said, holding out a piece of paper. It had a phone number scrawled across it. "I'm not going to prescribe you medication because you don't need it. And, if you ever feel the need to talk again, just come right on in. I'm here every weekday until six." He said, walking Harry to the door.

"Is this-does this stay in confidence?" Harry asked. The last thing he needed was the paparazzi getting wind of him going to therapy. Dr. Swift nodded.

"Everything is locked down in our confidentiality commitment. Don't worry." He assured Harry. Harry shook his hand and thanked him again. He pocketed the slip of paper that Dr. Swift had given him. He looked out the windows to make sure there wasn't anyone with cameras outside, and when it was clear, he headed towards his car. He turned the ignition and looked at the time: 2:33. He had been gone for two and a half hours?

He hoped that Liam had gotten Louis home safe and made him eat something. He thought of what Dr. Swift had said. Maybe he was letting his father dictate, in some way, how he was. He was never competitive when he was younger and couldn't understand what his father was calling him or saying. He was a soft little boy, sweet, always helping his mother cook and he loved to lay down in the grass and let the family puppy climb all over him.

It wasn't until he was about six that he began to fully understand what his father meant with every sneer or dirty look. He took his fathers cruel words to heart and when his father told him that he wouldn't amount to anything, he began to compete in everything. He would get the best grades, he would push himself to be the fastest anything in his physical education classes, his art projects would be the best.

Nothing would please his father, though. Every time Harry would go to him with a straight-A or a gold star, his father would roll his eyes and-he would push Harry away. Harry vaguely remembered his father pushing him out of the way of the TV, and he remembered hitting his elbow on the coffee table, and when he teared up, his father would sneer and tell him to man up because it was just a bruise.

He said that he was being a good dom, by controlling his family. He told Harry that control was the best thing to have, and if he got a few bruises learning that, then so be it. Harry wasn't abused, though. He was never beaten by his father. His father used a much worse weapon; his words.
He pulled up to the house and parked in front of the door because he planned on using his car again later. Liam and Niall were watching TV when he walked in.

"Where's Louis?" He asked, not taking his coat or shoes off.

"Upstairs. Are you okay?" Liam asked, but Harry ignored him and bounded up the stairs. He was disappointed to find that Louis wasn't in there room, but he was in the guest bedroom. Harry opened the door and Louis rolled over and looked up at him.

"Get up." Harry said, walking over to the bed. Louis ignored him and continued playing on his phone. Harry reached over and pulled it out of his hands.

"Hey!" Louis protested. He sat up.

"I said get up." Harry repeated, and Louis swung his legs over the bed and stood in front of his dom. "I am not my father and you are never to compare me to him again. Do you understand? Good. I love you and I know that I've been hot and cold with you, and I don't want to put all of the blame on my childhood because that's no excuse for how I treated you, and I understand if you want nothing to do with me anymore."

Louis looked down, and Harry continued. "I can only apologize for everything that I've done to you, and even that's not enough. But you will not take that baby away from me. I am changing. I realize that I haven't been a very good dom, and that changes now. But that means if I'm making changes, you are too. I understand that everything inside of you is changing and you've got different emotions running through you, but little tantrums will get you punished and demands will not be acknowledged."

"I will be there for every doctors appointment, and that means the one today. Get ready. We get to hear the heartbeat today." He said, turning and walking out of the room. He hoped that Louis understood that it was a two-way street, and that things in their relationship were going to change. He didn't want to propose to Louis when they were on thin ice.

He waiting downstairs by the front door, checking his watch. They had made the appointment for four o'clock, and it was nearing 3:30. Just as he was about to walk upstairs to light a fire under Louis, the boy appeared at the top of the stairs. He was wearing some tight khaki pants and a sweater. He gripped the railing and stared down at Harry.
"I need help..." He said, looking down. "I had a dizzy spell getting dressed." He said, and Harry was up the stairs and next to him in seconds.

"I've got you, don't worry." He said. He put one hand on Louis' back and held his hand, helping his sub down the stairs. He helped Louis put his coat on and then they were out the door. He began driving once they were both buckled up. Neither of them said a word, in the car or in the doctors office.

They were called back, and Louis was weighed and his belly was measured. His blood pressure was taken and Perrie took some blood. Once she was done, she exited the room. Louis shifted on the crinkly paper. They weren't alone for long before the doctor came in.

"Alright, Louis. You're gaining the right amount of weight, and you're already showing, so congrats on that. Now, are we ready to hear the heartbeat?" He asked, and Louis nodded happily. Harry watched as the doctor wheeled the ultrasound machine over and squirted some blue gel onto his protruding abdomen and spread it around. A black and gray picture appeared on the screen and Harry leaned forward.

"And...if you listen..." The doctor said, and then there was a little thump thump thump thump sounded wetly through the room. Louis sniffled and wiped his eyes. A proud feeling bubbled up in Harry's chest. "And by the looks of things, you've got a big, healthy baby!" He announced, printing off a few pictures. Louis wanted to give their mums the pictures at Christmas. Dr. Bowen handed Louis a few paper towels to wipe off his belly, and Harry noticed that he didn't look comfortable in his jeans, and he thought that they looked tight around Louis' tummy.

"Alright, Louis. Let's schedule your next appointment for sixteen weeks, okay?" Dr. Bowen asked, writing something on a piece of paper. "Now, any worrisome symptoms arrive yet?"

"Well, I've been getting dizzy, and I've been really hungry lately. I'll wake up in the middle of the night wanting to cry because I'm so hungry." He replied, and the doctor nodded.

"With your dizziness, I would advise you not to walk down any stairs alone, and showering alone is out. We don't want you falling and hurting yourself or baby." He turned to Harry. "You'll make sure he's never alone in a situation where he could get hurt by falling down?" He asked, and Harry nodded.

"Good. Now, as for your hunger, eat whenever you're hungry, but avoid eating multiple heavy foods at once. This includes a lot of breads, or pastas, and try to avoid eating foods that have a large salt content. But other than that, you should be good." He said, standing up to shake Harry's hand. He
"See you back in two weeks, Louis, Harry." He waved goodbye. "Have a Merry Christmas!" Louis waved back at him and they exited the hospital. The wind was biting sharply at their faces, and Harry pulled Louis closer to him, trying to pass his warmth to his sub. Louis didn't protest, or pull away. Harry counted that as a win. He helped Louis into the car and buckled him in.

"Now," He said, getting in the car and turned the heat on blast. "We're going to get you something to warm up Bean and then we're going to the mall to get Christmas presents. You will pick out whatever you think your family like." He said, driving away and pulling into the Starbucks drive-thru. "Hot chocolate, darling?" He asked Louis, who nodded.

Harry ordered and paid, handing the steaming drink to his sub, who took the lid off and blew across it gently, swiping his finger through the whipped cream on the top. Harry drove them to the mall. Louis was still clutching his hot chocolate when Harry went around to help him down.

"Do you want to take it in the mall?" He asked, looking down at Louis, who shrugged. Harry took that as a yes, so he closed the door and they walked to the entrance. "Did you see anything in here earlier that you wanted?" He asked when they arrived in the warmth of the mall. "Just lead the way, love." He said, letting Louis walk in front of him. They walked to the same kitchen supplies and accessories store.

They walked around, Louis sipping his hot chocolate and perusing the shelves of stuff. He stopped at a row of cappuccino and latte makers. He looked each one over, and stopped at the best one. He handed Harry his hot chocolate and picked up the little card that had all of the information about the machine on it.

"Interested?" Harry asked, taking a drink of the now warm drink. Louis nodded and sat the card back down.

"I remember my mum always complaining about spending money everyday to get cappuccinos before work." He said, his eyes finally meeting Harry's.

"So, you want to get this for your mum?" He asked. "I bet she'd enjoy it, baby." He handed the drink back to Louis and picked up the box containing the heavy machine. He took it to the front and sat it near the register. "Anything else?" When Louis shook his head, Harry paid and sat a few more big bills on the counter. The woman behind the counter waved her hands and a man came over to the box and picked it up.
"What is he doing?" Louis asked Harry.

"Taking that to the car." Harry replied, tucking Louis under his arm and walking out of the store. "Where to now? You just have to get something for your father, right?" He asked.

"And Niall and Liam," Louis said. "But I can't think of anything to get them. Or you." He said quietly. Harry looked down at him.

"You don't need to get me anything. Bean is the best thing you could give me." He replied, kissing Louis' temple. "Now, what can we get Liam and Niall?"

They walked around the mall for another forty-five minutes before deciding to get Niall and Liam a deluxe photography session for when their baby was born. Once they were done, they began walking out of the mall, but Louis stopped before they left.

"Can we go there?" He asked, pointing to Barnes & Noble. Harry nodded and they went into the bookstore, where Louis made a beeline for the pregnancy section. They got two copies of the same pregnancy books, one for Louis and one for Harry.

On their way home, Harry stopped to pick up the food that Louis was craving; hot wings and McDonalds while Louis kept his nose in *What to Expect When You're Expecting*. When they got home, Harry set Louis up in bed with the food and the book and went back down to carry the presents into the house and stored them in the library. He talked to Liam for a couple minutes and made his way back upstairs, where Louis was napping, book resting on his tummy and the empty food wrappers next to him.

Harry smiled and removed the food and book, saving the page he stopped at. He pulled a blanket over Louis and kissed his forehead. He sat beside Louis and picked up the book, cracking it open and he began to read.

Chapter End Notes

i used the words competitive and control and dominant a LOT in this chapter
hopefully it explains why harry is like he is
and i hope its not as confusing
Chapter 15

Harry fell asleep around 9:30, after reading a few chapters of *What to Expect When You're Expecting*. Louis was still sleeping soundly beside him, one hand resting on his bare belly, where the shirt he was wearing had ridden up. He turned the light off and tucked Louis underneath his arm.

Something kept nudging his chest. He batted his hands and turned away, and now the nudging was at his back. It got harder and harder until he forced his eyes open and turned back over. Louis was sitting cross-legged on the bed. He smiled brightly when he saw Harry's eyes.

"Great! You're up!" He said. He cradled his little tummy in his hands and looked lovingly down at it. "We're hungry." He told Harry, who sighed and flopped his arm over his eyes.

"Do I even want to look at the time?" He asked, but he turned his head to look at the clock. **1:15**. He groaned. "Seriously? You're hungry now?"

"*We*, Harry. *We're* hungry." Louis corrected. He stretched his legs out and nudged Harry's shin with his toes. "Come on."

"What do you want?" He asked, praying that he didn't have to leave the house.

"We want some tacos." He said, rubbing his tummy. Harry groaned.

"Louis, it's been snowing all night, no doubt the roads are frozen. I can't go out, just in case they are." He said, rolling back over. "Just find something downstairs." He said, closing his eyes. He felt the bed move and heard Louis snuffle. There was some shuffling and the bedroom door opened.

"Fine. Me and Bean will just go get them." Louis said, walking out of the room. Harry sighed and ran after his pregnant sub. He wrapped an arm around Louis before he could take a step down the stairs, his arm resting under the tiny swell of Louis' tummy.

"You and Bean aren't going anywhere but bed, got it?" He ordered. "Now, tell me what kind of tacos you and little Bean want." He said, and Louis squealed and threw his arms around Harry.
"We love you! Bean loves his daddy." Louis cooed to Harry, and Harry's heart swelled. "Now, Bean wants his tacos." Louis said, smacking a kiss to Harry's lips. Harry walked him back to the bedroom and put him in bed with Netflix up on his iPad.

"Stay put. I'll be back soon with your tacos," He told Louis, and he leaned down to lift Louis' shirt and kiss at the skin of his belly. "Keep your mummy calm until Daddy comes home, deal?" He spoke, his lips brushing against the skin. He kissed Louis once more before leaving the house, cursing when he slipped on a patch of ice. He would have to salt that before the family came.

He went to Taco Bell and ordered some hard shell tacos for Louis, because he despised soft shell. Once he was on his way home, his cell phone rang. It was Louis. He answered, and was instantly met with Louis' blabbering.

"What, Louis? Speak slower, darling."

"Bean wants chicken nuggets." Louis told him slowly.

Harry sighed. "Instead of tacos?"

"No, with the tacos!" Louis replied, and Harry was relieved that the tacos wouldn't go to waste.

"Alright, baby. I'll be home in a few." He said. "Love you."

"Love you too!" Louis chirped and hung up. Harry swung around to the 24-hour McDonalds and got Louis and Bean their chicken nuggets, and he got a wide variety of sauces, not knowing which one Louis would be craving. Once he was home, he closed the car door with his knee and carried the two bags of food up to Louis, who was leaning against the pillows and rubbing his bare belly, eyes fixed on the glowing iPad screen.

He looked up when Harry sat the bags down on the bed. "Yay!" He exclaimed, reaching for the taco bag, unwrapping one and crunching down. He was halfway through it when he looked over at Harry, who had gotten back under the covers and was trying to fall back asleep. He tapped Harry's shoulder.

"Hm?" Harry asked, not opening his eyes.
"Did you want some?" Louis offered Harry his half-eaten taco, and Harry cracked his eyes and smiled fondly at Louis.

"No thanks, love. You eat." He replied. He reached his hand out and rubbed his hand over Louis' bump and closed his eyes, still rubbing. He drifted off to the sound of rustling paper and crunching sounds.

Louis was out of bed before Harry was. He was wearing a pair of yoga pants and a tight white shirt. He walked over to Harry, who was still sleeping soundly and smacked kisses all over his face. Finally, Harry stirred.

"Finally! I want to go downstairs. It's yoga time." He told his dom, who stretched, and Louis' mouth watered at the sight of his shirtless dom. Harry sat up and kissed Louis good morning, pulling him onto the bed and cuddling him.

"We need to talk first." Harry told him.

"Can it wait? Niall is waiting."

Harry shook his head. "Can't wait. We need to talk about what's been going on between us. You know I love you, right? With all of my heart and soul." Harry said, and Louis nodded, and Harry continued. "And you love me, right?"

"Of course I love you." Louis said.

"What happened yesterday and what's been happening can never happen again." Harry told him. "I can't stress that enough. I told you everything about my past, and you threw that in my face yesterday. Do you understand what you did?"

Louis nodded and looked down, but Harry gently grabbed his chin. "I'm not angry with you, baby. I'm just asking. We were both a little on edge yesterday, and we both said things we didn't mean. I'm getting help and I'm genuinely trying to change, and I need to know that you're going to be in this with me one hundred percent. We need to always be on the same page, and we need to have more rational discussions with each other. I realize that I have been horrible to you and I never give you
the change to explain yourself, and that changes now. I've decided not to punish you on the spot. After we discuss the problem, we'll come up with a punishment both of us agree on, deal?"

"I hate hearing about how some doms will abuse and lord over their subs and give them unfair punishments, and I don't want to be like that. And especially now that you're pregnant, I have a feeling that the worst punishment you'll be getting from me is a few hours alone or a light spanking. Now, I want you to talk to me."

Louis nodded. "Okay, well, it makes me feel bad whenever you snap at me all the time, like at the mall yesterday. I was really hungry and I wanted the pretzel, but you said I didn't need it, but I did need it." Louis said. Harry nodded.

"And that could have been easily resolved if you would have told me that you hadn't eaten breakfast. Then the whole incident yesterday could have been completely avoided. Isn't that easy?" Harry asked.

Louis nodded and continued. "And I never mean it when I tell you that I don't want to bring Bean home to you or that you're just like your father. I would never take Bean away from you." Louis said, tearing up. "And what you said about the tantrums, you're right. I'm going to try to stop throwing them. But sometimes, my emotions are running high and it feels like I can't my point across to you, and that's where the tantrums come from. But I'm going to try harder to stop them. I promise. And the talking back. I'm going to stop talking back and demanding things."

"That's great love. Anything else?" Harry asked.

"And when you said about how buying Christmas presents for my family was you doing something nice, and you were being sarcastic? And mean? If it bothers you, you know, spending your money on me, I can get a job or something." He said quietly.

"No no no, baby doll. Look at me. I was being just horrible to you that morning. I didn't mean it at all. I don't want you to get a job. I want you to stay home with your feet up and all I want you to worry about is keeping yourself and Bean happy and healthy and comfortable, okay?" Harry told him. "Now, do you want to talk about anything else?"

Louis shook his head. "If I think of something, I'll tell you." Louis promised.

Harry smiled and kissed Louis' knuckles. "Perfect. Now, let's go exercise my baby." He said,
helping Louis down off of the bed and down the stairs, and into the gym, where Niall was fiddling his phone, laying on his back. Liam was on the treadmill, running. Louis turned to Harry.

"I love you." He said, smiling up at his dom.

"I love you too. So, so much." Harry replied, watching Louis walk over to Niall and roll out his yoga mat. Harry went upstairs to change into a pair of gym shorts and a cutoff shirt, deciding to box while Louis was doing his yoga with Niall. He watched as they assumed position after position, and he couldn't help but think of how perfect Louis looked with his tummy full and round, bending over carefully to accommodate his bump. Liam was doing the same with Niall, watching him intently.

Just when Harry turned back to the punching bag, Louis gasped. "Harry!" He yelled, and both Harry and Liam were near him in a second. Harry got down on both knees and placed his hands on the bump.

"What? What's wrong?" He asked frantically. Louis pulled him up and looked at him excitedly.

"Nothing! I know what we can give the mums for Christmas!" He said, clapping. Harry closed his eyes and sighed in relief. Liam walked away, but not before checking on Niall.

"Jesus, Louis. You scared me half to death. I thought something had happened to Bean." Harry said, pulling Louis close to him. Louis wrapped his arms around Harry's waist and rested his chin on his doms broad chest and looked up at him.

"Sorry. But anyway. We could frame the ultrasounds and give them as presents! Isn't that perfect?"

"It's perfect." Harry confirmed. He went back to his boxing and Louis and Niall continued their yoga. An hour and a half later, Liam was done running and Harry sat the weights down he had switched too. Louis and Niall were conked out on the yoga mats, curled together. The two doms watched as Louis kicked his foot against Niall, and then as Niall retaliated with a shove as he turned in his sleep.

"They're aggressive when they sleep." Liam mused, and Harry laughed.

"Try being on the receiving end of his kicks." Harry replied. "And, I think that the shoving is next."
He's always crowding me in the bed. So, you have something to look forward too." Liam laughed and they leaned down to wake up their subs. Louis grumbled but sat up (with very little struggle, thank you) and Harry pulled him to his feet.

"Do you want to go lay down?" Harry asked Louis, who looked at him wide-eyed.

"No! I'm rested!" He said cheerfully. "I'm hungry. When's lunch?"

"You don't need to wait until lunch to eat, love. But lunch is right now. It's just half past eleven." So they all four made their way into the kitchen, making a meal out of whatever they could find. They minded the turkey that was thawing in the fridge. Once they were done, Harry and Liam went upstairs to discuss some upcoming business meetings for the new year. Louis and Niall got dressed in some warmer clothes and went outside.

"Let's make snow angels." Niall suggested, so they found a fresh patch of thick, blanket ed snow and laid down, moving their arms and legs back and forth. Niall stood and helped Louis out of his.

"They look perfect!" Louis exclaimed! He and Niall had a small snowball fight, but the biting cold was sending them back into the house quickly. They stomped the snow out of their boots before entering the house and shrugged off their coats before collapsing onto the couches in the den. Louis flipped through the channels until they came upon a Christmas movie.

"Hey, Ni, is Home Alone 2 okay?" He asked, and Niall nodded. They settled back and watched half of the movie before falling asleep.

Harry and Liam said goodbye and clicked off of the conference call. They both sat back in their chairs.

"Wow." Liam said. "Bora Bora?" He was shocked. Harry was nodding his head slowly.

"This is-we have to do it." Harry said. Liam agreed quickly.

"Of course we do! This is one of the biggest deals we've gotten." He leaned forward and laughed a little. "We have to take Niall and Louis. They will never forgive us if we don't."
"Of course. Louis will be, what, five months? It's planned for right around Valentine's Day. This is too perfect. It will be like a baby moon for us." Harry said.

"Are we going to tell them?" Liam asked.

"Not right away. Maybe...keep it as a surprise?" Harry suggested. "Tell them closer to Valentine's Day? Maybe February first?"

Liam agreed. "Oh man. I can just see their faces now." Harry agreed, imagining Louis' happy face. They both stood, still floored at what had just happened. The CEO of a very successful chain of resorts in Bora Bora has insisted that he fly out Liam and Harry and their subs for an-expenses paid vacation, in exchange for a few business meetings about joining companies. This would expand Styles & Payne Global to vacation resorts and hotspots. They couldn't say no to that.

They made their way downstairs, where the end credits of a movie were playing in the den, and where their subs were sleeping soundly on the couches. Liam turned the movie off and they woke up their subs. Liam took Niall to their room to wrap presents, and Harry was doing the same with Louis, helping him up the stairs and into the library. Louis sat back down on the couch while Harry situated the presents and all of the supplies they would need to wrap them.

Louis sat down on the floor next to Harry and began cutting and taping wrapping paper onto his mum and dads cappuccino machine. He had decided that since both of his parents liked the beverage, that it would be both of their presents. Once it was done, he slapped a bow on it proudly and wrote his name on the gift tag.

"Harry, we need to get the picture frames for the sonograms." He reminded Harry as he climbed into his doms lap.

"Careful, Louis. I have scissors." Harry said, placing them beside him and giving Louis his full attention.

"When can we leave?" He asked, referring to what they were all doing that night. They were going to grab hot chocolate and drive around and look at the Christmas lights throughout the city and neighborhoods. Louis and Niall were very excited about it, because it was Christmas Eve, and that was their favorite time. There was something magical about Christmas Eve.
"We have a few more hours, love. We're going to leave at five and drive around, and then get something to eat." Harry said, rubbing his thumb across the skin of Louis' hip. Louis slumped down on top of Harry.

"Fiiiiiine." He dragged out the word, biting down on Harry's neck. "I'm going to go take a shower." Louis said, steadying himself on Harry's shoulders as he stood from the older man's lap. Harry stood up and followed him.

"Not without me, you're not." He said, and they stripped in the bedroom and Harry walked them into the bathroom, his hands on Louis' belly. He turned the water on and stepped aside to help Louis in.

It was a very no-nonsense shower up until the end. Harry washed Louis and then himself, and he was rinsing the soap off of his body when Louis whined, catching Harry's eye.

"What's up, love?" He asked.

"Can you touch me?" Louis asked, almost pleadingly. Harry looked at him and cooed.

"Of course, baby. Where do you want me to touch you?" He asked, pressing Louis against the shower wall, making the smaller boy whine again.

"I want your fingers." He whispered, and Harry bent down and captured Louis' lips with his while he trailed his hands to Louis' bum, one hand separating the cheeks and the other rubbing Louis' hole. He sunk the tip of his middle finger in and out a few times before finally sinking it in. Louis arched against him and sunk his teeth into Harry's shoulder.

Harry pulled his finger out and entered again with two, and then three. The tips of his fingers were nudging against Louis prostate, and the boy was a whining mess against Harry, mouthing at his shoulder and breathing heavily.

"Gonna come from my fingers?" He asked, his lips pressing hotly against Louis' ear. "I've got three inside of you, stretching your pretty hole so good. Feel so hot and tight around my fingers, baby." He humped against Louis' hip, his hot cock sliding against Louis' skin. "Do you wanna come with me, baby?" He asked, and Louis nodded frantically.

"Alright, baby. Gonna come soon, you've got me so hard from just fingering you. Gonna come all
across your hip, get you all dirty again." Harry said, and Louis stuttered before biting down on
Harry's shoulder, coming. Harry felt the hotness on his skin, and he thrust his fingers harder inside of
Louis, his hole clenching tightly around the three fingers, and Harry came hard across Louis' hip,
painting the tan skin white.

Harry kept moving his fingers until Louis tried to push him away, too sensitive. He pulled them out
and pulled both of them back under the spray, washing up again. He turned the water off and
towed them both off. Louis queued up a movie on his iPad and they watched that, snuggling on the
bed together until it was about 4:30. Harry got up and slid on a pair of tight jeans and a button up
shirt and a sweater over it.

He left the room, probably to go talk to Liam about something, and Louis slid on a pair of panties
before a pair of some tight jeans. They were snug around his thighs and bum, but absolutely would
not stretch across his tummy. He sucked his breath in and tried, jumped up and down and tried, and
even laid across the bed to try; nothing would get them to button.

He figured that it was just that pair, so he slid another pair on, and another and another. Nothing
would fit him. He couldn't help but start crying. His jeans wouldn't fit, and he had just showered with
Harry. Harry had seen how fat he was getting and didn't say anything! He pulled on one of Harry's
cable-knit sweaters and crawled into bed and burrowed under the sheets, still crying.

Harry came back in a few minutes later. "Louis? Why aren't you dressed yet?" He asked, looking at
the discarded jeans around the floor. He heard Louis sniffle and he climbed up into the bed next to
his sub. "Hey, baby, can you tell me what's wrong?" He asked.

"Nothing fits!" He shouted, crying harder. "Because I'm fat! Why did you not tell me I was getting
fat?" He wailed, and Harry pulled the covers down and scooped Louis up into his lap.

"It's a good thing that your jeans don't fit, love. It means Bean is growing so big and healthy in
there!" He said, rubbing Louis' belly. "I'm not going to tell you you're fat because you're not, darling.
You're pregnant with my baby, and that makes you the sexiest person ever to me. You're so beautiful
and seeing you grow with my baby everyday makes you even more beautiful." He comforted Louis,
who's crying had stopped and his sniffles subsided.

"There we are. Just wear some yoga pants, lovely. I love seeing you in yoga pants." Harry said,
helping Louis out from under the covers and over to his dresser. "We don't even have to get out of
the car, tonight. We can look at lights and we can even get something to eat while we're driving
around. How does that sound?" Harry asked, and Louis smiled up at him.
"Can we do that?" He asked, adjusting the yoga pants he had just pulled on.

"Of course we can baby. We can do anything that makes you feel most comfortable." Harry assured him, and they walked hand-in-hand down the stairs and out to the waiting Escalade, where Liam and Niall were sitting already. Louis chose to sit in back with Niall, and Liam sat up with Harry. Harry pulled out of the drive and looked back.

"Who's ready to look at lights?" He asked, and he caught Louis' eye in the rear-view mirror.

_I love you._ He mouthed.

_I love you too._ Louis replied.
They drove around and looked at the lights, munching on the food that Harry had ordered, which was really just pizza and they were passing the box around. Louis had gotten a small dish of chicken Alfredo because the baby wanted pasta, or so he told Harry. Louis had long since finished his pasta and he was now chewing on a pizza crust.

"Look at that Santa!" Louis pointed gleefully. There was a tall, bright Santa standing in someones yard, and he was standing next to a shorter red-nosed reindeer. That must have reminded Louis of something, because he leaned up and scanned the XM radio and stopped at a classic Christmas station. For the next few minutes, they pointed out the different setups that they thought were best.

The sun had set about half an hour ago, but all of the decorations and lights lit up the town. They drove around for a little bit longer until Louis shifted uncomfortably.

"Harry?" He asked, leaning. Harry looked back at him.

"Yes?"

"Bean has to use the bathroom." He said, making a face. "Like now." Harry nodded and stopped at the first rest stop he saw. He went around to help Louis down from the high vehicle and into the rest stop. Liam and Niall sat in the Escalade, finishing off the pizza.

When Louis was done, he washed his hands and opened the door, where Harry was standing. "I still don't understand why you wouldn't let me in the bathroom with you."

"I didn't want you to. I felt uncomfortable." Louis replied.

"Louis. I got you pregnant. I think we've been a few more uncomfortable positions than me being in the bathroom with you." Harry stated, and Louis made a shocked face.

"Harry Edward, we are in public." He chastised, putting a hand on his belly and casually walking around the little gas station. Harry rolled his eyes and followed Louis closely. Louis picked up things
and sat them right back down, wandering aimlessly through the store.

"Love, Niall and Liam are in the car still." He reminded Louis, who nodded.

"I know." He replied, and a glass case of fresh donuts caught his eye. "Harry!" He said, rushing towards it. "Bean wants donuts."

"Baby." Harry said, coming up behind his sub, who was fast when he was pregnant. "Bean just had pizza and pasta." Louis ignored him.

"Harry please." He said, looking up at Harry. Harry finally gave in and nodded. "Thank you!" He hugged Harry and put his doms big hands on his tummy. "And Bean says, thank you, daddy. I'm very happy now." He turned and opened the glass case while Harry assembled a box for him to put them in. Louis put in four. "Do you think that will be enough?" He worried. Harry nodded.

"Bean will be happy with four, love. I promise." Harry said, walking them up to the counter and paying. Once again, he helped Louis and the box of donuts into the car and got in himself. Once everyone was buckled up, he drove away. Louis handed Niall a donut. Harry drove and made a quick pit stop to pick up some picture frames for the sonograms and rushed back into the car, shivering.

"Are we ready to go home?" Harry asked. They had driven around for about two hours, and even though Louis seemed wide awake, Harry knew that he could fall asleep at any given moment, and Niall looked pretty tired too.

"I think we are." Liam said. "Unless we want to carry in two sleeping mothers." He said, looking back at Niall and Louis. Harry drove them home, wary of the snow slicked streets. Their house was lit up and looked warm and inviting. Harry parked the car in the garage and helped Louis out, taking the donuts from him. Liam and Niall walked in front of them into the house, and Harry locked the door behind them.

"Night, Louis." Niall hugged his friend tiredly and followed Liam upstairs. Harry placed the donuts on the counter and gathered a tired Louis in his arms.

"Tired, love?" He asked, swaying Louis back and forth gently. Louis nodded and Harry walked them upstairs and Louis sat on the bed while Harry walked into his closet to change his clothes. He stuffed them into the hamper and pulled on a pair of sweatpants. He exited the closet and smiled to
himself. Louis had fallen asleep, propped up against the pillows.

Harry adjusted them both and pulled the covers up and turned the lights off, snuggling the boy close.

"Get your big stupid arm off of me!" Was what woke him up a few hours later. Louis was pushing at Harry, trying to get his dom to move away from him. Harry moved his arm and watched as Louis darted off of the bed and into the bathroom. It was the retching noises that came a few seconds later that had him moving to follow his sub.

Louis was sitting in front of the toilet, puking his guts out. Harry crouched behind him and rubbed his back. Once Louis was finished, he helped him up and let him brush his teeth before walking him back to bed. Louis cuddled close to Harry, and Harry rubbed his tummy.

"Little Bean causing mummy trouble?" Harry asked the belly. Louis yawned and closed his eyes, falling slowly back to sleep. Just as he was on the edge of sleep, he felt Harry's circle around and rest under his belly.

"Just tell me if I need to move my big stupid arm again, love, okay?" Harry murmured into Louis' ear, smiling at the sleeping boy.

Louis met Niall in the kitchen at five in the morning to bake the turkey. The pattered around the kitchen slowly, fatigue hitting both of them. Louis was walking slower to avoid any dizzy spells ad Niall was sipping tea and trying not to get queasy at the smell of the turkey. Both of their doms were still sleeping. Louis knew Harry would be mad at him for walking downstairs by himself, but he didn't want to wake the sleeping man.

They put the turkey into the oven and finished their tea before going into the den and laying on the couches. Louis didn't feel like climbing the stairs and Niall felt like he was going to upchuck. They turned the TV on a had it a quiet volume, and Louis had clicked the fireplace on. Louis alternated his attention from the Christmas movie that was playing to the twinkling Christmas tree. There were some presents stacked under it, which excited Louis.

He and Niall had decorated the den with Christmas decorations, but Louis' favorites were the four stockings hanging up over the fireplace. There was one for each of them, and Louis had strung
garland across the mantle and put some candles up. The den had a warm, homey feel and he never wanted to leave, and he didn't have too, because the comfortable couch and crackling fire soon sent him to sleep.

When Harry woke up, Louis wasn't in bed with him. He figured the smaller boy was in the bathroom, but the door was open and Louis' side was cold. So that means that Louis went against his orders to go down the stairs by himself. He slid out of bed and got dressed and went searching for his disobedient little baby mamma. He didn't have to look far, though.

Louis was sleeping curled up on the couch. *Why couldn't he sleep like that in our bed instead of spreading himself out and almost pushing me out of bed?* Harry thought. He heard a noise in the kitchen, so he figured Liam and Niall were in there, tending to the turkey. It was the same as Thanksgiving, Louis and Niall made the turkey and their families brought the rest.

Harry sat at the end of the couch, a half of a cushion away from Louis' tiny feet. Louis must have sensed the shift in the couch, because he stretched out and his feet made contact with Harry's thigh, pushing him once before giving up. Louis tucked his toes under Harry's leg and was calm again. Harry rubbed this thumb over Louis' bare anklebone. He hated to wake the sleeping boy up, but he did anyway.

He got up and crouched down by Louis' face, kissing gently on the soft skin. Louis finally stirred and opened his eyes. He was met with a stern look on Harry's face. He sat up and made grabby hands at Harry, who shook his head.

"I don't remember walking you downstairs this morning. What time was it?" Harry asked casually, looking down a Louis.

"Uh, you didn't." Louis replied quietly.

"Ohh, I didn't?" Harry asked. "So you disobeyed me?" He looked pointedly at Louis.

"Yes, but-"

"No buts, Louis. I told you not to do something and you did it. Correct?" He asked, and Louis nodded his head. "Do you want to tell me why you didn't wake me up to help you?"
"I didn't think I needed your help. It's just a flight of stairs." Louis muttered, but Harry heard it. He raised his eyebrows.

"So, you don't like the rule?"

"It's just that I don't always need your help." Louis said.

"I see. Well, okay then. I was only protecting you and the baby when I told you to never walk up or down the stairs, but since you don't need my help, I don't see why the rule has to be in place." Harry said. "I think that your punishment is that I won't help you up and down them anymore. Does that sound fair?"

"But-" Louis started.

"A few seconds ago you told me that you didn't need help. So I won't help you. Did you lie?"

"No!" Louis said. "Fine." Louis said.

"Fine what?"

"It sounds fair." He grumbled, scooting the edge of the couch and standing up. He just hoped that he didn't have any dizzy spells today. The last thing he needed was to feel ill in front of the families and have Harry not help him. He walked to the kitchen and grabbed a piece of toast from Niall's plate.

"Babe, I know you just got sick, but can you at least eat some toast for me?" Liam asked Niall, who sighed and nodded, reaching for the slice that sat under the piece Louis had gotten. Louis poured himself some tea and Harry walked in, acting normal.

Louis sipped the tea and walked over to the oven and turned the light on, looking inside at the golden brown turkey. He sat the mug down and grabbed the meat thermometer. As soon as he opened the door, Harry was hovering behind him. Just because he wasn't going to help Louis with the stairs doesn't mean that he's not going to watch him around a hot oven.
"I think the turkey is almost done." He said, reading the temperature and turning around, his nose bumping into Harry's chest. "Must you?" He asked, walking around Harry to grab his tea.

"I must." Harry said, grinning. Louis climbed himself up onto a stool, Harry behind him to help him balance himself. "When are the families coming?" He asked no one in particular.

"My family is coming around eleven." Niall said, and Liam nodded.

"Mine too." He offered.

"Mum and Robin should be here around then, too." Harry told his sub, standing behind him and massaging his thumbs into the bottom of Louis' back, and it felt heavenly.

"Don't stop that." Louis ordered. "Please." He added when Harry stopped. Harry continued, pressing his thumbs in and rubbing the muscles. Louis sighed and propped his elbows up on the counter, leaning forward.

"Do you want me to run you a hot bath?" Harry asked Louis. "It might relieve some of this stress you have in your back."

Louis nodded. A hot bath sounded heavenly. Harry kissed his cheek. "Meet me upstairs." He said, walking out of the kitchen. Louis grumbled and got down from the stool, and Liam, who had made his way over to the counter, helped him down. As soon as Louis' feet hit the ground, there was a scraping noise and Niall was darting to the sink to throw up.

"Oh Jesus." Liam said, and Louis pushed him towards Niall.

"Go. I have to walk by myself." He said, and Liam ran over to Niall and began rubbing his back and whispering into his ear. Louis walked out of the disastrous kitchen and stood at the bottom of the steps. He began deep breathing and gripped the railing with his hand. He thought that if he kept his breathing regulated on the walk, it wouldn't make him dizzy. He must have been right, because he made it to the top without falling backwards.

He made his way to the bathroom where Harry was sitting on the closed toilet, typing something on his phone. The corner jacuzzi tub was filling with steaming hot water, and Louis began to strip. Once he was done, he waited for Harry to finish typing on his phone.
"Why haven't you gotten in yet?" Harry asked, pocketing his phone and standing up.

"I need help getting in?" He asked, confused.

"I think this can be applied with me not helping you." Harry said, and Louis' eyes widened.

"What?" He exclaimed. "I could slip!" He protested.

"Same with the stairs, isn't it?" Harry asked.

"Fine, whatever." Louis said, walking over to the tub. It looked too tall for him to step into, but he wasn't going to tell Harry, who was still standing there. "You can leave now."

"Watch the tone, Louis." He said, watching Louis for a few more seconds before leaving, closing the door behind him. Louis lifted one foot and placed it in the steaming water. The bottom was slippery, so he had to be careful, but apparently he wasn't careful enough, because as soon as he lifted the other foot, the one inside the tub slid forward and he slipped, banging the back of his arm against the side painfully.

He clenched his teeth and wiped at his eyes. That hurt and it scared him. His heart was beating rapidly at his near-fall. He slid in the rest of the way carefully and leaned his head back. He positioned himself so that his back was against a jet, and it felt like a massage. He let himself go boneless in the hot water and he felt more relaxed than he had been in a few weeks.

Once he felt prune-y, he unplugged the drain and gripped the edges for dear life as he stepped out. Once both feet were on the floor, he grabbed a towel and dried off. He inspected the back of his arm in the mirror and saw that he had a pretty big bruise from where he had hit it. He sighed and left the bathroom to get dressed. He still hadn't gotten any new pants, but he forced a pair of jeans on. They were one of his looser pairs, and the struggle to button it wasn't as great as it was with the others. Once the jeans were on, he pulled on a sweater and a pair of socks.

He looked at the clock on Harry's side of the bed. The families should be at the house in less than an hour. He made his way to the stairs and did the same walking down it as he did walking up it; regulating his breath and holding tightly. He made it down them okay, but he felt like he needed to sit down. He walked to the den and sat on the couch. Harry was bringing out a tray of frosted Christmas cookies and sat them on the coffee table, for the coming guests.
Louis couldn't help himself and he reached for a Christmas tree one, nibbling the top of it off. Harry sat next to him.

"How was your bath, baby?" He asked. "Do you feel better?"

Louis nodded. "Yeah. Loads better." He leaned against Harry. Liam and Niall joined them a few minutes later, Liam carrying a tray of mugs. He placed them next to the cookies. They all sat in silence before the doorbell was ringing and they were greeting their families at the door. Anne and Jay swarmed Louis, cooing over his tummy, touching and feeling it, and the same was happening to Niall. The men carried the food to the dining room and placed the gifts under the tree in the den.

Once all of the belly touching was done, they migrated to the dining room and were all seated at the table, eating and chatting about the pregnancies. There wasn't a drop in conversation, everyone having something to say about something. Anne caught Harry's eyes and gave him a loving smile.

Everyone ate their fill and made their way to the den, sitting on the available furniture and they all grabbed cookies and the mugs of hot chocolate. They passed around presents and once everyone had theirs, paper was flying. Jay and Dan were thrilled with their cappuccino machine, and Anne and Robin got a new TV from Harry. Louis didn't see what Liam and Niall had gotten their parents, because he was too busy watching Anne and Jay open their next presents.

They both cried, of course. And they both hugged, of course. Once their tears had been wiped, Harry and Liam handed the four families envelopes.

"This is just to...properly? thank you for allowing us into your families." Harry said.

"And for getting along so well with each other." Liam added, making everyone laugh before opening their envelopes. There were wide eyes and shocked glances before Niall's mum spoke up.

"You boys didn't have too!" She said, and Anne hushed her.

"Yes they did." She joked. All four boys had decided to send their parents away for vacation to sunny Australia for two weeks. Their tickets all corresponded, meaning they were all going the same dates.
"It's for the New Year." Harry said, and then he and Liam were hugged tightly and clapped on the back by the dads.

Louis looked around at the stack of baby things that he and Niall had gotten. Anne and Jay had gotten together with Maura and Karen and bought a bunch of onesies and bottles and diapers for the babies. All gender neutral, of course, but the color pink was seen a lot. They figured that the grandmums wanted some granddaughters. Boys ran in their families.

Harry and Liam were seeing the families out of the house, helping them pack up their cars with the presents. Louis and Niall had said goodbye and exchanged hugs and kisses and a lot more belly rubs before escaping to the kitchen to clean up, which the mums had already done most of.

They wiped off the counters and talked about the babies. A few minutes later, the doms walked in and hovered over their pregnant subs.

"You know, why don't you two just do the work instead of walking on top of us while we do it?" Louis asked Harry and Liam, and Niall nodded his head, agreeing. "Because my back is starting to hurt and we don't want Niall to get sick again." He said, walking himself and Niall out of the kitchen, leaving the doms to finish wiping off the counters. They didn't mind though. Whatever made their boys happy.

They spent the rest of the day just lounging around and watching Christmas movies, and they ate leftovers for dinner before making their ways to bed. Louis walked up the stairs in front of Harry, who had pretended to fiddle with the front door, making sure it was locked properly, but Louis knew that it was just so he could walk behind Louis to keep an eye on him, to make sure he was safe walking up them.

They stripped out of their clothes, Louis sighing happily when he took the restricting jeans off of his body. He pulled on some sweatpants and tugged the sweater off, digging around his drawer for a t-shirt. He put it on and closed the drawer, turning towards the bed. Harry was staring at him closely.

"What's that?" He asked, walking over to Louis and turning him, lifting the sleeve up. He let out a gasp when he saw the bruise. "How did you get this?" He asked. Louis turned and adjusted his sleeve.
"I slid a bit getting into the bath. I caught myself, though." He said, and Harry let out a breath.

"Baby." He said, pulling Louis close. "You know I would have stayed if you would have asked me too. If I didn't think that you couldn't do it, I wouldn't have left." He said into Louis' hair.

"I know, Harry. I don't think your rule is stupid. Will you help me from now on?" He asked. Harry nodded and kissed his head, helping him up into the bed, getting in beside him. He pulled the covers up over them, making sure Louis was warm and toasty.

"Only if you promise to start waking me up whenever you need to use the stairs." Harry replied.

"Deal." Louis said, turning towards Harry and tangling their legs together. Harry kissed him once more.

"Great. Now, sleep, baby. Tomorrow we're going to go get you and Bean some comfortable clothes." He said, rubbing Louis' belly, cradling it and falling to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

i already have the gender picked out...BUT im curious as to what you guys want the baby to be...SO im going to take a poll

i need a gender and a name from you beauteous people

who caught American Horror Story last night?? CRAZZZZYYYYY

ALSO the whole Harry not helping Louis was NOT the punishment that yall suggested

i have planned a little sassy louis in the next chapter and you know how that goes...... :)

also, anne and robin are not rich in this fic, Harry is and he loves to give his parents things

I CAN'T STRESS ENOUGH THAT NONE OF THIS STORY IS PLAGIARIZED.

THE PREGNANCY DESCRIPTIONS ARE FROM

"www.whattoexpect.com/pregnancy/week-by-week

someone left me a lovely comment on chapter 9 accusing me of "stealing" the very public descriptions I use, from another fic (which I have never even heard of), and saying that I didn't have any original ideas and that I was stealing from other fics. If this reminds you of any other one shot or fic you've ever read, let me know, aside from the
Submission series, which I don't think it is anything like that fic, but that's just me.

I just thought I would let you all know that there is a website I go to to get the descriptions.

Hella long note sorry. If you've read it all the way through, thanks for listening to my rant!
Louis didn't know what had shifted in his pregnancy symptoms while he was sleeping, but when he woke up, he was the crankiest he had ever been with this pregnancy. He didn't want Harry to touch or anyone else to touch him, which made Harry hover awkwardly beside him when they walked downstairs that morning. He snapped at Harry when Harry gave him the wrong mug (it didn't bother him *that* much, but he still made a big deal of it).

Harry warned him to lose the attitude, to which he replied, "I don't think I want too, thank you very *much.*" Which promptly made him burst into tears after he said it, reaching for Harry. Liam and Niall watched awkwardly, Liam handing Niall some toast and bacon. Harry went towards Louis but didn't touch him, which made Louis cry harder. When Harry sighed and reached for Louis, his hands were slapped away.

"Don't touch me." Louis said sharply, then his face fell. "Wait!" He said when Harry walked away. He hoisted himself off of the stool he was sitting on and hurried after Harry, throwing his arms around Harry's middle, resting his face in the middle of Harry's back. He breathed in the cologne Harry always wore. "I don't think I meant that." He muttered, rubbing his nose on Harry's shirt.

He felt Harry sigh and turn around. "Are we going to have a bad attitude all day?" Harry asked him.

"What attitude?" Louis replied, folding his arms and cocking his hip out. Harry's eyebrows rose.

"That attitude. Drop it or we won't go shopping and you'll get punished. This is your only warning." Harry responded. Louis pouted, and then smiled sweetly at Harry.

"Can we go shopping now?" He asked, rubbing both hands over his tummy.

"After you fill up on breakfast. I have some calls to make." He shooed Louis back to the kitchen. "I'll come and get you when I'm done." He walked up the stairs and into his office, his mind still wrapping around all of Louis' outbursts. In reality, he knew that a lot of it was due to all of the hormones coursing through Louis right now, but still, Louis could control some of it.
Meanwhile, Louis sat in the kitchen, munching on his breakfast and cracking jokes with Niall. Liam had gone upstairs after Harry, and the two pregnant boys were sitting with plates of food in front of them. Niall didn't feel sick that morning, so he was eating while it still sounded appealing. While he was struggling with eating, Louis was having no problem putting anything that could be eaten into his mouth.

Niall wished that he was already over his morning sickness. Being six weeks pregnant was no fun. Louis got up to pour them some orange juice, standing on his tiptoes to reach some glasses.

"Be careful, Lou." Niall warned his friend.

"I know, Ni." He replied, scooting two glasses forward and pulling them down. "How much do you want?" Louis asked, pouring the juice out of the pitcher and into the glasses.

"Maybe half of a glass?" Niall answered. Louis nodded and brought the juice to the table. They finished their breakfast a few minutes later, Louis eating more bacon and toast than anything else. They were exiting the kitchen and were about to go into the den when Harry and Liam came downstairs.

"Ready to go, love?" Harry asked Louis, reaching for him, but Louis dodged his hands and went to put his coat on. Harry let his hands fall to his side and made a mental note to look up and see if that was a side effect of pregnancy. He put his coat on and walked Louis to the vehicle. As soon as he put his hands on Louis to help the smaller boy in, Louis smacked them away.

"Louis." Harry said. "Stop it now. Now, either let me help you or do it yourself." Louis shoved him lightly away.

"I'm not helpless." Louis snapped at him. Harry walked around to his side and got in and pulled the buckle across his torso and waited for Louis to step up into the high vehicle. He was wearing a pair of tight jeans again, and the button was digging into his skin and he couldn't bend very far or else it would snap. Harry drummed his fingers against the steering wheel and looked out his window.

He heard a yelp and looked over just Louis slid backwards and onto his bum. Harry was out of the car in less than a second and over by Louis. He ran his hands all over Louis' body, feeling for any breaks, which he knew there wouldn't be but it didn't hurt to check. He rubbed Louis' belly next and carefully helped Louis up.
"Where does it hurt, baby?" He asked the sobbing boy.

"I fell on my bum, where do you think it hurts?" He asked Harry, hiccuping. That made Harry smile a little because then he could rub Louis' bum as much as he wanted, which he did.

"My poor baby." Harry cooed to Louis, who was still crying. "Why are you still upset? Does something else hurt?" He asked. Louis shook his head and wiped his nose on the sleeve of Harry’s jumper. Harry ignored it and looked Louis over.

"My button broke!" He said, burying his face in Harry's chest. Harry realized that Louis had struggled to put on a pair of his jeans this morning, and that the button must have popped when he fell back. He ran his hand down Louis' belly and to the top of his jeans, feeling, smiling to himself. The button had popped open, right under the small swell of his bump.

"Hey, now. That's perfectly okay. We're on our way to get more clothes, remember? Comfortable ones with no buttons, because I don't think Bean likes buttons. Do you?" Harry asked Louis, who smiled and shook his head.

"No. Beanie hates them." He said lovingly. "But Beanie loves his daddy." He said, looking up at Harry, who rubbed his hands across Louis' tummy.

"And daddy loves his Beanie." He said, helping Louis up in to car gently, careful of his sore bum. He cheekily offered to massage it for Louis' later. He settled himself in and they were at the mall in no time.

There was a special wing of the mall that had maternity clothing stores, baby supply stores, and baby clothing stores, and they headed to the maternity wear first. They looked through every rack, Harry throwing whatever Louis wanted to try on over his arm. Once he had an armful, they made their way to the spacious dressing rooms.

Harry sat the clothes down and helped Louis tug his broken jeans off. "You can just wear a pair out, love." Harry told him. Louis nodded and grabbed a pair of jeans with a stretchy band in place of a button.

"Bean already likes these." He told Harry, pulling them on and a maternity shirt that stretched tight across the baby bump he was growing, which was prominent for twelve and a half weeks. He turned to look at himself in the mirror. "I dunno...do they look alright?" He asked, trying to smooth the shirt
over his stomach. Harry was silent, just sitting on the bench and looking at his sub lustfully.

"They look perfect. There is no question about whether you are getting them, because you are." Harry ordered. "Come here." He said, and Louis walked over to him. Harry pulled him down into his lap. "Are you feeling better?" He asked, rubbing Louis' thighs.

Louis nodded. "Sorry about this morning. I really am. I don't know what came over me." He looked down at his little bump. "I don't want to blame Bean for it."

"No, I don't want you to blame Bean, either." Harry said. "It's not Bean that's making you irritable and cranky. It's the hormones that come with him." Harry replied, and Louis lifted an eyebrow.

"Him?" He asked, cheekily. "What if it's a girl?" Louis asked, even though he wanted it to be a baby boy, too.

"Daddy definitely thinks Bean is a boy." He turned to Louis' tummy. "Are you a little Harry in there?" He asked, and watching Harry talk to his bump and call it little Harry made Louis emotional. He sniffled and Harry looked back at him.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"Little Harry." He said, wiping his eyes. Harry chuckled and stood upright with Louis.

"Try on the rest of your clothes, darling." He said, ushering Louis over to the stack of clothes. He ended up getting everything because it was hard for Harry to keep his hands off of him. Harry paid and they went over to the baby supply store.

"It's a little too early to be buying all of the necessities, and we still have to make the nursery, remember?" Harry said. Louis nodded but kept looking at the stroller and car seats.

"I think we should get a car seat now." Louis said firmly.

"Louis, you're not even thirteen weeks. We can wait a few more." Harry said, with finality in his voice. Louis crossed his arms. "Don't even get an attitude right now, Louis, or I'll turn right back
around and return all of this and we can go home." He threatened. Of course he wouldn't. He knew that Louis needed comfortable clothes, and he didn't want to keep the boy in jeans that no longer fit.

Louis turned on his heel and stormed out of the store. Harry looked around, making sure no one saw his sub's temper tantrum before following the boy. For being pregnant, Louis sure could walk fast. Harry found him back in the maternity store, digging through a big bin of body pillows. He fished one out, and it was as tall as him, and it was curved.

Louis turned to Harry. "Can I get this?" He asked.

"No." Harry replied, sitting down in a chair the store provided for the doms that came in. It gave them a place to sit while their subs walked around and shopped.

Louis' face fell. "Why not?" He asked.

"Because after your little episode a few minutes ago, I don't think you deserve anything else." He told Louis, pulling out his phone and answering the text he just got.

"But Harry, I need it!" He protested, holding the pillow out. Harry didn't even glance at it.

"I said no and that's the final answer." He told his sub sharply. Louis didn't say anything, but he put the pillow back and walked to the other side of the store, looking at a row of pumps. He figured that if he was going to breastfeed, he would need one or two. He couldn't ask for it now, though, because he was in trouble. He moved down the row, looking at each product; organic nipple cream, stretch mark cream, and so on. He grabbed a jar of the stretch mark cream. He actually needed this. He didn't want to suffer from stretch marks.

There were packages of nipple pads and there was a fetal Doppler display, some belly bands, some wedge pillows, and lots and lots of vitamins.

While Louis was walking around the store, mainly avoiding his dom, Harry got up and walked over to the bin of pillows. He read the card that rested near the price tag: A body pillow can be an expecting mummy's best friend! Designed in a curve, this pillow adjusts to the belly while mummy and baby are sleeping and takes the weight of the belly off and eases back pain! So now mummy and baby can sleep with ease instead of tossing and turning to find a more comfortable position. Ideal for pregnancy weeks 10 and up.
He sighed and grabbed a pillow to set by the register. "Hold this." He told the woman behind the counter as he turned to go find his sub. He found Louis by a rack of pregnancy magazines, reading one thoroughly. He was holding a jar of something in his hand.

"Ready to go?" He asked, and Louis reluctantly put the magazine back, and once he remembered that he still had the tummy cream in his hand, he walked back to where he got it and put it up. Harry, of course, followed him. "What is that?" He asked, picking it up.

"I wanted to get some, but I didn't want to ask for it." Louis said quietly. Harry read the label.

"You don't have stretch marks yet, love." Harry said.

"I know, but they're coming and I want to avoid them. It's okay." He said, shifting from one foot to the other. All of this standing and walking have really made his feet hurt.

"Anything else you need?" Harry asked, keeping a hold of the tummy cream.

"Really?" Louis asked, and Harry nodded.

"It's not fair of me to deny you things that you need to help ease your pregnancy." Harry told him. Louis hugged him and grabbed a jar of organic nipple cream.

"This will help them not hurt as bad or dry out." He said. Those were the only two things he really needed right now, besides the pillow. He followed Harry to the counter and saw his pillow sitting up there. He tucked himself under Harry's arm as a thank you. Once they had paid, they really didn't need to stay at the mall, so they left.

After a quick stop at Popeye's to get Louis some food, they headed home. Louis carried his pillow in one hand and his food in the other, while Harry carried the other six bags of stuff. It was tricky to get all of them upstairs, but they made it. Louis dumped the pillow on the bed and climbed up, eating his food while Harry deposited everything into Louis closet and dresser.
Once he was done, he sat next to Louis, who offered him some food. "No thank you, baby. Now, your behavior today at the mall was unacceptable." He said. "You threw a little fit, and I told you that that's not how you get things."

"I know." Louis said quietly.

"Do you think you should be punished for it?" Harry asked him. Louis nodded. "Alright, what do you think is a good punishment? I'm leaning towards a spanking with my hand, not a paddle. I don't want to harm you and Bean."

"Spanking is fine." Louis replied, looking down at his food.

"You need to look me in the eye when you say it, Louis. And you need to let me know right now if that's not the punishment you think you need. I'd be willing to settle for a few hours alone in the library."

Louis looked up at Harry and met his eyes. "Spanking is fine. I don't want to be away from you." Louis said.

"Aright. As soon as you finish your food, you'll get the punishment." Harry said, settling in next to him. It took Louis a while to finish the food, and he gave Harry the leftovers.

"I'm full right now." He explained, and Harry nodded.

"Are you ready for your punishment?" He asked.

"Can we let the food settle first?" He asked quietly, twisting his fingers in his shirt. "I don't want to get sick." Harry pulled him close.

"Of course. Twenty minutes, okay?" He said, and Louis agreed. Twenty minutes should be enough time for the food to settle and for Bean to see if he liked it enough to keep it down.
Twenty minutes passed quickly, with Louis reading his pregnancy book and idly running his fingers over his belly. He had pulled his shirt up so he could have skin to skin contact. Harry glanced at the clock and then at Louis. He watched for a minute as Louis read, his eyeglass covered eyes skimming the pages of the book while running his fingers over his bare tummy. Harry almost didn't want to interrupt him. Almost.

"Alright, Louis." He said, and Louis put the book on his nightstand and his glasses on top of it.

"Uh...I can't exactly lay across your lap." Louis points out.

"I know. That's why you're going to put both hands on the edge of the bed and lean forward." Harry instructed. Louis did as he was told, and Harry pulled his pants down below his bum. "Is twenty fair?" He asked Louis, who nodded. "This isn't for your pleasure, Louis. This is a punishment that we both agreed on. Now, tell me if you feel sick or dizzy and we'll stop, okay? If it gets to be too much, color out. Got it?"

They had talked previously about the color system and what to say and when to say it. Harry didn't stop telling Louis about it until the boy fully understood.

"If there's any pressure in your belly, let me know. If you feel like you can't stay on your feet any longer, tell me. If your back starts to hurt from being bent over tell me." He told Louis, who nodded through all of it. "Color?" He asked.

"Green." Louis said, cradling his belly with one hand.

"Nope. Both hands up. I'll take care of Bean." He promised, resting a hand where Louis' had previously been. He raised his hand up and brought it down, turning the tan skin of Louis' arse bright red. "You don't have to count, baby." He said, bringing his hand down again, the sharp smack sounding through the quiet room. When he got to ten spanks, he stopped to massage the bright red skin.

"Color?"

"Green." Louis rasped out. Harry brought his hand down in the same spot he had previously hit. He did that four more times, hitting the same spot of bright red skin. He landed the last five spanks on Louis' left cheek, massaging the skin some more when he was done. He pulled Louis' pants all the way off and laid the sniffling, teary-eyed boy in bed on his side.
He grabbed some lotion and rubbed it all over the bright red arse. Louis hummed in appreciation. Once all of the lotion was rubbed in, Harry pulled Louis' silk La Perla panties up over Louis' bum.

"You were so great, darling. You took the punishment well. I'm so proud of you." He praised Louis, kissing him sweetly. He situated the boy and his pillow and pulled a blanket over him. "You can sleep now, okay?" He said, watching as Louis' eyes fluttered closed. "When you're awake, I'll be right beside you to help you and Bean up, okay?" He didn't get a response.

He worked for a few hours in his office, getting up a few times to check on Louis, who was still sleeping soundly. He made a few business calls and denied a few New Years parties, because he already had a special New Years planned for Louis. A very special one indeed.

He spoke to Liam about what he and Niall were doing for New Years.

"Well, if it's like the way things have been going now, I'll be sitting on the bathroom floor behind him as he throws up everything in his body." Liam said, and Harry laughed heartily.

"Well, if your baby could find the time to spare Niall, I was thinking we could all go out to dinner." He suggested. Liam's eyes got a little misty when Harry said 'your baby', but he bounced back.

"That sound's fun. Are you going to pop the question and give Niall future expectations?" He asked jokingly.

Harry nodded. "I am, actually. I've had the ring for a while now, and I didn't want to ask him at Christmas, with all of the families there. I just want it to be a small, private affair." He said. Liam nodded.

"Understandable. So, what have you already got planned?" He asked, leaning forward.

"Well, I've already rented the carriage..." He said.
When Louis woke up, his arse was mildly sore but his stomach was majorly hungry. The room was dark and Harry was nowhere to be seen. He pulled himself out of bed and slipped on some yoga pants and padded down the hall to find Harry. The office door was cracked open, so he pushed it all the way.

Harry looked up and smiled when he saw that it was Louis. His sweet, soft, sleep-rumpled Louis. He closed his laptop and walked over to where his sub stood, greeting him with a kiss.

"How was your nap, darling?" He asked, and Louis nodded and leaned into him.

"We're hungry." He said, rubbing his tummy.

"And what would you two like to eat?" Harry asked, leading them downstairs carefully. Louis hadn't had a dizzy spell in a while, but he wasn't taking any chances of that changing.

Louis shrugged. "We want lots of things." He replied. Harry walked him to the den and sat him down on the couch. Niall and Liam sat on the opposite one.

Liam looked up. "Niall is craving seafood." He supplied, and Louis' stomach churned and he shook his head. Seafood sounded disgusting.

"I said cereal, not seafood!" Niall snapped. "Why don't you ever listen to me?" He sniffled, turning away from Liam. Louis knew exactly how Niall felt.

Liam looked frantic. "No no, honey. I was listening! I just misheard you." He tried to get Niall to scoot closer to him. When that didn't work, he crossed his arms. "I miss you guys already." He said, and that seemed to do the trick, because Niall was back by his side in an instant. Liam found that pretending to miss Niall and the baby, whenever Niall was mad or emotional and didn't want to be near him, always did the trick.

Louis rested his head on Harry's shoulder. "Still tired?" He asked. "You slept almost the whole day." Louis shook his head. "Alright, now what do you and Bean want to eat?"

It took a while, and there were some tears and a lot of bickering, but they finally ordered an array of
food and Liam and Harry prayed that it satisfied their subs, who were known to change their minds in a split second.

The food seemed to make them happy, and they stuffed themselves full. Harry and Liam ate their food quickly, so that it wouldn't catch the eye of Louis or Niall and be quickly devoured. Once Louis and Niall were full, peace was once again upon them. Louis yawned and made Harry take him upstairs, while Niall and Liam opted to stay downstairs and watch some TV.

Harry settled Louis into bed and got undressed. He pulled on some sweatpants and got in next to Louis, who was curled up on his pillow and reading one of his pregnancy books. Harry sent some emails and turned his phone off and plugged it in.

He only woke up twice that night. The first time he woke up, he had Louis' plastered half on top of him, his body pillow kicked to the bottom of the bed. Louis had one leg thrown over Harry's and his arm tight around Harry's middle.

The second time was to Louis shaking him awake.

"What is it, baby?" Harry asked groggily.

Louis chewed his lip. "Do you think Red Lobster is still open?"

Chapter End Notes

not enough sassy louis, i feel
kind of short
but this is two updates in less than 12 hours
YOU'RE WELCOME
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

13 weeks: Your baby is the size of a peach. As the first trimester comes to a close, you may not be feeling too peachesy about your sex life right now. Your partner may be entranced by your ripening breasts and belly, but, his eager eyes (and hands) are just about the last things you want to feel on your body right now. Or you may feel hotter than ever while your husband is feeling anything but. This is all normal and it's likely to change (and maybe change again) as you get closer to delivery. While most early pregnancy symptoms will probably soon be behind you, some women find that nausea and fatigue linger into the fourth and even fifth months.

Ever since Louis hit the thirteenth week, Harry found that he was sleeping more than usual. All of his other symptoms have seemed to vanish, other than his cravings and fatigue. His mood swings seemed to have gotten worse, and he was always snapping at the littlest things. Harry found that no amount of alone time or spankings deterred the boy. He was at the end of his rope with Louis' behavior.

Harry had taken to not exactly avoiding Louis, but he kept a healthy distance between them. He didn't want to do or say anything that he regretted, and he figured that Louis would straighten up when he realized the distance between them was growing everyday.

Sure, they still slept in the same bed, but Harry kept his back to Louis. On more than one occasion, he would wake up in the morning with Louis pressed tightly against him, his legs tangled up in the big pillow. He felt bad, but no other punishment was working. Louis just would not snap out of his bad mood.

Harry made a mental note to talk to Louis later that day as he was getting dressed to go to do some work in his office. He made a detour to the kitchen to eat something, chatting with Niall for a bit before going back upstairs. He checked on Louis before going into his office. The small boy was curled around his pillow and the covers were kicked to the end of the bed.

Harry covered him up and tucked him in before going to his office. Liam came in a short while later to chat with him, to finalize plans about the Valentine's Day trip and make a few conference calls with him. Just as they ended the call and sat back, there was a commotion outside his office door and it swung open, revealing Louis standing there.

He was rubbing his eyes and his hair was sticking up on one side, and Harry found it ridiculously endearing. Liam stood, muttering something to Harry about giving them privacy before stepping around Louis and leaving.
"Yes?" Harry asked once they were alone. Louis walked in the room and curled up in the plush armchair by the window. "I'm very busy right now."

"You never want to spend time with me anymore." Louis said sadly, not looking at Harry.

Harry sighed and closed his laptop. He pinched the bridge of his nose. "I will as soon as you explain why you've had such a bad attitude lately."

"I don't have a bad attitude." Louis retorted, but he wasn't being snippy about it; he was actually trying to have a legitimate conversation with Harry.

"Louis." Harry said. "You've been unbearable these past few days. No matter how many spankings or hours of alone time I give you, you will not snap out of it. I don't want to be around you when you're like that." He thought for a minute. "Do the spankings and isolation not help?" He asked Louis. "Do you think we need to come up with a different punishment?"

"No." Louis replied. He pulled a thread on the worn out shirt he was wearing.

"Then why are you acting like this?" Harry asked. "Because frankly, I don't know what to do anymore."

Louis sniffled. "You don't want to marry me." He whispered.

"What?" Harry didn't believe what he just heard. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"I read an article online," Louis sniffled. "Saying that the baby was being born out of wedlock." He wiped his eyes. "And that you weren't serious about it."

Harry was speechless. Stunned; he didn't know what to say. All he could do was rush over to his sub and gather him in his arms. "Shhh, darling. Calm down, stop crying. It's okay. They were wrong, so wrong." He comforted. "Can you show me the article?" He asked, and Louis nodded. They walked over to his desk and Louis sat in Harry's lap, typing the web address in.
He curled himself up and closed his eyes while Harry read the article. Which pissed him off.

Successful Dom Harry Styles of Styles & Payne Global-Daddy to Be? Or not? We've recently spotted Harry out with his (very cute!) sub, Louis Tomlinson, 19, who is sporting his teensie baby bump—which we offer our congratulations! But could Harry Styles be avoiding fatherhood? It was difficult to stop staring at the baby bump—but when we did, we saw a bare ring finger! Why hasn't Daddy proposed to Mummy yet? Could it be that he's hanging on to his playboy ways and avoiding the inevitable? Styles, who announced the pregnancy at a recent gala he attended with business partner Liam Payne, seemed very excited, but was that just a front to appease his fellow partners?

Nothing more was said on the matter, but a heartfelt toast was given! So, Harry, can we expect to hear wedding bells in the future? Stay tuned for more information about the family-to-be (or not to be)! -Tania Lawrence, London Examiner

Harry read the article twice, each time making him angrier. How dare they write this about his personal life? He turned to Louis, who's eyes were still closed.

"Is this why you've been so upset?" He asked. Louis opened his eyes and nodded. "Why didn't you tell me? Remember we agreed to talk to each other?"

"I just wanted to forget that I ever read it. I knew that it would upset you."

"It's upset you more than me, love. Do not believe a single word of this trash." He smoothed Louis' mussed hair. "I don't want you to be upset over something that isn't true. All of those punishments could have been avoided if you would have just said something." Harry told him.

"I know. I used bad judgement and I'm sorry. I should have told you." Louis admitted. Harry kissed the top of his head.

"You can't let things like this stress you out, okay? You need to tell me about these things as soon as they happen."

"I will. I'm sorry." Louis apologized. Harry was so glad to have his sub back in his arms.
He changed the subject. "You and Bean slept a long time." He observed. "On me, most of the night."

Louis blushed. "Sorry, the pillow isn't as warm as you are, and we get cold sometimes."

"Well, we can't let that happen anymore, can we?" Harry placed his hand on Louis' thigh and rubbed it. "I have an electric blanket in the hall closet. I'll hook that up tonight for you two." Harry loved referring to Louis and Bean as one person. "You two are almost out of the first trimester."

"I know. And then it's only a few more weeks until we can for sure find out the gender." Louis said excitedly. "I think maybe eighteen weeks is the earliest to tell?"

"I think so too, love. Now, let's go get you and Bean some lunch." He stood with Louis and helped him downstairs. Liam and Niall were nowhere to be seen. Harry set Louis up with a sandwich and some crisps, sitting across from him as he ate.

He thought about the article. Now if he proposed, Louis would think it was because of the article. But then again, that didn't matter. Harry's had the ring since before Christmas. He loved Louis and wanted to marry him, wanted the world to know. He was conflicted. He watched Louis finish the sandwich and take the plate to the dishwasher. He stood up.

"I have to go make some calls, finalize some things for tonight." He told Louis, who turned the dishwasher on and looked up at him.

"Okay. I'm going to go watch TV." He told his dom. They went their separate ways, Harry heading to his office to confirm the times of the carriage ride for them. Liam had scheduled a separate ride for him and Niall, claiming that he didn't want to interfere on Harry's proposal. They confirmed the time for ten o'clock at night, and Harry had a special something planned at midnight.

He was in his office for maybe an hour, typing away furiously at an email he had opened after making his calls. Of course everything had to fall apart at the New Year. People threatening to pull away, and swarms of upcoming and even established companies asking to partner. His head was swimming and he was starting to develop a headache when his door creaked open.

He barely looked up and didn't even reprimand Louis for walking up the stairs by himself. The boy walked over to Harry and stood there, his dom not even looking at him. He let out a low whine and Harry hummed.
"What Louis? I really need to concentrate right now." He said, and instead of Louis leaving like he thought he would, his laptop was slammed shut and he had a lap full of Louis. He was about to tell him to leave when the small boy attached their lips, rocking his hips down. Harry was confused. A week ago Louis didn't want anyone to touch him, and now he was all over Harry, demanding attention.

Harry gladly gave it to him, resting his hands on Louis' waist, gently squeezing as they snogged hotly. He was grinding his bum in Harry's lap, and soon his cock thickened, interested in the very fit boy on top of him.

Louis got off and dropped to his knees in front of Harry and tugged the zip of his jeans down, fumbling with the button and yanking Harry's cock out. He dived right in, licking the head like a lolly, swiping his tongue over the slit before wrapping his lips around the head and sucking. Harry ran his fingers through Louis' soft hair and gripped the back of his head.

Louis opened his throat and sucked harder, bobbing his head. Harry had no idea Louis was so good at giving a blowjob, but fuck if he was complaining. He watched as Louis' pretty pink lips stretched around the girth, tears gathering in his eyes, and his cheeks flushing.

The head of his cock hit the back of Louis' throat and the small boy gagged once before bobbing his head faster. He brought his hand up and toyed with Harry's balls as he rubbed his other hand up and down the thick shaft.

He slid his mouth all the way off and attached his lips to the head, suckling gently, tongue digging into the slit before sucking again. He looked up at Harry innocently and Harry cursed and began moving his hips up and down, holding Louis' head as his cock disappeared in and out of his mouth.

"Fuck, baby. Gonna make me come." He gritted through his teeth. Louis bobbed his head and moved his hand furiously. He squeezed Harry's balls gently and then Harry was coming down his throat, hot and salty.

Louis swallowed it and slurped around Harry. He licked his doms cock clean, suckling on the head. Harry had to psychically pull the boy up and away from his sensitive cock. He stood up quickly and moved his laptop. He hoisted Louis up onto his desk, swiping all of the papers off onto the floor and attaching their lips. Louis tugged the end of Harry's shirt up, and Harry quickly removed it, throwing it across the room. He kicked off his jeans and yanked Louis' sweatpants off.
"Dirty little boy. Hm? Such a dirty boy for Daddy." Harry whispered hotly into Louis' ear. "Perfect, though. My perfect baby." He lifted Louis' shirt off and attached his lips to the soft skin of his sub's neck, sucking a dark mark into the tan skin while he moved his fingers to Louis' nipples, squeezing. Louis gasped and arched his back.

"You like that baby? Are they still sensitive?" He asked, pinching the pretty pink buds between his fingertips. Louis nodded and gasped when he felt Harry attach his lips around one. The warm, wet heat sent Louis into a frenzy. He tugged at Harry's curls, moaning loudly.

Harry alternated between sucking on Louis' nipples and pinching them, gently though because he didn't want Louis' to be sore and in pain later. The whole time he was assaulting Louis' nipples, Louis was whining and withering on the desk, dying to get some type of friction on his own leaking, aching cock.

Harry finally stopped and kissed Louis deeply, hands traveling down to behind Louis' knees and bringing them, making him set his feet up on the desk. Harry pulled the chair over and sat down, eye-level to Louis' quivering, needy hole.

He ran a finger over the muscle gently, and Louis whimpered, eager for Harry's cock. "So beautiful, darling." He complimented before diving in, running his tongue over Louis' hole a few times, running the tip of his tongue around the ring before finally pushing through.

Louis arched his back and Harry took the opportunity to slide in a finger, and then two quickly. He moved them in and out as he licked around the rim, making it wet with his saliva. Louis made a keening sound in the back of his throat, reaching down to palm himself. He nearly cried when Harry slapped his hand away.

"Nuh uh, darling." He said, sliding the fingers in and out, scissoring them.

"Please daddy, I'm ready, pleasepleaseplease." He pleaded frantically. His body felt like it was aflame, like a live wire, and he felt like he could die if he didn't have anything filling him up in the next few seconds.

"Alright, baby. You're being so good." Harry said. He brought his hand up to grip at Louis' cock, thumb swiping over the head and moving up and down. The dry friction sent Louis' head spinning. Harry began licking around Louis' hole once more and Louis came with a shout, bucking up into Harry's fist.
His head thumped back onto the desk, his chest heaving. Harry kept moving his hand, pumping over Louis while he continued to finger the boy.

"Beautiful, baby. I love you so much." Harry praised Louis, who tried to push Harry's away from his sensitive cock. "Think you can get hard again for me?" He asked.

Louis shook his head, and Harry cooed. "I bet you can, darling. Come on, get hard for me again and I'll fuck you so good." Harry promised, and Louis shook his head.

"Make love." He corrected.

"You're right, baby. We'll make love." Harry said, moving his hand and fingers quicker. Soon, Louis' cock was filling up again, bordering on painful. Harry pulled his hand away from Louis' cock and removed his fingers, watching Louis' hole clench around nothing. He grabbed the packet of lube that he had sitting in his desk drawer and slicked up his cock, rubbing the remaining over Louis' hole.

"Ready, baby?" He asked, and Louis nodded. He had been ready for forever, it felt. Harry kissed his knee and pushed in slowly. Louis arched his back and whined loudly. Once Harry was all the way in, he didn't give Louis time to adjust before he was thrusting, his hips meeting Louis' bum. He aimed directly for Louis' prostate, hitting it dead on.

The moans that Louis was letting out spurred him on, and he snapped his hips in and out, placing his hands under Louis' knees and holding them out. His balls slapped against Louis with every thrust, the sound of skin hitting skin and Louis' panting and moaning were the only things that filled the room.

He moved his hand from under Louis knee and grabbed the boys cock, pumping it slowly.

"Harry!" Louis breathed. "Need to come again. Please." Harry took pity and pumped his cock faster in time to his sharp thrusts. He kept hitting Louis' prostate, making Louis open his mouth in a silent scream. Harry watched as the boy came again, spurting up onto his belly. The tight, clenching hole around his cock made Harry move faster, hips stuttering as he came deep inside the boy.

He rode out his orgasm and pulled out slowly, Louis hissing slightly.
"Uh, oh, baby." He said, sitting back down into the chair. "Looks like I have to clean you up." He slid two fingers back into Louis, who almost jackknifed and pleaded. There were messy tear tracks across his face and his cheeks were red and hair messy, but that made Harry want to ruin him even more.

"Lay back down, darling. I want you to come for me again." He ordered, and Louis laid back down, sniffling and breathing heavily. Harry watched as he pulled his cum out with his fingers and pushed it back in.

After a while of fingering, he pulled them out and held them up to Louis' mouth. "Suck." He said, and Louis complied, wrapping his wet and bright red lips around Harry's fingers, sucking the cum from them.

"Good boy." Harry said. He sealed his mouth over Louis' hole and sucked hard, making Louis sob out. His head felt very floaty, and his ears were fuzzy. The pleasure he was receiving was sending him into overdrive. He felt a tightening in his lower abdomen, and then he was coming weakly, his cock immediately softening.

"So beautiful." Harry praised, standing up. "Love you so much, baby, so much. Are you with me, darling?" He asked.

"Floaty." Was all Louis could say. Like the color system, Harry had drilled subspace into his head as well. He didn't think that they would achieve it so soon, but the blissful look across Louis face told him otherwise.

"I know." He agreed, putting his hands under Louis' arms and pulling his limp body up. Louis slumped against him, resting his hot, flushed skin on Harry's slightly colder chest. "You did so well, baby. You make me so proud." He praised.

"What's your color, darling?" He asked.

"Fuzzy." Louis replied quietly. Harry laughed quietly and wiped his thumbs under Louis' eyes.

"Color, love. Not feeling."

"Green, floating green. Fuzzy green?" He said, unsure. "I'm tired." He yawned against Harry.
"I know baby." He replied, gathering Louis' sweatpants from the floor and pulling them onto the small boy. "Let's go lay down, hm?" He asked, pulling his own on. Louis nodded and stood on his shaking legs. He wrapped his arms around his sub. "Jump."

He carried Louis into their room and laid him down on the bed, settling in next to him. He tucked the covers around them and pushed Louis' sweaty fringe away from his forehead. His eyes were glassy and unfocused, but they looked better than they did a few minutes ago. Harry figured that he should be out of it soon.

He traced his fingers over Louis' flushed skin, rubbing his belly and just talking to him about random things. He knew that Louis wouldn't understand him, but it would bring him out of subspace faster.

A few minutes later, Louis blinked up at him and smiled.

"Hi there." Harry said. "Welcome back."

"Hi." Louis snuggled closer to his dom.

"Feel better?" He asked. Louis nodded.

"Much better. Thank you." He said. "I just felt...you know. I guess it's a side-effect of pregnancy."

"My favorite one so far." Harry told him. Louis laughed quietly and nuzzled into Harry's chest. "Before I forget." He said, reaching over and grabbing the jar of nipple cream from Louis' nightstand. He uncapped it and spread it across his thumb and two fingers. "Don't want you to get sore." He explained, rubbing it gently across Louis' tender nipple. Once all of the cream was rubbed in, he screwed the lid back on and sat it back.

"Thanks." Louis said, kissing Harry's collarbone.

"You're welcome. Always gonna take care of you." Harry murmured to his sleepy sub. Louis just scooted closer and wrapped his arm around Harry's waist. All of the sex had made them both exhausted and they had no trouble falling asleep.
And if Liam had gone into Harry’s office a few hours later in search of his business partner and saw the mess that they had made, he never told a soul.

Chapter End Notes

BOOM
not new years eve left. i got crazy writing this and i didnt want it to be too long
enjoy the longest and dirtiest smut ive ever written
let me know how ya like it
explanation for louis' behavior was legit, right?
lololololololololololololololol
Harry and Louis woke up from their ridiculously long nap around nine o'clock. The took a warm shower and washed the sticky mess away. Louis was pliant and happy in the shower, and that made Harry ecstatic.

Their relationship was a hundred times healthier than it had been at the beginning, and everything ran smoothly when deciding punishments. He loved the idea of letting Louis help him decide. Of course, he had the final say in everything, but he always wanted to know if Louis thought that there was something that he couldn't do or didn't want to do.

He was happy with their relationship right now, to be honest, and he was thrilled at the idea of being a father. Especially if Louis was the mum. That kid would be a looker, no doubt.

He couldn't help but admire Louis as they were drying off to get dressed. His baby bump wasn't so big that everyone noticed it, but when he wore tight shirts, it was definitely visible, which he loved. Harry found himself more protective over Louis than ever before when they went out in public. Also, a lot more aroused at just the sight of the pregnant boy.

It stirred something in him, knowing that he put that baby in Louis, he's the one that's making Louis' tummy grow bigger and bigger everyday. he loved knowing that he could have as many kids as he wanted with Louis because, let's face it, regular Louis is stunning, but pregnant Louis was mesmerizing. Harry always found himself staring at his sub in the mornings when he woke up. He loved everything about Louis.

"What are you staring at?" Louis' soft voice broke him out of his trance. He hadn't realized that he was staring.

"The most beautiful person I've ever seen." Harry said, swooping in for a kiss.
"That's all very well, but would you mind getting me a sweater or something? I'm going to wear a long-sleeved shirt and a coat, but I want the extra layers." He explained.

"Of course, darling. Say no more." Harry made his way into the closet, pulling down a cream colored sweater. He went over to Louis, who was wearing a pair of his maternity jeans (skinny of course, because Harry wanted to showcase his bum), and a long black shirt that Harry recognized as his. He handed the sweater to Louis, who slid it on and adjusted it.

"Okay. I'm ready." He announced, running his fingers through his hair. "Wait! My ears might get cold." He said. Harry shut the light off and led him to the door.

"I've got earmuffs in the car, love." He assured Louis, who accepted the answer and followed Harry downstairs. They met Liam and Niall at the door, and they all slipped their coats and shoes on.

Harry made sure no part of Louis froze tonight, and Louis stood still as Harry wrapped a dark maroon scarf around his neck and buttoned his coat up all the way. He slipped warm gloves on Louis' fingers and stepped back.

"Now we can go." He said, crooking his arm. They linked arms and made their way to the vehicle. Once everyone was in and situated, Harry drove off. Louis and Niall chattered quietly in the backseat, neither of them knowing what was in store for them tonight.

Harry drove for awhile before pulling up and shutting the car off at a park. He opened the door and helped Louis out. They waved goodbye to Liam and Niall, who took the Escalade and drove away. Harry led Louis over to a waiting carriage and watched as the smaller boys jaw dropped.

The coachman bowed and opened the carriage door. Harry helped Louis up and followed behind. A few seconds later, the coachman snapped the reigns and they were moving. Louis kissed Harry's cheek before turning to look out the window.

There were twinkling white Christmas lights strung up in every tree, making the whole park glow and feel so inviting and magical. They passed a frozen pond, where two people were ice skating. Louis watched with a smile on his face as they skated with such precision and charisma. They passed the pond and soon came upon a glowing fountain. The water had colored lights and sprayed red and green up into the sky.

Harry watched Louis instead of looking out at the park. The boys eyes lit up at everything he saw,
and Harry was so glad that he had thought of this. He had to pay a hefty price to get the lights strung up and for hot water to be put in the fountain for it to go, and he had hired a famous ice skating duo to skate around the pond, but he would give his whole bank account just to see Louis smile.

The carriage came to a stop and the coachman opened the door and Harry stepped down and helped Louis out. They were in front of a gazebo with lights wrapped up around it. There was a table sitting in the middle and two covered dishes on top. Harry held Louis' hand and walked him over, pulling out his chair for him. He had placed a heating pad under each cushion so that their bottoms wouldn't freeze, and there was a small space heater under the table. He sat across for him and a waiter came forward and poured them champagne; ginger ale for Louis.

Harry raised his glass. "Here's to an incredible New Year," He said. "To fatherhood and hopefully much more." Louis blushed and they clinked their glasses. They uncovered the dishes. There was roasted chicken with sauteed potatoes and green beans with some sort of sauce around it.

They made heart eyes across the table as they ate, talking about the most random things, but that's what made it great and romantic. Absolutely no work was talked about; the whole conversation was about them.

They finished off with dessert, which was chocolate liqueur souffle. Louis moaned around the fork at the heavenly dessert. They finished their meal and were soon walking hand in hand back to the carriage.

"One more stop, love." Harry said, bringing Louis' hand up and kissing it. They cuddled up in the carriage as they rode along in the park, marveling at the lights. Snow began to fall lightly in thick, fluffy puffs.

They pulled up and stopped, Harry helping Louis down. They were back at the pond, the ice skaters still skating beautifully. They sat on a bench and watched as the two skaters twirled and jumped on the ice. Louis cheeks were red from the cold, and Harry could probably guess that his were too.

Harry checked his watch: it was almost time. He squeezed Louis hand and brought him to stand up, smiling but looking confused.

"I love you darling." He said before dropping to one knee. Louis' eyes widened and he gasped.

"Harry?" He asked when his dom took his hand.
"Louis, baby. We've known each other for not even half a year, and in that short amount of time I've hurt you, I've left you alone, I've gotten you pregnant, and I've also fallen so deeply and madly in love with you. You make me crazy and sometimes I want to scream at how frustrating you can get sometimes, but darling, I wouldn't have it any other way. I love waking up next to you, or with you squeezing me to death in your sleep, I love the way you kick me in your sleep. I love the way you've gotten so independent with me, and I love how you're not afraid to speak your opinions with me. I love the way you cradle your tummy whenever you walk, and how you always say goodnight to Bean. I love how sassy you are and how you're never rude about it, either. You can turn me on with just a look, and you can make me laugh with just one word."

Louis was crying now, his hand covering his mouth. Harry continued.

"I love how incredible you look with my baby inside of you, and I can't wait to hold the baby in my arms and start a family with you. You're passionate and spontaneous and so very smart. I've fallen head over heels for you, Louis Tomlinson, so I need to ask; will you do me the greatest honor and become Louis Styles?" He asked, taking the velvet black box out of his coat pocket and holding it up. The ring glistened in the moonlight and Louis cried harder, nodding his head furiously.

"Yes." He choked out. Harry stood and wrapped his arms around Louis, dipping him down and kissing him deeply. Pops were heard, and fireworks went off in the dark, starry sky. Harry pulled away and pulled off the glove and slid the ring on Louis' slender ring finger. He pulled Louis close and hugged him tightly, watching the fireworks go off.

Louis was so happy. This was one of the best days of his life, and now he knows what Harry had meant in his toast when he had said 'to fatherhood and hopefully much more'. Harry kissed his temple and stared down at him lovingly.

"I love you." He whispered.

"I love you too."

Louis was quick to show off his ring to Niall, who hugged him tightly. Liam clapped Harry on the back and congratulated them both. The ride back to the house was filled with excited chatter from Niall and Louis, and even though it was after midnight, the boys didn't seem tired.
They all hurried into the house and out of the cold when they got home. The tiredness must have hit as soon as they entered the warm and cozy house because soon they were all yawning and heading upstairs to bed. Harry crawled into bed and closed his eyes, but Louis had other ideas. He climbed on top of Harry and kissed his senseless.

"Really Louis? Right now?" He asked, but he rolled Louis over on his back anyway and made love to him that night, the first time as fiancés. They slept wrapped up in each other that night.

15 weeks: Your baby is the size of a navel orange. You might not yet be feeling it, but your baby is kicking those little legs and flexing those elbows, while — higher up — you may be coping with some dental weirdness.

It was a week after New Years (and a week after Harry proposed), and Louis was back to his online classes, opting to stay home for his schooling rather than going to the campus. Harry liked him staying home too. It made him feel more at ease knowing that Louis was safe at home with Niall while he and Liam were at work.

Ever since the new year, he and Liam had been busier than ever, landing more accounts than ever imaginable. So that meant that they had to stay at the office later, and get there earlier. He felt guilty that they hadn't been spending any time together lately, but he knew that Louis understood.

He and Niall were growing bigger everyday, Niall's bump not even showing yet, and Louis' showing even through some of Harry's jumpers. He was big for 15 weeks, but the doctor had said that it was perfectly normal and the ultrasound showed that the baby was big. That made Louis glower at Harry, who shrugged apologetically.

The fact that Louis was going to have to push out a big baby left his mind quickly. He didn't care just as long as Bean was healthy, which he was. Right now, while Harry and Liam were at work, Niall and Louis were sitting and drinking tea with their mums, settling in after the usual belly touching.

After the holidays, all four mums had become great friends, and they were always together. e. They were in the city shopping, and invited Niall and Louis out to lunch. They had gone to a corner coffee shop and Louis ate a BLT, craving bacon right now. Niall had ordered a hoagie, and the mums ordered salads. They ate and chatted, Louis proudly displaying his ring, making everyone cry.

"Have you started wedding planning yet?" Jay asked, stirring her tea.
"We wanted to wait until the baby was born before we actually got married." Louis admitted. "But I guess I could start planning now?"

Anne clapped her hands. "Well, that's exciting! Do you have a general idea of what season you want to have the wedding?"

"Well, the doctor said the estimated due date was around July 7th, so maybe in the fall? I would love a fall wedding." He said. "Around October." He clarified. "But then the baby would only be three months...so maybe we could wait a year?" He had no idea how difficult just choosing a time frame would be.

All four women nodded. "Whatever you think is best, dear. Although, I would get married as soon as possible. Who knows?" Karen said. "You could get pregnant again in the year you're waiting." She pointed out.

Maura nodded. "Exactly. I got pregnant with Niall in the year I waited." She looked at Niall, who blushed. "But I'm glad I did."

"I guess Harry and I will just have to sit down and decide. I don't know when that will be, though. He's been so stressed lately. He and Liam have been under tremendous pressure at work." He said, Niall nodding his head in confirmation.

"That's too bad." Maura sympathized.

"Just don't allow work into your personal lives." Anne advised.

"Or your bedroom." Karen said.

"That kind of stuff can tear you two apart before you realize what's hit you. Don't let him get irritable with you, either. You're pregnant, so believe it or not, you have the upper hand right now. You need to tell him that you're not going to stand for it." Anne told them both.

Louis nodded. "We haven't had any time to talk or be by ourselves." He said. "He's been leaving really early and sometimes he won't get home until after eleven or so." He shrugged. "I guess I'm
used to being alone now."

The mums made similar sad faces, but they all knew. Their husbands all had very stressful jobs too. They knew what Louis and Niall were going through.

"You should let him know, sweetie." Jay said, the others shaking their heads. "Both of you are in delicate positions and you need the comfort that only your doms can provide."

"I know. I'll try to stay up tonight and talk to him. I've been having trouble with staying asleep anyway." He said.

The conversation lasted for another thirty minutes or so before they decided to leave. The little TV in the corner of the shop had the weather channel on, suggesting everyone to head home due to a severe storm heading their way in a few hours.

Niall, who was now driving, and Louis had decided to go to the grocery store to buy some staples, just in case they were stuck in the house for a few days. They also stocked up on some flashlights and candles, in case the power went out.

They hurried home, unpacking the car slowly, with Louis' belly making it hard for him to bend over or to carry heavy stuff, but he did anyway. They sat the candles and flashlights up in the den so they would be easy to find if needed.

It was only around four o'clock, so they put on a kettle and flicked the fireplace on. They grabbed their mugs and curled up on the couch.

"Do you and Liam have names picked out yet?" Louis asked, blowing on his tea.

"We haven't really talked about it. We want to get out of the first trimester before we start making the final decisions, you know? What about you and Harry?"

"Nothing yet. I've been looking though, and I have a few to run by Harry. I just hope he has some suggestions or that he likes them."
"Hey, it's starting to snow." Niall pointed out. It was snowing quickly, the white flakes twirling to the ground and layering it quickly.

"I hope that they have enough sense to leave work." Louis grumbled, hoisting himself off of the couch and walking to get his cell phone. He dialed Harry's number and looked out the curtain. It went straight to voicemail.

"Damn." He said. "Voicemail. I hope that means he's driving home and can't answer it." He muttered.

"I'm sure that they won't stay at the office once they see how bad it's going to get." Niall said, hoping he was right. Louis sighed and moved from the curtain.

"Do you want to start on dinner?" He asked. "I highly doubt that any restaurant is still open and willing to deliver." Niall nodded and they made their way into the kitchen.

"What do you want to make?" Niall asked, opening the refrigerator. Louis grabbed a jar of olives.

"This is the only thing I want." He said, cramming a few into his mouth. Niall made a face. "But how about we make pizza?"

"Ooh, perfect!" Niall squealed, and they made busy preheating the oven and stretching out the dough. Niall handled the stove work, cooking some Italian sausage to put on the pizzas.

Louis chopped some onions and bell peppers. They used canned mushrooms because they didn't buy any fresh ones. Once the crusts were done in the oven, they spread the tomato sauce on them and started sprinkling cheese and toppings on them, getting creative.

Niall made a small smiley face with pepperonis and green peppers and Louis did the same on the opposite pizza. They slid them into the oven and cleaned up the mess. It had started snowing harder, accompanied by wind.

Louis looked worried, staring out the window. "Stupid Harry." He said, standing next to Niall by the sink. Niall agreed with him.
"Stupid Liam." He added. Louis sighed and called Harry again.

"Nothing. Why does he have a phone if he never answers?"

"Liam isn't answering his either." Niall replied. "They're probably on their way home right now." He hoped.

Louis shrugged and paced the kitchen, one hand under his belly. "They better be." He said sharply. Niall sighed and looked back out the window. Why must they have been assigned to such hard working doms?

It was nearing nine o'clock and still no sign of Harry and Liam. Louis was ready to scream, and Niall was almost to that point. They had tried calling both men countless times, getting the voicemail each time. It was frustrating and stressful.

Louis hadn't stopped pacing, both hands on the small of his back, massaging the sore muscles.

"Damn them both." He muttered every few minutes, and Niall could only agree with him. They had the news on softly in the background, watching the weather reports and the road conditions.

Niall turned it up when there was a shot of a massive pileup of cars on the 409. Louis stopped pacing and they watched with wide eyes and rapidly beating hearts.

"There has been a seven car pileup on the 409 just a mere twenty minutes ago due to the icy conditions of the road. No deaths were reported, and any and all injured people were rushed to various hospitals. Identities are being kept under wraps until further notice. I'm Michelle Kinney, and this is LNDN News at 8:30. Stay tuned for more weather information."

"Jesus." Niall muttered. Louis sighed into his hands.

"I'm going to bed." He announced. "Or, just up to my room."
"Me too." Niall said, flicking the TV off and helping his friend upstairs.

"Night, Nialler." Said Louis, hugging Niall.

"Night." Niall replied before walking to his and Liam's side of the house. Louis entered their warm bedroom and changed into sweatpants and one of Harry's sweaters. He flicked on his lamp and powered up his laptop. Might as well get some schoolwork done.

He settled under the warm electric blanket and started writing a few reports down for the two classes he was in this semester. He was thankful that both professors were easygoing and that he could email his finished essays and papers to them.

It was nearing eleven thirty when he finally sent the last essay in. He rubbed his eyes and shut his laptop closed and walked it over to the dresser. He used the bathroom and brushed his teeth before climbing back into bed.

He snuggled up with his pillow and was on the cusp of sleep when the bedroom door creaked open and closed. There was some shuffling and then the bed dipped and cold arms wrapped themselves around his middle. He turned and came face to face with an exhausted looking Harry.

"No way." He said, sitting up. "You're in the guest room tonight." He ordered. Harry looked up at him.

"Why?" He asked, placing his hand on Louis' belly, which Louis removed.

"Because! You didn't answer any of my calls and there's a snowstorm going on outside?" He exclaimed. Harry closed his eyes and sighed.

"Love, it's not that big of a deal." He said tiredly.

"Not a big deal? Not a big deal? You take the 409 to and from work, right?" Louis asked. Harry nodded. "There was a seven car pileup on the 409 tonight! And you didn't answer your phone because it wasn't a big deal."
"Oh, that was cleared off way before Liam and I left." Harry said nonchalantly. He rested his forearm over his eyes.

"Oh, great. I'm glad." Louis said sarcastically.

"Louis, it's late and I'm tired. I would like to get a good nights sleep." He said.

"Okay, well the guest bedroom is down the hall, in case you forgot." Louis snipped.

"I'm not sleeping in the guest bedroom. Stop being unreasonable and let's go to sleep, please."

"I'm not being unreasonable!" Louis exclaimed.

"Listen to yourself. Yes you are."

"I never see you anymore because you're always working. You never answer my calls and we never talk! You always leave before I wake up and you're always home when I'm asleep. So excuse me if I'm seeming unreasonable to you by worrying about you when there's a snowstorm going on and car crashes everywhere. You're right, it's not a big deal that you work late and I'm home worrying all the time. Forgive me, please, if I want Bean's father to come home." He said, climbing out of bed and dragging his pillow with him to the guest bedroom, slamming the door.

He climbed into the cold bed and curled up. He wiped his eyes and nose. He hated how Harry didn't understand how much he worried about him. Harry would never understand, really. It wasn't fair that Harry could brush this off and act like him coming home late and them never seeing each other anymore was no big deal. Louis couldn't act like that.

He wiped his eyes once more before forcing himself to fall asleep.

Harry rolled over to the side where Louis was just sitting, laying into him about how felt. So, it was wrong for him to tell his sensitive and pregnant sub that was he was being unreasonable. He didn't think that he would ever understand how Louis' felt. He sighed and rolled out of bed and headed
towards the guestroom.

Louis' back was facing the door but Harry could tell he was awake. He climbed into the bed next to him and pulled him close. When Louis didn't protest, he placed his hands across his baby bump.

"Bean's the size of an orange, right?" Harry asked, kissing Louis behind his ear. "And I love oranges." Louis was silent, so he went on. "And I love Bean so very much but I love Bean's mummy most of all. When I'm working, I'll find myself just staring at the pictures of you and the ultrasounds of Bean I have on my desk, and wishing that I was with you at home. Every morning when I wake up and have to literally peel you off of me, my brain screams at me to stay and cuddle with you some more. But I need to work so that you and Bean will live a comfortable life. I need to provide for you two."

"And darling, I've always told you that your timing is horrible, because as soon as I sit down in a meeting, my phone is vibrating in my pocket, the contact picture is of you. The meetings last for hours, love. And I don't call you back because it's usually either your nap time or I have another meeting to go to. I will never understand how worried you get, and I wish that you weren't. I will always come home, and you are never to forget that. Understand? And how about I take the next week off and we spend every single moment together?"

Louis shifted and turned to face Harry. "There's that beautiful face. I was missing it terribly." Harry pouted, and Louis' face broke into a smile.

"Are you really going to take a week off from work?" Louis asked and Harry nodded.

"I'll take a whole year if it means that you aren't upset with me anymore." He promised. Louis rolled his eyes and giggled.

"Bean loves you too." He said, and Harry moved his hands from Louis' belly to his back and massaged the sore muscles there.

"And in three weeks, we get to find out Bean's gender, hm?" He asked. "I'm excited to see my little baby."

"Can we talk about baby names?" Louis asked.
"Of course, darling. First thing tomorrow, hm? Daddy is quite tired, and I bet Bean is too." He said, closing his eyes. Louis shifted closer to him, and he kept massaging Louis' back until he was positive that the boy was asleep.

He pressed a kiss to Louis' nose and fell right to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

so mad right now bc that Harry Styles fanfic has just had the movie rights bought that is depicting Harry as something he is not and im pretty sure they didn't ask his permission and im gonna go ahead and say that he wouldn't let them do it anyway...... ANYWAYS enjoy

ALSO i have no idea how long this is going to last BUT THERE WILL BE A SEQUEL!!!

baby names will be revealed next chapter!
"Esther."

"Nope."

"June?"

"No way."

"Margaret?"

"Louis, where are you getting those baby names?" Harry finally asked. It was the first day of Harry's day off, and after they both slept peacefully for more than ten hours, they ordered a pizza, which was now sitting in between them on their bed. Louis was reading a list of baby names out loud to Harry. 

"This book! And this website." He defended. "Now, if you'll let me continue. I'm almost done with the baby girl list." Louis said. Harry rolled his eyes and handed Louis his pizza crust. He wasn't too fond of them and they seemed to be Louis' favorite part. The boy accepted it and began nibbling lightly.

"Tatum?"

"No."
Louis' breath hitched. "Oh, Harry! This one is perfect." He said breathlessly. His lower lip started to
tremble.

"Baby, don't cry. What's the name?" Harry asked, shaking his head at his emotional sub.

"Olivia." Louis told him. "We can name her Olivia Anne! Harry it's perfect!" Louis exclaimed.
Harry didn't have to think twice.

"That's perfect, darling. So perfect. Little Olivia Anne Styles." He said. The name slid easily out of
his mouth. He loved it. "Now Bean needs a boy name."

"I'm right on top of that." Louis said, clicking something on his iPad. "Kellan?"

"No."

"Brody?"

"Hell no."

"Wyatt?"

"Never."

"Emerson?"

"Maybe."

"Finn?"

"Top five."
"Elijah?"

"Maybe."

"Elliot?"

"Top five."

"Harry Edward Junior?"

That one made Harry look at Louis. "I don't think-"

"Oh please Harry?" Louis begged. "I love the idea of little Harry running around the house. What if he looks just like you? Big green eyes and unruly curls-"

"They're not unruly." Harry defended. Louis raised an eyebrow.

"Yes they are. But can you imagine?" Louis teared up. "Rocking little Harry to sleep?"

Harry sighed. "Okay. That can be in the top five. Let's not rush to name our baby after me until we've made the top five list." He said.

"Deal." Louis reached over and grabbed a notepad and scribbled something across the top. He wrote Olivia Anne under the word 'girl' and under 'boy' he wrote Finn, Elliot, Harry Edward.

"Now, let's add two more names and then we can decide!" He exclaimed. He read off what seemed like a hundred names before they added the last two: Jonah and Caleb.

Harry had long since put the pizza box on the floor and Louis was now laying beside him, resting his head on Harry's shoulder and they were both staring at the list.
"Can we just decide on a name when we see him, if it's a boy?" Louis asked quietly.

"Of course. Although, since Bean is a big baby, you might be doped up for awhile."

"Oh, I've decided on a natural birth. I've been googling it." Louis informed Harry, who looked at his sub in disbelief.

"Are you sure, Louis? I've heard that childbirth is an extremely painful experience."

"I know, but I'm going to sign up for birthing classes and learn breathing techniques."

"I want to say I fully support you on this, but baby, you're going to be in so much pain."

"I know, Harry." Louis huffed. "I just don't want to be all doped up when Bean is born."

"Alright, love. Whatever you want to do, that's what we'll do." Harry promised, kissing the top of Louis' head. He stared back down at the list. He couldn't wait to see his little baby.

"I'm going to gain a pound a week from now until the baby is born." Louis groaned, dropping his head onto the kitchen table.

"So?" Harry asked, checking on the roasted chicken he was preparing. Ever since the dinner they'd had on New Years Eve, the only thing Louis really wanted to eat was roasted chicken and roasted vegetables.

"A pound, Harry. That's twenty-five more pounds until Bean is born. That's like thirty pounds of baby weight I'll have leftover."

"And?" Harry asked again, not seeing why his sub was so distraught over gaining weight.
"I'm supposed to be fit for you, not some huge whale." He whined. Harry looked at him.

"You're not supposed to be fit for me, love. You're supposed to be healthy, and that's what you are. You're healthy and you're still fit and baby weight doesn't matter because you need it." He told Louis sharply. He hated it when Louis thought so negative of himself.

"I guess." Louis sighed as he slid down from the stool he was sitting on and made his way to the fridge. He pulled out some orange juice and placed it on the counter. "Can you get me a glass?" He asked Harry politely.

Harry handed him down a glass and snuck in a quick kiss before turning back to the oven to check the roasting vegetables. Louis poured half a glass and drank it quickly. His doctor had advised him that it was a quick and tasty way to get his vitamins A, C, and D, as well as calcium.

"It's almost ready, love." Harry said, checking the temperature of the chicken. "Do you want to eat in here or in the dining room?" Louis choose to eat in the kitchen, in their little breakfast nook, so he could look out the window and watch the snow fall.

"Alright, why don't you go ahead and set the plates and silverware out, hm?" Harry asked him, removing the vegetables from the oven. Louis nodded and sat down two plates. Liam and Niall had used Liam's week off to travel to visit their families. The roads were cleared off now, and they were being salted a few times daily to ensure no ice is present.

Harry brought over the chicken and vegetables. Instead of sitting across from each other, they sat side by side, thighs pressing together. Louis loved the extra warmth since he was always so cold. Harry put some food on each plate and Louis dug in hungrily.

He kept one hand on Harry's thigh and the other one on his fork, eating quietly.

"Can we take a bath later?" He asked, spearing a potato. "I'm always cold now, and the water helps take some of the pressure off of my back."

"Of course, baby. We can do whatever you want. You've got me for seven days." He replied.
They finished up, Louis eating more than he would like to admit, and Harry cleaned up while Louis watched him, making goofy faces whenever he caught Harry's eye. Soon, they were on their way upstairs.

Harry turned the water on hot and turned to Louis to help him strip out of his jumper and sweatpants. Once Louis was completely naked, Harry pulled his own clothes off and stepped into the tub, turning to help Louis.

Louis' body fully relaxed once he was submerged in the hot water. Him and Harry were sitting next to each other and Louis rested his head on Harry's shoulder.

"What do you hope Bean is?" Louis asked.

"Healthy." Harry replied. "But gender wise? I would love a little boy. Someone to mentor and teach, someone to pass the business too." He said.

"You couldn't do that to a daughter?" Louis looked up at him.

"I've already decided that the first born will get the business, darling. So if Bean is in fact an Olivia, she'll get the business." He clarified. Louis nodded his head.

"Okay." He said. "Thank you for taking a week off for me."

"I would do anything to keep you happy, you know that right?" Harry looked down at him. "Anything and everything. And I'm glad I did, baby. I love spending time with you."

Louis smiled at the attention Harry was giving him. "Love you Harry." He said a few moments later, yawning.

"Is it nap time already?" Harry asked. Louis shook his head. The water was just so warm and soothing, and he didn't want to get out just yet. "I think it is, baby. We'll take another bath later, okay? Now come on." Harry said, getting out and fetching a towel. He was glad that the bathroom had heated floors.
He dried Louis off and got him dressed, laying him into bed. He reached for the jar of stretch mark cream and unscrewed it. Louis lifted his shirt for Harry and Harry smeared the cream all over Louis' hips and belly, rubbing it in using a circular motion. Once it was all rubbed in, Harry kissed the smooth, tan skin.

"Alright, baby. You can sleep now." He said, putting the lid back on and putting it back. He looked back at his sub, who must have fallen asleep when Harry was rubbing lotion on him.

Harry really didn't know what to do. He wasn't allowed to work because Louis had locked his office door and hidden the key. They couldn't go out because he didn't want to take his chances with the roads, so really all he could do was Netflix and cook. It was semi frustrating, but it made Louis happy, and he loved spending time with his boy.

Who, speaking of, was nudging him slowly off the bed. Harry would wake up in the middle of the night, and more often than not, Louis would be shoving him onto the edge of the bed, kicking him, or sleeping on top of him. He knew that it must be hard for Louis to find a comfortable position, but if he got one more elbow to the ribs he might scream. He loved Louis, he really did, but it was driving him crazy.

He sighed and put his iPad in his nightstand drawer and picked up the name list. He really liked Jonah and Elliot, but Louis had his heart set on Harry Edward Jr, and baby names were the one thing that doms couldn't choose for their subs. The way it was figured was that since the subs were the one carrying the child, they got final say. That didn't bother Harry at all, but he knew some doms who would threaten their subs until they got their way.

That disgusted Harry, and he would never, ever do that to Louis. He looked down at his sleeping sub. He was wearing just a pair of silk white panties and one of Harry's purple jumpers that had hitched up, and he was curled around his pillow. He kissed Louis' head before grabbing his phone and heading towards the library to call Liam.

"Hey, Harry!" Liam chirped into the phone. There was a lot of commotion in the background, but then it got muffled.

"Where are you?" He asked. He sat on a couch.

"Niall's grandmums house. She made dinner, and that was good. How's your week with Louis going so far?"
"It's only been a day, and I already want to go back to work. That sounds bad, doesn't it?" He asked guiltily. "I mean, I love spending time with Louis, but I have no idea what to do. The roads are still bad and I can't work because he locked my office door and hid the key."

"That's normal, I think." Liam answered. "I mean, you're so used to working all of the time. I think I would get bored easily too. I don't see how Louis and Niall do it, I honestly don't."

"How is Niall, by the way?" Harry asked and Liam sighed.

"He's not talking to me." Liam admitted.

"Why?"

"Because on the way up, I didn't order him the right sauce for his nuggets, I got the wrong brand of chips at the gas station, and he thinks I flirted with his cousin."

"Did you?"

"She said hello, and I said it back! Next thing I knew, Niall was crying in the bathroom, refusing to let me in."

"I know exactly what you mean, mate. I've been there myself, and trust me, it is not fun." Harry replied. "But soon he'll be finding you and crying about how you're always supposed to follow him when he's upset and he really really loves you and the next thing you know, he's dropping to his knees-"

"Okay! I get it!" Liam cut him off. Harry laughed.

"But the best part is, the next time he's mad at you and you do follow him, he'll scream at you and ask why you hate him so much." Harry knew all too well what he was talking about. He had gone through the same thing with a very emotional Louis. But, he came to realize that after every little fight, the hugs that night were just a little bit warmer and the kisses were just a little bit sweeter.
"Can't wait." Liam said weakly. He doesn't think he can handle a crying, emotional Niall again. Especially if that Niall is asking Liam why he hates him.

"But trust me, it will all get so much better." Harry promised, and it did. It really did.

Later that night, Liam had called Harry up and told him that he was right; as soon as the phone call ended, Niall was coming towards him, hugging him tightly and sobbing about how sorry he was and how much he loved Liam, and if he could ride him. Harry cackled when Liam told him that part.

After dinner, Harry and Louis were curled up watching a movie. He didn't know the name of it, but it was funny, so it kept his attention. He kept stifling yawns and finally Louis turned around and looked at him.

"This is what you get for not napping with me." He said matter-of-factly.

"If I sleep during the day, love, I won't sleep at night." He replied.

"I sleep during the day and the night." Louis said.

"But you're also fifteen weeks pregnant." Harry pointed out. He checked his watch and saw that it was nearing ten. He yawned once more before Louis huffed and clicked the TV off.

"Alright, lets go to bed." He said, standing from the couch. Harry stood up next to him and walked them upstairs.

"Thanks, love." He said into Louis' neck when they were situated in bed.

"Love you." Louis mumbled, already so tired and ready to sleep.
"And I love you." Harry replied, drifting off himself.

"Must you always be touching me?" He heard Louis snipe before his arm was picked up and thrown by his side. He opened his eyes and watched as Louis distanced himself on the bed from Harry.

"Where you going, love?" He asked sleepily. It couldn't be past one or two in the morning.

"Over here, away from your big suffocating body." Louis replied grumpily before turning over and curling up with his pillow.

"Alright love. Goodnight." He replied, not wanting to start a fight this late. He turned over and fell back asleep, but not for long. What seemed like only minutes later but was actually an hour and half, he felt some wiggling and shifting next to him.

He rolled over and opened his eyes. Louis was pressed up against him, trying to wiggle himself under Harry's arm in his sleep. Harry rolled his eyes but lifted his arm up, and soon Louis' head was resting on his chest.

He smiled before closing his eyes for the final time that night, feeling each huff of Louis' breath his bare chest before he fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

The Olivia, Finn, and Elliot were COMPLETELY unintentional haha
They're the main characters on Law and Order: SVU and I didn't even realize until I proofread the chapter
Do you like the baby names?
PLEASE select your fave boy name from the top five and tell me your fave! Also, I've been thinking about the gender and now Im not so sure!!! AH!
Baby names are: Finn, Elliot, Harry Jr., Caleb, and Jonah

PS this was like a filler
cause i had no idea what the fuck i was writing while i was writing it
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

18 weeks: Your baby is the size of a sweet potato. You might start to feel your baby moving around anytime now, which is a great way to take your mind off your bothersome back. Is it a girl? A boy? How about a melon? Yes, your uterus is about the size of a cantaloupe at 18 weeks pregnant (see how you're working your way through the produce department?) and can be felt about one and a half inches below your belly button — so have a feel. And try scheduling a doctors appointment for this week-you might be lucky enough to find out the sex!

Harry's week off had passed much too quickly for Louis' liking, and now he was in his eighteenth week. Harry and Liam had gone back to work, but they were managing to come home before dinner time, which appeased the two pregnant subs. Louis felt huge, and his baby app had told him that his uterus was the size of a melon. A melon, for God's sake.

It felt like he had a melon under his shirt, that's for damn sure. His back hurt, his feet hurt, his thighs hurt, he was getting headaches and heartburn and was missing Harry terribly, but he would see Harry in less than an hour at his doctors appointment.

That perked Louis right up. Harry was leaving work to come and pick him up so that they could go to the doctors and find out the gender. That caused Louis to rush getting dressed. He waited eagerly by the front door, waiting for Harry to pull up, and once he spotted the sleek black vehicle, he was rushing down the steps.

Harry met him with a deep kiss. "Be careful walking down those steps, lovey." He said, helping Louis into the car. He knew that sooner or later, he would have to start driving a lower vehicle.

The drive to the doctors was filled with nothing but Louis' predictions. "My belly is sitting low, so I think it's going to be a boy. But then again, the heartbeat was above 140 last time, so it might be a girl." He rattled. "No! A boy! I've been eating salty foods lately. But I did have a bowl of ice cream yesterday..." He turned to Harry. "You won't be disappointed with the gender, will you?" He asked nervously.

"Of course not!" Harry exclaimed. "I'd be happy if it came out with two heads."

"Don't jinx it!" Louis said. They pulled up to the doctors office and got out, Harry helping Louis through the slushy ice and snow. He smiled when they got inside and Louis walked in front of him.
Louis was beginning to waddle. He signed them in and walked over to where Louis was slowly lowering himself into a chair.

"What are you smiling about?" Louis asked, shifting in his seat. He grabbed a pregnancy magazine and began flipping through it.

"Nothing, love." Harry replied, watching as Louis' eyes scanned the magazine before he tossed it back on the table. Harry raised his eyebrows, and Louis shrugged.

"Can't read it without my glasses. Hurts my eyes and the last thing I need is another headache." He explained.

"Mr. Tomlinson!" Perrie said from the doorway. Her hair had lilac streaks in it, mixing with the platinum blonde. Harry helped Louis up and they walked over to her.

"Hey, Perrie!" Louis said, following her.

"Alright, you know the drill." She said, and Louis was weighed and measured, blood pressure was taken, and finally, Dr. Bowen was walking in.

"I believe today is the day we want to find out the gender?" He asked, and Louis nodded his head excitedly. "By the way, congratulations on the proposal." He said. "Saw your rock flashed across the London Examiner a few days ago. My wife bought the whole magazine after seeing it, instead of reading it while buying her groceries." He said, laughing.

Louis twisted his ring around his finger. "Thanks. I love it." He said, looking adoringly at Harry. Dr. Bowen rolled the ultrasound machine over and Louis lifted up his shirt. All of the stretch mark cream Harry rubbed on Louis every night really paid off because his skin was still smooth and mark free.

"Alright..." Dr. Bowen said, smoothing the gel around and searching for a clear shot. "Whoa!" He exclaimed jokingly. "You've got yourself a nice, big baby." He said.

"Tell me about it." Louis said, shooting Harry a look.
"Perfect! Right there!" Dr. Bowen said, pointing to the screen. "Looks like Baby is a...boy! Congratulations!"

Louis burst into tears and Harry stared in awe at the screen. He was having a son. He leaned forward to Louis and pressed a kiss to his temple. He wiped the gel from Louis' tummy and pulled the boy into a hug.

"Oh, baby." He said. "Happy tears?"

Louis nodded and wiped his eyes. "Happy tears." He confirmed. Dr. Bowen gave them the printed ultrasounds.

"Now, you might notice that your nipples will get sensitive, and that just means that you might start lactating soon. Don't worry, it's completely normal, but you'll need to wear nipple pads to keep it from spreading on your shirts. And, now that you're getting bigger, you'll need to start reducing the time spent on your feet. Swollen feet and ankles are no fun at all. I would say to not cross them and to elevate them whenever you sit. Also, back pain, I assume you're experiencing it?"

Louis nodded.

"If you lay on your side when you sleep, start putting a pillow between your belly and the bed. Or if you lay on your back, keep it propped. Okay? Other than that, everything is good. Blood pressure is great and your weight gain is right on track." He said, standing up.

Harry helped Louis up and helped him button his coat over his belly. They said goodbye to Perrie and Dr. Bowen and made their way outside. Harry helped Louis into the car, and climbed in himself. He looked over at Louis who was looking lovingly at the ultrasound.

His jeans tightened at the sight. Louis would never know how much he turned Harry on, never. He felt heat coiling in his abdomen as he drove, feeling the need to take Louis right now. He felt hard as a rock in his jeans and he needed release.

He turned the Escalade down a random country road and pulled over to the side. He got out of the car and ignored Louis' frantic 'Harry!'. He yanked open Louis' door and helped the smaller boy down. He opened the back door and lifted Louis up into it, following him.
"Harry?" Louis asked confusedly.

"Need you right now." He growled, sitting in the seat and pulling Louis' jeans down over his arse. Louis helped him, kicking his jeans down to his ankles and all of the way off before straddling Harry's lap.

Harry undid his zipper and pulled his jeans down enough to let his aching cock out. He attached his lips to Louis' neck and shoved three fingers in Louis' mouth. "Suck." He demanded, and Louis slurped around the fingers, getting them soaking wet in saliva.

He positioned one finger on Louis' rim, teasing it and getting it wet. Louis rocked his hips forward and Harry slid the first finger in Louis' tight heat. He quickly added a second, and the third. He stretched them out and twisted them in and out.

Louis tugged his shirt off. "S'hot." He said, and Harry dove his lips forward and attached them to one of Louis' nipples, causing the smaller boy to cry out and arch his back.

"Careful of the baby, baby." He muttered, licking around the hard, sensitive nipple before sucking on it. He pulled his fingers out and slicked up his cock with spit. He knew it wasn't the best, but he needed to be inside Louis right now.

The head of his cock entered Louis' tight heat, and the boy was writhing down, trying to get the rest of it in. Harry held Louis' cheeks as the boy lowered himself down until he sat on top of Harry's thighs. His hole clenched tightly around Harry's thick cock.

Harry resumed sucking on Louis' nipples while slowly thrusting his hips up. Louis whimpered at Harry's mouth assaulting his nipples and at the slow drag of Harry inside of him. He threaded his hands in Harry's soft curls and gripped them. His body was so sensitive and Harry took advantage of that.

Harry gave each nipple one last hard suck before grabbing Louis' bum and thrusting up wildly. Louis pulled Harry's head back and bit down on his neck sharply, sucking the skin between his teeth and nibbling on it. He swiped his tongue across the mark and bit down harder.

"Shit, Lou. Gonna make me come so quick." Harry gasped out, his cock hitting Louis' prostate dead on. Louis' own cock was leaking against Harry's bare stomach, rutting up against it. His thrusts became choppy and he reached for Louis cock, rubbing it up and down, and Louis bit down on
Harry's neck harshly as he came, hips stuttering.

Harry let out a groan and released hotly into Louis. He kept thrusting up until he couldn't anymore. He pulled his softening cock out of Louis, who was slumped against him, panting wildly.

"Fuck, Harry! You complete arsehole!" Louis exclaimed, hands covering his nipples.

"What'd I do?" He asked, looking at the smaller boy.

"You and your fixation with my nipples!" Louis said.

Harry pulled Louis' hands away from his chest and grinned. "Oh, sorry baby." He said cheekily. "Couldn't help myself." He said, referring to Louis' now leaking nipples. Louis huffed and covered them back up and buried his face in Harry's neck.

"Sorry for calling you an arsehole. You really aren't." He said.

"It's okay, baby. Sorry for making you leak." He laughed loudly.

Once they were dressed and back on the road to the mall to get Louis' some nipple pads, Louis spoke again.

"Can't believe you made me start lactating." He grumbled, keeping his hands over his sensitive nipples. Harry smiled at his lover.

"It was bound to happen sooner or later." He replied, shutting the car off. "Now, I want you to stay in the car, okay? I shouldn't be more than five minutes." He said, kissing Louis' lips before leaving the vehicle.

Louis adjusted the heaters so that they were pointing to him and he looked back down at the ultrasound. His little boy was curled up, resting comfortably in the picture. He prayed that the baby would look like a copy of Harry.
He couldn't wait to tell their families. They would have to invite them over for dinner some night and surprise them. He pulled his phone out and googled cute gender-reveal ideas. He didn't have to search for very long before he found the right one. He searched for something to show Harry when he came back. This was honestly too cute.

Harry purchased the nipple pads, and a wedge pillow that he saw so that Louis had something to rest under his belly when he slept. He headed back towards the running vehicle and climbed in.

"There you go, darling." He said, putting the bag in the backseat.

"Thanks." Louis replied, rubbing his stomach. "I've got some cute ideas on how we can tell the mums." Louis told him.

"Oh yeah?" Harry asked. "What are they?"

"We can customize a onesie and give each of the mums one as a present." He said.

"That would be cute." Harry agreed. "What do you want to eat?"

Louis just pointed to the Subway drive thru. He wanted to eat semi-healthy for Bean. Harry ordered both him and Niall something and then handed the sandwiches to Louis.

"We've got crisps at home." He said, pulling away.

"Yep." Louis agreed. "When can we start working on the nursery?" He asked.

"As soon as you want too." Harry told him. He pulled around to the house and got out to help Louis inside. He pressed a kiss to his cheek. "I love you, I'll see you later, okay?"
"Love you too." Louis said, closing the door behind his dom. "Niall! I've got two presents for you!" He hollered through the house. Niall came out of the kitchen and smiled when he saw the sandwich.

"Great! 'M starving!" He exclaimed. They sat the sandwiches and crisps down on the table and dug in.

"We found out the gender." Louis said between mouthfuls.

"Really? What is Bean?"

"A boy!"

"That's great, Louis!!" Niall cheered. "I'm so happy for you and Harry!"

"I think Harry wanted to cry, but I did first. I was a right mess, mind you." He admitted. "And Bean is going to be a big baby."

Niall made a face. "Sorry for you. I've seen Harry's baby pictures." He joked.

"After this let's do our yoga. My back is hurting something fierce. You did blow up the exercise ball I got for you, right?"

"I had Liam do it." Niall said.

"Great. After the yoga we can roll them into the den and watch TV." Louis said. He remembered the last time he did that; he and Harry were fighting horribly. He finished his sandwich and rolled up the trash.

"Ready?" He asked when Niall was done. They walked to the gym and changed into yoga pants and t-shirts. Harry and Liam made them keep a change of clothes down here so that they weren't always walking upstairs to get some.

Once they were dressed, they rolled out the mats and began the yoga.
"I thought this would help my back." Louis said breathlessly. He straightened up and rubbed his sore muscles. Niall did the same.

"Do you want to just do the exercise balls in the living room now?" He asked, and Louis nodded. They rolled the big green balls into the den and flicked on the fireplace and the TV.

"No sports." Louis said, bouncing slowly. Niall nodded and they ended up watching some Christmas movie that was still playing, even though it was almost February.

"So," Niall asked on commercial. "Have you thought about what you're getting Harry for his birthday?"

Louis faltered his bouncing. "Oh crap. That's coming up. He'll be 26...what can I get him that he already doesn't have?"

Nial shrugged. "I dunno. Maybe...a home cooked meal?"

"But I do that for him all the time." Louis pointed out. Then it dawned on him. Something that would definitely be the best present ever.

"I've got something!" He said, getting off of the ball and walking over to his phone. "I'm not going to tell you though, you nosy Irishman. This is private."

Nial grumbled in protest.

"Sorry, Nialler." He said cheerily. "This is strictly for me and Harry." He smiled and sat down on the couch, propping his feet up on the exercise ball. He visited a few websites before he found what he was looking for. He made the purchase and smiled. He couldn't wait to see the look on Harry's face.

Harry was exhausted when he got off work. The doctors visit took up all of his lunch time, so he's
had nothing to eat for a good twelve hours. So, he was borderline grumpy. Or maybe even a lot
grunppy. There was a few doms today in his business meeting that pissed him off. Liam talked him
out of pulling their company, and it pissed him off that he went against his judgement like that just
for a few million dollars every year.

Liam drove them home, Harry still too irritated to drive. They entered the house silently and found
their subs on the couch. Niall was bouncing on his exercise ball and Louis was sitting on the couch
resting his feet on his.

Liam gave Niall a kiss while Harry opted for a "Nice to see you're putting the exercise ball to good
use." towards Louis, who's feet slipped off of the ball and onto the floor.

"Harry?" He asked timidly, following Harry into the kitchen. Harry pulled some things from the
refrigerator and tried assembling a sandwich, but he was too frustrated, and Louis hovering behind
him didn't help.

"Can you back off?" He snapped towards his sub, who shrank back. "You don't need to be near me
all the fucking time."

"I was just seeing how you were doing..." Louis mumbled quietly.

"If I wanted you to know, I would have told you." He snipped, and threw the knife he was spreading
mayonnaise on down on the counter. "Fuck it. I'm going to bed." He said, storming off upstairs.

It was only seven o'clock, Louis noted. He was upset because Harry was upset. He went into the
den, where Liam and Niall were sitting on the couch.

"Louis, he's just had a very difficult day." Liam explained to the distraught sub. Louis nodded.

"I could figure as much." He said. He wanted to go and cuddle Harry, but he wanted to wait until his
dom was asleep so that he wasn't rejected, so he watched TV with Liam and Niall for about an hour
and a half before walking into the kitchen to make Harry some food.

He put the sandwich stuff Harry had gotten out back into the refrigerator and made about making a
grilled cheese. He wanted Harry to have a hot meal after working so hard. Once that was done, he
placed the two grilled cheeses and some crisps onto a plate and grabbed the mug of tea he had made
and set about the stairs.

He made it to the top without any hassle, and nudged the door open. The lights were off and he could make out a Harry-shaped lump under the covers, his back turned towards the door.

He sat the plate and mug down on Harry’s nightstand and turned on the lamp. He sat on the bed next to Harry and shook his shoulder. "Harry?"

Harry stirred, but didn't turn around.

"I made you dinner...it might not be too good after awhile so you might want to eat it now." He said to a quiet Harry. When he got no response, he sighed and left the bedroom, pulling the door closed behind him.

He didn't want to go back downstairs, so he went into the library and read for a little bit. He yawned when he was halfway through his book, so he closed it and walked back into his bedroom. He slipped some sweatpants and a jumper on before climbing into bed.

He adjusted his body pillow so that it was on his edge of the bed and curled up with it, his back to Harry. He hated falling asleep without touching Harry, but his dom was in a bad mood and he didn't want to worsen it. He sighed and closed his eyes.

He woke up the next morning with Harry laying right next to him, cradling his belly and kissing his neck. He stretched his arms and faced Harry, who looked guilty.

"I'm so sorry for the way I behaved yesterday, my love. I had no right to talk to you the way that I did." He apologized, nuzzling his face into Louis' neck. "I ate the food you brought up, love. I loved it. I love you taking care of me." He admitted.

"Liam told me that you had a bad day." Louis said. "And I wanted you to have a hot meal. I know it was just a grilled cheese, but it's comfort food kind of, so..."

Harry pressed a kiss to his lips. "It was perfect, darling. Thank you. I love you."
"I love you too."

Chapter End Notes

the prego timeline seems shifty but oh well
hes due in the beginning of july
so im not going to count the days or something
this is fiction yo go along with it
love yall!
also niall is 7 weeks behind Louis
so that means since louis is 18 wks niall 11
ARE YOU HAPPY WITH THE GENDER?!?!?!??!

ignore the end LOLOLOLOL it sucked
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes


this is what louis is wearing

See the end of the chapter for more notes

20 weeks: Now that you're at the midpoint of your pregnancy (20 weeks down, 20 more to go!), that little cantaloupe (aka baby) you have in your belly is becoming more of a reality as you feel his movements and draw smiles from passersby who see your baby bump. First-time mama? You'll start to feel your baby's very first movements about now. Be warned: You may think the subtle motions are butterflies, gas or a grumbling tummy.

Louis was nervous. No, actually, he was beyond nervous. Harry was due home any minute (of course he worked on his birthday), and Louis was having second thoughts. Of course, everything fit right, and it looked amazing on his tan skin, and his belly was showcased perfectly, but he's worried about Harry's reaction. He didn't want Harry to laugh in his face, and now he really wanted to take everything off and burrow into bed.

Damn hormones.

He took a few deep breaths and gave himself a pep talk before leaving the bathroom. He had lit candles in various places around the room, and there were rose petals leading from the door to the bed, where Louis was now sitting. He loved the feeling of the silk sheets he had placed there on his freshly shaved legs. Actually, he shaved everywhere. Nothing but the absolute best for Harry.

He looked over to the cupcake he had made his dom, chocolate because it was his favorite, and he had stuck a single candle in it, waiting to be lit. He tried to find a sultry pose on the bed, but nothing worked because of his sore back. Maybe this was a bad idea. He sighed and leaned back on the pillows.

So this was the sexy pose Harry would find him in. Leaning against the pillows like nothing was going to happen. He looked at the clock on Harry's nightstand and saw that it was time for Harry to be walking through the door. He situated his outfit and swept his fingers through his fringe. He looked at the door, expecting Harry to walk in at any minute...
And after twenty minutes he pulled out his baby book and slid on his glasses. He flipped to the chapter he last left off and began reading. So Harry was late, no big deal, right? Probably traffic jam on the 409 or something. Or maybe they threw him a surprise birthday party at work? Or maybe some colleagues wanted to celebrate so they went out for drinks?

He's entitled to some fun, he doesn't always have to rush home to Louis. Except he does, dammit. Especially when Louis was doing something so nerve-wracking. He was supposed to be home twenty minutes ago. Louis made himself focus back on the book, shifting to ease some of his back pain.

He was thinking about blowing out the candles when the door opened and closed, and Harry stepped inside. His eyes bugged out of his head and he dropped his briefcase onto the floor. He watched as Louis' head snapped up and as he slammed his book shut.

The sub slid off of the bed and lit a match and carried a cupcake over to him, smiling shyly. Harry let his eyes shamelessly roam over Louis, his pants tightening to the point where he was uncomfortable.

Louis was wearing a sheer black, bell-sleeved baby doll tie top lined in pink, and he was wearing a matching g-string and thigh high black stockings. His glasses were still perched on his nose, and he was holding the cupcake, looking unsure and a little bit scared. Maybe Harry should say something. Anything! But his mouth had run dry at the delicious sight of his sub.

Louis bit his bottom lip, and shifted his feet. "I can take it off if you don't like it..." He said quietly, face heating up. Harry's head snapped up from where he was staring at Louis' belly through the top. "Don't you dare." He said gruffly. "I will never let you take that off." He took the plate away from Louis and placed it on the desk before gripping Louis' hips and pulling him into a heated kiss.

Louis let him for a moment before pulling away. Harry looked offended, but Louis shook his head. "This is your birthday present." He said shyly, which just turned Harry on more. He unbuttoned Harry's shirt while keeping eye contact with his dom, sliding the shirt off onto the floor. He presses a kiss to Harry's bare chest before dropping to his knees (carefully) and unbuttons Harry's pants.

He hooks his thumbs under Harry's briefs and tugs them down with the pants, pooling them at Harry's ankles. Harry steps out of them and Louis presses kissed up his thighs up to his aching cock. He pressed a single kiss to the head before swallowing Harry down.
"Holy **fuck.**" Harry exclaims, lurching forward and tangling his hands in Louis' soft fringe. Louis only gagged once when Harry thrust his hips forward, relaxing his throat around Harry. He pulled off after a few minutes with wet pop, his hand casually running up and down Harry's shaft.

"You gotta come soon," He said, his voice cracking. "My back and knees..." He looked up at Harry, who despite his very dominant stature at the moment, nodded and pushed Louis' mouth back on him.

Louis worked his mouth and hand as skillfully he could manage while trying not to shift too much because of the leg cramp he was getting. Finally, Harry's hips stilled and he shot stream after stream into Louis' mouth. Louis swallowed and tried to stand, Harry pulling him up gently.

"You have no idea what you do to me." Harry whispered, biting down on Louis' neck. He rubbed at Louis' thigh for a few minutes, sucking and nipping the smooth skin around the love bite he was leaving. Once his leg cramp was gone, he pushed Harry down on the bed and climbed on top of him.

"Wanna ride you." He said, tongue swiping over Harry's bottom lip. Harry nodded and leaned against the pillows. "Already, you know." Louis said, walking on his knees to hover over Harry's cock.

"Careful, baby." Harry murmured as Louis sank down quickly, his g-string pushed aside. Harry rested his hands on Louis' wide hips, rubbing circles on them with his thumbs while Louis got used to the size of Harry. "Do you want me to go or do you want too?" He asked Louis after a few minutes. The smaller boy was biting his lip.

"I can-I can do it." He said, rocking his hips. "It's just...I feel too big." He admitted. "But I can't lay on my back...I'm sorry."

Harry leaned forward and kissed Louis softly. "Hey, you look so beautiful, and I love you so much, okay?" He said Louis, reassuring him. "That lingerie you're wearing...I almost came in my pants when I saw you. You turn me on so much."

Louis blushed. He intertwined his fingers with Harry's and began to move, loving the slow drag of Harry inside him. He knew that he wouldn't last long; his body was always so sensitive and he'd been horny every since Harry left this morning.
He bounced on Harry's cock until he psychically couldn't anymore, and Harry took over, planting his feet flat on the bed and thrusting up into Louis' tight heat. He sealed his lips over one of Louis' nipples and sucked, loving the way Louis' mewled and arched closer to Harry.

Harry could never get enough of Louis' sensitive nipples. He loved playing with them and especially tasting them, now more than ever, ever since Louis' began lactating. He couldn't help himself, always brushing his hands across Louis' chest when they were about to sleep, or in the mornings when they woke up together. He loved the way it drove Louis to a crazy, incoherent mess, like it was doing now.

"Harry! I gotta come, please!" Louis begged, and Harry pretended to think about it, slowing his hips and pinching a nipple between his fingers.

"I don't know..." He pondered, and Louis whimpered.

"Please, Harry, I've been good? Haven't I been good?"

"You've been so good for me, love." Harry promised, picking up his speed until he felt Louis come hotly between them. He thrust his hips forward a few more times before spilling into Louis.

He cupped Louis' face in his hands and gave him a deep kiss.

"Love you, baby." He mumbled against Louis' lips, rolling the boy over and placing a pillow under his belly. He got the jar of nipple cream and rubbed it around, smoothing it in. Once he was done, he went to get a flannel to clean them off.

He peeled the sexy but dirty garments off of Louis and replaced them with panties and a jumper. He got in bed next to Louis and pulled the boy close, kissing his temple.

"That was the best birthday present I've ever gotten." He said.

Louis smiled tiredly at Harry. "Can I have your cupcake?"
"And this is Harry after the doctors cleaned him off and swaddled him." Anne said, handing Louis a picture. Louis stared down at it fondly. He had invited Jay and Anne around for tea, and Anne had come bearing baby photos of Harry.

"How big was Harry?" Louis asked.

"Oh, nine pounds? Nine and a half? I forget. But with a baby that big, you want to forget." She laughed, and Jay made a sympathetic face. "Why do you ask? Getting a big baby?" Louis smiled to himself. They were telling the mums today about the baby gender, and Harry was upstairs right now, finishing wrapping the gifts.

"Yes." He said, looking back down at a swaddled little Harry. His heart swelled. "Can I?" He asked, holding the picture.

Anne waved her hands. "Of course!" She said. Louis placed the picture in his lap and Harry entered the den, holding two presents. He handed them to Anne and Jay, who awww'ed at them. He sat next to Louis and pulled the boy close.

"This is just to say thank you for everything you've done." Louis said as they opened the presents. They held up the blue onesies in confusion, and then burst into tears, which made Louis burst into tears. The onesies were blue with the saying "Will you be my grandma?"

"Does this mean it's a boy?" Jay asked, wiping her eyes. Harry nodded and that set them both into another frenzy of tears. And he thought Louis was emotional.

Anne stood up and reached for Harry, pulling her son into a great big hug, Jay doing the same for Louis.

"I'm so proud of you!" Anne said to both of them, kissing Louis' cheek. They wiped their tears and sat back down, not letting go of their presents.

"Have you thought of names?" Jay asked.
"We have a list of five, but we're waiting until we see him to name him." Louis said, placing his hands on his belly.

"What are the names?" Anne asked, leaning forward.

Harry cleared his throat. "Caleb, Jonah, Finn, Elliot, or Harry Jr." He said, and Louis curled closer to him, loving when Harry said he baby names. Anne and Jay cooed at the name choices.

"I'm a fan of Elliot." Jay said, and Anne nodded.

"That and Caleb."

"I like Harry Jr." Louis said, defending his favorite name choice. Harry needed to talk him out of that name, by the way. It's not that he didn't want his firstborn named after him, he just didn't want Louis to idolize him in a way like that. It was complicated.

The mums left a few hours later, rubbing Louis' belly and kissing their cheeks. Once the door was closed, Harry was taking Louis upstairs to sleep. He didn't count on them being at his house for very long, but oh well.

Harry went into his closet to hang up some clothes when he heard Louis cry out.

"What's wrong?" He asked, appearing at Louis' closet door in an instant. Louis looked up at him.

"I thought I saw a stretch mark." He said, and Harry sighed in relief. He shook his head and went back into his closet. When he came out, Louis was laying on the bed wearing flannel pajama pants and a jumper.

"Guess I'm not getting lucky." Harry said jokingly, climbing in next to Louis, resting his head next to Louis' tummy and lifting his shirt. "Hi, Bean. It's daddy. Are you okay in there? I bet mummy has made you a good home, I hope. I can't wait to see you. Just twenty more weeks if you cooperate, but maybe less since you're a big boy, hm? We're doing great out here, well, except for mummy. You
give the best backaches." He complimented his baby. Louis threaded his hand in Harry's hair and left it there.

"I love you, Bean." He said, kissing the tummy. He rested his cheek on the soft skin until he felt a nudge. Louis gasped and Harry looked at the spot where it happened.

"He loves you too!" Louis cried. "He kicked daddy."

Harry pressed another kiss to Louis' belly before settling beside Louis, his hand on the tummy. He gave Louis a kiss, which was hard because the smile didn't want to leave his face.

"I love you so much, Louis. And I love Bean."

"We love you too."

Louis woke Harry up in the middle of the night with a sharp elbow to the ribs. He looked at the smaller boy who gave up on trying to find a comfortable position and sat up against the pillows.

"Sorry." Louis said once he realized that Harry had woken up. "I just have this uncomfortable pressure in my lower stomach and I can feel it in my back and I just can't lay right."

"Don't apologize, love." Harry said, sitting up next to Louis. "Lay on your side and I'll rub where it hurts, okay?"

Louis nodded and Harry helped him on his side and began rubbing at the troublesome spots. He began thinking of the trip they would be taking in less than two weeks. He couldn't wait to surprise Louis, but he also knew that he would have to clear flying with Dr. Bowen. Maybe get Louis some relaxers or something because Louis knew how to panic.

He moved his fingers from Louis' lower stomach to his lower back and began massaging his fingers into the sore muscles, listening to Louis' breathing even out. He pressed a kiss to the back of Louis' neck and pulled him close, hoping that the boy would sleep the whole night now.
And if not...Harry would get up again.

Chapter End Notes

i know feb 1st is actually a sunday but lets just pretend its a friday

GOT REALLY HAPPY CAUSE I FOUND OUT THAT MY FAVE FIC WAS UPDATED!!! Anyone else read Four's Company????? LOVE IT

sorry if the smut was pretty eh. i wasn't feeling it :

saw the baby onesie saying on etsy and thought it was sooooo cute

alright im counting on yall to give me your greatest idea for bora bora which will be happening in the next two chapters or so!

i think this was short omg im a failure
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

i have no idea what goes on during a plane ride so i improvised go along with it
i love yall so you get a hella long chapter
sorry no smut :///

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Week 22: Your baby is the size of a spaghetti squash. These days, the only things growing more rapidly than your baby's senses may be her mummy's feet! At 22 weeks pregnant, your uterus is now about an inch above your belly button — growing by leaps and bounds. But your belly's not the only thing that's growing these days. Have you looked down at your feet? Quick, look now — before you get too big to see them. If you're like many expectant women, you'll discover that feet grow too.

Harry knew that Louis was excited about the trip taking place in less than two hours, but now all of Louis' rambling and excited squealing was giving him a splitting headache. And he did not want to be on a plane for 27 hours with a headache. So, forgive him if he was constantly snapping at Louis to shut up for just five seconds, because he still had to finish packing his work papers with Liam. He knew that he should have let Louis sleep in instead of waking him up at five-thirty a.m.

So Louis waddled downstairs, without Harry's help, and sulked in the den while Niall double-checked his bags for the fifth time, making sure he had everything. Which reminded Louis that he left his lotions upstairs on his nightstand. So, he waddled back up the stairs and retrieved them. Just as he grabbed them, Harry walked in with his briefcase. He sat it on the bed next to the open suitcases that still needed to be filled.

"Don't just stand there," He told Louis. "Start packing." He walked into his closet and began pulling suits and shirts down. Louis sat the lotions down in his own suitcase and began taking his own clothes out and neatly folding them. He packed leggings and some tight yoga capris, along with t-shirts and jumpers. He didn't know what kind of weather they would have.

Just as he was closing his underwear drawer, he caught glimpse of the lingerie he had surprised Harry with on his birthday. He picked it up and folded it neatly. Just as he was about to set it in the suitcase, Harry walked back out.

"Why are you packing that?" He asked Louis, not looking at him. His focus was on not wrinkling
his expensive suits, and not on the hurt look that crossed Louis' face. All Louis wanted to do was to feel sexy during the trip, and the lingerie helped him. But now Harry was acting like he didn't want Louis to wear it at all on this romantic trip. So he clenched his jaw and put it back in the drawer.

He packed his phone and iPad and their chargers into his carry-on, along with a change of clothes and his pregnancy books and magazines to keep him occupied during the long flight. He went into the bathroom and grabbed his vitamins, placing them at the top of his suitcase. He placed the medication that Dr. Bowen had prescribed them when they went to see about flying in his carry-on. All it would do was ease the take off and landing.

He zipped them both up and sat on the bed, rubbing a cramp he had in his thigh. Harry zipped up his suitcase and carry-on and walked out of the room. Louis figured it was to tell the driver that was taking them to the airport to come and get the luggage and take it to the car. He slid off of the bed and grabbed his carry-on.

It was kind of heavy, but he didn't mind carrying it, especially if it was just downstairs. Once he got to the foyer, he placed his bag next to Liam and Niall's very different set of luggage. It was the only way to tell them apart. The front door opened and Harry and the driver walked in. Harry directed him upstairs and carried Liam and Niall's bags outside for them.

Once everything was in the car, they all got in and buckled up. The drive to the airport only lasted about twenty minutes, and then they were out and piling their luggage onto a cart and walking through the airport. They checked in through all of the necessary procedures and went through security. Finally, they were seated and waiting for their flight to be called.

Louis was grateful to get off of his feet, which had been swelling really bad lately. He looked over at Liam and Niall, who were sitting close together, holding hands, and then over to Harry, who was sitting a few seats down, leaning forward and checking his phone. Louis sighed and stood up.

"I'm going to the bathroom." He said to Liam and Niall, who were the only ones that looked up at him. They nodded, Liam looking over at Harry, who was still attached to his phone. He knew that there was tension between Louis and Harry, he just didn't know what for.

He made his way to the nearest bathroom, thanking his lucky stars when it was empty. He did his business and leaned over the sink to wash his hands. His feet and back were aching and he wanted Harry to rub them for a little bit, but his dom was in a mood. He dried his hands off and made his way back to the seating area. Harry was still clicking away on his phone.

Just as Louis sat down, their flight was called. That seemed to get Harry's attention, and he slid his
phone in his pocket and stood up, hefting his carry-on over his shoulder and holding his briefcase. Louis internally groaned and stood up, picking up his own bag. Liam and Harry led the way to the gates.

They showed the attendant their tickets and made their way onto the plane. Of course it was first class seating, and it was lavish. The seats were plush and could recline, which almost made Louis weep with joy. There were only about eight two-seat clusters spread out around the cabin, which gave people their privacy. Louis and Harry's seats were by a window, and Louis wanted to sit by it, but Harry had told him to sit on the outside.

"But I want the window seat." He protested quietly.

"No." Harry said, placing his carry-on in the overhead compartment and setting his briefcase down in the chair. Louis took out his pregnancy books and magazines and did the same with his bag. He waited for Harry to sit before he did, and he slid on his glasses.

A few minutes later, a flight attendant spoke. "Thank you for flying Air France. If you would kindly guide your attention to the front, there will be a short demonstration of what to do in the unlikely event of an emergency." They watched the short presentation, and she spoke again. "Thank you. There will be menus passed around shortly to take your breakfast orders. Please enjoy your flight!"

True to her word, menus were passed out. Louis and Harry cracked theirs open, scanning the breakfast items. Louis wasn't feeling very hungry, and his stomach was in knots because the plane was beginning to take off. The plane was shaky and tipped, going into the air. Louis dug his nails into the armchair and closed his eyes.

Once it had evened out, he released his breath and continued looking the menu over. When the flight attendant came back around, Harry ordered pancakes and bacon with some coffee, and Louis ordered French Toast and orange juice. Once the menus were taken away, he flipped through a magazine, reading each article in earnest. It was about forty-five minutes later when the food cart pulled up.

Louis handed Harry his plate without eye contact, and accepted his own. He pulled his lap tray down and dug in, reading his magazine. He only ate about half of his food before he pushed it away and kept reading.

He slid his glasses back up his nose when they fell and started on an article on the importance of skin-to-skin contact after birth, and long after. There were many benefits that came along with it, he noted. He just wished he had a pen to underline it.
Alongside him, Harry was finishing up reading the business itinerary sent to him by the company that wanted to do business with him and Liam. He had long since finished his breakfast, and noticed that Louis didn't eat very much, which irked him, but he didn't push it. He was still cross with his sub, and he had no idea why. Maybe it was just his pride that kept him from apologizing.

The plates were picked up and taken away, and they lifted their lap trays. He noticed out of the corner of his eye that Louis kept shifting in his seat, his small hand rubbing the side of his left hip. He had an uncomfortable look on his face, but he kept reading and rubbing his hip. Harry knew that this stage of pregnancy was very uncomfortable for Louis, with him always getting cramps and his backaches had gotten worse, along with his swelling feet.

He sighed and moved his phone to his other hand and started rubbing Louis' hip for him. The smaller boy sighed in relief and continued to read, the pressure in his hip disappearing significantly. He knew that Louis would want to lay down later, and he was thankful that the company had also purchased them airplane suits to sleep in.

They made a stop in Paris, France, and then began the flight to Los Angeles, which was their second stop. The flight attendant gave a speech and everyone settled in for the eleven hour flight. Harry estimated they would touch down around 7:00 or 7:30 pm American time, and then leave again for Tahiti, which would take another eight hours. So they should arrive in Bora Bora around ten p.m in the Tahitian time zone.

So needless to say that Louis would be extremely tired. He knew that the 27 hour flight would be tough on his pregnant sub, and he was going to do whatever he could to ease Louis. He looked over at his sub, who was messing around with the screen in front of them. He finally selected the first season of American Horror Story and adjusted himself in his seat.

He caught Harry's eyes. "Do you um...wanna watch with me?" He asked quietly. Harry motioned to his briefcase and shook his head.

"I've got to finish some work." He said, turning his attention to his laptop and manila folders. He heard Louis sigh and slip in a pair of headphones. He clicked out a pen and began reading and marking some papers. Once that was done, he pulled out his laptop and opened a document and began typing up a spreadsheet for the hotel company they were meeting with when they landed.

Well, after they slept off the jet lag. He knew that there was a ninety-nine percent chance that Louis would be in a bad mood from the bad sleep and constantly moving planes and time zones. This irritability would be quickly forgiven, though. There was no way that he would punish his sub for being tired.
Soon, the lunch menu was being passed around and orders were taken. Louis ordered a grilled panini and Harry ordered the same. He resumed typing away at his computer until their food came, and he only paused to eat, and then it was back to his laptop.

A stewardess came by and offered Louis a neck pillow and a blanket, which he accepted gratefully. He reclined his chair and closed his eyes, deciding to take a nap. It was nearing two o'clock, and their flight had about seven hours left. Harry would love it if Louis could sleep for most of it, but realistically, the boy would be restless because of the uncomfortable seat and because he needed to be close to Harry, always touching.

He worked for a bit longer before closing his laptop and cracking his knuckles. He packed everything away and looked over to Louis, who's eyes were closed. He had one hand resting on his belly and the other one was sitting close to Harry's thigh, the tips of his fingers brushing the fabric of Harry's pants. Harry smiled. Even when he wasn't touching, he was touching.

He rubbed his hands across Louis' belly and took his hand, intertwining their fingers. Louis shifted closer in his sleep. He knew that Louis would wake up soon; he detested sleeping on his back for longer than he had too. Harry would just have to take him to the suite when he woke up.

He studied Louis as he slept, his cheek red from resting it against the pillow. His hair was a little messy, but Harry thought it was the cutest thing ever. He loved the way that Louis always had a hand on his belly whenever he slept, like he was protecting their little boy. Harry was quite possibly the luckiest person on the planet.

He leaned forward and kissed Louis on the forehead, brushing back his fringe. Louis stirred and blinked up at Harry.

"Sorry for waking you, love." He apologized.

Louis stretched and winced a little bit. "It's okay. I wasn't going to sleep for long anyway. These seats are uncomfortable on my body." He said, resting his head on Harry's shoulder. Harry, being the good, loving dom he was, began to massage Louis' lower back.

"Sorry for my behavior earlier. It was very rude of me." He said quietly in Louis' ear. Louis hummed
and kissed Harry's shoulder.

"It's okay."

"No, it's not. I shouldn't have been so cross with you. You didn't deserve it."

Louis didn't say anything, he just cuddled closer to Harry and traced his fingers on his dom's thigh. "Love you." He mumbled quietly. Harry kissed the crown of his head.

"Love you too, baby."

They landed in Los Angeles at 7:27 p.m, and forty-five minutes later, they were in the air and on their way to Bora Bora. They had eaten dinner, and now Louis was munching on some cookies while Harry searched for something on the screen to watch.

He finally found a show that both he and Louis agreed on, and they sat back to watch. A few episodes later, Louis was drifting in and out of sleep. Harry turned the screen off and led them into the small but cozy suite.

"Lay down, love." He instructed, helping Louis into the small bed. "We'll be in Bora Bora in no time." He covered Louis up and kissed his forehead.

"Lay with me?" Louis asked his dom. Harry nodded and kicked his shoes off. He climbed in beside Louis and rubbed his subs belly.

"I want you to try and get as much sleep as you can, okay? The jet lag is going to hit you hard, love." Harry said. "I know you'll want to sleep when we get to the resort, too."

Louis nodded his head and played with Harry's long fingers, rubbing them in circles across his belly. "I can't wait to get there. I googled pictures of it, this morning when we left. There are lots of
activities for expectant mummies. Apparently, it's a big babymoon destination? Anyway, Niall and I want to do yoga on the beach, and there's snorkeling. I want to do that, but I'm not too sure how much Bean would like that."

"Being in water is good for your back, but I'm not sure that I'm too keen on the idea of you being a significant distance underwater. Yoga sounds good, very relaxing. There are also wade pools, if you ever do want to get in water and I'm not there."

"Also, there are helicopter tours. That seemed fun, but I don't think I want to step foot on something else that takes me in the air for a very long time."

Harry chuckled. "I understand, doll. I'm sure you'll want a spa treatment? That would be good, get you off of your feet for awhile."

Louis nodded. "There's also mountain hiking."

"Absolutely not. You are not climbing a mountain when you're 22 weeks pregnant. No way in hell am I letting you do something that dangerous."

"But Harry," Louis protested. "It's with a trained, experienced guide with a vast knowledge of the land as well as first aid."

Harry shook his head. "The answer is no. You could get hurt."

"Anything could hurt me. How is a mountain different?"

Harry sighed. "How I wish you were an obedient, relaxed pregnant person. Instead, all you want to do is give me heart attacks at every turn." He said fondly. "I will think about the mountain hiking. That doesn't mean I'll say yes."

Louis looked up at Harry with a smile. "You could always come with me?" He offered sweetly.

"The mere thought of me climbing a mountain with you is enough to put me into cardiac arrest."
Louis giggled. "So maybe I'll just stick to yoga on the beach and snorkeling;"

"As long as you wear your tight pants, I have no objections." Harry replied, pulling them into a spooning position. He made sure Louis was comfortable before closing his eyes. He was more tired than he thought he was.

A few minutes later, he heard Louis giggle. "Can we join the mile-high club?"

They landed in Bora Bora at exactly 10:13 at night. Louis and Niall were dragging; snapping and grumbling at their doms. Louis didn't want Harry to touch him, and Niall rolled his eyes after Liam said something to him. The two doms were very understanding about it, seeing as how they'd just subjected their pregnant subs to a 27 hour plane ride.

Harry was thankful that Louis had managed to sleep for a few hours on the plane, after, as per Louis' request, they joined the mile-high club. There was a man waiting for them at the airport, holding a sign with the words Styles & Payne Global-Welcome!.

They followed him out to a limousine and Harry and Liam helped him put the bags in the back, ignoring the man's protests. Louis and Niall crawled into the limo and waited for their doms to join them.

As soon as Harry and Liam were inside the vehicle, they had lapfuls of their sleepy, yawning subs. They rubbed backs and tummies until they pulled up into the resort. They were booked over-water bungalows, much to Louis and Niall's glee. Their luggage was carried to their bungalows as they coaxed Louis and Niall to walk to distance to their housing.

They said their goodbyes and went their separate ways. As soon as the door was closed, Harry made busy unpacking and setting everything up. Jet lag always tricked his body, and sometimes he could sleep, and sometimes he couldn't. It was almost eleven when he placed the last thing away, and he made his way to the bedroom.

Louis was sprawled across the huge, white bed, a pillow shoved under his side. Harry smiled to
himself and joined his sub on the bed, pulling him close and kissing his temple. Louis turned in his sleep towards Harry, fist ing his hand in Harry's hair and snuffling against his chest. Harry supported a hand under the belly and fell right to sleep next to Louis.

Harry woke up around ten the next morning, successfully sleeping his jet lag away. He stretched and swept a hand over the empty spot where Louis was supposed to be sleeping. He attuned his ears to the noises around him, not hearing Louis pattering around or in the bathroom. He did notice however, when he sat up, that a few drawers were open and Louis' clothes he was wearing last night were strewn across the floor.

So that means Louis is up and probably on the beach. He slid on a pair of trunks and a Brooks Brothers white button up, leaving it open. He opened the door of the bungalow and walked down the boardwalk to the sandy beach. Louis and Niall were doing morning yoga. Harry watched for a moment, looking at the beautiful sight that was his pregnant sub. Much to his pleasure, Louis was wearing a pair of tight yoga capris and a teal, stretchy, workout tank top.

Louis stood upright and stretched backwards, relieving the stress in his lower back. He caught sight of Harry and waved him over excitedly. They met halfway and Harry swept Louis into a heated snog.

"Hi." Louis grinned after.

"Hi." Harry replied, giving a half-smile, bringing out the dimples. Louis never failed to swoon.

"Niall and I are almost done, and then I'm all yours." Louis promised, biting his lip.

Harry smirked down at him. "Oh yeah?" He cupped Louis' arse in his big hands and gave a gentle squeeze. "Perfect."

Louis blushed and ran his hands down Harry's bare chest, tucking his fingertips under the band of Harry's trunks. Harry cupped Louis' face in his hands.

"You're stunning, darling." He murmured. "Simply stunning. Now, go and finish your yoga with Niall. Exercise my baby, I'm going to go find Liam." He kissed Louis once more before walking the
boy back to his yoga mat. After exchanging hellos with Niall, he walked over towards Niall and Liam's bungalow.

Louis and Niall did a few more yoga poses before they had to physically stop. They rolled out some towels and relaxed on the warm, white sand and watched the crystal blue water lap up to the shore.

"How's little baby?" Louis asked Niall, gesturing to his friend's belly. At fifteen weeks, Niall was beginning to show a little bit. Niall placed a hand on his tummy.

"Liam calls him peanut." He said fondly. "We think it's a boy."

"Oh great. More boys in the house." Louis rolled his eyes jokingly. "Thought of any names?"

"Well, if it's a girl, we like Delia or Harper, and for a boy, we have James or Finn. Sorry, we stole a name." He laughed.

"You can have it, it's Irish." Louis said, basking in the warm sun. The weather was nice, not humid at all, and sunny. Louis loved this type of weather, and he could work on his tan. "I like Delia and Harper. Are they taking Liam's last name?"

"They have too if Liam and I are still paired when they're born. But even so, I still want them to have his last name."

"Hmm...Delia Payne. Harper Payne. Finn Payne. James Payne." Louis tested all of the names out. "They all sound great with Payne as a last name."

"What are yours? Olivia Styles or Harry Styles?" Niall asked, giggling.

"I want to call Bean Harry Jr. or Edward. So it won't get confusing." Louis told him. "But Harry is opposed to that, for some reason. I thought he was happy about it, but I brought it up to him one day, and now he's against naming our son after him." He shrugged.

"Liam doesn't want the baby to be named Liam Jr. if it's a boy. Something about unrealistic expectations on him or something. By giving the baby his name, the baby will think it has to grow up
and do everything Liam did. I told him it was bogus though, but I don't know. It's their pride or something."

Louis hummed. "That's weird. They're weird."

"Yes they are." Niall agreed. "So when are you working on the nursery?"

"Harry said as soon as we get back, the guest room is getting cleared out and we can go and look at paint samples and furniture." Louis said. "I need to choose a theme first. I like a simple soft yellow room and I saw a Winnie the Pooh themed room in a baby magazine and fell in love. It's the vintage Winnie the Pooh, but Harry doesn't want that theme. He thinks it's not manly enough or something. I keep telling him that it's a baby, not a man."

"Oh well. I think that's a great theme." Niall complimented.

"Thank you, Nialler."

In the distance, they saw their doms come out of the bungalow and make their way to the beach.

"I hope you're wearing sunblock." Harry said when he got to Louis.

"Kind of." Louis said, holding his hands out for Harry to grab. Once he was hoisted up, he pressed a kiss to Harry's chest. "So, earlier this morning, Niall and I were talking. There's going to be a snorkeling expedition at two this afternoon, can we do it?"

"I told you I don't like the idea of you being pregnant and underwater." Harry said, shaking his head. Liam agreed with him.

"I don't think it's the safest thing for you two right now." He said.

"But!" Louis protested. "It's listed as safe for pregnant people. And it's soothing for the babies to be in water." He said. He rubbed his back for effect. "It will help my back."
Harry sighed and looked at Liam. "I'll do it if you will."

"Alright. But you are to stay within an arms-length of us." He told the two subs, who had smiles on their faces. "Now, let's go get some lunch so it will have time to settle before you get in the water. The last thing we need is a stomach cramp."

They got dressed in light clothing and made their way to Mai Kai Bora Bora. They were seated on the docks and placed their drink orders. Harry and Liam ordered Mojito's and Niall and Louis ordered water.

They gazed out at the ocean as they waited for their food to arrive. They were surrounded by crystal clear water, and they spotted a manta ray that swam back and forth lazily. He pulled out his phone and took pictures to send Anne and Jay when they got back to London.

Their food came shortly after, Louis and Niall digging into the crab salads and Harry and Liam eating their fish plates. Everything was delicious, as expected. Louis and Niall wanted to eat light, and Harry and Liam really didn't care.

"Is it weird eating something that we'll be face to face with in less than an hour and a half?" Niall asked, making Harry and Liam pause eating.

"That's gross!" Louis exclaimed, laughing.

"Well..."Liam seemed speechless. "I wasn't really thinking about that."

"Yeah, until now." Harry mumbled, putting his fork in his mouth.

Louis and Niall laughed gleefully. They chatted with a few patrons there, asking around about some things that they could do, what they could see, and soon, they were on their way to the snorkeling boat.

There was a man and a woman in wetsuits waiting for them. "I'm Taryn, and this is Dax." The
woman spoke, holding out her hand to shake. They boarded the boat and sped out a little ways into the ocean.

"It's not deep out here, maybe twenty, twenty five feet?" Taryn turned to Dax, who nodded. "So, you won't have to worry about any sharks coming at you. We might have a stray or two, but they won't bother us. They like the deeper water. One of the reasons this is listed as an activity for babymooners is because of the fact that it's very soothing on the muscles and relieves stress." She said, motioning to Louis and Niall.

"It won't hurt mommy or baby at all, so daddies can rest easy." She smiled. "You'll be given an oxygen tank, mommies will have more in it for obvious reasons. Dax and I will be close by, but other than that, you can go around as you please. There are little yellow flags that show you've gone too far."

Dax handed them some wetsuits to put on, and then they slipped oxygen tanks and goggles on.

"Once you have a beeping noise, that means you need to get out of the water as soon as you can. After the first beep, you have about five minutes before your oxygen runs out." Taryn said, slipping on her flippers and sitting on the side of the boat next to Dax.

They slid in the water, and Harry helped Louis and Liam helped Niall. Once they were all in, they slipped in their mouth pieces and dove under. Everything was crystal clear underwater, and there were schools of fish scattered. There was white sand at the bottom.

They swam around, Harry right behind Louis at all times. They all pointed out different exotic fish to each other, and Niall pointed to a shark in the distance. Harry was fearful for a moment before the shark turned right back around and swam away.

They snorkeled for another thirty minutes before their beeping was going off at different times. They all six broke the surface of the water and Dax got in the boat and lowered a ladder down for them. Once they were all up, they shed their goggles and oxygen tanks. Louis looked up at Harry and kissed him.

"Wasn't that fun?" He asked when they were all on dry land and waving goodbye to Dax and Taryn, who were getting back onto the boat. Taryn turned back around real quick and handed them a little
"Here! I almost forgot. Dax was taking pictures underwater, and he got some great shots of you four." She turned and ran to the boat. Harry slipped the card into his pocket.

"That was pretty fun." Liam admitted. "I didn't worry once." Niall raised his eyebrows at his dom. "Okay, fine. When I saw the shark."

"That's when Harry worried." Louis supplied, tucking himself under Harry's arm.

"How did you know?" Harry asked bewildered.

"I can sense you're emotions." Louis said, looking up at his dom. "And you're hand was squeezing my hip. I think I have your fingerprints bruised into my skin."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Alright, back to the bungalow. It's nap time for you." He said.

"Liam and I will be gone for dinner. We have to meet some important clients." Harry said a few hours later. He was buttoning up a shirt and looking at Louis, who was sprawled across the bed, rubbing his tummy.

Louis pouted. "How long will that take?"

"Not long, baby. And then," He walked over to Louis and leaned over him, pressing their lips together. "I'm all yours. For the rest of the trip."

"Fine. Hurry back." Louis said, watching as Harry opened the door and stepped out. "We'll be waiting!"

Once Harry and Liam were gone, Louis and Niall decided to go out to eat dinner. They arrived at Lagoon Restaurant by Jean-Georges, and since everything was paid for by the people Harry and
Liam were meeting, they were seated right away.

Louis ordered the rack of lamb and Niall ordered the crusted tuna. They were given bread to nibble on while they waited on their food. They were seated near the water and the floor was see-through, meaning they could watch the fish underneath them. It freaked them out a little, but they quickly got over it when their food was delivered.

"Oh my god, this is fantastic." Louis said around a mouthful, and Niall agreed.

"We'll have to come again before we leave." Niall said, and Louis agreed. Harry would love this place.

"Mr. Styles! Mr. Payne!" Said someone in a very expensive suit. He shook their hands. "My name is Mr. Escandarian! Pleasure to meet some of the worlds most successful businessmen! Please, sit." He snapped his fingers, and soon champagne was being poured over their shoulders.

"Order anything you want, this whole experience is my treat." He said, ordering something that Harry didn't quite catch. Harry ordered the duck with mango sauce, and Liam ordered the lamb.

"Now, gentlemen, let's talk business before the cuisine gets here. I've called you two here today because I've spoken to many of your investors and company owners that are under your care, and you've got glowing reviews. Not to mention, I've been reading up on you in the papers." He lifted his glass. "Great subs. You two will have perfect children, indeed."

"Thank you, Mr. Escandarian." Harry said.

"Call me Ash. Now, as I was saying. I own a chain of very luxurious resorts, and I would love to partner with your company and we can expand my resorts to more tropical locations around the world. Of course, you and Mr. Payne would be in charge of any in Europe."

"Wow," Liam said. "Are you serious?"
Ash nodded. "Of course! I believe that the three of us can make people's travel experience more luxurious and with you two at the head of all decisions, there would be nothing we couldn't do. I don't see how you two would say no, I really don't."

"We're not. Of course we accept. Are you sure you want us for the job?" Harry asked.

"Of course! Why the hell wouldn't I? You two would make me triple the amount of money I'm making now, and the same goes for you two!" Ash exclaimed. "Now, I don't have lawyers because mine is a dunce and I trust you two." He pulled out some papers and a pen and passed them over to Liam and Harry, who read over them and signed.

"You can keep those and have your lawyers look them over." Ash waved his hand when they tried to give him the papers back. "I have unsigned copies at my office just in case you two change your minds."

"I doubt we will." Liam said, and they all raised their glasses to a toast.

Harry and Liam stayed out longer than they intended, eating and drinking and chatting with Ash. By the time they arrived at their bungalows, their subs were sleeping. They said goodnight to each other and went their separate ways.

Harry pulled his clothes off and crawled in next to Louis, who was in the center of the bed, like always. Louis stirred in Harry's arms.

"How'd it go?" He asked sleepily. Harry kissed the back of his neck.

"Great, love. I'll tell you all about it in the morning." He replied quietly. "Now, sleep. We've got a big week planned."
YES, the plane ride from London, England to Bora Bora is 1 day 3 hours. YIKES
i made up everything they eat on this flight cause i have no idea what kind of food they
serve on first class
but in this story its fancy af
and they're in a first class suite bc its paid for by the rich bora bora ppl remember

This chapter killed me
This trip killed me
i didn't even bother learning the time zones so just go with it
ive decided that this story isn't going to last much longer bc i want to get to the sequel
so the pregnancy might go a little fast and i apologize

The next week was filled with nothing but one-on-one time with Louis and Harry. It was the most passionate week they had ever spent together, and Harry never failed to make Louis feel anything less than special. He treated Louis like his little princess. Which is why he gave in and they all went hiking up the mountain the next day. Harry enjoyed it more than he would admit, and Louis hated it more than he would admit.

Harry shot him smirks while they were trekking, knowing that Louis wasn't going to tell Harry that he hated it because he had begged to go. Harry was only giving him what he wanted. Louis requested to sit down for a third time, and they had only walked a mile. Uphill, mind you, and Louis was exhausted, which meant he was cranky.

The guide looked uneasy every time Louis snapped at him or sassed him. Harry just sat back and watched, even though he should keep his sub in line, it was only the four of them and the guide, who looked ready to cry or bolt.

"I'm not kidding, I am not taking one more step." Louis snapped to Harry, who stood with his cliche walking stick and backpack. He was wearing Ray Bans and had a scarf in his hair, taming the curls. He was leaning against the stick and staring at Louis, who was glaring and sitting uncomfortably on a log.

"Don't be snippy, darling. You wanted to climb the mountain, so we're climbing the mountain." Harry replied coolly. Louis huffed and held his hand out. Harry came forward to help him up, but his hands were slapped away.

"Not you. Someone else." He said moodily. Harry stepped back with his hands up. Liam helped Louis up and the smaller boy crossed his arms. The guide looked between the doms, and Harry nodded.

"Alright, if we can clear the next five miles, it's an easy trek to the top." He said quickly, trying to
avoid the wrath of Louis. They began walking, Harry behind Louis so that the boy wouldn't get hurt. The next mile went okay, with Louis only grumbling under his breath instead of voicing his opinions out loud.

"The only animals you should see out here is our vast array of exotic birds-" The guide began.

"I hate birds." Louis said.

"Louis." Harry warned. Louis huffed and rubbed a small hand on his lower back. Harry felt bad that he wasn't allowing Louis to stop and sit anymore, but this was the closet way of punishing the boy without actually punishing him.

"Whatever." His sub grumbled.

The guide went on. "As you can tell, Bora Bora mainly has marine wildlife, and a population of dogs, but that's it for our wildlife. So you can stop looking around for bears, Mr. Payne."

Liam blushed. "Just making sure." He said. The climb continued, and the third mile is when it got tricky. Louis got quiet, extremely quiet and the guide looked relieved, but Harry was anything but. He had been watching his sub, who was constantly rubbing some part of his body, and he looked uncomfortable.

"I need to talk to Louis." Harry said to the guide. Liam and Niall turned to look at them. "You go on ahead. We can catch up." The guide nodded and walked Liam and Niall away.

"What's wrong, love?" He asked, giving Louis the once-over. Louis burst into tears and made Harry frantic. "No, no no, love, what's wrong? Does it hurt? Is it Bean?"

"I don't want to climb anymore! I feel sick and all I want to do is sit down and you won't let me!" He sobbed, cradling his belly. "Bean won't calm down and my back hurts and my feet hurt and I'm so mean!"

"Why are you mean, love?" Harry asked, leading Louis to a stump and making him sit down.
"That guide! I was so mean!" He cried, tears streaming down his face. Harry wiped them away with his thumbs.

"Darling, it's quite alright. Do you want to leave? We can walk back down the trail. I don't want you and Bean to get sick." He pulled Louis close. "You can go back to the bungalow and we can soak in the hot tub, how does that sound? Relax you and Bean."

Louis nodded and sniffled. "I'm sorry. I should have listened to you. This climb was a bad idea."

"Hey, you climbed three miles. That's amazing. And when Bean is older, you can tell him all about how you made a tour guide cry and climbed three miles up a mountain with no bears on it."

Louis laughed wetly. "Shush, don't tell him such lies. I climbed to the top, remember?" He gave Harry his beautiful smile and Harry helped him stand.

"Of course you did, love." He said, and they made their way down the mountain after explaining the circumstances to the guide.

Once they were sitting in hot tub, Louis fully relaxed.

"Bean stopped kicking." He said to Harry, who was sitting next to him.

"Yeah?" He asked, placing a hand on top of Louis' stomach. "Good boy." He praised the bump.

Louis rested his head on Harry's shoulder. "He's going to be the best boy." Louis promised.

"I know, of course he is."

"Love you." Louis yawned.
"I love you, darling."

The next day, they had a lovely Valentine's Day dinner, Liam and Niall at a different restaurant, and later that night, they made love three times, each time more sweeter than the last. It was the perfect send off from the perfect vacation.

**Week 23:** Your baby is the size of a papaya. Baby is getting (a little) plumper, but Mommy may notice something completely different when she glances at her own belly: the linea nigra. At eight inches and slightly over a pound, this week marks the beginning of some serious weight gain. Your baby should double his weight over the next four weeks alone (and you may feel as though you do, too). By the time your baby is born, he or she will be pleasantly plump and filled out, from chubby cheeks to chubby toes.

Their week in Bora Bora went by way too fast for Louis' liking, and the stupid 27 hour plane ride made him want to scream. This time, he got no sleep at all. Harry insisted that he try, and Louis would snap at him and tell him that until he was 23 weeks pregnant and on a stupidly long plane ride, he could mind his business. Harry did just that; not talking to Louis until they reached London.

He had planned on not talking to Louis until the smaller boy apologized, but as soon as he saw Louis sway when he stood up, game over. He was over by Louis in an instant and didn't let him go until they got safely home. As soon as they stepped foot into the door, the two doms were ushering their poor, tired subs upstairs and into bed.

Louis fell right to sleep, gripping his body pillow for dear life and throwing a leg over it. It was one in the morning, and the time zones messed him up bad. He busied himself with unpacked and sorting the laundry in the laundry room until the door creaked open behind him and Louis walked in. He was wearing one of Harry's jumpers that gave him sweater paws and rubbing his eyes.

Harry looked at him fondly before enveloping him in a hug.

"Why are you up, love? You need to be sleeping. You've been up for more than a day."

"Couldn't sleep, you weren't there." He mumbled into Harry's shirt. Harry's heart swelled.
"Alright, love. Let's go to bed." Laundry could wait. It would have to wait. He wanted nothing more than to lay with his boy right now.

"Goodnight, babies." He said when they were tucked in tight.

"Nighty night." Louis said sleepily. Harry tucked his face into Louis' neck and fell right to sleep.

They didn't wake up until three o'clock in the afternoon, which was the latest that Harry had ever slept, even in college. He blinked his eyes open and yawned. He stretched his arms up and was met with a very disgruntled Louis.

"Stop moving." He mumbled before tucking his face back into Harry's chest.

"Sorry, doll. Shouldn't we get up though? It's three in the afternoon." He pointed out. He felt Louis shake his head.

"You can. I'm so exhausted." Louis said. Harry carded his hand through Louis' hair and listened to his sub purr.

"Okay, baby. You can rest for a little while longer, and then we need to talk about the nursery." He reminded Louis, who was suddenly wide awake.

"Can we go look at paint samples today? Now?" He asked hopefully. Harry laughed.

"If you get up and get dressed, we can go after we eat." He promised. Louis squealed excitedly and slid down from the bed and made a beeline for his closet. He came out minutes later wearing some jeans and a sweater.

"Let's go!" He said excitedly. Harry gestured to his half naked body.
"I still have to get dressed, love. Why don't you go downstairs and get something to eat." Harry suggested. "I'll meet you down in the kitchen." Louis nodded and left the room. Harry dressed quickly and combed his hair. He made his way downstairs a few minutes later and followed Louis' excited chatter to the kitchen.

Niall and Liam had fallen victim to one of Louis' long, pointless ramblings. Harry was quick to swoop in and quiet Louis with a kiss.

"Eat up, love, and we can go." Harry reminded, and Louis ate quickly. Once he was done, he went to the door and slipped his coat and shoes on.

"Ready?" Harry asked moments later, appearing with his keys in hand. Louis nodded and they walked out to the car.

There was a baby furniture store that specialized in themes and had the best furniture around, so that's where they went. Upon arrival, Louis was handed a big, thick book that had the different themes they could do but also the furniture and colors and prices. Louis was amazed. He flipped through it while walking through the store. Harry followed closely, noticing some of his business partners who were with their subs.

They were more of the stricter doms that made Harry's stomach turn. They had to have complete control over their subs and only provided what was crucial and necessary for pregnancy. They only got the bare minimum, though. Harry wished they wouldn't be noticed because Louis wasn't very good at respecting him in public. That sounds bad, but Harry never got around to enforcing it.

He tugged on Louis' elbow and turned the boy around to face him. "Louis, you remember how to act in public?" He asked. Louis looked confused.

"What? Harry-"

"Sir. In public, you call me Sir." He cut Louis off. The sub looked stunned, but nodded anyway.

"Okay..." He said, looking around nervously. Harry nodded.

"Good." He really hoped they wouldn't be approached.
"Hey, look at this theme." Louis said suddenly, flipping through the catalog and pointing to a vintage Winnie the Pooh theme. "It's yellow, which is gender neutral."

"The baby is a boy, Louis. We don't need gender neutral."

Louis opened his mouth to talk, but a man approached them with his meek looking sub.

"Harry!" The man cheered, clapping Harry on the back. "Haven't seen you out of the office in a long time! What are you doing?"

"Hello, Christopher." Harry acknowledged. "Just with my sub, looking at furniture for the nursery."

The grabbed the book harshly from Louis and looked at what he was pointing too. He raised his eyebrows. "Having a little girl?"


"You let your sub talk to other doms like that?" He challenged Harry.

"Of course not. Louis knows his manners, it seems as if he's forgotten them." Harry said, shooting Louis a look.

"Sorry, Harry." He said, and then his eyes widened, along with the other doms.

"Sir." Harry snapped quickly.

"You let him call you by your first name?" The dom asked in disbelief. "If he was mine, I would have already knocked him to the ground."

Louis turned away, but the other dom grabbed his arm. "Don't walk away from your dom, boy." He said. He looked at Harry. "Now, you can't let your boy live in a room with this girly theme. He
needs something manlier." Christopher let go of Louis and flipped through the book. "Like this. It's got footie ball wallpaper."

Louis looked at the ground. He felt so bad for Christopher's sub, and he was angry at Harry for letting the other dom put his hands on him. Louis was pregnant, for God's sake, and Harry said nothing.

"Seems like you've got a lot of growing to do as a dom. I assume he's just a trial?" Christopher asked, motioning to Louis. "That's what this one is." He threw his arm roughly over his pregnant sub. She cowered. "Had to get at least one baby out of her though."

Harry cringed internally. How dare Christopher question him as a dom. "Louis is not a trial, and I'm going to ask you politely one time not to touch my sub again." Harry said. Christopher looked taken aback.

"You're standing up for him? Why?"

"Because the ring on his finger and the baby in his stomach." Harry said clearly.

"So, you're keeping him?" Christopher asked, leering at Louis, making the younger boy shift uncomfortably. Harry tucked Louis behind him.

"Why wouldn't I? I love him and I plan on starting a family with him, not that I owe you any explanations. Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to help choose my sons nursery theme." Harry jerked the catalog away from Christopher and walked away with Louis under his arm.

Once they were a safe distance away, Harry turned to Louis and rubbed his arm where Christopher had grabbed him. "Are you okay, love? Don't listen to or believe anything he said, okay? He's bad, very bad."

"I'm okay, I really am." Louis promised. "I just didn't like going through that, hearing him talk about the baby like that."

"I know. I should really look into firing him. He gives my company a bad name." Harry said. "Now, let's pick out some furniture, hm? And find the perfect color yellow. I know you want a soft yellow?"
Hearing Harry talk about the nursery made him feel warm inside. "Yeah, and I saw a crib when we came in that I really liked. But I want the baby in a bassinet in our room for the first few months."

"I'm not so sure. I have to get up very early in the mornings, and the baby would disrupt my sleep."

"And mine." Louis said. "I'm going to be the one getting up with him every few hours."

"I would like the baby to be in his room, Louis." Harry said with finality in his voice. Louis sighed and nodded.

"Fine." Louis said, turning to face a row of cribs. He pointed to a dark cherry wood convertible crib. "I love that one." He said. "We can hang a canopy from the ceiling over it. I think that would look great."

"Is that the one you want?" Harry asked. Louis nodded. They purchased yellow bed sheets to put on the mattress; Louis protested against anything else on the bed, claiming it wasn't safe.

They made their way over to the changing tables, Louis checking each one carefully. "It has to match the crib." He said, reading the card that held the description of each changing table. He finally chose one that matched the crib.

"Now what?" Harry asked, directing a store employee to the changing table Louis wanted.

"A rocking chair." Louis said, making his way to the displays. Choosing a chair was easier than the cribs. He watched Louis sit in each one and rock back and forth before he chose one.

"That one. It's perfect." He said. Harry nodded and helped Louis' up. "Now, we need a bassinet and maybe a rocker? And definitely a monitor, since we're not letting him sleep in our room." Louis said.

"Attitude." Harry warned.

Louis crossed something off on the front page of the catalog. It was a nursery checklist. "Do you
"Whatever you want, love." Harry said, following Louis around the story. He carried the expensive baby monitor in his hands.

"We need a carbon monoxide and smoke alarm in the room."

"Love, we have those in the house already."

"But not in the nursery." He said. "A baby swing would be nice. And a diaper pail. A wipe warmer is ideal because of the cold climates we live in. A car seat-Harry! Are you writing this down?" He asked. Harry had forgotten that he was holding the catalog and the pen.

"Sorry love. Baby swing, diaper pail, wipe warmer, car seat. Anything else?"

"I wish you would pay a little more attention, Harry." Louis said to his dom.

"Sorry love."

"Let's go get the rest of the stuff, and then we can start buying clothes and diapers."

"Wouldn't you like a baby shower?" Harry asked, helping Louis carry the diaper pail and wipe warmer to the counter. A store employee carried the baby swing over beside the rest of their merchandise.

"No. I don't have many friends, just Niall." Louis said quietly.

After they chose a car seat, Louis looking though each one carefully, they purchased the items and Harry instructed them to stack everything in the car carefully. Once everything was inside the Escalade, they made their way to the baby stores at the mall.

They walked hand in hand through the store. Harry got into the clothes shopping with Louis. He picked out several clothing items himself, holding the tiny articles of clothing. Louis came up next to
"Amazing, innit?" He mumbled quietly. "You used to wear clothes that small. And Bean is gonna be as big as you some day. But he's gonna start out so small."

Harry pulled Louis close and kissed his cheek. "It's very amazing, love." He said, and they turned back to the clothes racks. They got onesies of various colors and designs, and they got pants and shorts, shirts and jackets, sleepers and shoes and socks.

After they had successfully filled a few bags of clothing, they went to buy diapers and wipes, and the other necessary items like diaper cream and baby powder. Louis’ favorite was buying the baby soaps, shampoos, and lotions. They all smelled so good and fresh.

Louis let Harry pick out the baby blankets and pacifiers while he got a nursing pillow and some burping pads.

Once they were done, shopping, they stuffed the car full and headed home, ready to clear out the guest room and move the furniture downstairs. Harry kissed Louis' knuckles and smiled over at his sub.

He was getting excited to be a dad.

Chapter End Notes

Another filler!
It starts getting more exciting after this chapter, I promise
And like I said before, this story will end soon so I can start the sequel
Louis WILL have the baby in this story, though.
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

NIAM BABY REVEAL
cried while writing this
it gave me a heavy heart

See the end of the chapter for more notes

28 weeks: Your baby is the size of a cucumber. Your baby has started blinking and dreaming while you may be dreaming that the pain in your derriere will disappear! Gone, most likely, are the days when you could call pregnancy "comfortable" (that is, if you ever did). These days, your baby's kicking (or lack of) is keeping you up at night and worried during the day, your feet are swollen, you're getting tired all over again and your backache is a pain that just won't quit. And even though he or she hasn't started crying yet, it may seem that your baby's getting on your nerves already — literally. As your baby gets settled into a proper (you hope) position for birth, his or her head (and your enlarging uterus) may rest on the sciatic nerve in the lower part of your spine. And if that happens, you may feel sharp, shooting pain, tingling or numbness that starts in your buttocks and radiates down the back of your legs — otherwise known as sciatica.

Louis was extremely uncomfortable. And tired. And his backache was back with a vengeance. He was so glad that they had set the nursery up weeks prior, because now he doesn't think that he would have been able to help, not that Harry had let him much. All he did was point to where he wanted things sat. The nursery, when it was finished, quickly became his favorite room in the house.

The soft yellow walls were inviting, and the rich, dark furniture gave an air of sophistication, something that had pleased Harry. Louis favorite was the rocking chair, though. It came with a soft, cushion-y footrest, and Louis loved sitting in it while folding the baby clothes. He had washed each article twice now, loving the fresh, homey scent of the detergent.

He couldn't sit for very long, though, because of something his doctor called sciatica. He was getting sharp pains in the backs of his legs, and it made them numb sometimes. He picked up the stack of baby onesies and placed them lovingly in the baby dresser. They were sitting next to a pile of little baby socks

Once all of the clothes, and there were a lot, mind you (thanks to Anne and Jay), were hung up or folded, Louis reorganized the diapers and wipes on the changing table. He walked over to the crib and smoothed the sheets down. He was nesting, apparently, and felt the need to make everything perfect for the arrival of Bean (just twelve more weeks!).
He wished Harry wasn't working so much, either, but he understood that Harry needed to be at his job, and he was careful not to bring work into any of their conversations, which Louis was thankful for. Niall was in his 21st week, and he had a cute little bump, while Louis was sporting a beach ball under his shirt, or so it felt.

He no longer slept peacefully at night. He was always tossing and turning and on more than one occasion, Harry had woken up and demanded him to stop moving. Louis just couldn't find a position comfortable for him, so more often that not, once Harry was sleeping again, he would get up and walk around the upstairs until the pain in his legs stopped him.

Dr. Bowen had been carefully monitoring him, concerned about the size of Louis' baby. Bean was growing fantastically, and Dr. Bowen predicted at least nine pounds, if not more. But he was concerned about Louis' health, carrying such a big baby. He had scheduled their doctors appointments to every week now, and he kept Louis on a strict diet to keep the weight gain at a healthy minimum.

He told Louis that Bean would more than likely be born after he drops into position, around 36 weeks. Of course, that sent Louis into a tizzy, worrying about 36 weeks being too early, but Dr. Bowen had assured him that the baby would be a healthy weight and there would be zero complications.

Louis didn't know if he was ready for Bean to be a month early, but Dr. Bowen told him that his water would most likely break around 36 weeks, and then they would go ahead with the labor instead of stalling it. Nevertheless, he was excited that Bean would be healthy.

He took one more look around the room and flipped the switch off and closed the door.

30 weeks: Your baby is the size of a small cabbage. Your baby's brain is getting smarter by the minute, but for Mom, the only thing that smarts right now may be heartburn pain. You're 30 weeks pregnant — with only 10 more to go! Many of the early pregnancy symptoms you thought you'd put behind you are coming back to haunt you, like the need to pee all the time (because your baby's head is now pressing on your bladder), along with tender nipples (as they gear up for milk production), fatigue and pregnancy heartburn.

Dr. Bowen flipped through the papers on his clipboard, humming while he read. "Alright, Louis.
You're blood pressure is okay, not good, and not great. We want to monitor that, to avoid preeclampsia. Is Harry coming to this appointment?” He asked.

"He's on his way. Work thing, you know." Louis said.

Dr. Bowen nodded. "All right. We're going to try to slow your weight gain again. You've gained about thirty pounds so far, and any more might be dangerous for both you and baby. Speaking of, let's take a look, shall we?" He spread the jelly across Louis' large abdomen and Bean appeared on the screen.

There was a knock on the door, and Perrie opened the door and Harry walked in.

"Just in time, Dad!" Dr. Bowen exclaimed as Harry walked over to Louis and kissed his cheek. He looked delectable in his work suite. They looked over at the screen. "Looks like baby is sucking his thumb." He pointed.

"He's quite large." Dr. Bowen said, handing Louis paper towels to wipe off the jelly. "Now, we need to discuss birthing plans. A Caesarian may be best if your baby gets any bigger between now and 38 weeks. I'm going to guess that your water will break on its own, around 36 weeks. When that happens, you're going to get a baby, so don't dawdle. Get here fast."

"I don't want a Caesarian." Louis said. Both Harry and Dr. Bowen looked at him.

"You can do a natural birth, whichever you're more comfortable with. But a natural labor may last up to two days. A Caesarian would be quicker and easier on your body." Dr. Bowen informed.

"I want a natural birth." Louis stated. Dr. Bowen nodded.

"Alright. Now, circumcision. Have you two studied it?"

Louis and Harry nodded.

"And?" Dr. Bowen asked. "What's the verdict?"
"I think it's the best idea." Louis said. Harry looked at him, shocked.

"We agreed not too." He said. Louis shook his head.

"No we didn't. You did."

"Alright, well, you two can talk about it more and tell me at our next appointment." Dr. Bowen said. "Now, Louis, how's this trimester?"

"To be quite honest, it sucks. I've never been so uncomfortable in my whole life." He admitted. Harry rubbed his side.

"That's the third trimester for you. Just try to avoid strenuous activities, and remember to keep the weight gain down. You may be experiencing Braxton Hicks' soon, and they aren't real contractions. Just practice ones. The easiest way to ease them is to change positions or to walk around. As for sleeping, start laying in a semi-seated position. The baby is pressing against your diaphragm and it's going to make breathing harder."

They talked for a few more minutes before leaving, sonograms of Bean sucking his thumb in hand. The weather was starting to get warmer, being mid-April. Once they got into the car, Louis dug out the circumcision pamphlet.

"I think we should circumcise Bean." He said, and Harry shook his head.

"Hell no."

"Why not?"

"It's more pleasurable if you have foreskin."

"It's cleaner if you're circumcised."
"The answer is no."

"Not everyone likes uncircumcised penises, Harry."

"I'm not cut, so that must mean you don't like mine." Harry said.

"That's not the same."

"It's the exact same. I said no, and that's the final answer." Harry said.

"You can't do that! You're using your status as a dom to force me to do something I don't want to do." Louis exclaimed angrily.

"I can do that. And I am. Talking to Christopher a couple weeks ago made me stop and think. I'm not being the dom I should, and I've let you get away with a helluva lot of stuff. That stops now." Harry shouted.

"You're bullying me." Louis shouted back.

Harry pulled up to the house and slammed on the brakes. "Give me your ring." He said through gritted teeth. Louis' eyes widened.

"What?"

"Give. Me. Your. Ring. Or rather my ring. Right now." He said, holding his hand out. Louis swallowed the lump in his throat and looked down at his left hand. The ring looked dull, but maybe that was just the tears that were forming making it seem less extravagant. He pulled it off slowly and dropped it in Harry's waiting palm. Harry pocketed the ring and got out of the car and walked into the house.

Louis followed a few minutes later, Niall greeting him at the door with a concerned look. He let a few tears slip before was sobbing hysterically against his friends shoulder. Niall rubbed his back and cooed in his ear.
"What's wrong, Lou? What happened?" Niall asked. Louis wiped his eyes and looked at Niall.

"I think-I think it's over." He said, sucking in a breath, which wasn't much because of his limited breathing room. Niall's eyes softened and he took on a pitying look.

"Why do you say that?"

Louis held up his bare left hand. "He took it back." Louis was so overcome with different emotions, and he felt like he was going to collapse at any minute. "Can I-can I stay in the guest bedroom on your side of the house?" He asked.

Niall nodded. "Of course, come on. Let's get you some sleep." He said, and they started up the stairs. Liam appeared at the top and Louis knew immediately that Liam knew what was happening. He helped Louis up the stairs with Niall.

Niall helped Louis up into the bed and propped the pillows behind him. "Do you want me to get the pillow off of your bed?" He asked, knowing how important the body pillow was to pregnant people. He never slept without his.

Louis nodded. "If you don't mind? I just feel..."

"Of course I don't mind, Louis. I'll be right back." He said. True to his word, he was back in seconds, holding the large, white pillow. He handed it to Louis and sat on the end of the bed.

"What did the doctor say?"

"That the weight gain needs to stop or I'll get preeclampsia and it's dangerous for me and the baby. Um...Braxton Hicks' should show up in a week or two, and that he expects my water to break by week 36 because Bean is so big." He shifted. "What about Finn?" He asked, motioning towards Niall's 23 weeks belly. Niall and Liam had found out a few weeks ago that they were also having a boy.

"He's great. Perfect size." Niall said, rubbing his tummy.
Louis yawned. Niall got off the bed. "I'll let you get some rest. I know you haven't been sleeping lately."

"Can you wake me up around dinner?" Louis asked Niall, who nodded. "Thanks, Ni." He waited for Niall to close the door before he was turning on his side and pulling the covers over him. He tried to think of happier things as he drifted to sleep.

Dinner that night was awkward, to say the least. Harry was stone-faced and Louis didn't look up from his plate. Liam and Niall didn't know what to do. Louis was picking at his food, not wanting to eat.

"Louis, you have to eat." Niall said to his friend.

"He can't gain anymore weight than he already has." Harry spoke up, in a cruel manner.

"Harry." Liam said.

"I'm not hungry." Louis said quietly, still looking down at his food filled plate.

"You're not leaving until you eat." Liam instructed Louis. He turned to Harry. "Stop being mean."

"I'm being truthful." Harry shrugged. "He doesn't need it."

"You do realize that if he doesn't eat, your baby doesn't eat?" Liam snapped. He clenched his jaw.

"I think I'm going to go lay down." Louis said, standing, Niall getting up with him.
"No." Liam said harshly. "You're eating. Harry, stop."

"I'll eat later, Liam. I just want to go lay down." Louis pleaded.

"Fine." Liam said, nodding for Niall to take Louis upstairs. Harry continued eating like nothing has happened.

"Do you want to tell me what all of this is about?" He asked when the subs were out of the room.

Harry sighed. "Not really."

"You're being cruel to Louis."

"I'm being what I'm supposed to be."

"A cruel dom?"

"No. I've let Louis get away with too much. He's called the shots and I need to take control before it gets worse."

"Worse than taking the ring away from him?" Liam challenged.

"Yes."

"You do realize that there's nothing worse than that, right? You do realize that you just broke up with him? You took back everything that you said to him the night you proposed?"

"He needs to learn his place."
"Harry...has someone been questioning your dominant status?" Liam asked, leaning forward. Harry sat his fork down and sighed. "You can tell me."

"Christopher, from work. He saw us in the baby store and started ragging on me about not controlling Louis properly. Christ, he even grabbed Louis and I just stood there. What kind of dom am I? I just need time to evaluate myself before I talk to Louis again."

"Don't make it too long." Liam warned.

"I honestly have no idea how long it will take. I just know that I don't have the patience to deal with Louis right now." He said, standing up and exiting the room.

Week 32: Your baby is the size of a coconut. Your baby is practicing survival skills like sucking and breathing, while your uterus is practicing some Braxton Hicks contractions. This week, your body may start prepping for delivery day by flexing its muscles...literally. They feel like a tightening sensation that begins at the top of your uterus and then spreads downward, lasting from 15 to 30 seconds (though they can sometimes last two minutes or more).

Louis was still in the guest room two weeks later. Not a word was exchanged between him or Harry. Harry still left his work at lunchtime to go to the appointments, but left as soon as they were over without speaking to Louis.

Today, Dr. Bowen was talking about the Braxton Hicks.

"Have you experienced them?" He asked, looking at Louis. He had long since caught onto the tension between the two.

Louis nodded. "A few times, they'll wake me up. It hurts a lot to get out of bed and walk around, but I do, and they ease up." Louis replied.

"Great. Now, you know that if they come more frequently and there's fluid present or you begin to bleed, that means labor is fast approaching, and you should make your way to the hospital, got it?"
Louis nodded.

"Great. now, sleeping, tell me about it."

"I'm not really sleeping." Louis admitted. Harry felt the guilt creeping into his gut. He had no idea about the Braxton Hicks or the sleeplessness. "I usually walk around for a little bit and try to tire the baby out. Sometimes I can get a few hours before the contractions are back."

"I wish there was a medicine I could prescribe you, but unfortunately, I can't without it sending you into early labor or hurting you and the baby. So for now, I just suggest that you nap a lot during the day, okay? Make up for the lost rest." He said.

Louis nodded and stood up. Harry was already on his way out the door to get back to work. Louis sighed and made his way out to the SUV he was driving. He wished that Harry was here for him, during a crucial part of his pregnancy. He just hoped that Harry would come around before the baby was here.

Chapter End Notes

dont hate me...????????

eeeeeeek
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

yall gonna loooove me

;)))

See the end of the chapter for more notes

36 weeks: Your baby is the size of a canary melon. Your baby's bones may be ready to rock and roll, but yours may be aching right now. Welcome to your last month of pregnancy! It's a good thing your baby's almost done cooking, since your body may feel pretty "done" by now as well. For one thing, by 36 weeks pregnant you're doing the full-term penguin waddle that many third-trimester mums-to-be seem to affect. There is a happy upshot, believe it or not. As your baby drops into your pelvic cavity (and keep in mind that not all babies drop before labor begins), the upward pressure of the uterus on your diaphragm is relieved.

Louis' 36th week came and went, and no baby. Dr. Bowen was puzzled, but assured Louis that the baby probably just wasn't ready to come out yet. He did, however, pull Harry aside at the last appointment and tell him to keep an eye on Louis, telling him that labor would hit Louis hard and it would hurt, and that they needed to resolve their issues before that happened.

Harry, being prideful, just shrugged off the suggestions. He had watched as Louis struggled into the SUV he was driving. He knew that before long, Louis wouldn't be able to get behind the wheel.

At home, he spent most of his time in his office, leaving Louis to go to the birthing classes alone. Niall always went with Liam, making Louis the third wheel. So, after a few weeks, Louis started staying home to bounce on the ball for an hour before going (slowly) upstairs to lay down. He knew that Louis was sleeping more in the day than he was in the night.

More than once, he had gotten up to go downstairs in the middle of the night and walked past the nursery, seeing the light on inside and Louis rocking and talking softly to the baby. And then, when he would get up in the morning at 5:30 to go to work, Louis would still be in the nursery, rearranging things or re-folding clothes. It wracked him with guilt, but he was between a rock and a hard place.

Both of their mums knew about the tension, and they were always quick to offer advice to their sons. Harry knew that sooner or later, he would have to buck up and talk to his sub.
38 weeks: Your baby is the size of a winter melon. Your baby is producing surfactant, which will help him take those first breaths while you're producing colostrum, the precursor to breast milk. Two weeks and counting (unless, of course, your baby decides to stay on for the tenth month…).

Two weeks later and Louis was downright miserable. He hated to get up and walk because everything was sore. Dr. Bowen was stumped. Louis' baby was over eight and a half pounds, bordering on nine, and yet Louis wasn't early.

Niall was in his 31st week and glowing, while Louis was so emotional and would cry at the drop of a hat. He was just so tired of being pregnant and Harry was still icing him out. Dr. Bowen had warned him and Harry both about Louis developing postpartum depression, and it would be serious because of the toll the pregnancy was having on Louis.

Louis just wanted Harry back. He wanted to sleep in the same bed as Harry and he wanted Harry to help him out of bed at three in the morning and walk around with him whenever a Braxton Hicks appeared or his back hurt so bad he couldn't lay on it. He started crying himself to sleep at nights, discovering that it was the only way that he could sleep; if he exhausted himself first.

He knew it wasn't healthy but he was just so damn tired. He plopped himself down on the couch and flicked the TV on. Niall was in the kitchen, making a sandwich. He kicked his feet up on the coffee table and rubbed at his swollen belly.

The front door clicked open and Liam and Harry came in, letting in the oddly warm end-of-May air. Liam said hello and walked into the kitchen. Harry started up the stairs, but Louis called out for him, making him stop walking and turn around.

He watched as Louis struggled to get off the couch and waddled over to him. He looked so uncomfortable and Harry wanted to envelope his poor sub into a hug. But he couldn't do that until he made a very important phone call, which he should have been making, but he was waiting for Louis to make his way over to the stairs.

"Harry?" He squeaked, hands under his belly.

"Not now." Harry said, darting up the stairs. He heard Louis snifflle and whimper behind him. He went into his office and closed the door. He sat down and pulled out his phone and dialed the
The house was quiet when Harry got off the phone with Dr. Swift, who had just helped him tremendously. He walked briskly over to the room where Louis was sleeping and opened the door. Louis was standing by the window, cradling his belly. He turned when he heard the door open. Harry didn't expect him to tighten his lips together and turn away.

"Louis, I would like to talk to you." He said, closing the door behind him.

"No." Louis replied, still staring out the window.

"No?" Harry asked, eyebrows raised. "You don't get to tell me no."

"Yes I do. Do you want to know why?" Louis asked, turning from the window and facing Harry. "You have left me pregnant and alone for eight weeks. What would you have done if I had gone into labor at 36 weeks like Dr. Bowen had predicted? Would you have just stayed at work or at home or wherever you would have been when my water broke? And then ignored us when we returned home?" Louis shouted. "You took your stupid fucking ring away from me and made me endure the most critical weeks of pregnancy alone, so yes, I can tell you no. Now get out."

Harry was stunned. He had never seen Louis go off like that before, and he had every right too. But Harry wanted to explain.

"Let me explain, love."

"Don't call me that. I'm not your love. And you can't explain, because for one, I don't want to hear it, and two, you never gave me the chance to explain. Ever. So you can get out and leave me alone." He turned back to the window, shoulders shaking.

Harry stared at him for a few more minutes before turning on his heel and exiting the room. He knew
that he had caused his sub a great deal of emotional distress, and he knew that he had to make it up to Louis somehow.

40 weeks: *Your baby is the size of a watermelon. It's the official end of your pregnancy — though your baby might not have gotten that memo. Hang in there!*

For the past two weeks, Harry had been groveling at his feet for Louis' forgiveness. He sent Louis flowers randomly throughout the day, he sent boxes upon boxes of chocolates, bought the baby new stuff, and went into Louis' room every night to beg for forgiveness, and each attempt failed. Louis was now in his 40th miserable week.

Liam and Niall knew of Harry's attempts to win Louis back, and they actually pitied him. They knew that Louis was icing Harry out, just like what Harry did to him. Both of the boys were miserable without each other.

He didn't know what to do. He was utterly helpless now. He knew that Louis would talk to him sooner or later, he just hoped it was before Bean was born. He didn't want to bring his son into a troubled home.

Louis ignored Harry for three more days before he physically couldn't anymore. He had just gotten up to walk around the room when he felt a gush of warm fluid run down his legs. His water broke.

He started to walk forward when he was hit with a powerful and painful contraction. He doubled over and clutched the side of the bed. "Ha-ha-Harry!" He tried to shout, but he was breathing so heavily that it was hard to get words out.

He whimpered and tried to stand. "Harry!" He shouted again. He heard a door slam open and Harry burst in the door.

"What? What is it baby? Tell me where it hurts." He said frantically, and then he noticed the fluid on
Louis' pants and the floor. His eyes widened. "Oh, baby, let's go get you changed real quick and we can go to the hospital." He said, tucking an arm around Louis and helping him to the bedroom.

"What's going on?" Liam asked, he and Niall opening their bedroom door.

"Louis' in labor, we're going to the hospital." Harry shouted back at them, depositing Louis on the bed and running to get him some flannel pajama pants. He slid the wet ones off and the clean ones on.

"There we go, baby. Nice and warm." He said, slipping on a jumper. "Let me get the hospital bag and we can go."

Louis burst into tears. "You packed the hospital bag for me?" He asked.

"Of course I did, baby. Of course. I would do anything for you." Harry cooed, helping Louis up. "Now, let's walk down these stairs slowly, okay?" He said, hoisting the hospital bag over his shoulder and helping Louis down the stairs.

"Son of a-" Louis said when they reached the bottom. He dug his fingers into Harry's hips and sobbed into Harry's chest as a painful contraction hit him. Harry rubbed his back and stomach until it ended.

He slid a pair of TOMS onto Louis' feet and a pair of house slippers on his. They were opening the door when Liam and Niall came down the stairs.

"We'll meet you there." Liam said, shooing Harry out the door.

Harry helped Louis into the Escalade and drove off. He called Dr. Bowen on the way to tell him that they were on their way, and Louis was in labor.

"Harry, you motherfucker, I hate your stupid guts." Louis gritted out. He turned his head and caught sight of the car seat that Harry had installed weeks prior. Tears welled up in his eyes. "I don't hate your stupid guts." He hiccuped.
"I know, love. We're almost there, darling, then you can lay down and they can give you medicine to make everything better." Harry promised, pulling up to the hospital.

"No medicine, remember?" Louis said as Harry jumped out and helped him down. They walked, or in Louis' case, waddled, into the hospital slowly. Dr. Bowen and Perrie greeted them with a wheelchair and a clipboard of papers to sign.

"How are you, Louis?" Dr. Bowen asked as they wheeled him into a room (a nice room) while Harry scribbled his name on a few papers.

"Peachy." Louis said through clenched teeth. Perrie helped him stand and handed him a hospital gown.

"Once you get this on, you need to urinate into this cup, and then you can lay down and we'll check your vitals. Once that's done, we'll hook you up to a machine that monitors your contractions." She said, handing Louis a cup and a hospital gown.

Harry led him into the bathroom to help him change and steady him while he did his business in the cup. Once he was done, Harry helped him back into the room. He handed Perrie the cup and helped Louis up into bed. Perrie and Dr. Bowen hooked up a machine to his stomach and the machine began reading out a piece of paper with lines on it.

"Alright, let's see if baby has turned into position." Dr. Bowen said, feeling Louis' lower stomach. "Great, he has! Now, I'll do a pelvic exam to see how dilated and effaced you are." He said, slipping on gloves and propping Louis' legs up.

Louis held Harry's hand tightly. Dr. Bowen lifted his head up a few minutes later.

"Sorry, Louis. You're not even a centimeter. You have to be ten before you can start pushing." He said, taking the gloves off and standing. I'll be back in a few hours to check again."

Harry nodded at the doctor when he left and turned to Louis, who was staring at him.
"Harry," He began, gripping his doms hand tightly. "I'm so sorry." He said, tearing up.

"No, love, shhhh. I'm the one who's sorry, okay? I will never forgive myself for the way I treated you. Oh God, Louis, I'm such a piece of shit. You've every right to be mad at me. I wouldn't blame you if you never forgave me." Harry choked out.

Louis ran a hand down Harry's face. "I forgive you. I shouldn't, but I love you too much. I have a feeling this whole thing started when Christopher said those things at the mall, am I right?"

Harry smiled at his sub. "Always right." He said. "You weren't kidding when you said you could always tell what I'm feeling."

"I didn't take any of it to heart, Harry." He murmured. "I knew that it must be incredibly difficult for you to have your status speculated."

Harry kissed Louis' knuckles. "Can you sleep for me, love?" He asked. "I'll be right here next to you, but I really want you to sleep."

Louis nodded and Harry pulled the covers over his sub and kissed his forehead. "I love you so much." He whispered.

Dr. Bowen and Perrie came in the room around five in the morning to check Louis to see if he was dilated. He announced that Louis was three centimeters. Louis groaned and squeezed Harry's hand tightly. At first Harry thought it was because of the news, but Perrie told him that it was a contraction, and a bad one.

"It's alright love, almost over." Harry said.

"Shut up." Louis said. He squeezed harder and breathed quickly. When it was over, he turned to Harry and kissed his palm. "Sorry."

"I don't expect you to control your tongue during this process." Harry told him. He reached into his
pocket and pulled out the ring he had taken back. Ever since then, he had kept it on his person. He slipped it back on Louis’ finger.

"It was so very wrong of me to take that, and that is one thing I will never let myself forget. You have my sincere permission to stick it to me the next time I try something like that, okay? This is just as new to me as it is to you, and quite frankly, I'm terrified of what will happen."

Louis sat up against the pillows. He grabbed Harry's face in both of his hands and kissed him. "I'm terrified too, but I know that as long as we're together, we'll get through it, okay?" He looked at the clock. "I love you, now please let me sleep. You should too." He said, laying back down, holding Harry's hand and keeping one on his belly.

"I will, love. I will." He promised. He waited until Louis was asleep before slipping from the room and sitting in the waiting room with Liam and Niall.

"How is he?" Niall asked.

"Great. Sleeping now. Three centimeters dilated, but the doctor thinks it will start speeding up soon. He thinks that we'll have a baby by five o'clock tonight, at least. If not, I feel bad for Louis."

Liam nodded sympathetically. "Especially since your baby is supposed to be big."

Harry rubs his eyes and laughs. "I think that I'll have to beg for forgiveness once the baby is born." He sees Dr. Bowen and Perrie go into the room and stands up. "They're probably checking again."

"Good luck!" Niall calls.

Dr. Bowen is in between Louis' legs, feeling around, and Perrie was checking the fetal heart monitor.

"Alright, Louis. You're at five. Only five more, and then you'll be ready to push. You're contractions are coming at steady rates, and you're ready for an epidural!"

Louis shook his head. "No epidural, remember?"
"Louis, your contractions are only going to get worse. I suggest an epidural right now so that it has time to kick in before you have to push. You're progressing quickly now, and I estimate you'll be pushing within the next eight hours." Dr. Bowen said.

"No epidural." He repeated. Dr. Bowen sighed and nodded. Before he left the room, he pulled Harry aside.

"Can you talk him into an epidural? His pain levels will be off the charts. Your baby is over nine pounds and it will most likely result in tearing. While we can barely prevent that, I would love it if he couldn't feel anything." He explained.

Harry nodded. "I'll talk to him about it." He promised, turning to Louis.

"Hey love. How are we feeling?" He asked, but before Louis could answer, he was hit with another contraction. He grabbed Harry's hand and squeezed for dear life. "It's okay, darling. Almost over."

"I'm great." Louis replied when the contraction was done.

"No you're not. I don't see why you won't get the epidural. All it does it ease the pain, and you won't feel any contractions or any of the pushing."

"I don't want it, Harry."

"Louis, love. You're going to be pushing out a nine pound baby. You want to feel that?" He asked.

"I'm not getting the epidural." Louis said, crossing his arms.

Harry gave up. "Whatever you say."
At eight and a half centimeters, Louis begged for the epidural. His contractions were about fifteen minutes apart, and he was sobbing his way through a hard one.

"Please Harry, I'm sorry! I want the epidural! Get me the epidural!" He begged, hiccuping. Harry smoothed his sweaty hair back from his face and wiped his tears.

"Alright, baby." He said, pressing the call button.

Perrie peeked her head in. "Yes?"

"We'd like an epidural, now." Harry said. She smiled and nodded knowingly.

"On it." She said, closing the door. A few minutes later, Dr. Bowen and the anesthesiologist walked through the door. They had Louis sit with his feet hanging of the bed and had him lean against Harry in a curled up position, and placed a pillow under his tummy.

"Alright, Louis. You're going to feel a pinch, and then a warming sensation." The doctor said, and Louis squeezed Harry's hip when he felt the pinch. A few seconds later, they were done. "You can lay back down. This should allow you to get some sleep."

Dr. Bowen and the anesthesiologist left the room and Louis turned to Harry. "Love you." He said, his eyes tired.

"I love you. Now sleep for a bit. I imagine you'll be ten centimeters soon." He said. Dr. Bowen might be right. They could have a baby by five o'clock. It was almost three now, and Louis was almost ten centimeters.

"Can't wait." Louis said sleepily before drifting off.

Harry went out into the waiting room and talked to Niall and Liam for a bit. Their parents were there, as well, Liam having called them earlier. They were excited and chattering away at the thought of being grandparents in a few hours.
It was 3:30 when Harry went back into the room. Dr. Bowen and Perrie came in shortly after and greeted Louis.

"Alright, let's see if we're ready to have a baby." He said, checking Louis. "Perrie, get Harry the scrubs and get Sharon to unlock the wheels." He said, standing back up. "You boys are going to have a baby." He said.

Harry looked down at Louis and kissed his head. "Did you hear that, baby? Gonna have Bean real soon." He said.

Perrie handed him a pair of blue scrubs and a hair net. Louis looked confused.

"Why does he have to wear those? I'm not having a Caesarian."

"It's just precautionary." Dr. Bowen said. "Every dad wears these, no matter the birth."

Harry pulled them on and Louis helped him tuck his curls into the hair net. A nurse walked in and helped Perrie unlock the wheels, and then they were out the door and into the delivery ward. The mums squealed in excitement.

Louis waved as they passed, and pressed a kiss to Harry's hand. Harry grinned down at him.

They arrived in the room where he would be giving birth and hooked him up to an IV. Dr. Bowen put Louis' feet in stirrups and settled down in front of him.

"Alright Louis. You're having another contraction here in a few seconds. Now, when I say push, you push okay?"

Louis nodded.

"Okay...and push!" Dr. Bowen said, and Louis bore down, gripping Harry's hand for dear life. "One..two...three. You can stop," Dr. Bowen told him. "Alright, push!"
Half an hour later, Louis was sweaty and tired. Harry pushed his hair back and kissed his cheek.

"You're doing wonderfully. I love you so much." He coached.

"Shut your mouth!" Louis exclaimed, bearing down once more. "You are never coming near me again." He threatened breathlessly. "I hope you're happy with one!"

"I see the head." Dr. Bowen said. "You're crowning, Louis. Just a few more pushes and you'll be done."

Louis pushed again, harder, and Harry's knuckles popped painfully.

"I'm sorry." Louis panted at Harry. "I love you." He said, leaning forward and crying out.

"Shoulders are out!" Dr. Bowen said, and suddenly, Louis felt lighter. There were some suctioning noises in front of him and then the sweet, shrill cry of their baby filled the room.

Louis leaned back and started crying at the sound of his son crying. Harry pressed kisses all over his face.

"Louis, one more push to deliver the placenta." Dr. Bowen said. Perrie was on the other side of the room with another nurse, weighing, cleaning, and measuring their baby. Louis delivered the placenta with ease and the next thing he knew, a little blue bundle was placed in his arms.

"Oh my God..." He whispered, looking down at the amazing creature in his arms. He rubbed his hand over the soft skin of his head, brushing the wispy hair that was bound to turn into curls. "Look at all of his hair." He said, pressing a kiss to the forehead. "Harry..." He said, looking up at his dom, who was smiling down at them.

"He's perfect, love. You did so good. I'm so proud of you."

The baby scrunched his little nose and blinked his soft, grey-blue eyes up at them and jerked his
hands a little. Louis scooted over and let Harry sit next to him. He passed the baby over.

"My God...he's so small." Harry marveled. He was so overcome with emotions, holding his son for the first time. Tears welled up in his eyes. "He's so perfect." He said, tracing a finger over the pouty red lips and small button nose and over the soft skin of his cheeks.

"We're ready to move you back into your room." Perrie said. She took the baby and placed him in a bassinet. "This little fellow will be there right after you. We just need to bathe him thoroughly and give him some tests " She promised. Louis nodded and allowed himself to be moved back into his hospital room, Harry sitting next to him again. Louis immediately held his hands out for the baby when Perrie came back with him.

"Do we have a name yet?" Perrie asked.

"We still have to talk about it." Louis said. Bean began to root against Louis' hospital gown.

"Looks like he's hungry. Do you need me to help you with latching him on?" She asked.

"I got it." Louis said. "Thank you." She nodded and left, and Louis slid down the shoulder of his gown and immediately the baby began making a sucking motion with his little mouth. Louis guided him to a nipple, and it took awhile, but he finally latched on. Louis winced; it hurt more than he thought.

Harry watched in amazement as his son received his nourishment from his mummy. His heart swelled at the sight, Louis stroking the baby's back while the baby kept a hand on Louis' chest as he ate.

Louis caught Harry's eye. "What?" He smiled tiredly.

"I just love you so much. And Bean, god, he already has me wrapped around his little finger." He said, wiping his eyes. He pressed a kiss to Louis' temple.

"Hey, Harry?" Louis asked a few moments later, when Bean was starting to ease up on eating.
"Yes?"

"He's a Harry Edward, too, right?" Louis asked hopefully.

Harry looked down at his son, who blinked sleepily at him. His hair would undoubtedly be curly, and his eyes would undoubtedly be green. He would be the exact replica of Harry. He nodded. "Yeah, he is."

Anne, Jay, Dan, Robin, Liam, and Niall all entered the room quietly. Harry was leaning against the pillows, holding a sleeping Harry Jr., or HJ, as they had agreed to call him, and Louis was laying down next to him, fast asleep.

"Guys, meet Harry Edward Junior." He said, smiling down at his son.

"Oh my gosh." Anne whispered, her and Jay tearing up.

"Can I hold him?" Jay asked, and Harry nodded, placing his son carefully in Jay's arms. Anne cooed at her grandson. Even sleeping, he was apparently a charmer. They baby was passed around before Harry was holding him again.

Anne bumped Harry's arm and pointed to Louis. "Everything okay between you two?" She whispered.

He nodded. "Great." He replied. "He was so perfect through the whole thing." He said, looking down at Louis.

"Well, we'll get out of your hair. Anne and I are going grocery shopping and we're going to make you some freezer meals so poor Louis won't have to worry about cooking." Jay said.

"We'll see you guys tomorrow." He said, waving goodbye to them. They closed the door quietly, but Louis woke up anyway. It was his maternal instinct.
"Harry?" He said, stretching and wincing at the pain in his lower regions. He sat up and peeked over at a sleeping HJ. "How's my baby?" He asks.

"Sleeping. Like his mummy should be doing." Harry says pointedly.

"I just heard a noise, I thought maybe he was hungry," Louis said. He kissed his son and his dom on the cheek before laying back down. "Wake me if he's hungry."

"I will, love." Harry promises. He looks down at his sleeping son. His heart is filled with so much joy and love and it feels like it might explode with how much he already loves this baby so much. He vows to protect his son with every fiber of his being, and that goes for Louis too.

God, how did he get so lucky?

Chapter End Notes

BEFORE you all jump down my throat about Louis forgiving Harry so quickly
PLEASE KNOW that Louis will be MAKING harry go to therapy
SPOILER ALERT LOLOL
that is all

I love you all so much! Thank you for sticking around and keeping me motivated with your comments! I have loved writing this for you, and I will love writing the sequel (first chapter should be up tomorrow). Seriously, thank you all for this. YALL IM CRYING RIGHT NOW and i hope you are too.

:)
Hey there! Thank you SO much for sticking with me through this story! It's been my life for the past month, and I just posted the first chapter of the sequel! It's *Strict II* and it's part of the series.

I love reading your comments and they motivate me to post faster! I couldn't have asked for better fans, truly, I couldn't have.

So, read it and let me know what you think!!!

xoxoxo jjmmcc :)

PS: Did you catch the video for *Steal My Girl*?? LOVE IT! Louis with the chimpanzee was everything! And NIALL. Don't even get me started on him! Or Zayn! Hot diggity DAMN!

And Harry's hair. I love it long! And Liam was looking so fit as always.

End Notes

So bear with me! This was nine pages on word....and I wrote it through the span of one day....if you liked it, loved it, or were confused by it, please please please let me know! Feedback and criticism is appreciated, and if you have any ideas please let me know! Also, I didn't proofread (I know, I know) so all of the mistakes I will gladly own up too! xoxo (Also! I need help with the title. It kind of sucks.)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!