"Darling, I'm Waiting to Greet You"

by onedirectioninthetardis

Summary

title taken from ‘Bel Air’ by Lana Del Rey

harry and louis have been married for a while now and have three children. harry has to go to LA because a band is interested in some of the songs he has written. leaving louis with the kids for a long weekend isn't his ideal scenario, so he'll just have to check in quite often.

so this plot was given to me by a close friend, and I had been wanting to write a realistic future larry fic for a while, so I’m pretty excited about it. Hope you all enjoy! Comment if you have any prompts you would like me to write! :)

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04:30 on Thursday, February 28, 2023 at the Tomlinson-Styles household.

(LOUIS is yawning dramatically from the edge of his and Harry’s bed, watching HARRY scurry around their bedroom in a severe rush as he finishes packing.)

LOUIS: “Is there anything I can do to help?”

HARRY: (shaking his head and sighing deeply as he gathers a few last minute items from his nightstand) “Okay, I have to go, babe. There is enough food in the fridge for breakfast and lunch;
but, you’ll have to go to the grocery store sometime today to stock up for the rest of the weekend. I left a list on the counter right next to the kids’ schedules. Try to go shopping while Phillip is at school; it just makes it easier with one less kid to lug around. But, don’t be late picking him up, either.”

LOUIS: *(rolling his eyes and standing up, approaching his husband)* “I know. I’m not gonna leave our son at school overnight or anything; I promise. You should go, love. You’re going to miss your flight.”

HARRY: *(ignoring him)* “Also, don’t let Emilia talk you into staying up later than her bedtime. I know you’re a sucker for those puppy-dog eyes; but, she’ll give you hell the next day if you let her stay up too late.”

LOUIS: *(wrapping his arms around Harry’s neck and pecking his lips while grinning sleepily)* “Of course I’m a sucker for her puppy-dog eyes; there exactly like yours! Now get out of here before you stress yourself out even more by being late. I can hold down fort, Harry. It isn’t the first time I’ve watched children on my own. You do know I have a baby brother and 5 baby sisters, right? I used to watch them all the time. And these are our kids, babe; I’m going to watch them like a hawk.”

HARRY: *(smiling proudly down at Louis)* “You sure know how to talk around a question, don’t you? I know you’re going to take care of them; I want to know if you’re going to make our daughter go to bed at nine o’clock.”

LOUIS: *(fluttering eyelashes and pouting dramatically)* “I promise.”

HARRY: “That’s more like it. You have to be good cop and bad cop while I’m gone; so, you can’t just be a big softy like usual.”

LOUIS: *(scoffing)* “I’ll have you know that I can be very, very intimidating. I’m the meanest, baddest Little Lad’s footie coach in the league. The ref’s practically kneel to me. One time-“

HARRY: *(shutting Louis up with a crushing kiss)* “Just be both of us for the weekend, alright? It’s only four and a half days and I have full faith in you, sweetheart. Now, I really must go; it’s not like the olden days where the jet waited for us. We’re just washed up boy-banders now; degraded to suffering first class.”

LOUIS: “Spoiled brat.”

HARRY: *(pausing to simply stare into Louis’ eyes for a moment longer)* “I really wish you were coming with me, love. Promise me next time that we’ll hand the wretches off to our parents or summat?”

LOUIS: “Did you just call our offspring wretches?”

HARRY: *(smiling brightly)* ”If they’re keeping you from me, that’s what they must be.”

LOUIS: “Then Zayn must be a wretch as well. If we didn’t have that meeting Sunday night with those new club sponsors, your mum would be here right now and I’d be running off to L.A with you.”

HARRY: “Yes, Zayn is the wretch of all wretches. Have you found a sitter for that meeting?”
LOUIS: (pecking Harry’s cheek and patting his chest) Of course; Liam will be here most of the day. Now, get out of here before you start crying because you already miss me.

HARRY: (rolling his eyes and kissing Louis again) “Alright, darling. Let me just go give final kisses and I’ll be out of here.”

LOUIS: (calling after Harry as he disappears down the hall) “Don’t you dare wake them!”

06:30 on Friday, March 1, 2023 at the Tomlinson-Styles household.

(LOUIS is humming a soft tune to baby OLIVER, who is cradled against his chest in a carrier, while alternating between cooking breakfast and preparing lunch. EMILIA is seated in her high chair, tearing apart scraps of pancakes and eating them. PHILLIP enters in Spiderman pajamas, rubbing his eyes and yawning.)

EMELIA: “Lili is up! Papa, Lili waked up!”

LOUIS: (grinning at his two oldest children) “Yes, sweetheart; he did wake up!” (turning to his eldest son) “Morning Phillip. How was your sleep?”

PHILLIP: (shrugging and climbing onto the nearest barstool) “I didn’t have any nightmares, so that’s good! When’s Daddy coming home?”

LOUIS: (gasping in faux-offense) “I’m just nothing in comparison with him, am I?” (glancing down at the pancakes he’s currently burning) “He’ll be home in three days, love. Today is Friday; so, count with me and tell me what day it will be in three days, okay?”

PHILLIP: (holding up three fingers to count on) “Saturday, Sunday, and then Monday.” (Louis praises him, giving Phillip two thumbs up) “So, will he be here when I wake up Monday?”

LOUIS: (laughing under his breath) “I’m sorry to say that you’ll be stuck with awful old me until after school; but, I promise that Daddy and I will both be there to pick you up from school Monday, alright?”

PHILLIP: (smiling widely with huge gap in his teeth where two are missing) “I can’t wait! Can we phone him?”

LOUIS: (placing two pancakes on a plate and setting it in front of Phillip and taking the scraps away from Emilia) “We can on our way to football practice this afternoon. He’s sleeping now. Remember, I told you that it is a different time where Daddy is?”

PHILLIP: “Oh, yeah! I forgot. Okay, but don’t forget you promised.”

LOUIS: (beginning the dishes) “I wouldn’t dream of it. Now, finish up your breakfast so you can go upstairs and get ready for school. We need to leave in forty minutes.”

PHILLIP: (nodding that he understands, beginning to eat his pancakes) “Can I stay with you today, Papa? We can say that I’m sick like you do when you don’t want to go to parties.” (sees
Louis chuckling as he shakes his head) “We can play football together and I’ll even share my toys with Emy. Please, Papa!”

**LOUIS:** “Sorry, love. Daddy would have my head if I let you-“ (phone begins to ring) “Now, who could that be?” (glancing at Phillip who is frowning at his food in disappointment as he answers his phone) “Zayn! How goes it?”

**ZAYN:** (groggy, having just woken up) “So tired. Why the hell am I awake, mate?”

**LOUIS:** (chuckling, confused) “I wouldn’t know. Why don’t you tell me why you’re awake?”

**ZAYN:** “I’ll tell you why. Because I have an insufferable boyfriend who insists on my working out with him every morning. I can’t even explain to you how much I hate this. I hate mornings. I hate them so much I love Liam; but, every morning he makes me start to question that. Why the mornings? Why can’t we run at night?”

**LIAM:** (laughing and loudly kissing Zayn’s forehead as his voice fills the phone speaker) “Because mornings are the best and your lazy ass never gets to appreciate them. Besides, the nights are reserved for other forms of exercise. C’mon, get your trainers and a shirt on.”

**ZAYN:** (sighing audibly and ignoring Liam’s orders) “Anyway, Lou, how’s it going with the kids?”

**LOUIS:** (turning to check on his two oldest children, still sat eating their breakfast) “Seriously, this is a piece of cake. I don’t know why Harry was so worried about leaving. They’re perfect, really. I can’t complain one bit, and honestly I’m a pretty great dad.” (winking at Phillip) “Isn’t that right, my boy?”

**PHILLIP:** (pursing his lips and pouting) “You were until you said I can’t stay with you. Also, Daddy makes better pancakes.”

**LOUIS:** (gasping in shock as Zayn laughs uncontrollably over the phone) “That’s not quite fair! You’re trying to bribe me, aren’t you?”

**PHILLIP:** “I don’t know what that means, Papa. Please, can I stay with you? I’ll help you!”

**LOUIS:** “We’ll discuss it when I’m off the phone. Eat your food, however awful it may be.” (turning his attention back to Zayn, who is still laughing) “C’mon, mate. It isn’t that funny. Shouldn’t you be running by now?”

**ZAYN:** “It is quite funny. I’ll just ignore that bit about the running. Are you going to let Phillip stay home with you?”

**LOUIS:** “You really are intent on distracting yourself from your impending exercise. I don’t know. Should I? I don’t know if I should. Harry would be furious and I’ve got to get groceries and-“

**EMELIA:** (beginning to cry) “Philly, don’t do that, please!”

**PHILLIP:** (holding his sister’s fork and trying to feed her) “Em, I’m trying to help Papa. Eat your food, sissy.”

**EMELIA:** “No! I don’t like it! Stop, Phillip!”

**LOUIS:** (sighing) “Zee, I have to get off and control my children. Go running with your boy and
tell him I said hello.”

ZAYN: “Alright, he won’t stop glaring at me, so I suppose I’ll get up. Maybe we can have dinner together tonight. Call me later. Bye, Lou.”

LOUIS: (hanging up as the crying and arguing persists) “Alright now, Phillip, leave your sister alone. I know you’re trying to help, but she might not be hungry anymore. Emelia, there’s no reason to cry, love. Let’s get you out of that highchair, yeah?”

EMELIA: (sniffling and nodding) “Okay, Papa.”

PHILLIP: (hanging his head sadly) “Sorry, Papa. I wanted to help you.”

LOUIS: (sighing and unable to contain his grin) “How about you go get dressed so we can get groceries.”

PHILLIP: (smiling widely and jumping down from his chair) “Thank you, Papa! I’ll be good; I promise!”

LOUIS: (quietly to the newborn baby sleeping against his chest as Phillip runs up the stairs) “I sure hope so.”

08:30 on Friday, March 1, 2023 in the Tomlinson-Styles’ Range Rover.

(LOUIS is driving, checking the rear view mirror every minute or so to check on his three kids lined up in the back. PHILLIP is fidgeting in his booster seat, dragging toy cars across his thighs. EMELIA is waving her hand in front of OLIVER’s face over the barrier of their carseats. LOUIS’ phone begins to ring and he looks down to see HARRY’s name and contact picture on the car’s screen. In a sense of panic, he shushes the kids before answering.)

LOUIS: (glancing in the mirror) “Phillip, love. You’re going to have to be quiet. Daddy doesn’t know you skipped school today so no talking, alright?”

PHILLIP: (giggling excitedly and whispering) “I’ll be silent.”

LOUIS: (nodding and answering the phone) “Hi babe. What are you doing awake?”

HARRY: (voice booming through the car speakers) “Jet-lag. I slept for a bit on the plane- Wait, what’s wrong?”

LOUIS: (nervously laughing) “What are you talking about? Everything’s great. I’m just taking Emelia and Oliver to grab some groceries-“

PHILLIP: “... And me! Hi Daddy! I miss you!”

HARRY: “Louis William Tomlinson, why is Phillip not at school?”
LOUIS: (smiling even though his husband can’t see) “Sorry?”

HARRY: “Louis! What-“

LOUIS: “I know, I know. I’m terrible. I just- I couldn’t say no. Have you seen how convincing he can be?”

HARRY: “Yes; I know. I told you, though: Good cop AND bad cop while I’m gone-“

PHILLIP: “Daddy! I want to talk to you!”

HARRY: “In a second, sweetheart. Louis take me off of the speaker.”

LOUIS: (reluctantly picking up the phone while turning the car stereo off) “Hello, love.”

HARRY: “Your cheery voice won’t work on me. What were you thinking?”

LOUIS: “I just didn’t think that it was a big deal! Harry, it’s one day. He’s only six years old. I’m pretty sure that missing one day of school won’t affect his IQ too terribly.”

HARRY: “That isn’t the point, Louis. Now he’s going to think he can miss school whenever he wants. It’s about keeping a schedule.”

LOUIS: (sighing and choosing his words wisely) “Okay, I’m sorry. It won’t happen again.”

HARRY: “And now you’re going to have all of the kids at the store together. It’s gonna be a handful.”

LOUIS: “Babe, I’ve got it under control. Have a little faith in me now and then.”

HARRY: “I do; I do.” (growing quieter) “It’s not that I don’t think you can handle it. I’m just worried that you’ll get burnt out. I believe in you, Louis. Don’t think that I don’t. You’re the greatest dad.”

LOUIS: (smiling to himself) “I miss you.”

HARRY: “Yeah, me too. Has it been going well so far?”

LOUIS: “Yeah! They miss your cooking, though.”

HARRY: (chuckling; attitude lighter than before) “Oh, is that all I’m good for, then?”

LOUIS: “Not all. I miss you, too. For other reasons. If you catch my drift.”

HARRY: (scoffing and Louis thinks, surely blushing) “Oh, so food and sex. That’s still not much better.”

PHILLIP: “When is it my turn to talk to daddy?”

LOUIS: “I think I better turn you over before I’m held hostage or something. Maybe tortured with screaming and temper tantrums. I’m too young for that kind of abuse.”

HARRY: (laughing and wishing he were with his family) “Love you. I’m getting tired so after I talk to the kids, I’ll probably pass out. I’ll call you later, though.”
LOUIS: (speaking with a soft, delicate voice reserved for Harry) “Yeah, love you so much. I’ll talk to you later.” (handing the phone to his giddy son, wondering how he could already miss Harry so much)

PHILLIP: (yelling, swinging his feet carelessly) “Daddy!”

HARRY: “Phillip! I’m so happy to hear you. Have you been a good boy for Papa?”

PHILLIP: “Yeah, I’ve been very good. I helped Papa feed Emmy this morning. She didn’t like his pancakes, though.” (beginning to whisper) “I didn’t too.”

LOUIS: (hearing Harry’s laughter through the phone) “Now, that’s just hurtful.”

HARRY: “You hear that, my boy? You hurt Papa’s feelings. Repeat after me, okay? I want you to say to Papa, ‘We still love you, Papa, despite your icky pancakes.’ Go on, now. Say it.”

PHILLIP: (smiling shyly and listening closely to the phone receiver) “We still love you, Papa, despite your icky pancakes.”

LOUIS: “Did he tell you to say that, Phillip? Were those Daddy’s words, buddy?”

PHILLIP: (giggling and nodding) “Yes, but he’s right.”

LOUIS: (rolling his eyes and smiling widely) “Alright, alright. Give the phone to your sister. We’re almost to Tesco’s, and I want to make this trip as quick as possible.”

HARRY: “Phillip, does Papa have the list?”

PHILLIP: “Okay, but Daddy asked if you have the list.”

LOUIS: “Yes, Harry! I have the flipping list. I thought we went over this; I’m totally capable of—“ (opening the center console, and then checking his pockets) “I left the list at home.”

HARRY: “Tell him that I love him and I’ll email it to his phone.”

PHILLIP: “Daddy said he loves you and will email it to you, Papa. It’s okay.”

LOUIS: (sighing) “You’re making me look stupid in front of our son, Harry.” (pulling into the car park, speaking the next part almost inaudibly) “But, thanks.”


09:15 on Friday, March 1, 2023 in the nearest Tesco.

(Louis is swaying as he walks, attempting to get Oliver to fall asleep. Emelia is seated in the grocery cart, reaching for everything in sight, while Phillip hops around, refusing to hold his father’s hand despite Louis’ pleas.)

PHILLIP: “Papa, no. I’m a big boy and I can walk alone.”
LOUIS: “Just stay next to me, then.”

PHILLIP: (nodding) “Okay. Can we get that pop that Daddy doesn’t let us drink?”

LOUIS: “Man, you’re just trying to get away with as much as you can before he gets home, aren’t you?”

PHILLIP: (nodding again) “Is that a yes?”

LOUIS: (sighing) “It’s a maybe. Just stay here and keep your hands on the cart while I grab some milk.” (taking one step toward the milk and turning around to ensure Phillip is obeying, which he is) “Why must we get four different types of milk?” (mumbling to himself as he searches for the most familiar-looking cartons) “Almond for Harry’s damn protein shakes, coconut for Phillip’s allergies, whole milk for Oliver, and 2% for Emelia. Good lord. Hey, Phillip; those hands better still be on the cart or else we’re taking you to school late-” (glancing at each one to check the expiration dates for each; phone begins to ring) “Hello?”

HARRY: “How was grocery shopping?”

LOUIS: “Uh, we’re still here. But, it’s fine- Wait, could you really not trust me to handle this for thirty minutes? That’s literally all it’s been, Harry; thirty god-damned minutes. You couldn’t just sleep and know that I’ve got this.”

HARRY: (hurt) “I just couldn’t sleep and wanted to hear your voice and make sure it was all okay. I didn’t mean it like that.”

LOUIS: (glancing around to see Emelia pulling multiple bags of crisps into the cart, and absolutely no Phillip to be seen) “Well, that’s, uh, what it seems like to me. Emelia, please stop that. We don’t need those.” (tossing the cartons of milk into the cart with one hand, attempting to sound casual and not startle Oliver at the same time)

HARRY: “If you’re busy shopping, let me talk to Phillip for a few minutes, yeah?”

LOUIS: (panicked) “Oh, yeah. Of course. That could... work, yeah. Um, Phillip, would you like to talk to Daddy?”

HARRY: “He’s not with you, is he?”

LOUIS: (pushing the cart quickly, while glancing down the aisles) “What? Are you kidding? He’s right here! You really have... no faith. Here, talk to Emelia for a sec.”

HARRY: “No, Lou-” (Louis gives the phone to his daughter before Harry can protest)

EMELIA: “Daddy!” (smiling as she listens to him speak; Louis turns down the candy aisle, hoping to run into Phillip) “No, Philly left.”

LOUIS: (grabbing the phone from Emelia and taking a deep breath) “He couldn’t have gone far, Harry. I was just getting milk and turned around and-”

HARRY: “What the hell, Louis? I told you that he’s difficult to shop with; but, no! You thought you knew better and just took him out of school for the day. Just-“ (sighing and calming himself) “Just, um- check the bakery. There’s a table to the left that usually has a different display every week. Phillip likes them a lot. He’s probably trying to get a free cookie as well.”
LOUIS: *(gulping and nodding silently, hiding the fact that he doesn’t exactly know where the bakery is)* “Okay, yeah. I’ll go there.”

HARRY: *(sighing knowingly)* “The bakery is to the right of dairy, so go back to where you were and just pass the milk again.”

LOUIS: “I- uh, knew that.”

HARRY: *(chuckling)* “Mhm, sure you did.”

LOUIS: “This is no time to be laughing.” *(passing the milk, and spotting Phillip immediately, staring up at a cake decorated to depict a scene from Peter Pan)* “Phillip could have been kidnapped and you’re teasing me about grocery store directions.”

HARRY: “He’s where I said he was, isn’t he?”

LOUIS: “Yep; Looking at a cake.”

HARRY: “One for Daddy Harry; Zip for Papa Lou.”

LOUIS: “Oi, shut it, yeah? You should get some sleep. Your voice is doing that sexy groggy thing it does when you’re tired.” *(snapping at Phillip to get his attention and giving his best intimidating face)* “I don’t know how much I can hear of it before I get desperate.”

HARRY: “Really, now. Maybe you should have taken Phillip to school so we could have a bit of fun during nap time.”

LOUIS: *(truly gutted by having the prospect ripped from under him)* “Phillip doesn’t take naps anymore?”

PHILLIP: “No, Papa. Big boys don’t take naps.”

LOUIS: “No, but men do. So if you want to be a step up from big boy status, you should take a nap.”

HARRY: “Ha! Good luck with that one. He won’t nap; I can promise you that.”

LOUIS: “And if I get him to, what do I get?”

HARRY: “Are we bargaining over phone sex?”

LOUIS: “How about we take a step further.” *(choosing his words carefully with his kids within earshot)* “Laptop.”

HARRY: “I’d love that. Good luck, though; really. He’s not going to nap.”

LOUIS: “How about laptop tonight, then?” *(clearing his throat)* “Presuming, of course, the impossible: That I fail.”

HARRY: “Presuming the probable, yes; we can watch each other get off over webcam tonight.”

LOUIS: “Naughty, naughty. How dare you say those things while I am in the presence of children?”
PHILLIP: “Is that Daddy? What did he say?”

HARRY: *(laughing)* “Good going, hon. I really should go. Text me if that bugger takes a nap. I love you, Lou.”

LOUIS: “He called you a bugger, Phillip. That’s what.” *(Harry protesting)* “Just kidding; I love you too, Harry. Sleep well; but, not well enough to get rid of that voice.”

HARRY: “That’s a very specific quality of sleep that I can’t ensure; but, I’ll try. Talk to you later.”

LOUIS: *(to Phillip)* “Now, you mister... You scared the hell out of me. I told you not to wander off.”

PHILLIP: *(shrugging)* “I got deracted.”

LOUIS: “Distracted, love. And that’s not an excuse. Obey me next time, okay?”

PHILLIP: “Okay, I’m sorry.” *(Louis nods appreciatively)* “Do we have the whole list now?”

LOUIS: *(glancing down at the four cartons of milk and items Emelia gathered in his otherwise empty cart)* “Not even close.”

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20:30 on Friday, March 1, 2023 at the Tomlinson-Styles household

*(LOUIS has already put OLIVER to sleep, setting him down in his crib at the far end of his and Harry’s room and leaving a sound maker on. LOUIS returns to the living room to find EMELIA and PHILLIP cuddled on the couch watching their favorite television show, LIAM and ZAYN seated on the opposite couch.)*

LOUIS: *(snapping a quick photo before his kids and best mates notice his presence)* “What are you monsters doing?”

EMELIA: “Not monsters, Papa.”

LIAM: “Yeah, Papa. Not monsters.”

LOUIS: “Okay, okay. I guess you’re just my lovely children, and friends, but guess what?”

PHILLIP: “What, Papa?” *(still doesn’t turn his eyes from the telly)*

LOUIS: *(in his best overly-excited voice)* “It’s bedtime!” *(both kids whine and Emelia begins to pout)*
EMELIA: “No, Papa. Not tired. Wanna stay with you!”

ZAYN: “I’m actually down for bedtime. It’s not so bad Emelia.”

LOUIS: (pouting back and ignoring Zayn) “I wish I could say yes, poppet, but Daddy would be very upset, and I’m sleepy meself.”

PHILLIP: “I’ll listen, Papa. I’m going to brush my teeth.”

ZAYN: (under his breath) “Show-off.”

LOUIS: (shooting Zayn a nasty look) “Thank you, my boy! I’m proud of you.” (Phillip scurries up the stairs as Emelia stays on the couch, arms crossed) “Emmy, dear. You must go to bed. I’m asking nicely.”

EMELIA: (tears pooling in her eyes, proving just how tired she is) “But, going to bed makes me sad because the day is over.”

LOUIS: (smiling fondly) “Yes, love-bug, but there are lots of other exciting days coming up, and you’ll never get to them if you don’t go to sleep!”

EMELIA: “But, what if tomorrow is bad? Today was good, so I want it to stay.”

LOUIS: “Tomorrow is Saturday, love. Saturdays are always good!” (sitting next to his daughter) “Tell you what, we will do whatever your little heart desires tomorrow. What’ll it be?”

EMELIA: “Disney World!”

LOUIS: (chuckling to himself) “Think a little closer to home, sweetheart.”

EMELIA: “Grammy’s house!”

LOUIS: (thinking of the long drive to Harry’s mum’s house) “Alright, love. I will call Grammy tonight and make sure all is well, and we’ll head over there after brekkie, okay?”

EMELIA: (jumping into Louis’ lap) “Lovely, Papa! I can’t wait!”

LOUIS: (brushing Emelia’s hair out of her face) “Wonderful. Now, let’s get this messy hair braided and your teeth brushed. You’ve got to sleep so you can play all day tomorrow.”

EMELIA: (nodding in agreement) “Okay, Papa. Will you read me my best story?”

LOUIS: (knowing exactly which favorite story she means) “Of course; I do every night, don’t I?”

EMELIA: “Yes, Papa. Every night.”

LOUIS: (picking Emelia up and turning to Liam and Zayn) “I’ll be back down in a few. Help yourselves to more wine if you’d like.”

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Louis returns to the living room twenty minutes later, where Liam and Zayn are having a glass of wine and watching a cooking show.

Louis: “Who knew we’d be this lame at such a young age?”

Zayn: “Young age? You do know that you’re thirty-one, right?”

Louis: “Why must you remind me? You’re thirty now, so it’s really just as bad.”

Liam: “I’m still twenty-nine, so I’ve got you all beat.”

Zayn: “For a few months, babe. You’ll be an old fart like us soon enough.”

Liam: “Call me old one more time and see if you get any tonight.”

Zayn: (chuckling) “All I’ve got to do is get you to drink a glass or two more and I’m in.”

Louis: “Enough about getting it in. In case you’ve forgotten, it’s just me and my hand until Monday. What have you two been up to lately? I feel like it’s been ages.”

Liam: “Well, that’s not our fault, is it? Between the kids and Harry’s songwriting, you guys are never available.”

Louis: “Well, we’re happy if that’s any condolence.”

Zayn: “We know, Lou. It’s not a bad thing. We’ve all moved on with our lives and it’s been for the best. I’m just glad we still have each other.”

Liam: “Yeah, exactly. Too bad Niall moved back to Ireland full time, but I think we all saw it coming.” (to Louis) “You guys are going for his and Carrie’s anniversary next weekend, right?”

Louis: “Of course we are. Wouldn’t miss it for the world. Can you believe it’s been five years already? Jesus, and I bet she’s about ready to pop.”

Liam: “She is. We face timed with them the other night and I think she’s due two weeks after the party to the tee. Niall’s on top of the world, mate. I think he’s glowing more than her.”

Louis: (grinning fondly) “Now it’s your turn to have kids and we can have the most epic playdates ever recorded.”

Zayn: (glancing lovingly at Liam) “I’m pretty sure they don’t keep track of that shit.”

Liam: “Speaking of which, though,” (eyeing Zayn suspiciously) “We’ve actually got some news.”

Louis: (sitting up attentively and feeling slightly guilty that Harry isn’t next to him) “Well?”

Zayn: “Li asked me to marry him.”

Liam: “And he said no.”

Louis: (confused) “Why exactly are you two acting like you’ve got the most splendid news, then?”

Zayn: “Just wait, now.” (fitting his hand easily with Liam’s)
LIAM: “Yeah, okay. So, he said no. This was months ago, mind you. But, we had a long talk and we realized that neither of us actually wanted to get married. We don’t want the wedding and the certificate. We like how things are now. I was just scared that Zayn was getting bored, and thought that was what he wanted. Thank god he spoke up, because it’s not really what either of us want.”

LOUIS: “Well, I’m glad you agreed on that...” (still confused as to why this was such wonderful news)

ZAYN: “We also agreed that we wanted to do a few things before we inevitably adopt, because we both know we want kids. So, we’re actually going to travel the world, and I mean the whole world, over the next five years.”

LOUIS: (attempting to hide his sadness) “What? Guys, that’s fantastic! And so... sudden! When do you leave and what does it all mean?”

LIAM: (chuckling) “Well, we’ve got more than enough money to do as we please, and this seems like the only way we aren’t wasting it. We’ve always loved to travel, and there’s so many places we went to and didn’t get to truly enjoy while we were touring. We’re going to start right after Carrie has the baby. We’ll be back for all major events and all that shit, but we’ll be living wherever we wish to be at the moment. We don’t have a plan and that, if I may say so myself, is the best part.”

ZAYN: “Yeah, We’re really excited. We’ve got things settled with the house and all; we’re keeping it, and we’ll be renting it out while we’re gone. Also, the club. If you’d rather me sign it all over to you and Harry, I’d be happy to, but I’ll also be in contact, so if you’ll still have me as your business partner, I’d love to stay involved.”

LOUIS: (smiling brightly) “Of course I still want you involved. I’m happy for you guys, and as long as you don’t disappear for too long at a time, I think we’ll survive.

LIAM: “Good, I’m glad. And if you don’t mind, we’d like to tell Harry ourselves. So, just hold off on that until he’s back.”

LOUIS: (rolling his eyes) “You guys know I’m shit at keeping things from him!”

ZAYN: “Please; just this once. You can think of other things to talk about on the phone.”

LOUIS: (knowing exactly what he’d rather talk about with Harry) “I suppose. Well, he’s going to be excited for you, too. And maybe a bit jealous. Don’t be giving him any ideas to leave us and become a nomad.”

LIAM: “Have you met Harry? Wherever you are, that’s where he is. No if’s, and’s, or but’s.”

LOUIS: (grinning shyly) “I know. I miss him a lot.”

ZAYN: “Hey, only a couple more days.” (taking his last sip of wine) “We should probably get going. You can call H and do whatever it is that you two do, and we’ll be back here Sunday. I’ll drop Li off to watch the kids, and then we can ride together to the meeting. Sound good?”

LOUIS: (standing as the other two do as well) “Yeah, sounds perfect. Thanks for coming over tonight. It was nice to have adult company. I was a bit worried I’d permanently be speaking in my baby voice.”
LIAM: *(laughing a bit too hard, a bit tipsy)* “Thanks for having us, mate. We’ll see you.”

LOUIS: *(hugging them one at a time and leading the way to the door)* “I am happy for you guys; really happy.”

ZAYN: “Good, because it would have put a damper on our plans if you were pissed about it.”

LOUIS: “Nah, if you’re both happy, then I’m behind you one hundred percent.”

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02:30 on Saturday, March 2, 2023 inside Louis and Harry’s bedroom

*(LOUIS is laying in bed, naked and under the covers. His phone is set on the pillow next to him as he runs his lubed-up hand slowly over his member. HARRY had promised to call by two, and LOUIS couldn’t wait any longer to get started. Suddenly, his phone begins to ring.)*

LOUIS: “Hello?”

HARRY: “Jesus; you started without me, didn’t you? You’re breathing all heavy and uneven.”

LOUIS: “I couldn’t wait. Too horny. Where were you?”

HARRY: “I got papped leaving the restaurant. I didn’t even know that happened to us anymore. I’m here now, though, baby. How long have you been at it?”

LOUIS: “Only a couple minutes; I swear. Not even fully hard yet. Where are you now?”

HARRY: “Unlocking my hotel door. Where are you, love?”

LOUIS: “In our bed. Naked. My clothes are everywhere, just like they are when you undress me. Except, if you were here, I’d wake up and they would all be put away neatly.”

HARRY: *(chuckling; a bit breathless from running through the halls)* “Yeah? Am I going to have a mess to clean up when I get home?”

LOUIS: “Only a bit. I’ve been pretty good-“ *(cutting himself off with a gasp)*

HARRY: “Tell me how it feels, baby. I’m taking my clothes off right now. M’gonna lay on the couch.”

LOUIS: “Feels good, babe. I’m getting really hard. How was your day?”

HARRY: *(grunting as he tries to get out of his boots and skinny jeans)* “I’ve been hard since I heard your wrecked voice. Today was good. Pitched a few songs to this band and they want them all. They’ve asked me to write some more, actually.”
LOUIS: *(pausing his hand, smiling proudly)* “That’s wonderful, darling. I’m so proud of you. How did I get so lucky to have such a talented husband?”

HARRY: “Me? Look who’s talking, Mr. successful business man, slash football star, slash award-winning dad.”

LOUIS: “I wouldn’t call myself a football star. I play a charity game here and there and coach our son’s team. As for the award-winning dad, I’m waiting on the award.”

HARRY: “Oh, I’ll show you the award. I promise; Monday, you’ll get it. Now, can we get on with the getting off, because I’m aching.”

LOUIS: “Deal, but before I forget, I’m taking the kids to see your mum tomorrow. I bribed Emelia to get to bed on time, and her bargain was going to Grammy’s. Your mum is thrilled, but sad you won’t be there.”

HARRY: “Lovely. I miss her. Will Gem be there too?”

LOUIS: “I believe so. Anne said something about the kids seeing their cousins, so I’m assuming that they will be.”

HARRY: *(jealous and sad)* “I need to see them soon. It’s been far too long. Your mum and Dan as well. Let’s have a party soon. Invite the lads and all of our families; for old time’s sake.”

LOUIS: *(trying to act natural, despite his secret about Zayn and Liam)* “Yeah, yeah. For sure. We’ll um, we can plan it for a few months after Ireland. Once Niall and Carrie can bring the baby. Zee and Li were over and said she’s delivering fairly soon.”

HARRY: “Oh, really? That’s incredible! I bet Niall’s excited as ever. How are Zayn and Liam?”

LOUIS: *(kicking himself for bringing them up)* “They’re great! Really lovely; now, can we carry on with the fun?”

HARRY: *(catching Louis’ tone, but ignoring it)* “Of course, love. I’m touching myself now. Imagining it’s your lovely mouth.”

LOUIS: “Fuck; I’d love to be sucking you off right now. Miss you so much. Want your cock in my mouth. Want you everywhere.”

HARRY: “Shit. You can’t just say shit like that. Can we- Can we FaceTime, please? I want to see you.”

LOUIS: *(whimpering as he runs his thumb over his tip)* “Yeah, yeah. Of course. I’ll go grab my laptop and set it up. I’ve got a surprise for you as well.

HARRY: *(his mouth impossibly dry)* “Can’t wait. I’ll go get my laptop set up, too. Meet you back in five?”

LOUIS: “Yeah, don’t start without me.”

HARRY: “Of course not. Not like you did earlier. That was very naughty of you.”

LOUIS: *(laughing dryly)* “That was simply your punishment for being late. Bet you looked so hot and bothered in those pap pictures. I can’t wait to see them. You running off so you can call me.”
HARRY: “I probably looked like a crazy person.”

LOUIS: *(cooing playfully)* “Aww, crazy for me.”

HARRY: “You old sap, get off the phone so we can hurry it along. I’m seriously in pain right now.”

LOUIS: “Aye aye, captain. Give me five; not a moment longer.”

HARRY: “Yes, dear. Oh, and Louis?”

LOUIS: *(irritated and impatient)* “What is it?”

HARRY: “I love you.”

LOUIS: *(smiling like a goofy kid before hanging up)* “Yeah, I love you too.”

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(Laptops set up, the two men seated in front of them, entirely naked, LOUIS touching himself before they exchange hello’s. HARRY is mesmerized, eyes fluttering between LOUIS’ cock and his face.)

LOUIS: *(breathing heavily, teasing himself)* “Hey, good lookin’”

HARRY: *(quietly)* “Hi.”

LOUIS: *(laughing at the look of contemplation on Harry’s face)* “What are you thinking? I can tell you’re not totally with me here.”

HARRY: *(face breaking into a small smile)* “I’m just remembering the first time we ever did this, when we both went home that one Christmas, because we knew our mum’s would have our necks if we stayed together. Do you remember that?”

LOUIS: *(blushing)* “Yeah, I was so scared that I’d get caught. To this day, I swear someone heard me. I heard footsteps. I’d bet money it was Lottie.”

HARRY: “You weren’t just scared of getting caught. You were so shy. I had to beg you to show me yourself. You were hiding under the covers and then you’d angle the camera so I couldn’t look at you. It was fucking torture.” *(giddy in reminiscence)* “It’s funny to remember that and look at you now, all spread out for me; not scared at all. You still have the same wonderful body, even though you’re so old-”

LOUIS: *(interrupting)* “Hey, now. You better watch it, or I’ll shut this laptop down, and you can just imagine my sweet ass. Apparently, you have a pretty great memory.”

HARRY: “Joking, babe. You’re beautiful and youthful. I just love that you aren’t coy with me anymore.”
LOUIS: “Of course I’m not. We’ve been married for nearly eight years now, and we’ve been fucking for twelve. I’m not exactly worried I’ll scare you away anymore.”

HARRY: (scoffing) “Scare me away? How were you ever worried about that? I was fucking crazy about you. I thought you were just nervous about sex and all, so I was terrified that I’d scare you off!”

LOUIS: (removing his hand and sitting up, into the conversation) “Excuse me! I was not scared of sex. I was just... insecure. You were so fucking confident from the get-go, and it made me think twice about my body is all.”

HARRY: (soft, also pausing his movements to get closer to the screen) “Baby, you can’t be serious. I was so self-conscious. I just always thought, ‘if you act confident, he’ll think you are’. I guess it worked, but dear lord, I would look at you and think, ‘I’m nothing next to him. He’ll hate me because I’m clumsy and clueless.’”

LOUIS: (grinning fondly) “God, you were a klutz. Still are, sometimes. But, it was endearing. You were like a baby deer, who hadn’t grown into his body quite yet.”

HARRY: “Fuck, I knew I was bad, too.”

LOUIS: (defensive) “No, no, no. That’s not what I said. You were clumsy, alright, but the moment you got me in bed, it was like something took over in you, and everything you did was so fucking hot. Like you’d breathe different, and your voice gets deeper, and you’re just an animal. It’s like you go from gangly deer to strapping tiger in five seconds flat. Jesus, and the way your fucking back tightens when you’re on top of me; I love feeling it.”

HARRY: “I feel like we’re talking less about the old us, and more about now. Do you hear us? We’re old lame asses. We can’t even get off properly without getting nostalgic and talking for ages.”

LOUIS: “That’s the thing; we haven’t changed. The same things that used to make me come so hard, still do. And how about we get on with it, then?”

HARRY: (moving his hand back to his cock) “Yeah, okay. Tell me what, sweetheart? What do I do that you like?”

LOUIS: (mimicking Harry’s motions) “Like when you grab my ass in your huge hands, and just feel me like it’s the best thing you’ve ever felt, breathing ragged in my ear. God, I love when you hold me close to you and just uncontrollably grind against me. I love when it isn’t even you consciously doing anything. It’s so good when I can feel how hot you are for me.”

HARRY: “Fuck, wish I could do that right now. Can you see how hard I am for you?”

LOUIS: (glancing down, staring unabashedly) “Yeah, yeah, I can. God, I want to feel you.”

HARRY: “Can you do something for me, love?”

LOUIS: (shifting on the bed, glancing at the toy he has laid next to him) “Anything.”

HARRY: “Can you turn around for me; let me see your lovely bum.”

LOUIS: (sitting up on his knees, giving Harry a full view of his length) “I can do you one better.
I’ve got a surprise for you.”

HARRY: (watching Louis turn around and splay his ass out for him) “Fuck, you don’t even need to do anything; I could finish with just this view.”

LOUIS: “Well, you’re getting more, and I am, too.” (reaching over and grabbing the lube) “M’going to stretch myself for your massive cock.”

HARRY: (grunting) “Yeah, fuck. You going to finger yourself open for me?”

LOUIS: “Mmmh, but since you aren’t here, I’m going to let you watch me fuck myself with a dildo.”

HARRY: (clearing his throat, obviously affected) “Christ, yes. I love you so much. Tell me how your fingers feel, baby.”

LOUIS: (hissing as he presses his index finger past his rim) “So tight. Sensitive.”

HARRY: “Looks tight. Wish those were my fingers. Could get so much deeper. Hit your spot, yeah?”

LOUIS: (grunting as he tries to find a better angle) “Always fucking do. Every time. You’re fingers are magic. So long and smooth. God, I miss you.”

HARRY: “Add a second, love. Go on, you can do it.”

LOUIS: (obeying, pressing his middle finger to his rim cautiously) “Stings. Want your tongue, H.”

HARRY: “Yeah, fuck. Monday night, I’m eating you out until you come, okay? Just from my tongue. That’s a promise.”

LOUIS: (moaning as he rolls his fingers around, slowly stretching) “Yes! Shit, I’d love that. Been a while since you ate me out.”

HARRY: “Much too long. I’m going to take my time with you. Make it good.” (watching intently as Louis eases his two fingers in and out, spreading them against his rim) “Baby, I think you’re ready for your toy, yeah? I’m starting to get close.”

LOUIS: “Yeah, yeah, I am. I can take it. Don’t come yet.”

HARRY: (gripping the base of his cock to bridle his impending orgasm) “Of course not, baby. I won’t come until you do. Lay on your belly, love, and put a pillow under your hips. Get yourself comfortable.”

LOUIS: (taking Harry’s orders as they come, too fucked out to think things through) “Yeah, okay.”

HARRY: “That’s good, sweetheart. Go slow, now. Tell me how it feels.”

LOUIS: (easing the toy in) “Feels good. Full, but so much smaller than you.”

HARRY: (slowly stroking himself again, in time with Louis’ presses) “Yeah? Like my cock inside you better?”
LOUIS: “S’always better,” (gasping as he takes the toy in fully) “This feels like three of your fingers. You stretch me out better.”

HARRY: “Yeah, I do, baby. But, I know it still feels good. Spread your legs so I can see better.”

LOUIS: (does as he’s told and turns his head to see Harry) “That okay?”

HARRY: “Perfect. Absolutely perfect. Now start fucking yourself with it. I know how bad you want it. Don’t be quiet.”

LOUIS: (pulling the toy out almost completely and pushing it in again roughly) “Fuck! Oh, yes. Feels so wonderful, Harry. How are you feeling? How do I look?”

HARRY: (hardly able to speak) “So good. You look so pretty, Louis. So lovely. Pretending I’m fucking you, love. Wish I could fuck you with my cock and feel your rim with my fingers; feel how stretched you are. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

LOUIS: (moaning loudly and resting on one elbow so he can have a clear view of the computer screen) “You know I would. Wanna feel you; wanna hear you. Shit, I’m already close.”

HARRY: “Yeah, me too. So close. Are you rubbing against that pillow, darling? Grinding on it and fucking yourself with your dildo?”

LOUIS: (grunting his words in beautiful, high-pitched groans) “Yeah, m’cock is so sensitive. Feels so good. Want your hands on my hips, fucking me into the mattress.”

HARRY: “Yeah, baby. Can you do one more thing for me, and then we can come?”

LOUIS: (nodding frantically) “Of course; what is it?”

HARRY: “Turn around and ride the dildo while you touch yourself so I can see your pretty cock when you come. So we can see each other, yeah?”

LOUIS: (nodding excitedly, pulling the toy out and turning around, cock throbbing against his thigh) “Yes, that’s perfect. Want to see you better.”

HARRY: “Me too. Look so good, Louis. Sit on your toy now. Good boy.”

LOUIS: “Fuck. Feels so good like this. Feels fuller.”

HARRY: (gasping for breath as he feels a burning in his stomach, watching Louis grind back and forth on the purple toy) “You look absolutely gorgeous. Touch yourself, babe. I can’t last much longer.”

LOUIS: (slowly riding the toy and fisting his hand quickly over himself, watching Harry closely) “Holy shit. Your cock looks so huge, Harry. Can’t wait to have it in me again. Miss it. Miss you. Love you. Fuck!”

HARRY: (knowing Louis’ close by his rambling) “That’s it. I bet you’re hitting your spot every time, aren’t you?”

LOUIS: (gulping and nodding, watching Harry’s hand) “Yeah, every time. M’gonna come, Harry. I’m- I’m-“
HARRY: (moaning, voice getting deeper) “Me too, baby. That’s it, Louis. It’s okay; come for me. Come on.”

LOUIS: (relaxing his body as they both come within seconds of each other, gasping and mumbling unintelligible things) “Oh my god, yes. Yes.”

HARRY: (after a minute or so of silence, during which Louis laid down, toy still inside him, come all over his chest) “Louis, remind me to never leave the country without you ever again.”

LOUIS: (chuckling in post-ecstatic bliss, watching as Harry gently and ever-so-slowly runs his thumb over his come-covered slit) “I never advocated that in the first place, but I’ll be more forceful next time.”

HARRY: (catching his breath) “I feel old, Louis. I’m so tired now.”

LOUIS: “You and I both. I’m going to wipe myself down and pass the fuck out.”

HARRY: (making a show of licking a bit of come off of his fingers) “Yeah, I’ll call you in the morning.”

LOUIS: (affected immediately) “Shit, don’t do that. Don’t make me hard again.”

HARRY: (laughing loudly) “Alright, alright. Goodnight, baby. I love you so much.”

LOUIS: (blowing a kiss cheekily) “I love you, too. Sleep well.”

HARRY: “I won’t. Not without you, but I’ll try. Tell my mum and Robin hello tomorrow. Gemma as well. Just the whole family.”

LOUIS: “Of course. Only two more days, my love.”

HARRY: “Two long, miserable days.”

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Noon on Saturday, March 2, 2023 at Anne and Robin’s home

(LOUIS is sat with ANNE, ROBIN, GEMMA, and her husband, JACOB. The children are playing just outside the window, except for OLIVER and Gemma’s youngest child, SERENA. ANNE sits up to fill everyone’s glasses of wine)

ANNE: “So, Lou. How has it been without Harry so far?”

LOUIS: (shrugging, careful not to wake Oliver) “We’ve been fine, but I think we all miss him. He’s entirely jealous that we’re here, by the way.”

GEMMA: (scoffing) “I’m sure he is, but we deserve some Louis time, too. He can’t keep you all to himself.”

LOUIS: “Yeah, how selfish of him.” (laughing along with his sister-in-law, taking another sip of
wine) “Lunch was delicious, by the way. Thank you both for making it. Thanks for having us over. The kids are just thrilled to be here.”

JACOB: “Just the kids. Damn, we’re no fun at all, are we?”

LOUIS: “No, no. I am, too. It’s just nice to see them playing with their cousins. It doesn’t happen often enough.”

GEMMA: “You know, it could happen everyday. If you’d just-“

LOUIS: “I know, I know. We should buy a house out here. You’re probably right. I just feel like my mum would think we were choosing you guys over them, and all that.”

ANNE: “Dear Louis, you know that isn’t true. You guys would be closer to them here as well. Besides, your mother and I still talk quite a bit. She’d like you to be closer to at least one of us, even if it’s us.”

GEMMA: “Also, at the moment, there aren’t any cousins on your side. The kids have cousins their age here, and they get on fabulously.”

ROBIN: “Don’t let the women intimidate you, Lou. We would love to have you close by, but it’s obviously something that you and Harry should discuss at your own leisure. Our home is always open, though. Never forget that.”

LOUIS: “I know, and I’ve honestly been thinking of moving. I think it would be best for everyone. I’ll talk to Harry. He’s always talking about adopting more kids or having another surrogate, and if he thinks that’s going to happen, he has to know we’ll need to be close to family, because I don’t think my sanity can take another child and neither of our mums.”

ANNE: (obviously excited) “Lovely! If you bring it up to him, I can’t imagine him saying no.”

JACOB: “But, like Robin said, don’t let them get into your head-“

GEMMA: (interrupting and pinching her husband’s side) “What he means is, don’t feel pressured; we’re just excited at the idea.”

LOUIS: “No, it’s fine. I am, as well.” (glancing out the window at Emelia, Phillip and their slightly older cousins Mark and Sam) “They’re having an absolute blast. Phillip absolutely adores Mark. Sam will be five soon, right? April eighteenth?”

GEMMA: “Yeah, I think we’re planning for a dinosaur-themed party. We’ll see. That’s more than a month away, so he may have a new obsession by then.”

LOUIS: “Very typical. We’ll just wait to buy the gift, then.”

ANNE: “Probably a good idea. We’re so lucky all of our grandkids have their birthdays spread out.”

JACOB: “Exactly, but it’s basically a constant party between everyone’s birthday. Plus Gemma and Louis share December.”

LOUIS: “And I share with Jesus. He kind of takes the spotlight, though.”

ANNE: (laughing along with the rest of the group) “Lou, if you don’t mind me saying, you look
tired.”

**LOUIS:** *(in faux-offense)* “Why, thank you, Grammy. But, in all seriousness, I am. I’m not used to this constant childcare, and I miss Harry. It’s pathetic, really, but we haven’t been apart in such a long time, and it’s just depressing.”

**ANNE:** *(reaching over and resting her hand on Louis’)* “Well, it’s a long-shot, but I have an idea.”

**LOUIS:** “What’s that?”

**ANNE:** “Gemma and I discussed it, and if you wouldn’t be adverse, we’d like to keep the kids here for the rest of the weekend. I can drive them home on Monday and stay with them for a few days if you’d like to fly out with Harry. You guys deserve a break, and I know he’d love being in LA so much more if you were there.”

**LOUIS:** *(immediately refusing)* “No, Anne. That’s far too much. I could never-“

**GEMMA:** “Earth to Louis! Don’t be daft! We want to spend time with your children and you want to spend time with your husband! You should get your stubborn arse out of here!”

**LOUIS:** *(hesitant)* “But-“

**ROBIN:** “But, nothing. This time, they’re totally right. It’s not problem for us. We’d rather enjoy the company.”

**GEMMA:** “Surprise him! It’ll be super romantic.”

**LOUIS:** “Well...”

**GEMMA:** “Just say yes! Go, get out of here,” *(handing Serena to Jacob and reaching for her phone)* “Come on, we’ll get you a ticket now.”

**LOUIS:** *(looking around at all of their expectant faces)* “Really? Is this happening?”

**JACOB:** *(peeking over his wife’s shoulder)* “There’s no use questioning it now. Gemma’s got your flights all picked out and you only have enough time to drive home, pack a bag and get to the airport.”

**LOUIS:** *(kissing Oliver’s head and handing him off to Anne)* “You’re all beautiful people. I love you all!” *(running to the door, and turning around to hug each person at the table, kissing Gemma and Anne’s cheeks dramatically)* “I owe you big time!”

**GEMMA:** *(pushing Louis away)* “Shove off. Go kiss your kids and get on the road. I’ll email you your ticket. I’ll get you a car at LAX, too.”

**LOUIS:** *(running to the back door like an excitable child)* “Thanks, Gem! Love you!”

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02:30 LA time on Sunday, March 3, 2023 outside of Harry’s hotel room

(LOUIS is standing at the door, duffel bag in hand, too excited to be tired, even though he should be. HARRY is sleeping, which LOUIS knows. HARRY had texted him while he was still on the plane, telling him he was turning in early. LOUIS smiles to himself as he calls HARRY)

HARRY: (voice groggy and deep) “Is everything okay?”

LOUIS: “I’m sorry, love. I know you’re asleep, but I wanted to hear your voice.”

HARRY: “It’s okay. You’re always allowed to wake me. How are you?”

LOUIS: “I’m doing great, actually. I wanted to tell you something.” (knocking on Harry’s door roughly while covering the phone speaker)

HARRY: (irritated) “Just one second, babe. Someone’s at the door- Jesus, it’s nearly three in the morning; why is someone here?”

LOUIS: “Maybe it’s a prank. You should go check, though. I can wait.”

HARRY: (pulling his boxers on quickly) “Alright, I’m sorry. I’ll be quick.”

LOUIS: “Take your time.” (knocking again)

HARRY: “Jesus,” (loudly toward the door) “Hold on a minute!”

LOUIS: (laughing to himself) “Sounds like someone’s impatiently waiting at your door.”

HARRY: “Don’t know who the hell it could be; Hold on, I’m opening it now.”

LOUIS: (heart pounding as the knob turns) “Okay.”

HARRY: (speaking firmly as he opens the door) “Do you know what time it-“ (dropping the phone the second he sees Louis, pulling him into his arms) “Come here; I’ve never been so happy to see you in my entire life.”

LOUIS: (grunting) “You’re literally squeezing the life out of me.”

HARRY: (releasing Louis and grasping his shoulders, looking him up and down) “This isn’t a dream, is it? It has to be.”

LOUIS: (smiling and leaning on his toes to kiss Harry) “S’not a dream. I’m really here. Now, kiss me for a while. No talking. I just want to be with you.”

(Harry nods his head, pulling Louis into the hotel room and letting the door shut behind them. Louis drops his bag on the floor and wraps his arms around Harry’s neck. Harry runs his palms down Louis’ sides, fitting them under his thighs and lifting him into his arms. Louis naturally wraps his legs around Harry’s waist as his hands easily find his hair)

HARRY: “I missed you so much, Lou. Missed touching you, kissing you-“ (stopping at the foot of
the bed and lightly setting Louis down) “Now, how on earth did I get so lucky to have you all to myself?”

**LOUIS:** (tracing circles on Harry’s thighs, glancing up at him from the bed) “Your mum and Gem kind of forced me on a plane; they’re keeping the kids until we get back.”

**HARRY:** (sitting next to Louis, unable to keep his hands off of him) “Remind me to send them something nice, then. This is brilliant, but-” (scooting back to the pillows, Louis following his lead) “What about the business meeting or whatever?”

**LOUIS:** (shrugging, turning on his side and cuddling into Harry’s chest) “I told Zayn that I trusted him to go without me. He’ll call if any major decisions need to be made.”

**HARRY:** (smirking flirtatiously) “So, what you’re telling me is that I have my husband all to myself for the first time in God knows how long and it’s physically impossible for us to be interrupted since everyone is on the other side of the world?”

**LOUIS:** (rolling himself over so that he’s straddling Harry’s waist) “That, my boy, is exactly what I’m telling you. Now, I believe I will go take a shower really quick. I’ve been stuck on a plane for twelve hours and I can think of a few ways to wind down, but a shower must come first.”

**HARRY:** (reaching over for the hotel phone as he tugs at Louis’ shirt) “I know; I hate flying. Take your kit off and freshen up in the bathroom and I’ll have everything ready by the time you’re back.”

**LOUIS:** (leaning down to press a chaste kiss to Harry’s lips) “Yes, sir.”

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(It’s nearly 03:15 by the time LOUIS exits the washroom, hair damp and messy, towel wrapped loosely around his hips. HARRY is already under the covers, a few candles lit on the bedside table next to a bottle of lube, and champagne poured for them both. LOUIS approaches the bed slowly, smirking at the scene in front of him)

**LOUIS:** (standing in front of Harry) “Now, this is my idea of a vacation. No kids, just me and you, a bottle of champagne, and a big, unfamiliar bed.”

**HARRY:** (dipping his fingers under the material of the towel, slowly pulling it off) “Can’t argue with you there. It’s too bad we have to leave Monday, which is fucking tomorrow.”

**LOUIS:** (sliding under the sheets next to Harry, retrieving both glasses of champagne) “Actually, we don’t.”

**HARRY:** (taking his glass and wrapping his arm around Louis’ waist) “And what does that mean?”

**LOUIS:** “It means that your mum and sister offered to take care of the kids until we come back. Obviously we won’t stay like a week, but we should at least stay until Wednesday, yeah? Get some
HARRY: (kissing Louis’ cheek about four times) “Absolutely, yes! I can probably reschedule my appointment with the band for tomorrow so we can sleep in-“

LOUIS: (shaking his head) “No, no. You’ll go to your meeting in the morning and I’ll meet you for lunch in a super high profile area, because I still get a fucking thrill from holding your hand in public, and then we’ll make it very obvious that we’re headed back to our room, and we’ll spend the rest of the day here. Maybe I’ll take you to a nice dinner. Depends on how fucked out we are.”

HARRY: (sipping the last of his champagne and setting the glass on the table) “Sounds beautiful. Now, let’s get to it, yeah?”

LOUIS: (chuckling and gulping the rest of his glass) “Yes, please. I didn’t fly across the world for pillow talk.”

HARRY: (offended) “I thought you loved our pillow talk.”

LOUIS: (straddling Harry’s hips and grinding back ever-so-slowly) “Yes, it’s wonderful, but I can think of much more exciting things we could be doing.”

HARRY: (gasp ing, but still trying to act coy) “My pillow talk is very exciting, thank you very much- Oh god.”

LOUIS: (leaning down to capture Harry’s lips with his) “Your pillow talk is lovely for putting me to sleep, now kindly shut up and fuck me.”

HARRY: (holding Louis close and flipping them over) “Yeah, I can do that. I hope my fucking doesn’t also put you to sleep.”

LOUIS: (rolling his eyes and wrapping his legs around Harry’s waist) “You’re a sarcastic arse, you know? Get on with it. I got so horny on the plane just thinking about this that I got off in one of those tiny fucking bathrooms.”

HARRY: (resting his hands gently on Louis’ bum) “Yeah? Did you pretend I was there fucking you from behind, holding us up against the sink?”

LOUIS: “No, pretended you got me off just from your fingers. Tried fingering myself a bit, but it never feels as good as yours.”

HARRY: (grasping his arse and kneading his fingers into it, smacking it once) “Yeah? Have you been craving my fingers, baby?”

LOUIS: (nodding, breathless) “Yeah, really want it.”

HARRY: (kissing Louis’ neck roughly) “We’ll get to that. But, first, I think I made a promise involving my tongue and your ass that I would really like to fulfill.”

LOUIS: (squirming beneath Harry’s weight, releasing his legs’ grasp) “Yeah, please. Want your tongue.”

HARRY: (slowly kissing down Louis’ chest) “I love it when you get desperate like this. It’s my favorite thing on this fucking planet; to watch you writhing under me, begging for me to touch you like your life depends on it.”
LOUIS: *(mouth dry as he wiggles his hips)* “At this moment, I think my life does depend on it. Please, Harry.”

HARRY: *(spreading Louis’ legs and laying between them, glancing up)* “Please what, love? What is it?”

LOUIS: “You’re sick, you know that? Please eat me out. Please, I’m begging. I know how much you like that.”

HARRY: *(smirking, breathing hotly over Louis’ exposed hole)* “Almost as much as you love my tongue in your ass. Now, be still, sweetheart.”

LOUIS: *(covering his face with his arms, nodding his head frantically)* “Yeah, I’ll be good. Promise.”

HARRY: *(trying to control Louis’ uncontrollable hip movements before touching a tentative lick to him)* “You know it’s naughty to lie. Don’t move, now.”

LOUIS: *(moaning loudly into his arm, biting at his skin to hold back)* “Harry, please, oh my god!”

HARRY: *(pressing his thumb against Louis’ hole)* “Don’t hold back, Lou. I’ve been wanking to the thought of your moans. I want to hear you.”

LOUIS: *(removing his arms and holding them at his sides, gripping the sheets)* “Okay, yeah. Just get on with it. Eat me out, babe.” *(Harry flattens his tongue against Louis’ hole before prodding against it, easing his way inside. Harry groans in delight at the feel of Louis around his tongue, and at the noises his husband is making.)* “Harry, holy shit. Forgot how good that felt. Wow- Can you like-“

HARRY: *(speaking quickly so he can return to his work)* “What is it? What do you want?”

LOUIS: “Can you add fingers, too? Open me up with your tongue and your fingers at the same time? Want it so bad.” *(Harry doesn’t bother responding, simply nodding and circling two fingers around his tongue before entering the tip of one. Louis gasps, trying to steady his breathing)* “I can’t even explain how amazing this is, H. You’re fucking perfect. Too good to me. Too good for me.”

HARRY: *(slapping his thigh gently, kissing it right after)* “Don’t ever say that. You’re the most perfect person in the world; I’m just trying to make myself worthy.”

LOUIS: “You drive me crazy, Harry. Even after all this time-“ *(hissing as Harry returns his mouth to his arse)* “You always say the right things, and do the right things- You know how to make me fucking wild every time, without fail-”

(Louis knows that there are other things that he wanted to say, but when Harry adds a second finger and continues to lick around his hole, his eyes simply roll back and he loses all thought processes. Harry opens Louis slowly, using lube before adding in a third finger. Once he’s able to move three fingers in and out with ease, he applies lube on his own member and wipes his hand on Louis’ discarded towel.)

HARRY: *(holding himself above Louis)* “How do you want me tonight, baby?”

LOUIS: *(contemplative and a bit out of his mind)* “Just like this. Missionary. Want to see you, and
feel you..." (adding as an afterthought) “-and kiss you.”

**HARRY:** (smiling fondly) “Of course, love. Whatever you want. Spread your legs again for me.”

**LOUIS:** (blushing and obeying, feeling the cool air against his slick hole) “Make love to me tonight. Want it slow. Don’t listen to me if I tell you otherwise. S’always better when you make me wait.”

**HARRY:** “Absolutely. And I love making you wait. Love being in control. You like when I’m in control, too, don’t you?”

**LOUIS:** (whimpering quietly as Harry gently nudges against his rim) “Yeah, it’s the best. Love when you manhandle me, too. Tomorrow, I wanna fuck in a bathroom stall. Want you to hold me up and fuck me hard.”

**HARRY:** (entering Louis completely, sputtering as he does) “Yeah, yeah. I’m- we’ll definitely do that. Just- God, Louis, you don’t even know how amazing you feel. I feel sorry for you because you will never know just how good this feels- to be inside of you.”

**LOUIS:** (laughing giddily) “You’re ridiculous. It couldn’t compare to how it feels to have you inside of me. It’s so full, and just- Fuck, it’s perfect, Harry. You can move whenever you’re ready.”

**HARRY:** “Yeah, I will. Just want to savor this for a mo. Gonna go slow, remember? At your request.”

**LOUIS:** (nodding and knowing that it won’t stop him from screaming, “faster, faster”) “Yeah, hey-“ (Harry pulls back slowly, staying there as he waits for Louis to continue) “I just love you a lot.”

**HARRY:** (pressing back in roughly) “Yeah, I know, baby. I love you, also. Touch me, Lou. Mark me.”

**LOUIS:** (groaning and nodding, running his hands through Harry’s hair and pulling him closer so that he can suck a dark bruise onto his neck) “Your skin tastes so good. So familiar. Love your hands digging into my hips, too. Just feels so good- you surrounding me. Kiss me.”

**HARRY:** (rolling his hips slowly, squeezing Louis’ sides harder due to the encouragement) “You’re the most bossy bottom that I have ever met.”

**LOUIS:** “Harry, love. I’m the only bottom that you’ve had and I’m just a bossy husband in general; It’s not only when your cock is in me arse. Now, kiss me.”

**HARRY:** (grinning affectionately before leaning down to kiss the corners of Louis’ mouth, thrusting in and out slowly, but roughly, capturing Louis’ moans in his mouth) “Fuck, I love it when you’re noisy. Your voice is just heavenly.”

**LOUIS:** (teasingly) “Yours just puts me to sleep.”

**HARRY:** (rasping in Louis’ ear) “Really? Are you close to falling asleep right now?”

**LOUIS:** “No,” (a moan ripping through his lungs as Harry presses against his prostate) “I suppose not.”

**HARRY:** (mockingly) “I suppose not. Then, take a damn compliment and don’t be sassy.”
LOUIS: “Well, someone’s feisty.”

HARRY: “You better believe it. God-“ (voice growing even deeper, much more weak) “You feel so fucking good. I’m so close already, Lou.”

LOUIS: (rolling his hips in unison with Harry’s, making the angle even better) “C’mon. Fuck me harder. Just for a bit. Fast and hard- Getting closer, H.”


LOUIS: (gulping and nodding, losing his ability to form sentences) “Yeah- Okay. Just- soon. I’m gonna- soon!”

HARRY: “That’s it, baby. Just feel me. Don’t think about it, just feel.” (pushing in in short jabs, slowly pulling out, the drag of his cock sending chills down Louis’ spine)

LOUIS: (shuddering, breathing short) “So good; I’ve- got goosebumps.”

HARRY: (taking Louis’ cock in his hand, jerking him in time with his thrusts, slow and gentle) “You wanna come, don’t you? Want me to let you come?”

LOUIS: “Yeah! Yes, but I want you to come first. Please. Please, Harry-“

HARRY: (cutting Louis off with a crushing kiss) “I’m close, Lou. Come with me, okay? Together.”

LOUIS: (breathing into Harry’s mouth as Harry runs his thumb over his slit) “Yeah, yeah. Together.”

HARRY: (trying to remain quiet to enjoy Louis’ obscene moans and mumbles, but unable to hold back the guttural moan that rips through him as he feels Louis tighten around him as he comes) “That’s it, baby. Beautiful, fuck. I’m coming- I’m coming.”

LOUIS: (still blissfully ecstatic, convulsing uncontrollably) “Yes! Fuck, come deep inside me, Harry. Love you, love you.”

HARRY: (holding himself close to Louis as he pushes in deep and comes hard while burying his head in Louis’ shoulder) “I love you so much. So fucking much.”

LOUIS: (catching his breath as Harry lays on top of him, running his fingers through Harry’s long waves) “You were perfect, Harry. Everything I could have wanted. You’re perfect.”

HARRY: (kissing Louis’ forehead, and then his lips) “I’m so glad you’re here. I’ll get a rag, and then we’re cuddling, okay?”

LOUIS: (eyes fluttering shut in a post-orgasmic daze) “Sounds perfect; I’ll finally get a good sleep.”

HARRY: (kissing Louis’ eyelids as he pulls out) “Don’t fall asleep on me, now.”

LOUIS: (nodding as Harry shifts off of him and leaves the bed) “I won’t. I’m excited for some more pillow talk.”
HARRY: (chuckling and returning with a damp washcloth, wiping Louis’ come from both of their stomachs and chests, and putting a towel under Louis’ bum) “Scoot over, baby.”

LOUIS: (lazily moving over, just barely, as Harry slides in behind him, wrapping one arm around Louis’ waist to pull him closer, placing his other hand near Louis’ ass) “H- just be gentle. I’m sensitive.”

HARRY: (nudging one finger at his hole) “I know, darling. I’ll be careful. Just love having my fingers in you, Lou. After I’ve come in you. Love feeling it. Is that weird?”

LOUIS: (giggling, still overly-happy) “Of course it is, but you’re weird, and so am I. I’m very well used to your fingers in me after sex. I think I can deal with it.”

HARRY: (sliding one more finger in for only a moment before pulling them both out and bringing them to Louis’ mouth) “Here you go, sweetheart. Open your mouth.”

LOUIS: (listening immediately, whimpering as he licks Harry’s fingers clean, only speaking after a couple minutes of uninterrupted silence) “Thank you, Harry.”

HARRY: (kissing the back of Louis’ neck) “Whatever for?”

LOUIS: “For loving me. After all this time.”

HARRY: (rolling Louis over to face him) “Nothing in the world could stop me.”

LOUIS: “You’ve just always been so patient with me. Like when I wanted to stay near London to run the club with Zayn; you always supported me. I just- I’m really thankful for you and I feel like I don’t tell you enough.”

HARRY: “Louis, I just want you to be happy. I’d move to Timbuktu if that’s what you wanted.”

LOUIS: “Well, I’ll let you know if that’s ever a desire of mine.”

HARRY: (gently stroking Louis’ thigh) “But in all reality, I’m happy if you are.”

LOUIS: (softly) “And I’m happy if I’m with you. I just-“

HARRY: (worried) “What is it, Lou? You can tell me.”

LOUIS: “No, nothing bad. I just- I think we should move to Holmes Chapel. I mean we still want to have another baby after Oliver is a bit grown, and it’d be so much more of a help to be close to your family. Really, we would be closer to both of our families there, and the kids have their cousins there. You know how Phillip feels about Mark. I just think it would be good for them. You and I grew up around our families and the kids haven’t been able to spend that much time with theirs. Besides, you miss your mum. Don’t even try to deny it. Do you want to move there, Harry?”

HARRY: (eyes glassing over, pulling Louis closer and kissing him in excitement) “Are you serious, Lou? I would- Christ, I would love it! If that’s what you really want, of course-“

LOUIS: “Yes! Yes, it is. I mean it. Your family is my family anyway, and my mum would be thrilled to have us closer. It would be wonderful. Harry, will you move to Holmes Chapel with me?”

HARRY: (kissing Louis’ lips over and over again) “Yes, I will. I will move to Holmes Chapel
with you and adopt, or make, as many babies as you want. God, I’m so happy right now. I love you, Louis. I love you and I love our perfect little family.”

LOUIS: “I love you more. I really, really do.”

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13:00 on Sunday, March 3, 2023 at a posh restaurant in Beverly Hills.

(LOUIS is seated at a table on the patio, sipping a glass of wine, and waiting for HARRY. He approaches wearing dress pants, a blue button down shirt, and a pair of black dress boots. LOUIS stands up as HARRY walks over, pecking him on the lips before sitting back down, already a bit tipsy)

HARRY: “I see you started drinking without me, love. How are you feeling today?”

LOUIS: (smiling so wide that Harry can see the wrinkles by his eyes go past his sunglasses) “Absolutely splendid, dear. I can see why you like LA so much. You know, we should really buy a house here.”

HARRY: (rolling his eyes) “Coming from the man who made me sell the house I used to own here.”

LOUIS: “Well, I just didn’t get the appeal. But, I think I do now. We could get a place by the water and come out here with our family and make it a regular thing, yeah?”

HARRY: (chuckling and waving the waitress over) “Sure, babe. Whatever you want.”

LOUIS: “Alright, well after we’re settled in our new place, let’s get a vacation home here.”

HARRY: (shaking his head and turning his attention to the approaching server who is obviously starstruck) “Hello, how are you today?”

WAITRESS: “I’m- uh, I’m well. My name is Marissa and I will be your server today. Can I start you off with something to drink?”

HARRY: “I’ll have what my husband is having, and I think he’s probably ready for another glass. Water as well, love.”

MARISSA: (gulping and writing the order down, looking as if she would like to say something) “I’ll- uh, be right back with that.”

LOUIS: (in a hushed voice) “Nice girl and all, but a bit strange, right?”

HARRY: (shrugging) “Yeah, I suppose you’re right.”

LOUIS: “Anyway, what is on the schedule for the rest of the day?”

HARRY: (leaning closer and silently asking for Louis’ hand over the table) “I think we’ll eat, and
then I’d like to take you for ice cream, then I’d like to take you to bed. How’s that sound, baby?”

**LOUIS:** *(winking)* “I think there was a promised public bathroom fuck in there somewhere.”

**HARRY:** *(blushing and glancing around at the people around them)* “For an old man, you’ve got a pretty great memory.”

**LOUIS:** *(smacking Harry’s shoulder with his free hand)* “Call me old one more time, and I won’t put out for the rest of the trip.”

**HARRY:** *(snorting after taking a sip of Louis’ water)* “Yeah fucking right.” *(not noticing Marissa walking up)* “I don’t believe for a second that you flew over here to not have my cock in your ass at least half the time.”

**MARISSA:** *(clearing her throat as she sets down Harry’s glass)* “Erm, here is your wine, sir.”

**HARRY:** *(face turning bright red, obviously embarrassed, as Louis simply cackles)* “Thank you very much.”

**MARISSA:** *(blushing as well, smiling kindly)* “Can I get you an appetizer or something from our lunch menu?”

**LOUIS:** *(knowing that Harry is in no state to order food at the moment, much too mortified)* “We’ll start off with some Guacamole. Sounds good, right, babe?”

**HARRY:** *(clearing his throat, unable to look at the waitress)* “Yeah, um, that’ll be fine.”

**MARISSA:** *(hiding a smile)* “I’ll be back, then.”

**HARRY:** *(the moment she’s gone, honestly upset)* “You could have warned me! Jesus!”

**LOUIS:** *(laughing still)* “Babe, I didn’t see her. I was looking at you. It’s fine, though. She was a good sport. I think she knows who we are, actually. Seems like it, at least.”

**HARRY:** “Louis! That’s even worse! Dear god. What if she tells the papers? Can you imagine?”

**LOUIS:** “Calm down, sweetheart. We’re married. It’s not like it used to be. And hey, the ‘who tops’ dilemma will have been sorted.”

**HARRY:** *(downing half of his glass in two gulps)* “Not funny, Lou.”

**LOUIS:** “You’ll laugh about it one day. Now, tell me how the meeting went.”

**HARRY:** “Great job. Change the subject. It went well, I suppose. These guys want me to write like half of their fucking album. It’s awesome, though, because, like I liked writing for our albums, but I kind of felt like a kid when their parents tell them that everything they do is great, even when it’s not. Now, it’s like I’m making a name for myself; One Direction isn’t doing it anymore. Hell, I don’t know, maybe it is, but I feel like these people actually like my music.”

**LOUIS:** “They do, love. You’re brilliant. Always have been. I’m glad you feel good about your work, though.”

**MARISSA:** *(returning with their appetizer, Louis notices Harry’s awkward expression)* “Here you are. Are we ready to order?”
LOUIS: “I think we’re probably ready. By the way, I’m sorry about what you heard my husband say. He’s absolutely mortified. I’m trying to tell him that it’s quite alright, but if you were offended, we are really sorry.”

MARISSA: (giggling shyly) “No, honestly. It’s fine. I live in LA; you wouldn’t believe the things I’ve heard people say.” (turning to Harry) “I mean it; there’s no reason to be embarrassed.”

HARRY: (a little calmer) “Christ, I am humiliated, though. Truly sorry”

MARISSA: “No! Please, don’t be Mr. Styles. If I may say so, I was a huge fan of One Direction as a teenager. I’m just a bit starstruck at the moment.”

LOUIS: (cooing) “Well, have a seat, love. It’s the least we can do for giving you an unnecessary glimpse into our sex life.”

MARISSA: (glancing around for her boss) “Are you sure?”

HARRY: “Please, sit with us!”

MARISSA: (obviously thrilled) “Thanks! Um- It’s actually quite embarrassing how much I loved you guys. I know how silly it must have seemed to my family and all, but you guys were the greatest- are the greatest, sorry.”

LOUIS: (laughing) “It’s alright. We quite like being has-beens.”

MARISSA: “Well, I still look back on those days fondly. You guys really had an effect on me; inspired me to come here, actually. I’ve always wanted to be an actress and you guys just made it seem possible to chase my dreams. So, thank you.”

HARRY: (finally engaging in the conversation, less embarrassed) “Well, that’s incredible! How’s it been? Any luck yet?”

MARISSA: “Nothing huge yet, but a couple music videos here and there; commercials. I love LA, though. I’m so happy I moved here.” (gulping, still nervous) “Sorry, I still can’t believe I’m talking to you guys. I tried for like, years to meet you. It’s just funny that it happened like this.”

LOUIS: (smiling) “And aren’t you glad it did? You would have gotten us mid-PR and it probably would have been a ten second conversation and a selfie.”

MARISSA: (giggling) “Yes, this is much better. I just know there are so many things I’d like to say to you, and I’m just dumbfounded. But, I would absolutely like to say that I supported you one hundred percent from day one, and I was so proud when you came out. You guys led a large part of our generation into a less skewed outlook on sexuality. I mean it, you’re legends.”

HARRY: (genuinely touched) “Thank you so much. It means a lot, even to this day, to hear people say things like that. It was really difficult for us, for years, and now that we’re able to really live our lives, it still feels incredible to just be eating out together and holding hands.”

LOUIS: “Yeah, taking the kids to the park, and like, going to the grocery store together, it’s all very sappy and dumb, but it’s really incredible how happy it makes me.”

MARISSA: (smiling sweetly) “You have three kids now, right? The two boys and one girl?”
HARRY: “Ah! You still keep up, I see. Yes, just the three for now. They’re with my mum, probably hanging out with Gemma’s kids.”

MARISSA: “That’s lovely. I’m really happy for all of you. All of you boys- sorry, it’s habit- all of you guys seem really happy.”

LOUIS: (glancing at Harry in adoration) “We really are, love.”

MARISSA: (standing up abruptly) “Well, I better get back to work. I’ll be back in a couple minutes to take your order. Thank you for talking with me. Could I maybe get a picture with you both before you leave?”

HARRY: “Of course! We’ll make sure to do that. Thank you, Marissa. For your support and the lovely conversation.”

LOUIS: (after she’s gone) “Told you she knew who we were. That was nice, though. Don’t see fans often anymore.”

HARRY: “Nope, we’re has-beens, and it really is great.”

LOUIS: “Do you ever miss it?”

HARRY: (shrugging) “Parts of it. But I would never trade our life now to go back. It had its place in our lives, and that time is long gone.”

LOUIS: “I couldn’t agree more.”

HARRY: “I’ve got you; I mean really got you now, and Liam and Zayn gave their love a chance. Niall couldn’t be happier settled down. It’s worked out for us all.”

LOUIS: “Exactly, but it’s a good thing it happened at some point. Otherwise, you and I would probably have a hard time raising three kids. And I bet Zayn and Liam would be disappointed if they couldn’t go off and be gypsies like they-“

HARRY: (confused) “What are you on about?”

LOUIS: “Fuck me and my big stupid mouth-“

HARRY: (suggestively) “Gladly! But, what do you mean about Zayn and Liam?”

LOUIS: (ignoring him) “No! I wasn’t supposed to tell you. Forget I said anything.”

HARRY: “You have to tell me now. I’ll act surprised later. You know, the usual.”

LOUIS: (shaking his head, disappointed in himself) “I’m so dumb. Fine, I’ll tell you, but you better act surprised!”

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17:00 on Sunday, March 30, 2023 at Niall and Carrie’s home in Ireland
(The lads are all there for the anniversary party, as are most of their families. HARRY is carrying OLIVER as him and LOUIS talk to various guests. They ended up staying in LA until Friday and returned home in time to pack the kids up and fly to Ireland. The rest of the trip was perfect, especially after Harry was free of business engagements. They came home well-rested and well-fucked, but they were definitely happy to be reunited with their children. NIALL is following CARRIE around as if she’s about to break, and ZAYN and LIAM are keeping an eye on PHILLIP and EMELIA.)

LOUIS: (clanking a fork against his champagne glass) “Alright, everyone! May I please have your attention?”

HARRY: (quietly, rocking the baby) “Darling, there are only about thirty people. There’s no need to be quite that loud.”

LOUIS: (to Harry only as people gather around) “You know I’m loud. It’s just who I am.”

HARRY: (whispering) “I’ll show you loud when we get home and put these rug rats to bed.”

LOUIS: (a little less quietly) “I love it when you talk domestic to me.” (facing the crowd of nicely dressed people, Niall and Carrie in the front) “Now, as Niall’s best man, I feel that I should give another, much more sober, speech at his anniversary party. Carrie, you are a godsend. Honestly, I always worried that Niall would end up with someone who took advantage, or treated him poorly, and you’re just the exact opposite. I’m incredibly proud of him for snagging such a catch. Now, since you’re quite literally about to pop, you can’t exactly toast with us, but- someone, get this nice lady a glass of water, please.” (the crowd has been chuckling since he started, but everyone knows that this is just how Louis is. Phillip carries a glass of water to Carrie and hands it to her before joining his parents) “Wonderful, thank you Phillip. Very helpful young man. Now, raise your glasses everyone. This is to Niall and Carrie, and to that little peanut in your belly, because let me tell you,” (wrapping an arm around Harry’s waist and ruffling Phillip’s hair with his hand) “There’s nothing like having a family of your own. You get to wake up proud every damn day of who you are and what you’ve contributed to the world, and in our own little way, we’re making it a better place. Cheers!”

HARRY: (after taking swig and kissing Louis fondly) “I love you. I wake up proud every time I see your snoring face.”

LOUIS: “Sap.”

ZAYN: (approaching with Liam on his arm at the same time Niall and Carrie walk over) “Guys! We actually want to tell you all something.”

LOUIS: (looking over at Harry with a warning look) “Whatever could it be?”

LIAM: (looking between Harry and Louis knowingly) “Dammit, Lou. You told him, didn’t you?”

LOUIS: (defensively) “No! Of course not!”

HARRY: “He told me nothing! I am surprised by whatever it may be.”

ZAYN: “Yep, he knows.”

LIAM: *(rolling his eyes)* “Nope, Louis ruined it. We’ll tell you later, Ni.”

NIALL: “For fuck’s sake-“

HARRY: *(scolding)* “Niall! Child literally in my arms. No cursing.”

LOUIS: *(changing the subject)* “We have some news as well, actually.”

NIALL: “You can’t exactly say ‘as well’ when certain people are left out of the initial news.”

LOUIS: *(ignoring Niall’s snide remark)* “We’re moving to Holmes Chapel!!”

ZAYN: *(all the boys smiling excitedly)* “That’s brilliant. I bet your mum’s excited, H.”

HARRY: “Haven’t you seen her today? She’s practically glowing! We’re going to look at houses next week.”

CARRIE: *(resting her hand on Niall’s shoulder and stepping closer to the group)* “Guys, I actually have some news also.” *(everyone stares expectantly)* “My water just broke.”

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