In plain sight

by revise

Summary

A slip of a finger sends Louis on a slippery slope into the world of self hatred. As time goes on, small comments and jokes get taken a little too personally. Louis soon grows an obsession with losing weight, and Harry grows an obsession with Louis.

Or the one where Louis takes everything too seriously, Harry falls in love (even though he may not want to), Liam and Zayn are trying to help everyone, and Niall is a bit overprotective.

I suck at summaries, but please give it a try.
Chapter 1

It started with a hashtag. A hashtag that turned everything in the wrong direction. Some people admired him with the hashtag, others were shaming him. Either way, it was an insecurity being pointed out left and right.

#tommotummy or #tomlinsontummy

It had been accidental. Louis didn't mean to click on the tag. His finger had slipped and he couldn't stop himself from reading. He scrolled and scrolled, losing track of time. He saw that people liked it, but that seemed weird. He also saw the people calling him fat, and saying he needed to go to the gym like the rest of the band. It had always been a little insecurity he had. Something needed to change. There were a few problems though. First off, Louis loved food too much not to eat it. Secondly, the boys would definitely notice if he was eating less. There seemed to be no good way to lose the weight other then exercise, because that was something nobody would question.

The band was in Canada for the first night, during the tour for Four, so things were hectic and there was little time for any of the members to be alone. Louis was up almost the entire night, scrolling through the tag. Morning came, and Louis got up early. They didn't preform until later, so he had a bit of time to kill. He put on a ball cap on, some sunglasses, and pulled the hood of a baggy grey sweater over his head to hide his face. He then put on some long shorts and crept outside to go running. Luckily nobody recognized him on his way out of the hotel. No one even gave him a second glance. It was still dark, and cool from the night air. Perfect running conditions. Louis stuck some earbuds in his ears and set off running. He went as fast and as far as his legs could carry him. Louis ended up running for an hour, right before the sun rose. He made his way back to his room in the hotel. Louis felt his stomach grumble for food, and realized how long he had been out. He quickly went back to his room to change and clean up, then joined Harry, Niall, Liam, and Zayn in a private room where they had their food brought in. He burst in, and quickly took a seat, trying not to disrupt Niall too much from his eggs and bacon.

"Sleep in?" Harry asked jokingly, but with an edge because of a certain incident that happened early on during the where we are tour. Yes, Harry was still mad about the weed incident.

"Rough night?" Liam asked right after with a touch of concern in his voice.

"Yeah, had a little trouble sleeping, but it's nothing."

Louis gave a weak smile before grabbing an apple from a bowl in the middle of the table. Zayn raised his eyebrows at Louis' choice of breakfast, but said nothing. Louis bit into the apple, and munched his way around. After eating exactly half, the team was called in for an interview. He stood up with the boys and they filed out of the room. Being a gentleman and first to the door, Louis held it open for everyone else. Once through, he looked at the garbage can just outside the door. His eyes flitted to the apple. He stared at it for a long second. Something clicked in his brain and he dropped the apple into the bin. The words 'only half' running through his head over and over.

They breezed through the interview, like always. Cracking little jokes here and there. Louis was as happy as ever, just like normal. They walked out of the interview room to find hundreds of people outside, mostly girls, being kept out of a small area around the door by a set of guards. A small girl, around 4'10" managed to slip past a guard. She was the crazy type of fan, and she made a beeline for Louis. Jumping up and latching on to him like a koala, Louis lost his balance and tumbled onto the floor. The girl sat over him on her hands and knees, one on each side. He didn't
want to push her off, so he just lay there and stared up at her pale brown eyes. She then began rambling on about how much she loved One Direction, and that Louis was her favourite and that he should read the Larry fanfiction she had written. Somewhere in the middle of her rant, she poked Louis in the stomach.

"You should get rid of that, I wrote you into my fanfic with washboard abs. This makes you look kinda gross and fat," she gave him a disgusted look before going back to her rant.

Not soon enough, Liam and Harry were pulling the girl off him and handing her to security. Niall reached out his hand to help Louis up.

"You alright mate?" Zayn asked as he brushed off Louis' back.

"Yeah, I think so," Louis said.

He reached up to run a hand through his hair, but let out a whimper when a stabbing pain shot through his wrist. He immediately brought it down and cradled it with his other hand.

"I think I need a doctor," Louis got out before he bit his lip to keep from crying. Silent tears ran down his face as guards surrounded him and pushed a space through the crowd.

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Louis woke up with four faces staring down at him. He had needed surgery to reset the bones in his wrist.

"Hey guys," he said shakily.

"I'm glad you're ok," Harry gave him a heartfelt smile before leaning down and embracing him in a friendly hug.

"The guards should have been paying more attention," Zayn said.

"Yeah, and I wish one of us could have broken your fall. It all happened so fast, and none of us knew what was going on," Liam said while rubbing the back of his neck.

"It's really fine guys, my wrist doesn't hurt at all anyways," Louis smiled weakly.

"Well that's great," Niall said, he then lifted up a paper bag of McDonald's up so Louis could see, "I thought you might get hungry, so I got the guys to bring us some food,"

A grin spread across Louis face as Niall was talking. He immediately frowned though, as the memory of the crazy fan poking his stomach came back. Luckily nobody was looking at him, as they were all digging through the bag for their own food. A burger and some fries were thrown at him, and everyone eventually settled into some chairs around the bed. Louis studied what everyone was eating. Zayn was eating a burger, Harry had a burger with fries, Liam had the same as Harry, and Niall had two burgers and fries. Everyone knew that Niall couldn't be separated from his food, and he worked out enough to still look good. Zayn ate as much as a regular person, and his body type worked off fat much easier then any average human. Harry had a tough time working off fat, but he really didn't eat a lot, so he still had a great body. Liam could basically eat what he wanted and keep a great body; he also really enjoyed exercise, so he did it the most out of any of the band members. Then there was Louis, the ones that was short, ate a ton, never exercised, and weighed a lot more then the rest of the band members. He looked down at his lap where his unwrapped burger sat. He just stared until one of the boys piped up.
"What're you waiting for? It's gonna get cold Louis," Liam said.

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking is all," Louis replied.

He looked up to Liam as he started to unwrap it with his good hand. He held it in his hand, looking at all the grease and calories it contained. Louis took a small bite, chewing until there was no taste and then swallowing. It was like that for every bite. Louis surveyed his burger after eating some of it. He had almost eaten exactly half, so where it was slightly uneven Louis took his last bite to make it perfect. He set the rest of the burger down then thought about his fries. He looked at them, then decided he would eat half. Carefully plucking out the least salted and grease covered ones, Louis made his way to the half point. He set the rest down beside his burger, and waited patiently for the other boys to finish. Zayn was first, but he excused himself to the bathroom as soon as he was finished so he didn't see what Louis had eaten. Harry was next, he balled up the wrapper and tossed it into the bin. Looking up at Louis, Harry frowned.

"What's up Louis, aren't you hungry?" Harry asked with concern.

"Nah, I guess the surgery kinda took my apatite away," Louis said with a shrug and a half smile. Zayn got back, and Liam and Niall finished around that point and they all got lost in a conversation about the craziest fans they'd seen in their careers. Louis laughed and joined in, but he couldn't get the girls words out of his head. After a few hours, a nurse came in and said the boys had to leave for the night. She also told Louis that he would have to stay there for the night, but once the next day came they would check over his wrist, and if it was fine they would properly cast it and he could go.

Louis spent the night dreaming dreams of nasty tweets and more crazy fans. He got up once to go to the bathroom, and as he was leaving, he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He stopped and turned to face the mirror head on. Giving himself a once over, he paused at his midsection. He could see the bulge of his stomach through the hospital gown. He then looked up at his face. He saw a thick neck, a second chin and chubby cheeks staring back at him.

"Fucking fat!" Louis said out loud.

Loud enough for him to worry someone would hear him. He quickly found his bed and closed his eyes pretending to sleep. A nurse opened the door and frowned in confusion when she saw nobody was stirring. Skeptical, she closed the door slowly and went to check the next few rooms. Louis breathed a sigh of relief after she was out of sight through the window. He really didn't need a nurse to come prying into his life and give him medical advice or something. He knew what he had to do, and as soon as he was out of this hospital he would do it. Louis closed his eyes and slept restlessly for the rest of the night.
Chapter 2

Louis woke up to the door of his room creaking open. He looked over to see a nurse coming towards him.

"Morning sunshine," she said happily, "we'll just get you unhooked from this and you'll get your examination," the nurse started unhooking Louis from the morphine as she spoke.

The nurse was trying to suppress a smile, and she seemed pretty excited. It looked like the young nurse was trying to hide the fact that she was a pretty big fan of the band. Louis was grateful, because the last thing he needed was another raving fan all over him.

"If you'd follow me please," she smiled widely, then opened the door for Louis.

He got up and stretched his muscles, careful of his splinted wrist. Louis then made his way out the door and followed the nurse down a long hallway.

As soon as Louis was casted, he made his way out of the hospital. He walked out the automatic doors, and was surprised by the fact that the only thing outside was a limousine. Leaning against the car doors was Liam, Harry, Zayn, and Niall waiting for him. They piled into the vehicle, and the driver zoomed out of the parking lot.

"No crowds? How'd you manage that?" Louis said with his eyebrows raised. The boys all exchanged glances before Harry spoke up.

"We kinda tweeted that you were at a different hospital, so that place is completely swamped right now," he gave a sheepish smile.

"Thanks guys, I owe you all one" Louis said. He looked out the window at the scenery flashing by.

"So where are we going?" Louis asked after a few moments of silence.

"We thought we'd head to the venue if you're still up for singing." Liam answered.

"Always," Louis smiled.

Louis really didn't want to go even though he loved to sing and meet his fans. He hadn't been able to work out at the hospital, and what he had eaten was extremely unhealthy. Louis figured he'd gained a bit of weight from it all. He didn't want people to see him like this.

Louis pulled out his phone and opened twitter. He knew he shouldn't, but Louis looked up the tag. One of the first things that popped up was a picture of him leaving the hospital. The fans could get really annoying sometimes. Louis stared at the picture and the caption. It was a picture of him walking through the main area before getting out, the thing that made Louis scold himself though was the fact that the curve of his stomach was visible in the side profile. Louis' shirt was supposed to be baggy, but instead it clung to his slightly larger stomach, making it as pronounced as ever. There was the flat line of his chest, but below you could see the curve come pretty far out until it reached Louis pants where a muffin top had formed. The words underneath the picture were possibly worse then the picture itself.
'saw Louis at the hospital today, not what I remembered him looking like before #tommotummy #muffintop #louistomlinson #fat'.

Louis stared at his phone unmoving. It took Zayn to snap him out of it.

"Louis we're here, what're you waiting for?" Zayn was holding the car door open looking expectantly at Louis.

"Sorry, I was just thinking," Louis said in an overly happy tone.

Zayn just raised his eyebrows at him while Louis got out. They jogged to catch up to the rest of the boys who were almost at the VIP doors of the venue.

They all sat in the main dressing room on the couches provided. Harry was on Twitter when he stumbled upon the tweet Louis had been locked on. He knew Louis had gained a bit of weight lately, and he blamed it on stress. Harry actually found the post quite funny, so a snicker escaped through his lips.

"What?" Niall asked as he and the other three boys turned to look at Harry.

"Care for a muffin?" Harry directed his question to Louis.

"Uh no, why?" Louis let out a nervous laugh.

Harry just turned his phone around so the others could see the tweet. They all burst out laughing, but Louis looked away, his face turning a bright shade of red. They all looked over at Louis, and Harry reached over poking him in the stomach.

"Maybe you should lay off the muffins actually," Harry said sending a new wave of laughter through the boys.

"Ha ha, very funny. Not everyone has the body of a god like Zayn," Louis joked back earning some snickers from Niall.

Everyone eventually quit laughing, but Louis was left with a sinking feeling in his gut. He needed to do better.

Soon it was time to get dressed and prepped for the show. The boys split off into their own private dressing rooms to get ready. Louis changed into he outfit he planned on wearing; some jeans and a white t-shirt. As soon as the clothes were on, Louis could feel the waistband of his pants cutting into his skin and the shirt clinging to his midsection. He was extremely conscious of it all. There was still a bit of time, so Louis made his way across the room to the full length mirror in the corner. He stood in front of the mirror, eyes clamped shut because he was afraid of what he might see. The logical part of his brain said that it was no big deal, but there was another voice there too. It told Louis to open his eyes because he needed to see what a glutton he had become, and what he should hate about himself. Slowly, Louis opened his eyes. He blinked out the dots from his eyes until his vision cleared completely. Louis looked straight at his reflection and stared. A track of tears started to run down his face as a voice in his head started talking to him.

'Worthless piece of trash. Fat fuck up. Gluttonous pig.' The voice taunted.

Louis slowly sunk to his knees, then fell to his side in a sobbing heap. He landed a little hard on his arm which sent a shot of pain through his wrist, only making him cry harder.

"I'm fucking fat!" Louis nearly yelled. Luckily for him, the room was pretty soundproof and nobody would hear his outburst. He stood up while mumbling to himself that he would get better,
that he would look better. Louis knew what he needed to do. He wiped his face off and put on a smile as he walked out to join his band members.

"Let's go!" He said to the gang as he lead the way out of the dressing room.

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The concert went amazingly well considering Louis only had one hand to work with. Louis sang better then ever, and even the other band members noticed. They all went up to him after to say what a good job he'd done. Not that they don't usually do it, but this time seemed different. Louis smiled and laughed until he was alone again, back in his dressing room. Pulling off the constricting clothes, Louis put on something more baggy. He slumped onto the couch and looked forwards. Across the room, there just had to be the mirror. Louis looked himself up and down, noting every part of himself that was too round or chubby. That ended up being nearly everything, so Louis stood up angrily and stormed out of the dressing room. Leaned against a wall, Louis waited for the others to come out so they could leave for their hotel.

Not soon enough, the other four boys came out into the main room and joined him. Louis whipped open the door as soon as Harry (last to get out) made his appearance. He walked quickly down the halls without speaking a word. The other band members exchanged confused glances and hurried to catch up. They got to their limo, and rode in silence all the way to their hotel; a different one then the previous night so fans wouldn't crowd them. All five boys swiftly got out of the car and made their way to their rooms. While walking, they decided to gather in Niall and Liam's room for dinner. It was pretty late, but they hadn't had any time during the concert or before.

Louis got the room all to himself because it was his turn, so without worrying about someone finding him, he dropped to the floor doing sit-ups. He did as many as his body could handle. He continued on like that with one armed burpees, lunges, planks, and wall sit; really anything that didn't require his broken wrist. He stopped only when the phone in his room started ringing with the loud annoying tone that he couldn't ignore. He lay on the ground panting and sweating from the vigorous exercise before getting up and answering the call. Harry was on the other line.

"Dude, where are you? We've been waiting for you to eat, were all starving!"

"I'm so sorry, I fell asleep and the phone just woke me up," Louis lied convincingly.

"Well you better get here soon, or Niall's gonna eat it all," Harry hung up after that, leaving Louis to scramble to clean himself up. Once he was presentable, Louis ran to Niall's room to join the others.

"Look who decided to show up," Zayn said as Louis walked in.

Louis just shrugged and gave a smile. He looked at the table where boxes of Chinese food were laid out. Louis was internally crying at the amount and unhealthiness of the food. He kept a neutral face though, because he didn't need anyone asking if he was okay and all that crap. Niall was first to pile food onto his plate, and he really did pile it up. It was a wonder he could stay so slim. Next Liam and Zayn got their food, and Harry insisted Louis go before him. Louis didn't complain, he just did what was expected of him. He got slightly less then usual, it was only noticeable if you were looking for it. Louis ate slowly and chewed thoroughly, only taking small bites. He had eaten about a quarter of his food when an idea struck.

"I'm not feeling great guys, I think I'm gonna call it a night," he said while standing up.

"You okay?" Liam asked.
"Yeah, just tired I think," he gave a weak smile, then dumped his leftover food into a garbage can. He left Niall's room without a second glance.

Once Louis was gone, Harry spoke up.

"What's up with him? He seemed really out of it just now,"

"Well he did just break his wrist because some crazy fan tackled him," Zayn said.

"Yeah, and it's really late. To be honest, I'm pretty tired too," Liam said.

"I guess," Harry furrowed his brow, but said nothing more.

Harry and Zayn soon got up and retired for the night. This left Niall and to clean up and think while Liam took a shower. He looked back on when Louis had come into his room. Now that he thought of it, Louis really didn't look great. It looked like he had been sweating and he just wiped it off. He looked pretty tired as well, more tired then he should be. Niall just brushed it off and blamed it on his broken wrist. There was nothing to worry about. Louis was fine.

After getting back to his room, Louis felt a wave of exhaustion come over him. He collapsed onto his bed, staring at the ceiling. Louis couldn't help his mind from wandering to the tweet he had seen before singing. This only made the little voice in his head stronger. It told him he was fat, ugly, worthless, and undeserving of his status and friends. Louis listened, and he believed it all. He pulled the covers tightly around him, and let the tears come. Soon Louis was asleep, still wearing the same clothes, tears flowing down his face.

Chapter End Notes

I decided to update today because the album just came out and I wanted this to go with it. Please comment what you think, thanks in advance <3
Waking up this morning was not fun for Louis. He had fallen asleep with his shoulder twisted underneath him and his arm at an awkward angle. He sat up and circled his arm around in an attempt to ease the soreness. It was no use, so Louis fell back into the sheets. He glanced to his side to see the time. Louis was instantly awake after seeing it because he only had 20 minutes to get packed to leave for the next city. It was pretty early, but not unbearably so. Louis struggled into a new pair of jeans. He believed it was the weight that made it hard to get the pants on, not the fact that he only had one arm. While getting dressed Louis internally thanked whatever gods were out there that he was alone, and nobody was there to see him struggling because of his oversized stomach.

Once he was completely ready, Louis grabbed an apple from the fridge. He took a couple bites, but then internally scolded himself for eating at all. He tossed the rest of the apple into a garbage can, and started walking to Liam and Niall's room. That was where they planned to eat breakfast before leaving to the airport.

Louis walked in on the boys eating and having an argument about who should go to get him.

"No worries guys, I'm here after all," Louis said, putting an end to the debating.

"Want something to eat?" Harry asked and gestured to the table loaded with breakfast foods.

"Nah, I ate in my room. That's why I'm a little late," Louis replied.

"Suit yourself," Harry said and shrugged.

Harry continued eating, but glanced over at Louis who was in the corner by himself. Louis had sat in a chair, removed from the other four and in the corner. Harry looked at Louis, and noticed shiny lines going down his face. It looked like he had been crying actually. Harry shrugged it off and blamed it on the lighting. Louis had noticed Harry staring, so he put his head down and examined his fingernails. Louis thought Harry was staring because of how fat he had gotten, this made Louis face turn a little red. Soon it became too much, even after Harry stopped staring, Louis knew that was what he was thinking. He stood up abruptly and mumbled about waiting outside and needing fresh air.

As soon as Louis was out of earshot, Niall piped up.

"Has he been acting a little off these days, or is it just me?" He asked.

"Yeah, he has," Harry replied, "but I'm sure it's just everything thats been going on lately, he'll come around in a day or two," he smiled at Niall reassuringly before getting up to gather his things.

The boys all made their way to the bus that would take them to the next city. They would be away from this place, and maybe Louis would be more at ease because he would be away from the crazy fan.

Louis stood outside against the side of the hotel with his hood pulled over his head. Nobody seemed to know it was him, so Louis was put at ease just a little. He couldn't help his mind from wandering to what Harry thought about him though. Louis knew he shouldn't care so much, it was
only Harry for crying out loud. But, he cared a lot for some reason. He had never really been bothered what Harry thought of him because they were such good friends.

'He thinks you're fat and ugly. He is only pretending to be your friend. Who would want to be friends with such a fatass!' the little voice in Louis head stomped out all attempts at feeling better and calming down.

'you should really exercise more, and eat less. I know what you eat all the time and it's way too much for someone of your height and build' the voice continued. 'worthless fatass, can't even take someone looking at you for more then a couple seconds.'

A tap on the shoulder brought Louis back from his thoughts. He turned around to see Zayn looking at him with a hint of concern in his eyes.

"Are you actually okay Louis?" He asked with all the care in the world.

Louis knew Zayn just wanted the truth, and every inch of him screamed for him to say that one little word, 'no'.

"Yeah, I think I just need to get out of this city," Louis let out a sigh.

"Okay," the corner of Zayn's mouth turned up, "our carriage awaits us,"

The two boys walked slowly towards the trailer, joking and conversing just a little like normal.

Louis should have taken a career in acting, because he was a convincing act. Louis was so convincing that even he lost himself in it. He laughed and smiled with the group, and all suspicion of his unhappiness melted away. It was almost as if he left that unhappy Louis at the hotel. Almost. Underneath every joke, every smile, every laugh, there was a voice that wouldn't go away. The voice made remarks about Louis, about how he was worthless, he was fat and ugly, he was undeserving of his four best friends, he had a terrible personality, and that the boys actually didn't like him at all. Louis tried his best to ignore the voice, but it screamed loud and clear. Louis believed every word.

The bus ride was five hours, so the boys broke out the snacks. Louis looked around at everyone munching on something, and realized how often he must have eaten before. It was no wonder he was such a fatass. Liam offered Louis some crisps, only to be politely refused. Harry offered him a cookie from the box they had gotten earlier. Of course Louis declined. He settled for a banana. Chewing thoroughly for every bite, until it lost all flavour and texture was what Louis did. He also made a mental note to go running as soon as he could find a slot of time in the near future. Eventually, the boys fell asleep with full stomachs and nothing better to do. All but Niall and Louis, who sat unspeaking, staring blankly out the windows. Louis didn't even want to sleep, because he remembered reading something that said you would gain weight more easily if you went to sleep right after eating. Louis watched the scenery pass by. Stretches of wheat and corn came and went. Forests, and winding roads lay ahead. The entire time, Louis sat through the voice. It was speaking a little different now, it was telling Louis how to help himself. It told him to eat only fruit, vegetables, and a minimal amount of meat and dairy products. It also told him that whatever he chose to eat, he could have the maximum amount of half. Louis grew annoyed as the voice continued. Soon he was pushed over the line, and he spoke out loud.

"I understand! I'm trying to fix this!" He exclaimed and smashed his good fist into the armrest. Confused, Niall looked over at Louis.

"Who are you talking to exactly?" He asked Louis who seemed pretty confused himself.
"I must've fallen asleep, sorry," Louis lied smoothly.

By then the other boys began to stir. This made him nervous, so he stood up abruptly and mumbled something about using the bathroom. He walked quickly, and locked himself in. Louis sat down on the shiny white toilet seat, forehead resting on the palm of his good hand. He looked at himself in the mirror.

"What am I doing?" He asked himself.

With a sigh, Louis turned away from his grotesque reflection. Now was the time for some exercise; he could probably work off the calories from the banana. Louis started with jumping jacks, then moved on to crunches, then wall sits, sit-ups, planks, some lunges, squats, bicycle crunches, v-snaps, and finally finished with running on the spot. This took Louis almost an hour, and the workout was vigorous. Luckily, the sound of the highway drowned out any noise from the workout, and the boys were probably sleeping anyways. Satisfied with his workout, he wiped the sweat from his face and body with a damp cloth, then snuck out of the bathroom and into the back room where they kept their luggage. Louis scanned the floor for his bag, then spotted it in the far corner. He dug around for some new clothes, and quickly changed. His new outfit consisted of a baggy pair of sweats that fit a little tighter then they should, and his biggest t-shirt that also happened to be a little tight and clung to his midsection. He always wore his largest clothes these days, but they were still a little bit small. Louis shuffled back into the main room where the group was, and sat down. He was actually really tired after his workout. Maybe it would be okay for him to have a little sleep.

Nobody had noticed his absence or clothing exchange. Louis was doing well to keep everything a secret, his food intake, and workouts that is. He sat for awhile in a cushy chair, and soon his eyelids became heavy and started falling shut. He fell into a peaceful sleep, just as Harry woke up. Harry glanced over at Louis, noticing his face looked shinier then usual. He sniffed at the air, and got a huge whiff of some strong cologne coming from Louis' direction. Leaning forward to get a better look, Harry saw just how tired Louis looked. He had huge bags under his eyes, and he just looked generally weak. Again, Harry blamed it on the recent events. That wasn't all that he saw though. Louis did look healthier in some ways. Harry saw Louis' little muffin top, and slight smiling face while he slept. Harry was glad that Louis was human, and doing okay. Louis actually looked kinda beautiful. Beautiful in a friends kind of way.

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Louis' eyes fluttered open to see Harry staring at him with huge green eyes. Immediately Harry looked away and apologized for staring, and said he was actually lost in thought, not actually looking at him. Louis didn't believe a word though, he knew Harry was looking at him, and most likely for quite awhile. Almost like he was surveying him.

'Probably because you're so fat' the little voice prattled on in Louis head with some more nonsense like that.

Louis sunk down in his chair and frowned. Feeling his eyes begin to sting, he knew what was coming. Louis panicked because he was about to cry in front of Harry. Harry his best friend who knew him as the happy, joking, fun loving member of the band. Harry wasn't allowed to see Louis cry, so he did the only logical thing one could do. Louis threw a pillow at Harry, then bolted back into the bathroom.

Harry was quite flustered, and his nose was aching a bit, but that was not the real concern; he just wanted to know why. The pillow had hit him hard enough for him to lose focus of the world, and mess up his vision. Louis had thrown it really hard, and had great aim. It had blocked Harry from
seeing Louis at all while he left the room, and he only knew Louis was in the bathroom because he heard the door slam shut. Louis was getting so unpredictable these days; one second he would be happy and joking around, and the next he would be angry or sad or tired. Harry didn't understand what he had done wrong this time; he had only been looking at Louis for a couple seconds and he wasn't even staring that hard. He was only admiring the fact that Louis wasn't perfect, and in that way he actually was. Harry only thought this as a friend of course. Maybe when his cast came off, Louis would be back to normal.

In the bathroom, Louis sat rocking on the floor. Cold sweat and tears were running down his face, and he was shivering. If anyone were to walk in right now, they would think he belonged in a mental institute. His head was pounding, and the voice wouldn't stop.

'Harry hates you, you know' the voice told him. 'Along with the three others' it continued 'none of them even want you in the band anymore, especially because of the weight you've gained recently'.

Louis just wanted it to stop, so he gently lowered himself onto his side and closed his eyes in hopes of falling asleep. He was soon immersed in dreams of name calling and more weight gain. This was not going to be easy, but Louis would fix it no matter how far he had to go. Louis would do anything to get back to normal again.

Chapter End Notes

I have gotten so many comments on this, and I just want to thank everyone for taking a few minutes to do so. I also want to thank everyone for the kudos! Every little thing inspires me to write more <3
Louis awoke to a loud banging on the door. For a solid two minutes, he didn't even make a move to show his recognition of the sound.

"Louis!" Liam shouted at the door. He flailed at the loud sound, then sat up quickly and pushed himself to a standing position. He clicked the lock open, and turned the handle. The door swung open, and Louis found himself face to face with Liam, Harry, Zayn, and Niall.

"What were you doing?" Niall asked loudly, but with worry in his voice.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry! I really didn't mean to fall asleep I mean I was tired but I didn't realize I was that tired and I hardly remember what happened I hope I didn't miss anything what time is it right now I'm so sorry—" Louis was interrupted from his rant by a very calm Zayn.

"Lou, it's fine," Zayn grabbed both his shoulders and looked him in the eye. "You are good, we got here about 20 minutes ago. You didn't miss anything. We were just worried because you were in there for about an hour or so," he tried to calm Louis down as best he could.

"So I didn't sleep through the concert?" Louis asked with relief flooding his voice.

"Yeah Lou, you're good," Niall said with a chuckle. Niall always seemed to find amusement in everything.

"So can we get out of here now? I'm feeling like Italian food," Niall continued with a grin spreading across his face. The boys all made their way out of the trailer, but Harry held Louis back for a second just outside the hotel.

"What was that Louis?" Harry wasn't angry, he actually seemed a little scared.

"It was nothing Hazza, can we just forget about this?" Louis gave Harry a pleading look.

"Yeah, but if you tell me one thing Lou,"

"What is it?"

"Please tell me you're okay, because if you aren't we can help you with anything," more than ever, Louis wanted to tell Harry what he was going through, but then he thought better of it because it would just make Harry angry.

"Yeah Haz, I'm completely fine," Louis gave his most genuine look, and Harry seemed satisfied.

"Then let's go eat!" Harry said, and grabbed Louis arm to pull him into the limousine that would take them to the restaurant.

The ride was short, so there was little time for conversation. They got to a fancy Italian food restaurant that gave them a room all to themselves. It was a really nice place too, there was a large glinting chandelier above the table, and one wall with wine stacked in little pods all the way up. The one other wall was made of some shiny stones, and the last two were slick and wooden making it a little cozier. They got menus, and drinks were served. Louis asked for just water,
because it had no calories. When it came time to order, he just got a salad, and asked for dressing to be on the side, and not poured over it. Louis would get rid of calories however he could.

Harry noticed that Louis was only ordering a salad, when he normally would have gotten a bowl of actual pasta. He looked at Louis, and noticed he was slightly, just barely, a little skinnier. Harry was happy that Louis had taken a safe diet route, and not a crazy one that most celebs would probably use. Harry was also a little sad though, because he preferred Louis with a little more to him, not some muscly twig. Louis was doing this for himself though, and after all why should Harry even care what Louis did; they were just friends. Just friends.

After everyone received their meal, Louis scanned what they all ordered. Louis looked at Niall first; he had ordered fettuccine Alfredo, a garden salad, some garlic bread, and a coke to drink. For Niall that was a normal meal, because the boy was a bottomless pit when it came to good food. Louis then looked over at Liam who had gotten tortellini in white sauce, garlic bread, and some ginger ale. Normal amount of food for a guy with Liam's build. Next was Zayn, who had gotten a half order of penne with white sauce, garlic bread, and water. Less then the others, but it was completely normal for Zayn. Last, he looked at Harry; he had a half order of ravioli with garlic bread, a Cesar salad, with coke. This was a little more than Harry usually ordered, but for some reason it made Louis happy to see him eating well.

They ate slowly, savouring the time they had to themselves. It wasn't often that all five of them had the entire night alone, with no interviews or screaming fans crowding them. Louis didn't really enjoy the meal, but he did enjoy the conversation. It reminded him of when his life wasn't so messed up, when he could laugh and joke and talk with nothing burdening him. This dinner brought him back to those days, but there was always the little nagging voice in his head. And there was the fact that Louis hated food now. Food used to be one of his favourite things, there was always something new to try; now food was the enemy, one bite too many and he would be screwed. Louis looked down at the partially eaten salad, there looked to be three quarters left. He placed his fork and knife parallel to each other, and leaned back.

"What's up Louis, you've barely touched your salad?" Harry asked Louis with concern seeping into his voice.

"I uh, ate a bunch of crisps and cookies while you guys were asleep," Louis lied yet again.

"Better watch out Louis, or you'll get fat," Liam joked.

"Very funny Liam, but I won't let that happen," Louis smiled and laughed with the boys.

They all went back to their food, and a comfortable silence fell over the room. Since Louis had stopped eating, he had nothing to do. The voice in his head was so strong because of Liam's comment, Louis could have probably screamed. Instead, he chose to watch the others eat, and try to forget what he had said.

Louis focus drifted to Harry. The way he half smiled while he chewed, like the food brought back long forgotten happy memories. Or the way he licked his lips after every few bites even though there was nothing on them. He watched a rogue curl fall onto Harry's forehead every time he leaned in for another bite, only to be swept back up by a graceful hand. Louis noticed that while Harry chewed, he stared at the wall intently with green eyes locked in concentration. Louis shook his head, realizing how weird it was to watch a friend like that. Harry was a friend. Only a friend.

Louis eventually resorted to his phone to get his mind on something else. Unfortunately that something else was the tommotummy tag. He saw a few new pictures up, from the brief period at their new hotel. They all had demeaning captions that broke Louis a little more with each word. It
seemed like the only fans Louis had now, were fake ones that had no purpose other than making him feel bad about himself.

'You do deserve it you know' the voice said with certainty 'you gained so much weight, it's a wonder the boys haven't mentioned anything to you about a diet!'. It continued on like that for the rest of the dinner, as well as the short limo ride to the hotel.

Like usual, tweets and messages went out to tell the world where the band was staying. This night was possibly the craziest they'd seen there entire careers. It looked like every girl in the city had packed in and around the hotel. Girls screamed, and jaws dropped as the limo inched through the swarm. Getting inside the hotel was a great challenge. Guards were needed to make sure another fan didn't attack one of the band members. Louis would normally stop for a lot of fans when they were in situations like this, but he just wanted to get to his room. He did however, stop for a few sad, shy looking fans that seemed as overwhelmed with the crowd as Louis was. After talking to each of them though, Louis saw their smiles reach 1000 wats. He noticed one of the girls had rows of scars up and down both her arms. He thought about how unhappy she must be to even think of hurting herself. She was so beautiful and sounded so kind. After talking a little to her, Louis grabbed her arm and stroked his cool hand along the scars.

"Please don't do this to yourself," Louis said "you are so beautiful and amazing,"

"It just gets a little tough sometimes," the girl said with eyes beginning to tear up.

"I just want you to try and stop, try and stop for me please," Louis begged her.

"I will, I promise to do my best," she said "only if you do one thing for me though,"

"Anything,"

"I want you to be happy, you have looked so sad these days. Sometimes I worry about you, so be good to yourself Louis," she told him.

"I'll try my best, just like you," Louis smiled, then was ushered into the hotel by the guards.

After that, Louis didn't want to see or talk to any more fans. So, he pushed through quickly, and made a beeline to his room. The others stayed back to do a few more autographs and pictures, so Louis figured he had half an hour or so to work out. He was sharing a room with Niall today, so he knew he needed to be ready for him to walk in at any time. Louis did the regular exercises he normally did. The entire time he thought about the last fan he saw, he thought about the fact that she probably didn't deserve to be hurting at all. It gave him a weird feeling in his stomach to think about her self harm, a little nauseous.

'You know who would deserve it?' The little voice asked Louis as he did his jumping jacks, 'you would you fat shit. I bet nobody would care either. You could mark up your arms, and they would probably be glad. I wouldn't be surprised if they wanted you to cut yourself,'

Louis grabbed his head, and clenched his eyes shut, attempting to shut the voice off. To no avail, it continued with nasty comments while Louis gathered his clothes for sleeping; a baggy white t-shirt and a pair of grey sweat pants. Before, Louis would have been fine in some boxers, but now he knew that whoever he was rooming with wouldn't appreciate having to see his flab covered body. He took the clothes into the washroom and turned the shower knob onto the perfect temperature. He also took in a plastic bag to cover his cast with. Louis waited a couple minutes, then stripped down, bagged his arm, and stepped into the shower. He hummed and sang while he stood, just trying to calm down. Showers always helped him with that, and this time it luckily helped as well.
After about five minutes of pure relaxation, Louis got down to business, and worked some soap through his sweat drenched hair. He rinsed out the soap, ready for a few more moments of serenity. Instead of bliss, he was met with steaming hot water because the handle of the plastic bag had gotten caught on the handle. The water droplets pelted his skin, burning every place on his body. Louis made a move to turn it down, but stopped when his hand grasped the knob. The little voice game back quietly with one short sentence…

'you deserve this.,'

That was all it took. Almost in a trance, Louis turned the knob to the hottest point it could go. The water steamed and fogged up the entire room. The water scorched Louis skin, burning him all over. For some reason, Louis couldn't stop. It was like he was being controlled by a higher power, he hadn't wanted to turn the heat up, or stand under the droplets of death, but he couldn't help himself. After a couple minutes of pure agony, the voice spoke again.

'Thats enough for now.,'

That was again, all it took. Louis was released from the trance, and he bolted for the handle, spinning it to a colder temperature. The cool water relieved his burned skin for awhile, but then Louis began to feel the pain again. He turned the water off completely, and stepped onto the fluffy white bathmat. A white towel sat waiting for him on the rack above the toilet, so he grabbed it with shaking fingers. Louis dried himself off carefully, but still felt the agonizing pain coursing through him. Completely dry now, Louis examined his body. His distended stomach was covered in beet red streaks, as well as his flabby arms and legs. The only part of Louis that wasn't screaming out in pain was his broken wrist that had luckily been shielded by the cast and plastic bag. He gingerly pulled on his pyjamas, and walked out into the bedroom. The cool air hit him, and relieved his burning skin for a few moments. Sadly, the sensation only lasted a minute or so, and was replaced with more horrible burning. As carefully as possible, Louis lay down on the bed. There had been enough pain for one day, and Louis was extremely tired after everything that had gone on. He closed his eyes and drifted off into a painful dream.

***

Niall walked into the room to find a sleeping Louis. Niall didn't want to wake him up, so he quietly crept around the room, gathering the things he would need for a shower. The door of the bathroom creaked as Niall closed it, but Louis didn't stir at all. His shower took maybe 10 minutes, and Niall walked out refreshed and ready to sleep. He tiptoed to the other bed and laid down on the freshly washed sheets. He rolled to face the lights and grab his phone, but something stopped him as soon as he had flipped over. Louis arms and face were a nasty shade of red, like all the blood had risen to his skin. There were even a couple blisters and lumps forming on his arms and face. Niall thought it looked like a really bad burn, and wondered where Louis could have even done this. He started to panic, and threw the covers off. He stood up, and carefully shook Louis awake.

Chapter End Notes

So, I feel like you all might stop enjoying the story from this point on because of some of the things I've written into the outlines of the next chapters. I would love some constructive criticism/comments that tell me how I'm doing. I won't spoil anything, so you will have to wait to know. Also if anyone has any specific requests for this story, or something they want me to write about in the future, please comment. I'm always
open to suggestions :)

Louis was in the middle of a dream when he felt a stinging pain on his shoulder. He fought it off for awhile, but eventually opened his eyes. Louis was immediately aware of the hot damp hand on his shoulder. He rolled over to find Niall staring at him with wide scared eyes, hand still planted on him. Louis was immediately confused.

"What's up Niall?" Louis asked as he tried to squirm away from Niall's touch; this only shot more stinging pains throughout his body.

"What did you do to yourself?" Niall said, gesturing to Louis' entire body.

Louis first thought Niall was trying to tell him he was fat, but then realized he meant the burns after another scorching pain quaked through him. Louis pulled the covers off and sat up on the edge of the bed facing Niall. He held his arms out in front of him, and surveyed the damage. Both of them were extremely red, and there were little bubbles and blisters forming all over them. He looked up at Niall who looked scared and worried.

"Um, I was in the shower, and the plastic bag handle got caught on the knob and turned it to the hottest setting and I couldn't move it or get out for a few minutes," Louis wasn't technically lying, it just wasn't the whole truth.

"God Louis, these could be third degree burns for all we know," Niall put his palm to his forehead and paced the room, looking at Louis every few seconds.

Louis just looked like a sad abused puppy. He sat there near tears, feeling the burn all over his skin. The pain was eating him alive, and it took every ounce of himself not to cry because of it, let alone Niall finding out. He didn't have the courage to speak again, or even look up at Niall. At least he had a believable story.

"Are you sure you're fine Louis?" Niall asked him, not angry like Louis thought he would be.

"Yeah, I'll sleep it off," Louis said, "so you aren't mad at me?"

"Of course not Louis, it was an accident. How could you have prevented it?"

"Well, I could've been more careful," Louis answered the metaphorical question.

"Its fine Louis," Niall paused for a few seconds, then asked, "how far does it go?"

"It's everywhere, except the bottoms of my feet."

"Even..." Niall trailed off and glanced at Louis.

"Yeah Niall, even there," Louis chuckled.

"I guess we should go to bed now, it's getting pretty late," Niall said.

"Goodnight Niall," Louis smiled, then laid back down.

"Goodnight Louis," Niall said back, then crawled into his own bed.
Niall flicked the lights off, darkness enveloped them.

***

Morning came too quickly for Louis, and he was struggling to pull himself out of bed. Eventually he did get out, but Niall was still fast asleep. Louis decided to go running because he had a bit of time to kill. He pulled on the same clothes he used to run the last time. The process of putting on the clothes was 100 times harder because of his broken wrist and burnt skin. Every new piece of clothing that touched him, brought back the pain almost as bad as the night before. He crept out the door as quietly as possible, then went down the stairs of the hotel. They were on the 5th floor, so the stairs acted as part of his workout. After quickly stepping down, his legs felt quite uncomfortable where they rubbed together. Louis felt heavier then ever because his thighs were so fat they rubbed together, and that made his legs sting all over from the burns. He could even feel a few of the blisters splitting and popping, creating new epicentres of the burn. Louis ran past a Walmart beside a park about 7k from the hotel. He did feel pretty thirsty, so he decided to go in for some water. He made his way around the store, casually browsing the shelves. Louis was in no hurry to get back to the hotel, so he took his time through every isle. Everything was going pretty well until Louis came across a medium sized box in the electronic section. He stared at it for a little while, then a store worker walked over.

"Can I help you with anything sir?" The young man asked him.

"I'm fine, thanks though," Louis replied.

"You remind me of someone, have we met before?" He asked Louis.

"Not that I know of, but I get that a lot," he responded.

"Well, if you need help I'll be around," the man gave Louis a friendly smile, then walked off into another section of the store.

Louis turned back to the box, and plucked it off the shelf. It was travel size, not something really big. Louis hands stung on its slick surface though, so he pulled his sleeves over them. At lease he could provide relief from the burns for a few wonderful seconds. Robotically, he walked to the counter to pay. Louis dug a 100 dollar bill out of his pocket, and put it down on the checkout counter. He mumbled at the cashier to keep the change, then grabbed the box and left before anyone could ask questions. Louis then speed walked all the way back to the hotel.

A few people were milling around in the lobby, but Louis wasn't worried about any of them noticing him. He found a table in the corner that was half shielded by a large leafy plant, and placed the box down carefully. All over the box was clear tape that had to come off, so Louis jogged to the front desk and back for some scissors. He made some clean cuts, then lifted the cardboard flaps. Louis reached both hands into the packing peanuts, and came out holding his purchase. It was sleek, black, and very small. It would be pretty easy for him to hide it from the others. Easy to use as well. Louis had bought a scale. He cleaned up the mess, and gave back the scissors. Louis tucked the scale under his sweater, and started up the stairs.

Louis slid his room key into the socket, and a green light flashed on the handle. He swung the door open, and found Niall still tucked into bed. The TV was on, and Niall was watching intently.

"I'll be in the bathroom Niall," Louis said.

"Have fun in there," Niall replied.
Louis slipped into the bathroom without Niall even glancing over. His eyes were locked to the TV. He reached into his sweater, and pulled out the tiny machine. He felt it wouldn't be accurate enough if he was wearing bulky clothes, so he began to strip off the sweat covered workout wear. Louis stood, he would be naked if not for the underwear he decided to leave on. Louis looked into the mirror sadly when he saw himself. He thought he was doing better, but Louis could still see the fat that clung to his body like a leech. Louis' expression turned more to hatred the longer he stared. It was like he was watching one of those weight loss commercials, and he was the fat actor. Louis had the urge to see the weight in numbers, so he could watch if he actually did lose any; he sure couldn't see any differences in his body. Louis stepped onto the scale. Three dots flashed across the screen a few times, and Louis grew scared of what numbers would come up.

'At least you know one thing for sure,' the voice decided to speak 'that no matter the number, you will still be overweight,'

Louis bit his lip and closed his eyes. He didn't want to look, but he also really did. He took in a few deep breaths, then opened his eyes slowly. The number was horrifying. Louis clapped a hand over his mouth and tried to suppress the anger and sadness. He had gained so much weight since he last weighed himself. Before, he had been 154 lbs; probably still overweight, but not this much. Louis looked down at the scale to make sure it didn't change. It hadn't, but Louis stared at the number for awhile anyways. It still read:

162 lbs

Chapter End Notes

Long time no post everyone, it's really been a while. I'm really sorry that I didn't have the chance to post this sooner, but I've been really busy with school projects and homework. I hope you all liked this chapter anyways <3
I'm so sorry for the extremely long absence. I've had a ton of projects at school, and life hasn't been that good to me in the past couple weeks. I will do my best to update more often, but even if I don't, know that I would never abandon this story without a proper explanation. Hope you enjoy!

Louis ripped his eyes from the scale. This shouldn't be happening. No, it couldn't be happening. Last time he checked (four months ago) he was 154 lbs. Louis had gained eight pounds in only four months. He was already fat back then, so how bad must he look at this point. Louis turned to the mirror for the help of a thinner image staring back at him. No thinner Louis was found in his reflection. Only the one with endless rolls of fat covering his body was found. The blisters from his shower fiasco didn't help his image either; they covered his arms, legs, torso, neck, and a little bit of his face. Louis was a wreck. He looked down at his enormous stomach and pinched at the loose skin. He grasped a handful of it and squeezed, this sending pain in every direction. This was what Louis had to get rid of. Louis was going to get better. He was doing it for his fans, his best friend Harry, his band mates, and himself. Louis was going to look great.

Louis stuffed his new scale into his toiletry bag. It was travel size, so it fit perfectly into the small pouch. Louis put a plastic bag around his arm, and started running the water for a shower; this one was to clean up the sweat from the run, and the puss from popped blisters. Louis didn't look very good, and he had to go out in public today. At least he would look a little better after a shower, he would look clean. He stepped into the perfect temperature of water, but still felt stinging all over. He turned the water to a slightly cooler temperature and felt relief immediately. The relief was short lived, so Louis gave up and began washing himself.

The shower was done a few minutes later, and Louis stepped out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist and no shirt. As soon as Niall looked at him, Louis felt self conscious about his weight. He briskly walked to where his clothes were laid out so he could grab them and go back to the bathroom to change. Niall didn't seem to notice Louis at all really, other then the glance when Louis first got out. He seemed pretty chill. Louis was sure that Niall had seen how much weight he had gained though. He figured Niall was trying to be nice by pretending not to notice. He couldn't bring himself to be happy about Niall's discretion because if he had been more careful with his weight there would be no need for the discretion in the first place. Louis wouldn't need to worry much longer though, because he was going to lose all the extra weight, and a bit extra.

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Niall woke up when he heard some rustling going on in his room. He opened his eyes just a crack to see what was up. All he saw was Louis in the corner going through his bag. Niall settled back into the covers and closed his eyes. Then a thought popped into his head, and Niall opened his eyes once again. He turned his head ever so slightly and looked at the clock. '6:17am' it read. What was Louis doing up at this hour Niall had to wonder. Louis had recently been complaining about being too tired, so why the heck would he want to get up early. Niall noticed Louis start to stand up, so he quickly closed his eyes and made sure his breathing was even. He heard footsteps, then the door creaking just a little. By now, Niall was a little more then confused. First off, why was he up right
now, and secondly where was he even planning to go. Niall reasoned that Louis was hungry, and
got out to find something to eat. Niall's mind was on food a lot anyways, so why wouldn't Louis'
be too, Niall thought. He couldn't have been more wrong and right at the same time.

A significant amount of time later, Niall woke up for the second time that day. It was a more
acceptable hour, so Niall flipped on the tv. He then realized that Louis was still missing, but didn't
think anything of it. Louis could do whatever he wanted, and if he really needed something he
could text Niall.

Nothing too good was on the television, so he left it on a bland Canadian show. Niall was pretty
sure it was supposed to be funny, but he didn't really get the humour and wondered if anyone
actually did. He watched on, because there was nothing better to do, and he didn't feel like getting
out of bed to meet the cold air. He was perfectly happy to stay where he was.

The door opened and Niall glanced over to see Louis shuffling through the door. He looked back at
the tv, and tried not to notice the odd shape of Louis stomach; it was almost as if there was
something underneath his sweater. Either that or Louis just gained a bit of weight.

"I'll be in the bathroom Niall," Louis said, then slowly made his way in.

"Have fun in there," Niall replied with a joke that he had probably overused.

The lock clicked, and Niall guessed Louis would be having another shower. Louis was pretty
particular about his looks, and he probably wanted to wash some of his popped blisters. Niall
figured Louis would be in the bathroom for awhile, so he continued to watch Canadian television.
There was a small clatter, then a long moment of silence. This was followed by the sound of a slap.
Niall looked towards the bathroom skeptically, what was this long silence?After waiting a few
more seconds, Niall concluded that Louis was either lost in thought, or fixing his hair in the mirror.

When Louis came out of the shower, Niall gave him a quick glance. He was wearing only a towel
on his waist, and nothing on top. He actually noticed that Louis looked a little more toned then last
time he had seen him without a shirt. He was still Louis though, not too muscular or pudgy, Louis
was just right. Niall wondered when Louis had the time to work out, but he gave up and decided to
look into it later; Niall would maybe want to join Louis while he exercised because he had been
itching to get into better shape.

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Louis finished getting dressed, then brought out the blow dryer he kept in his bag. He wanted his
hair to look okay, and maybe draw people's attention away from his bright red skin and blisters.
Makeup would also help, but Louis wasn't really a fan of it, so he asked to minimize it when it was
necessary. He worked with each piece of his hair individually to dry it out. Reaching into his bag
again, he brought out some hair jell. He put some on his good hand, then ran it through his hair.
Louis fiddled with it until every strand was in place. A final touch was made by Louis spraying his
hair with some super sticky hairspray. His hair was finally perfect.

'No hairstyle you try will make you look good with you the weight you are,’ the voice spoke.

Louis just sighed and looked in the mirror. He was done with the voice, just done. He walked out
of the bathroom, ready to meet with the boys for the breakfast that would be at the hotels
restaurant. In the corner, Louis saw Niall sitting in the desk chair spinning around. As soon as he
saw Louis, he stopped and attempted to stand up. He tilted to one side and hopped around on one
foot before gaining his balance again. It was actually quite humorous to watch.
"Never doing that again," Niall clutched his head.

"You'll end up saying the same thing tomorrow," Louis smirked at Niall who chuckled.

"Probably," he closed his eyes.

"You wanna go to breakfast now?" Louis asked Niall.

"More then anything," he replied straight faced.

Louis had to laugh at Niall just for being himself. Mind always on food, not a care in the world. Louis silently wished he could be like Niall and not care so much (and sport a great body), but he knew wishing wouldn't make a difference.

Louis and Niall walked down the hall to find the others and go to the buffet area. There were slight smiles on both of their faces as they walked. Louis smiled for Niall's happiness. Niall smiled at the thought of food. They knocked on Harry and Zayn's door. Both emerged after a few minutes of fussing over appearances. There was another short walk to Liam's room, but that was it. All of them made for the elevator, but Louis wanted to use the stairs for some exercise. An idea suddenly came to him.

"I'll take the stairs and race you all down," he said to the group.

"What do we get if we win," Niall asked.

"I'll give my breakfast to Harry if you win," Louis suggested. Niall glanced at the boys who all shrugged or nodded. Harry smirked and raised an eyebrow.

"Sounds good to me, you're on!" Niall agreed.

Louis took off down the hall to the stairwell, and Zayn pressed the button to the elevator. It immediately opened, and Niall felt bad Louis would have to give away all his food. Their elevator ride was longer then expected because a few people hopped on from different floors. It was one of the slowest elevator rides they had ever been on.

"Louis might win after all," Harry laughed.

They all walked out of the elevator and down the hall to the restaurant attached to the hotel. Scanning the tables, the boys saw that Louis was nowhere to be seen. They exchanged glances and Liam was about to say something when they heard heavy breathing behind them. All of them turned around to see Louis who was slightly breathless.

"Wow Louis, I thought you might win this one," Zayn said and the boys laughed.

"Yeah Louis, maybe you should use the stairs more often," Harry got out between laughs.

Louis just waved off the boys comments and focused on evening out his breathing. Little did they all know that Louis actually went up and down the stairs four times and that is why he was out of breath.

They went up to the hostess who asked what kind of table they would like. Booth obviously. Luckily, they got a half circle one so all five of them could fit together without pulling up an extra chair. Louis sat on the edge next to Harry, so it would be easy to give his food away. A waitress came by and asked what they wanted to drink as well as what they wanted to eat. Louis made sure to order his favourite breakfast, and a large one too. Special for Harry because he could afford the
The food came. An enormous plate was set in front of Louis; this is what he would have eaten before. It was piled with two sausages, some scrambled eggs, three slices of bacon, two pieces of toast, and a stack of pancakes. Louis shoved it over and put it next to Harry's plate of food. He looked at it longingly because Louis knew he could have eaten the entire plate in the good old days. If he hadn't given it to Harry, he would have only eaten half anyways.

"No wonder you can't make it down the stairs Louis," Niall joked, "if you eat that all the time,"

"Look whose talking," Louis remarked jokingly back, hiding the hurt he was feeling.

"Yeah," Liam caught on, "it's probably a good thing you're giving your food to Harry!"

"Harry has been looking a little skinny these days too," Zayn added.

"Especially next to you Louis," Niall said.

"Do I really look that thin to you?" Harry asked.

"Yeah mate, now that I look at you," Niall said.

"I actually have lost some weight recently," Harry responded, looking a little embarrassed.

"Really!?" Louis and Liam said together, both a little surprised and worried.

"Yeah, like 15 pounds," Harry responded.

"Why Harry?" Zayn asked now a little concerned for his friend.

"I guess I've been pretty stressed with the tour and Louis breaking his wrist, and I haven't had as much time to eat. Also I've been working out a little more then usual, so I've lost a bit of weight that way I guess," he said.

"Harry you need to eat, you sure it's just stress?" Liam asked.

"Yeah Liam, it's not like I have some kind of eating disorder or anything like that," Harry laughed.

Louis also let out a nervous laugh, but nothing more. The voice was ranting at Louis, so he was having a little trouble focussing on everything at the moment.
'Harry wasn't even trying, and he lost 15 pounds,' The voice said. Why was Harry even trying to lose weight anyways Louis pondered. Harry was perfect before. Harry looked great now too though, but Louis preferred him not to be underweight.

'He could use your breakfast every morning, you don't deserve the food you eat anyway,' it continued.

Louis turned his head to look at Harry who was just starting to eat the plate he had ordered for himself. Harry's cheekbones looked a little more prominent, and his legs were a bit skinnier. The voice is right, I don't deserve the food, but Harry does. Louis agreed with it for once.

Louis continued with his tradition of seeing what everyone was eating. Niall had two stacks of pancakes, four sausages, two fried eggs, two pieces of toast, and orange juice. Liam was chipping away at some scrambled eggs, four pieces of bacon, a piece of toast, and a glass of apple juice. Zayn had a piece of toast with jam, some scrambled eggs, and black coffee. Harry had two waffles, and coffee on top of what Louis had given him. They were all so perfect, especially Harry. He was so thin and muscular and amazing. It was agony to look at them because of their amazing figures.

Louis stomach grumbled loudly and the boys started giggling and glancing at him. His cheeks heated up, but he just sipped at the his water to drown out the hunger. It was a little painful to be so hungry, but the water helped a lot. Louis actually kinda liked the empty feeling he got, it gave him the illusion of weighing less.

Eventually, they all finished their breakfast. Except Harry. He was finished his waffles, Louis' bacon, sausages, and toast. He leaned back and looked at his band mates who were all watching him eat.

"I will finish it!" He insisted.

"Sure," Niall rolled his eyes.

"That sounds like a challenge Harry," Liam said.

Now determined, Harry grabbed his utensils and started eating. He ate all the eggs, and one pancake before he was really struggling. Harry just sighed and continued on a little slower. It took 15 more minutes, but he had finished everything. Louis was pretty surprised considering he would have only had the waffles on a regular day, sometimes less.

"I'm not moving for another half hour," Harry said and leaned back with his hands on his stomach.

Everyone laughed and said it was fine. They didn't have to be anywhere until 1:00, and it was only 10:20. Louis' gaze fell upon Harry. Louis saw that his stomach was slightly distended from his normally unnaturally thin figure. It looked like a normal humans stomach now. Usually it would be the smallest bit concave, but now it stuck out a few centimetres. Louis shook his head. Why was he...
paying attention to things like this.

'Even at his biggest, you still outweigh Harry,' The malicious voice said. 'I think he probably weighs a good 10 pounds less than you, and he's taller. You really need to kick it up a notch Louis,'

Louis looked down at his empty stomach. He could see rolls of fat through his supposedly baggy shirt. It was disgusting. Maybe he should skip lunch today.

'I say a fat fuck up like you shouldn't eat lunch ever, let alone today,' It told Louis.

Maybe a bit of dinner, but that's it. Louis settled on that idea.

***

Louis had skipped lunch easily, claiming he ate something right after breakfast because he was actually pretty hungry. The boys believed him. They never caught on to his lies.

They were in the dressing room, just hanging out before they had to get ready to perform. Louis was drinking bottled water to stop his stomach from grumbling and fool his body into thinking he was eating. He saw somewhere that if you swallow a lot, your body will think you are eating.

Louis entered his private room to get changed. Looking around, Louis saw a mirror on one wall, a closet opposite, and a table with makeup and hair products on the last wall. Louis walked up to the mirror and gave himself a once over. His hair was terrible, his face was too chubby, his arms were flabby, his stomach stuck out, his bum was enormous, and his thighs were huge. Everything about him was wrong. Louis was suddenly angry, and ready to rip someone's face off. He took one more look at himself though, and his anger turned to despair. Louis bit his lip in an attempt to stop from crying. It was no use, the tears came anyways. He stood for a few minutes just crying.

With shaking hands, he began to undress himself so he could change into his performance clothes. Trying not to look at his reflection was useless, as Louis eyes would wander to the mirror every few seconds. He couldn't help himself. When his shirt was off, Louis looked at himself to find his skin peeling and raw from the burns. It stung to touch his stomach because that was where the burns were the worst. His arms also looked pretty terrible, and he thanked the gods that he had a long sleeve shirt for tonight. He took off the rest of his clothes and changed quickly. He was wearing a plain black shirt, and black skinny jeans. They were extremely tough to get on, and Louis knew it to be a combination of his burns, injured wrist, and weight. Mostly the weight though.

They were all out of their private dressing rooms a bit early, so they just sat together for a while. They talked about lots of different things, Louis joining in too. Harry however, was pretty silent. He had been sitting on a couch when Louis walked out of his dressing room. It had taken one look, and Harry was mesmerized and couldn't look away. He noticed that Louis had shed a few pounds and gained some muscle. It looked great on him. He wasn't too skinny or too muscular, he was just right. The jeans he was wearing made his legs look long and slim, and his shirt was the smallest bit too tight around his shoulders and that displayed his muscular arms. His hair also looked particularly nice today, but maybe it was because Louis face had slimmed down a tiny bit. Harry found himself staring at Louis slightly too long, he blinked several times and looked away. Louis probably wouldn't appreciate Harry thinking about Louis like that, and staring at him for so long. He looked down at his phone to check the time, and realized it was time to go.

"We should probably get going," Harry said.

"Let's do this thing," Liam stood up, and grabbed Zayn's outstretched arms to pull him up as well.
They all filed out of the room, Liam and Zayn laughing, while Harry Louis and Niall were all deep in thought.

***

All throughout the concert, Harry was exchanging glances with Louis to make him laugh. It started with just Harry wanting to look at Louis, but morphed into a little game from there. Harry would make faces at Louis right before he had to sing, almost making him mess up. Louis returned the favour. During 'Ready to Run', Louis whispered some modified lyrics into Harry's ear.

"Can't run in these shoes," Harry sang, half turning to Louis and raising his eyebrows at him. It was right after the first chorus, where he was supposed to sing 'I'm ready to run'.

Louis let a little giggle slip out, and he had to compose himself a bit so he could sing. Louis was enjoying his life for the first time in awhile. Harry was just so easy to be around. He could brighten Louis day with a few simple words. Harry also thought similar things about Louis, like the fact that he always tried to get a laugh out of everyone; and he would always find humour in everything. He was easy to talk to, and there would never be a dull moment with Louis.

Once it got to Louis part, he had thought of something to add on.

"There will always be the kind to criticize, but I know, Harry's shoes will be alright,"

The crowd screamed extra loud at that, and Louis took a step away. They always did that when anyone made a lyric change.

Harry thought of something on his own a little while later, and decided to slip it into 'Night Changes'. It's not like anyone will notice he thought.

"Even when the night changes, it will never change me and Lou," Harry flicked his eyes to Louis as he sang his nickname.

Louis heard it, and a warm happy feeling spread through him. This was something that Louis had never felt before, but it was amazing. Louis shivered, and the feeling subsided. That was fine though, because for a few seconds, he felt alive.

Louis was actually a little sad when they finished singing, because the great moments he had onstage were over; no more for this city. Louis didn't want to leave the stage, but Harry had brushed his hand over his shoulder, pulling him off the stage. As soon as Louis stepped onto regular ground, his head filled with negativity. It was a cloud of thoughts that rained hatred.

***

Louis returned to his and Niall's room a fair bit later then Niall. It was because he had been in Harry and Zayn's room hanging out because Zayn was in Liam's, room, and Louis wanted to keep Harry company. Louis ended up walking into a pitch black room, and a sleeping Niall. He shuffled around the room, looking for a shirt and some sweat pants to wear as pyjamas. He tripped on a pair of shoes sitting in the middle of the floor. There was a thud as he landed on the rough carpet, and Louis worried he had woken up Niall. He turned his head to see Niall's sleeping figure; he hadn't woken up, and Louis sighed a breath of relief. Now as quickly and quietly as ever, Louis grabbed his clothes and tiptoed to the bathroom.

Louis slid his shirt over his head, and took his jeans off. He then reached into his bag where the scale was hidden. Louis laid it down onto the linoleum floor. Breathing in and out deeply, then closing and opening his eyes slowly was a useless preparation, but Louis did it anyways. He
timidly stepped onto the scale, and watched as dots flashed across the screen before the weight came up.

159 pounds.

Louis scrunched his eyebrows together in frustration. Why wasn't this working. He was prepared to take more time the reach his first goal of 150, maybe a week.

'I'd give you half that, but you can do what you want fatass,' the voice taunted. Louis thought about it, and realized that half a week was a better suggestion, but didn't think it was quite achievable because of his busy schedule. Louis wanted to be down to 140 in the next few weeks, but would be looking for at least 150 this week. The date was set. Louis knew he would need to work hard for it, but it wasn't unachievable
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

So, the logs at the beginning are just so people know how Louis is eating over the week. Louis is not keeping track. Please enjoy this chapter, and expect updates more often (: 

Day 1

Breakfast: 2 bites of apple, water - 20 calories
Lunch: water - 0 calories
Supper: 1 bowl of cereal, milk - 220 calories
Snacks: 1 chocolate chip cookie, 1/2 a banana - 300 calories
Total: 540 calories
+ 1 hour of vigorous exercise - burned 300+ calories
Weight: 157 lbs

Day 2

Breakfast: 1/2 apple, water - 30 calories
Lunch: 1 slice of pizza, water - 300 calories
Supper: water - 0 calories
Snacks: grapes - 65 calories
Total: 395 calories
+ 3.5 hours of vigorous exercise (1 hour sessions throughout the day and one 1.5) - burned 1000+ calories
Weight: 155 lbs

Day 3

Breakfast: orange juice - 120 calories
Lunch: water - 0 calories
Supper: spinach salad, water - 150 calories
Snacks: none
Total: 270 calories
+ 1/2 an hour of vigorous exercise - burned 200+ calories
Weight: 153 lbs

Day 4

Breakfast: water - 0 calories
Lunch: grapes, 1/2 apple - 95 calories
Supper: small serving of pasta (unfinished), water - 100 cal
Snacks: banana - 89 calories
Total: 284 calories
+ 2 hours of vigorous exercise - burned 400+ calories
Weight: 151 lbs
Day 5

Breakfast: 1 bowl of cereal, milk - 220 calories
Lunch: water - 0 calories
Supper: carrots - 53 calories
Snacks: 1 small chocolate bar - 38 calories
Total: 311 calories
+ 1.5 hours of vigorous exercise - burned 300+ calories
Weight: 149 lbs

Day 6

Breakfast: 1 apple - 95 calories
Lunch: water
Supper: apple juice - 113 calories
Snacks: none
Total: 208 calories
+ 1 hour of vigorous exercise - burned 300+ calories
Weight: 147 lbs

***

It was the evening of the seventh day, and Louis hadn't bothered to eat anything, or exercise; he had only drank water. He also hadn't had time to weigh himself earlier, so he decided to do it at the end of the day. He was currently sitting on his bed in the hotel room he was sharing with Zayn. Louis was scrolling through some tweets with #tommotummy attached to them. On a pic of him singing earlier that night, 'Is it just me, or has Louis gained weight? #tommotummy #fat #what'. Another one of him singing, but with his hand over his stomach, 'what're you trying to hide Louis? #tommotummy #tomlinsontummy #fat #exercise #gross'. Louis looked away from the screen and blinked rapidly in an attempt to get rid of the forming tears. Zayn looked up and noticed Louis glassy eyes.

"Are you alright?" He asked.

"Yeah, just got something in my eye," Louis said, "I think I'll go to the bathroom to check it out actually,"

"Okay," Zayn said absentmindedly before going back onto his phone.

Louis hopped off the bed and jogged into the bathroom. It turned out to be the perfect time to weigh himself.

He retrieved the scale from his bag, and carefully placed it on the floor. Louis mostly undressed himself and looked down at the scale. Taking a step onto it, he prepared himself for the worst. Three dots flashed on the screen before the number appeared. Louis felt like things were in slow motion, and the anticipation was killing him.

145

Louis stared awestruck at the number. He had exceeded his goal by five pounds. It was only a little, but he was proud of himself. For once the voice in his head was also being nice.

'I'm impressed. I didn't think you could pull it off,' it told Louis. 'But this doesn't mean anything, you still have a long way to go,'
Louis thought about it for a moment, then agreed. He really did have a long way to go. Louis decided his next goal weight would be 140 pounds. In the long run, he wanted to get down to 100, but for now he would go with small goals. Louis stepped off of the scale with a sigh. It was something, but he could still do better. Louis could always do better. He turned to the mirror, and examined his body. He still had a stomach that stuck a ways out from his body, and some extremely large thighs. His bum was also quite large, and Louis wanted to get rid of that almost as much of his gut. He also had a pretty bad case of the never ending chins. On top of it all, Louis still had a few burn marks from his extreme shower; they really didn't help his appearances at all. He also had his bulky cast on one of his arms still, and that wasn't nice looking either. Overall, Louis thought he looked pretty undesirable. He wondered why he was even put into the band at all. He didn't have the right body, any talent whatsoever (which would explain why he has had next to no solos), or a good personality. Louis knew he didn't deserve any of this. But, he could. All he had to do was keep going with his minimal calorie intake, and exercise like his life depended on it. Then he might be a little worthy of the band, but only a little.

Louis walked out of the bathroom to find Harry sitting on the desk chair. Louis scrunched his face in confusion, and looked over at Zayn who was still lying on his bed, and staring at his phone. 

"Don't look so happy to see me," Harry said with sarcasm dripping off his tongue.

"Sorry, it's just, I didn't expect to see you in here," Louis replied.

"I just came to hang out because Niall and Liam went to find something to eat, and I didn't feel like going with them," Harry explained.

"Stay as long as you like, it's not like we have anything important to do tomorrow," Louis said, knowing that they would be on the road all of the next day.

"Don't mind if I do," Harry smiled and let out a little laugh, "wanna play some cards?"

Louis accepted the offer, and pulled out a chair so he could face Harry.

"Do you want to play Zayn?" Harry asked.

"Nah, I'm good," Zayn said with a little glance away from his phone, then immediately glued himself back to the screen.

"Suit yourself," Harry said back to Zayn before turning to Louis again, "what do you want to play?"

"Go fish?" Louis suggested and shrugged.

"Sure,"

Harry and Louis began an intense game of go fish. They joked and laughed as they played, annoying Zayn just a little. In the end, Harry was victorious. All bragging rights went to him, and Louis was left to clean up the cards. He was however, interrupted by a knock on the door. Zayn jumped up off of the bed, and scampered over to see who it was. Confirming it was just Niall and Liam, he opened the door.

"We come bearing gifts!" Niall held up two boxes of doughnuts (each containing six), and Liam lifted three plastic shopping bags filled with sweets.

"And we thought we could watch some movies," Liam added as he sifted through the junk food to retrieve a couple DVDs.
Everyone eventually settled in, and the first movie began to play. Louis and Harry were on one bed, while Liam, Niall, and Zayn were on the other. Louis and Harry had a bowl filled with junk food, as well as Liam and Zayn. Niall had one completely to himself.

Louis didn't want to eat any of the food, but he was stuck holding the bowl. The temptation was killing him, but he knew he couldn't afford the calories. Louis looked at the bowl longingly, and felt his stomach clench. It had been almost 24 full hours since he had last eaten anything. A loud grumble filled the room, and the boys all turned their heads to Louis.

"Sorry," Louis said, his face heating up.

He was met with waves of laughter, mostly from Niall. He really could laugh at anything. There were a few final chuckles from everyone before they all went back to the movie. Harry looked at Louis for a couple seconds wondering why he wasn't eating if he was hungry. God Louis was beautiful. Wait. What. No. What was Harry thinking. He frowned and turned back to the movie, trying to forget his thoughts.

Louis was focusing intently on the movie, but couldn't stop thinking about food. He found himself reaching into the bowl and grabbing a chocolate bar. He ripped the wrapper open and looked at the chocolate.

'If you eat it, it's your own funeral. Gain weight, and see how you like it,' the voice said.

Louis looked down at his thighs. Too fat. While he was at it, he also looked down to his stomach. Rolls poured over the waistband of his pants. Also too fat. Louis was disgusted with himself. How could he even think about eating the chocolate. He had, however, already opened the package; it would look pretty odd if he put it back. So Louis broke off a piece, and held it out to Harry. He took it from Louis and smiled while he popped it into his mouth. Harry went back to the movie, but Louis was stuck looking at him. Louis gave him a once over, and saw something was off with his beautiful best friend. Beautiful, no, never mind. Harry looked skinny, not that he wasn't always perfectly slender; Harry had lost even more weight from when he had eaten Louis' breakfast four days ago. His cheekbones were super pronounced, and his stomach was caving in on itself. Harry worked the look, but Louis thought he was probably a little unhealthy.

By now Harry had finished the piece of chocolate that Louis had given him. He heard Louis break off another square of chocolate, and turned to him with puppy dog eyes. Louis melted at the look, and handed the chocolate to Harry. Louis was surprised at first, but happy he wasn't forced to eat it.

Louis ended up giving every piece he broke off to Harry. He was sure that Harry would have caught on to him giving every piece away, but he hadn't said a word or even looked suspicious. Louis found himself enjoying every bite Harry took, and was a little sad when the chocolate bar was gone. A thought suddenly popped into his head when his gaze lowered to the bowl of food in his lap.

***

By the end of the night, Louis had fed every single sweet in the bowl to Harry. Louis had also retrieved one of the boxes of doughnuts, and gotten Harry to absentmindedly eat two of them. He probably would have eaten another, had Niall not snuck over and taken the box. Louis had enjoyed every minute of Harry's eating, and had forgotten about his own hunger pains. Louis welcomed the distraction.

The second movie ended, and Harry made a move to stand up. Instead he let out a groan and twisted so he was laying down on Louis legs. His stomach was so overly distended, Louis
wondered how he was feeling. It had been a little mean of him to keep shoving more food at Harry, but at the same time, it was pretty satisfying.

"Look what you've done to me!" Harry said with another groan.

Louis held up his hands in defence.

"You could've said no, or just stopped eating," Louis smirked.

"Yeah, but I didn't realize it, and you kept putting it in front of me," Harry whined, "I'm not gonna be able to leave the room, let alone move off this bed," Louis giggled at Harry.

"That's not a problem," he said, and wiggled his eyebrows.

What did Louis even mean by that. And the eyebrow thing. What was Louis doing. Harry didn't seem phased by it at all, so Louis let it slide without another word. He could've meant anything. It wasn't weird at all.

Harry ended up falling asleep on Louis lap. Louis didn't mind, and he also fell asleep a bit later. Zayn, Niall, and Liam also ended up falling asleep all together on Zayn's bed. The scene was pretty cute, but it had potential to be awkward in the morning. No, they were all best friends, and they fell asleep around each other all the time. Not necessarily this close, but almost.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Plot will thicken very soon. You may all be able to catch on in this chapter, maybe not.
Please enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After two days of traveling, barely any food, and a whole lot of exercise, Louis arrived with his mates at the next city for their tour, the morning they were to sing. Thankfully, nobody had noticed his small food intake. They also didn't notice that when they had meals together, he would make sure he could sit next to Harry so he could slip most of his food onto Harry's plate. Louis was losing weight, and things just seemed to be working out.

All five of them sat together in one hotel room, after they had gotten back from their long and draining concert. They were supposed to have three rooms, but the hotel messed up on some bookings, and they all didn't mind sharing.

"Well this is cozy," Niall said.

"Snuggling up shouldn't be a problem," Zayn said while glancing at Liam out of the corner of his eye. At that point Louis and Harry turned to each other, then both looked away; Harry's face turning a deep red, and Louis letting out a half cough half choke. Niall switched his gaze from one set of boys to the other with raised eyebrows.

"If there is something I'm missing, please feel free to fill me in on such news. Like perhaps the wedding date, or maybe if I should leave the room anytime soon?" Niall joked.

This time, it was Liam's turn to choke. Zayn patted him on the back a few times before Liam returned to a slightly redder faced normal.

"There is nothing we know that you don't," Louis confirmed.

Louis looked over at Harry after saying that. He could've sworn Harry looked a little disappointed, but it was probably just a trick of the light, or a misread expression. What reason would he have to be disappointed anyways. It's not like Harry was into him. Not that Louis wanted him to be. Harry just wasn't. And neither was Louis.

"Yeah, Louis is right! Nothing to hide," Liam said quickly, sounding slightly fake.

"Umm okay, sure," Niall responded.

Liam made a move to say something more, but Zayn stomped on his foot to stop him.

"Why don't we get some dinner," Harry jumped in to keep an awkward silence from falling over the room.

"Yes please!" Niall exclaimed.

***
Louis was in the middle of popping one of his chips into Harry's mouth when Harry had a strange thought. He had noticed Louis was getting a lot closer to him, no, it went both ways; Harry had gotten closer to Louis as well. Normal friends didn't feed each other chips. Well, Zayn and Liam seemed to be doing that lately, but that was different because they had always been extremely close since the band was formed. Harry looked at Louis who was in the process of getting another chip for him. Harry had always considered Louis to be his best friend, he had such a great personality; he was really funny and could make Harry smile whenever he was feeling down. Louis was the brightest ray of sunlight in Harry's life. Louis eyes were so beautiful and blue, glimmering like a sky full of stars, and deep as the ocean. As well as the way he smiled at Harry, it almost took his breath away.

Louis said something to Harry, but he was too busy thinking about Louis' beautiful figure to even register that he was talking. Louis didn't notice Harry staring though, and he made his way to the bathroom (where he had told Harry he was going).

He shut the door and turned to the mirror. His fat face stared back at him, as well as thousands of rolls, and at least three chins. It was grotesque. Louis shook his head and focused on the task at hand: weighing himself. He brought out the scale and stepped onto it. The motions he was going through were so natural now because he did it every day. That was a bit of a painful thought, but weighing himself was necessary. Louis looked at the scale to see some okay news. 140 lbs. Goal reached.

Louis turned back to the mirror while putting the scale away. Louis hated the mirror because it never reflected any of the weight he had lost. Either that or the scale was really inaccurate.

'You think 140 is good?' The voice spoke up while Louis scanned himself in the mirror, 'you should be at 135 at least by now,'

Louis had been trying so hard to do well with his exercise and healthy food, but he figured it probably wasn't enough. Louis wanted to think he was doing well, but he would be lying to himself. Every time he almost fell into the lies, the trusty voice brought him back to his senses. Louis was almost glad the voice was there to guide him to a better look.

'Thats what I thought,' it responded smugly to Louis thoughts.

Louis blinked a few times and cleared his mind of everything. He focused back on the mirror. Still the fat, ugly, worthless fuck up he always was. He knew it was only temporary though, because the voice would help him get better. Louis quickly turned and walked out of the room, wanting to rid himself of the abomination in the mirror.

Harry immediately looked up at Louis when he walked out of the bathroom, his cheeks going red. What had he been thinking earlier? Even if he did like guys (that would be completely fine), he couldn't like Louis that way. He could get kicked out of the band, or Louis would think he was a freak. Basically Harry would lose his best friend if he said anything. No, Harry did not like Louis that way, he couldn't like Louis that way.

Louis walked back to the bed to sit next to Harry. He looked a little disgruntled and unhappy, but Harry was so worried about saying the wrong thing, that he didn't notice anything abnormal. There was still a tiny bit of Louis' food left on Harry's lap, so he quickly pushed it beside him so Louis wouldn't be able to sit too close. Why Louis food was even on Harry's lap was a mystery to him. But the strategy worked, and Louis ended up on the other side of the bed.

Harry got up and speed walked to the bathroom. The door locking could be heard, and the shower was switched on. That was odd, considering Harry had already had a shower as soon as they had
gotten to the room. Louis shrugged it off.

Suddenly, Louis felt really cold. He shivered, and went to turn the heater on. He clicked the dials until there was a loud whirring sound. Warm air spewed out of the heater, and all noise was drowned out by the endless drone of the heater's mechanism.

Several minutes later, Harry emerged from the bathroom. He took a seat on the bed and sighed. He shut his eyes and lay back on the headrest. He looked a little disgruntled, like he had a headache or something.

"Harry," Niall said to get his attention.

When Harry's head snapped up, Niall continued.

"I didn't mention this earlier, but you were amazing today," Niall said, referring to the concert earlier that day.

"Heh, thanks Niall. So were you though," Harry replied modestly, his voice the tiniest bit scratchier than usual.

"Really though," Liam added, "you were spectacular out there,"

"Killed it mate," Zayn joined in as well.

"Thanks guys," Harry said, heart ready to burst with happiness.

It had been a long time since the boys had told him he had done a good job at concert. Harry knew he wasn't a bad singer at all, but sometimes the confidence he had in his voice dwindled. It was nice to get reassurance once in awhile. It could really boost Harry's confidence, and make him happier for a few days.

Meanwhile, Louis was trapped in his head. It took everything in his power not to scream and run out of the room, throwing punches at anyone that got in front of him. Louis clenched his jaw, and the fingernails of his good hand dug deeply into his palm.

'You see, they're all talking about what good singers each other are, and you're here with me. If you were even remotely close to being as good as any one of them, we wouldn't be talking right now,'

The voice was right, why was Louis even a part of the band? Why was he chosen for this, when he clearly didn't deserve it? Why was he put together with a group of amazing people, when he couldn't fathom coming close to what they were? Why was he even born?

'Now you get it, that's why I'm here. I will help you become that better person. Although, it probably would have been better if you were never born. Yeah, I say you need punishment for not living up to anyone's expectations,'

Louis was jolted back to attention when Harry turned to him and said something.

"What?"

"You were great today too Louis!"

'Lies' the voice contradicted.

Louis knew Harry was probably just saying that. He didn't really mean it. Louis could never be as good as Niall, Liam, Zayn, or Harry himself. He was the useless of the group. He was the extra. He
was unnecessary. Louis knew that.

***

It was a little awkward when they realized they would have to sleep in the same beds. Niall (the lucky jerk) claimed the cot, and he got to sleep alone. It was a little odd how fast Zayn offered to sleep in the same bed as Liam, but nobody really focused on that much. It left Harry and Louis together.

Harry was in distress when he realized he would have to sleep in the same bed as Louis. He knew his thoughts about Louis were wrong, and that he should forget about them and go back to being best friends with the smaller boy. But he couldn't. Harry couldn't stop thinking about how beautiful and amazing Louis was. He didn't want to talk to Louis in fear that he would say the wrong thing. Saying the wrong thing to Louis would end their friendship, and Louis would be pretty creeped. This created an awkward silence between them, because Louis, unsurprisingly, did not want to say anything either; though the words he wished to say were on the tip of his tongue. Louis wanted to talk to Harry about the voice. He wanted to, but didn't. He would sound like the neighbourhood crazy. Harry would hate him, or admit him into a nut house. Then Louis would never be able to see Harry ever again. Beautiful, perfect, lovely Harry.

They settled in, Louis and Harry facing away from each other, and Zayn and Liam staring straight into each others eyes. Niall hit the light switch, and everything went black.

***

Louis was up early. It was pretty normal now because he usually set an alarm so he could take a run or do something. He wasn't really in the mood today. He rolled over and found himself face to face with a sleeping Harry. His beauty struck Louis, and he couldn't take his eyes away. Louis stared at his face. Harry had a sharp jawline that Louis was envious for. He had flawless skin, and long beautiful eyelashes. Louis knew he should turn away to stop thinking about Harry, but he didn't. He couldn't. Louis was struck with the realization that Harry might mean more to him then he thought.

'Even if Harry was into men, you wouldn't be one of them,' the voice popped up.

Louis sighed, ready to cry. He listened anyways.

'Harry could never love such a fat, worthless, piece of shit. And now a fag. Harry would never go for that. Did you see how he fell asleep turned away from you and at the farthest edge of the bed. He didn't want to have to look at such a gross fuckup. You are nothing.'

Louis let a tear slip down his cheek, and drip off his chin. The voice was right. Harry probably despised him. This just made Louis realize that the most beautiful person in the universe would never be his. Louis whimpered.

'But, maybe you can get him to change his mind. Lose the weight, and Harry might like the looks of you a bit more,'

Louis was left with a sense of determination. Louis was getting better. He would be slim and perfect for Harry. He would lose more weight for Harry. He would be beautiful for Harry. This was no longer for the hate to stop. This was for Harry.

Chapter End Notes
So, I planned this story out to have another kinda important thing. I didn't put it into the tags or the summary because I didn't want to give everything away, so I hope nobody is too turned off by a new issue. All will be revealed in the next chapter :)}
Chapter Notes

Plot thickens. Please don't be mad at me for not having warnings about this in the summary or tags

Every one slowly woke up. Once they were all fully awake, Niall flipped on the television. Zayn offered to make coffee. They all decided to have one. Liam went to the table, and grabbed one of the tarts they had bought the previous day.

"Mmm, Louis will you get me one of those?" Harry asked as he slowly sat up.

Louis hopped up and went to the tray. He grabbed two, and went back to the bed where Harry was waiting.

Louis watched Harry before he started to eat. Harry looked down to his stomach, then back to the tart. He picked it up. Harry ate that tart, and when Louis placed his down with only one bite taken out of it, Harry asked why he didn't eat more, but Louis told him he had trouble eating stuff like that this early in the morning. Harry shrugged at Louis response, and gladly accepted the tart when Louis offered it to him.

The morning was slow like this because they weren't really doing much until they sang. They didn't have to be at the venue until 2:30. They all lazed around, watching television, until Liam announced he was going for a run.

"Mind if I join you Liam?" Louis asked.

"Yeah, sure," Liam said, "if you think you can keep up with me,"

"I'll have no problems with that," Louis said as he fished his running clothes and shoes out of his bag.

Liam wore a grey sweater, a hat, long black shorts, and bright green shoes. Louis wore a black sweater with the hood pulled up, long blue shorts, and black shoes. They left the room and found the entrance of the hotel together. From there they took off into the streets.

At first they ran in peaceful silence. It wasn't awkward at all because they were comfortable with each other. It was actually really nice. Louis was glad to have a running buddy for once, and Liam loved to run. They actually made quite a good pair.

Liam had been working out more often these days, and it showed. He looked stronger, abs more defined, as well as his other muscles. Louis was a little envious of him for that, but knew he could get there one day. He knew he already looked the slightly better, but not much.

Liam had gotten to be a great runner, and he ran quite fast. Louis had no trouble keeping up. Liam was a little surprised at this.

"How have you been feeling these days Louis?" Liam suddenly asked.
"Fine, I guess," Louis said, "a little tired,"

"I've just noticed that you haven't been eating quite as much,"

Louis brain froze. Liam knows. Louis had tried so hard to create the illusion of eating, but Liam saw through it. He's gonna make Louis talk.

"Uhmm," was all Louis could get out.

Liam laughed, and slowed for a second before getting back up to speed.

"You don't have to be embarrassed mate, I've been through it too," Liam said.

"What?" Louis was a little confused, but thought he knew where this was going.

"Well, I've see you've been exercising more, and I don't see you eating quite as much as before," Liam explained, "you're trying to get in shape right?"

"Well… yeah," Louis said.

"Why?"

"I don't know,"

"If it's because of hate, I'm here for you. I know exactly what it feels like to get bombarded with hateful tweets,"

"I guess it kinda is, but it's also for me," and Harry.

"Yeah, I got a bunch of hate saying I was fat and that I should exercise more and that I had gained all of this weight," Liam paused, "I tried not to let it get to me, but before it all came I knew I had gained weight and stopped exercising,"

"Liam, you were always perfect," Louis said.

"Heh, well after the fans said that stuff, I started to eat healthier, and exercise more. I found that I really liked to exercise, running especially. I've lost the weight now, and I'm probably the fittest I've ever been,"

"And the point of telling me this?"

"I just don't want you to get down about hate, and deal with it in a bad way,"

"I'm doing fine Liam," Louis sounded sincere.

"And I don't want you to start one of those unhealthy diet and exercise plans where you only eat mangos and drink maple syrup, or something crazy like that,"

"I would never,"

"Good, and Louis,"

"Yeah,"

"I'm always here to talk to if you need it… I've seen some of the things people have been saying about you, and it isn't pretty,"
"I know,"

"So you're good?"

"Yeah,"

They fell back into a peaceful silence. There was nothing awkward about it. It was actually kinda nice. Louis realized he really loved to run. He also realized he had Liam to help him when things got too rough. Not that he could say much without worrying him. But he still had a person to talk to and that was all that mattered.

Louis still felt like Liam knew something that he wasn't letting on about. Maybe he was imagining it, but Liam brought up almost exactly what had been on his mind for the past month. It was a little odd, but maybe Liam was just making conversation. Yeah, that's probably what he had been doing.

Suddenly, Louis was hit with a wave of dizziness, and he slowed to a stop. Liam looked at him in confusion. Louis vision began to fog up, but he blinked it out and insisted that they keep going. Liam was hesitant at first, but eventually started running again. Louis knew he just needed some water, yeah, water would make him feel way better.

***

As soon as Louis and Liam left for their run, Harry excused himself to go to the bathroom. He claimed he was having a shower, but had some different intentions.

He walked into the bathroom, and turned the shower on. Instead of going in, Harry did something that was all too familiar. He dropped down to his knees in front of the toilet, and readied himself. He slowly brought his hand up to his mouth, and stuck his fingers down his throat.

Harry heaved into the toilet as quietly as he could manage. He was pretty used to doing it, so it wasn't that hard to tone down the noise slightly. His throat burned, and he wished he didn't have to do this.

With trembling hands, Harry flushed the toilet, and stood up on weak legs. He hated this. He hated that he had started doing this. Harry desperately wanted to stop, but every time he ate, he felt the compulsory need to get rid of it. There was so much pressure to be perfect, and all Harry could think to do was to throw up the food to keep him looking good. It had gotten worse recently, and Harry had lost a bunch of weight. Harry wanted to stop having to do this after every meal, he really did. He knew this behaviour was so unhealthy and that he didn't need to keep doing it. But he couldn't stop.

Harry undressed himself and stepped into the steamy shower. He started to think about why he started throwing up every meal he ate. Harry looked down at his feet and remembered.

Harry was happily scrolling through Twitter, when he happened across a hateful tweet, then another, and another. There were so many, and they all concerned his weight and his looks. Harry had skipped a few meals after that, but he got too hungry and couldn't hold back. So, he turned to the toilet, and opted to eat as much as he wanted. He started by only getting rid of a few meals, but recently Harry had been running for the bathroom after every single one. The hateful tweets stopped, but the monster he faced was hanging around. It was addictive, and Harry couldn't stop. He knew it was awful, and he didn't mean to keep doing it, but he did. It was only supposed to help him lose a few pounds, then he would go back to normal. Somewhere along the line, that plan was thrown out the window.
Harry rinsed the soap out of his hair, and shut the water off. He stepped out of the shower, and wrapped himself in a towel. Once dry, Harry took a peek at himself in the mirror. His stomach was completely flat, and his ribs could almost be counted. His collarbones were a bit more visible than before, and so were his hip bones. There wasn't that much of a difference in his looks, but he had lost weight. Harry looked so tired. Harry was so tired. He ran a hand over his ribs, then dipped into his stomach and traced over his hip bones. This needed to stop. Harry knew he looked so unhealthy, that he was so unhealthy. Harry wanted to get better.

Harry's mind drifted to Louis as he redressed himself. So perfect and beautiful. Harry shook his head. Louis would hate to see him like this. Louis would hate Harry if he ever found out about this. Harry finally had a reason to stop. A motivation. Harry had Louis. Even if Louis didn't feel quite the same about him, it was still something.

Chapter End Notes

Please excuse Liam's obliviousness, he has other things on his mind (Zayn, it's Zayn on his mind). Also, don't worry about Harry too much, I have this only in for a little while and I'll explain later why it's even in this Louis-centric story.

Stay sweet cupcakes ;)
Chapter 11

It had been a week since Louis’ first dizzy spell while running with Liam. It had happened on another one of his runs, and that time he had actually had to sit down until it passed. Louis again blamed it on needing water. It was really nothing. If anything, he was too out of shape and needed to run more to get better and not almost black out. There was nothing wrong with Louis. He was getting better.

During this week, Harry had only purged four times. He felt terrible about it, but it was better then the usual 15 ish. Whenever Harry had the urge, he would keep near Louis. He would look into his perfect blue eyes and get lost. He would breathe in his scent until the urges were gone. Only when Louis wasn't around did Harry slip up. Harry was getting better, and it showed. He sang better, and without the slight croak he had been developing. He had also gained back one pound. He still looked thinner then before, but it was a step in the right direction. Harry would fight this until he won. There would be no succumbing to the urges of this issue. It was unnecessary, and Harry knew it.

***

Louis was down to 136 pounds. He stood in the bathroom splashing water on his face and looking at his reflection. What was he doing wrong. He exercised excessively, and ate barely anything. The only differences were the bags under his eyes, the aches he felt all over, and the terrible dizzy spells that seemed to be getting more frequent. Louis thought he would feel more energetic with less weight covering him, but he felt slow and sluggish. He thought he would look thinner and more toned, but his fat spilled over and bulged in all the wrong places. It seemed like he was hitting a roadblock in his weight loss, as the amount he had been shedding was smaller each week.

Louis knew he weighed less, and each pound dropped made him feel better about himself, but it wasn't enough. Louis needed it to be smaller. Louis needed it to show because it didn't.

At the moment, he was worrying about the doctors telling him to eat more. He was going in for a check on his arm, and he desperately didn't want anyone to know what he was doing. The doctors would definitely weigh him, and they would know what he had been doing.

'They probably won't even mention it,' the voice started, 'you haven't lost enough for them to notice, and lots of people lose weight while they're in a cast,'

Louis thought about it, and decided the voice was right. He had only lost 26 pounds since he had broken his wrist. He wasn't even close to his final goal. It was shameful how slowly he was losing weight now. He would be fine. Even if weight was mentioned, he would have the excuse of the cast, and the fact that they all lost weight while on tour. Louis was nervous, but knew what he would say if a situation arose.

"Louis, get your fat arse out here!" Niall called Louis out.
Liam gave Niall a dirty look, and waved him over. Niall explained that it was only a joke, and that Louis could take it. Liam agreed warily. Louis could take it, and he seemed to be fine. Nothing crazy was going on. Liam wandered over to Zayn, who leaned towards him with a small smile forming on his lips. Liam and Zayn stared at each other for a few seconds before turning back to the other two.

"I'm here," Louis stepped out of the bathroom looking a bit anxious.

Nobody commented on Louis' expression.

Only Niall and Harry were going to the hospital with Louis. Harry would have gone alone, but Niall wanted to come too. He claimed he needed some excitement in his life. Like touring multiple countries wasn't exciting enough. Liam and Zayn had happily welcomed being able to hang out as a pair.

Louis trudged out the hotel door with his head down. Harry just chuckled.

"What," Louis snapped.

"You're cute," Harry said, then immediately regretted it.

Friends didn't say things like that to each other. Harry bit his lip. He needed to stop thinking about Louis. At least until his issue was solved. Maybe after that. Maybe. Hopefully.

Louis looked at the floor and turned away from Harry to hide the little smile forming on his lips. He knew Harry was probably joking or trying to make Louis feel better, but he wouldn't have minded if he meant more than that. No, Louis desperately wanted it to mean more, but Harry didn't. He could never love Louis. Well, not with him as fat and ugly as he was at the moment.

They took a small black car to the hospital, and checked Louis in. They sat in the waiting room for a couple minutes before he was called in. He got a room quite quickly because the hospital didn't want to be swamped with people because three members of One Direction were there. The hospital knew that people would be faking injuries just to have a chance at meeting the band members.

Louis sat on the examination table, swinging his legs. Harry watched Louis with loving eyes. Harry noticed Louis looked really nervous. He reasoned that anybody would be when they had an appointment like this. Niall looked around the room for something to entertain him. When he was unsuccessful, Niall pulled out his phone and opened up a game. His volume was luckily turned down, and nobody had to be subjected to the sound effects.

There was about five minutes of awkward silence. Neither Harry, nor Louis wanted to say something that they would regret, and Niall was too enveloped in his game to say anything. Harry wanted to say so much, but he couldn't. It would just be stressing Louis more than he needed. Harry was sure Louis was already stressed about this appointment, and he didn't need any extra baggage weighing on him.

The door creaked open, and a doctor walked in. He looked around the room at Niall and Harry, then Louis. He grabbed the rolling chair, and wheeled it in front of Louis before sitting down. He was on the older side, but he had a kind look to him. He seemed like he could be a bit harsh though, so the boys all waited for him to talk first in fear of saying the wrong thing, or making a mistake.

"So, Mr. Tomlinson," the doctor started, "we're here to check out your arm, correct?" He asked.

"Yes," Louis replied, his nerves showing in his voice.
Harry sighed happily, and smiled a little. Louis was so precious. He was so cute when he was angry or nervous. Harry caught himself before he thought anything more. He needed to stop with this.

"Well, let's get started then," the doctor said, "I'll first need to check your vitals, so if you would roll your sleeve up.

Louis had taken to wearing long sleeves and sweaters because he was always cold. At the moment, he had on a t-shirt, a long sleeve shirt, and a sweater. He also had his heaviest pair of pants on, with some pretty long socks going on underneath them. Partly from being cold, but also to add a bit of weight.

The doctor took his blood pressure. He frowned and looked at Louis.

"You have pretty low blood pressure Mr. Tomlinson, have you been feeling alright?"

"Yeah, just fine," Louis lied.

"Alright," the doctor seemed skeptical, but didn't push the topic.

Before long, Louis was asked to remove his shoes so he could be weighed. He opted to keep his phone in his pocket to add a bit more weight. Louis was lead to the scale, and he stepped on. Harry followed close behind, his arms around his waist protectively. Niall was a few steps behind Harry, looking bored.

"142 pounds," the doctor said, and seemed to be comparing something on his clipboard.

"You've lost 20 pounds in only a month," the doctor looked at Louis like he was crazy.

"Well, we have been on tour, and we all lose a bunch of weight because we are always running around doing stuff. Also I think I've been eating less because I haven't been able to do as much stuff, so I'm not as hungry all the time," Louis quickly explained.

"Yeah, we all lose a bunch of weight while on tour," Harry chipped in.

The doctor turned to Harry, and decided he was credible. No more mentions of weight were dropped. Louis was grateful for that, but now Harry and Niall both knew about the weight loss.

The rest of the appointment went well, and Louis cast was changed. He was supposed to go back to the hospital in another three weeks when he would hopefully get his cast off. The whole cast thing sucked a lot, but it was better then a broken leg or something.

On the ride back to the hotel, Louis started thinking about the fan that had broken his wrist. He wondered how she was doing at this point. She probably felt extremely guilty because it had been all her fault. Louis thought it was kinda good that it happened though, because if it didn't, Louis would never have come to senses about his weight. She was the one that told him what he needed to do. She was actually a great help. The only downside was the broken wrist.

The car ride was over all too soon, and the three band mates went back to the hotel to change their clothes. Louis knew it would be pretty warm on stage, but he was really cold at the moment, so he wore a couple shirts on top of each other. Nobody but Louis knew about his double shirt wearing. Everybody thought he only wore one, and it looked like he hadn't lost any weight at all. It looked like when he had started, maybe slightly smaller. That was the downside to wearing multiples, but it was better than freezing to death. All Louis' shirts were all a little baggy now anyways, so if he wore more, they looked more filled out.
Harry put on a t-shirt, wanting something comfortable for the day. He wasn't feeling his best, and Louis' weight loss had scared him a bit. Harry wanted to ask him about it, but not now. Harry would ask later. He would ask when the appointment wasn't as fresh in their minds. Maybe he would talk to Niall about it a bit too. That might help. Harry really wanted his Louis to be okay. His. Not yet. Only when Harry got better could he possibly think like that.

Chapter End Notes

Nobody worry, because this really won't dip in too much about Harry because this is a Louis fic. When I was planning, I just really needed a little something to divert the attention off of Louis. Harry's problem won't even really be talked about much after chapter 16/17 ish, and even then it won't really be the main focus. Please stick with me and I'll try to make my writing better. xoxo ;}
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Well, here we go. Please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was soon concert time. Louis was actually a little excited. He had gotten out of the hospital without many questions about weight. He had Harry to thank for that. Harry always knew what to say and do, he was just so amazing. Harry was perfect, Harry was beautiful, but Harry wasn't Louis' to have. The thought made Louis freeze up a little bit. Harry would never be Louis'.

'If you lose the weight, you might have a chance,' the voice reminded him.

Not that Louis didn't already know that, he knew it all too well. Louis was already working on that. What more could he do. There was literally nothing Louis could think of that would get Harry to like him, or even think better of him. Louis was too fat for Harry to have a high opinion of him. No matter what he did action and personality wise, Harry would never go for such a fatass. Even if Louis was skinny, Harry probably wouldn't want Louis because of how repulsive he must be.

'Well, the stupid fag actually does know something. What a turn of events,' the voice commented on Louis' thoughts with one of Louis' most despised words.

Louis glanced at the back of Harry's head while they waited backstage. His hair was held back by a scarf, chocolate curls twisting all around and behind it. He was wearing a plain black shirt and black skinny jeans. The clothes hugged his body to perfectly exhibit his impressive physique. He looked amazing as usual, flawless even. Louis could finally admit to himself that he was head over heals for Harry, but it's not like he could accept it because of how wrong that was. Louis knew it was so wrong to have a crush on any man, let alone Harry. Crushes on people you worked with never ended well either, man or woman. He did have to give himself credit though, for choosing a person as great as Harry. Still wrong though. So very wrong.

***

On stage, Harry tripped and fell. Louis may or may not have stuck his foot out a little into Harry's path. Harry looked up at Louis who was laughing uncontrollably. Harry grabbed his water and flung it at Louis. Now his hair was dripping slightly. Harry started laughing, and went to ruffle Louis' hair. He made his way towards Louis, but then thought he better not. Harry didn't want to make the wrong move, and have Louis get angry. Nothing could happen right now. He hovered close to Niall for the rest of the time, because he was a good easygoing presence to be around.

Louis saw Harry come towards him, but then look at Louis with an odd glint to his eyes. Harry turned around, and didn't really look at Louis much after that. He stayed glued to Niall's side the rest of the time, never straying too close to Louis. What had he done wrong. Maybe he went too far when he tripped Harry. Oh god, Harry hates him. Louis started to sing again, but his heart wasn't in it. He didn't sound as good as he normally did. He didn't really care to be honest. The fans would pout insults either way, so what did it matter. He sang with dead eyes, and didn't talk to the boys for the rest of the concert, unless they came to him. He mainly sulked on the sides of the stage, never wanting to be the centre of attention. Even when his solos came around, he stood off to the side,
not interacting with anyone or moving around the stage.

'Was it really news to you that Harry hates you? I believe we already established the fact that he finds you repulsive,' the voice just had to start.

Louis blinked away tears that began to form in his eyes. Luckily his solos were over, and he didn't have to worry much about the rest of the current song. Even if he did cry though, he could blame it on something else; he could just say that the song was particularly close to home or make up some lie like that.

Liam and Zayn stayed close together pretty much the entire time, similar to Harry and Niall. They whispered into each others ears, and laughed at their own little jokes. It made Louis a little jealous. He wanted that kind of relationship with Harry. One where he could be close to him at all times. Not that Liam and Zayn liked each other like that, but they did seem even closer then usual. At one point, Zayn even nipped at Liam's ear. Louis' eyebrows shot up, but he didn't say anything. He would look into this when they were off stage. Louis really wanted to know what was going on between them. It's not like they could keep a secrete forever. But maybe it was nothing, but there were always other possibilities.

Louis looked up towards the lights when they seemed to be getting dimmer. They were in the middle of a song, and it wasn't supposed to be getting darker. He turned to look at the others; they all seemed to be fine. Suddenly, Louis swayed and it got even darker around the edges of his vision. A familiar dizziness washed over him, and the room began to spin. Louis stumbled sideways, and fell into a sitting position on a step to a different section of stage. Louis closed his eyes and brought his head down to his knees. The feeling eventually passed, and Louis stood up again. Liam and Niall both came over to ask if he was alright, and Louis had said he was fine, just a little headache from needing some more water. His lie was accepted, and Niall had run to grab him a bottle. Harry hadn't come over though, he had kept to the far end of the stage, hardly even glancing at Louis.

Soon they finished singing and plodded off stage for the last time that night. Louis was first to go, nearly running off as soon as Harry had finished thanking all the fans, and making closing remarks. Louis was about to run into his dressing room when a hand caught his shoulder, and pulled him to the side.

Louis whipped around, suddenly angry. Louis knew it was just himself being moody and dramatic, but he felt like it was necessary. He felt like punching the next person he came face to face with. The feeling melted away within seconds, as the person he was facing was Harry. Why was Harry even talking to him. Why would he want to be near such a fat, worthless, slob. Harry looked a little disgruntled, but fine nonetheless. And beautiful as always. Why was he so damn perfect all the time. It was a little unfair that he got such amazing looks, and people like Louis were left with ugly bits.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked out of the blue.

Harry had wanted to ask about Louis and the weight loss, from when they were at the hospital; he also wanted to know about when Louis had just sat down on the stage, in the middle of a song. He wanted to know what was going on with his best friend. Harry wanted to make Louis smile like he really meant it again. Harry wanted to tell Louis how he felt about him.

Louis was confused at first, but was suddenly filled with anger again. He knew he shouldn't be angry, but he was just so irritable these days. Even if it was Harry, he couldn't help but let his tone slip to fury.
"Why do you care?" Louis shot back with a glare.

Harry suddenly looked shaken. Why was Louis mad at him. What had he done wrong. Harry wondered, but suddenly was too shy to say anything else. Harry feared he would say the wrong thing, and the already fragile balance they had struck together would shatter. Now was obviously not the right time to be telling Louis about all that had been nagging him for the past few months. Louis seemed to almost understand Harry's apprehension and confusion, and decided to elaborate. There was no holding back.

"Yeah, I'm sorry if I was out of line when I tripped you, but you didn't have to stay mad at me the whole time. You even got your revenge when you caught me with the water, we were even," Louis knew he sounded like a petulant child but he continued anyways, "but then you ran off and glued yourself to Niall and didn't give me so much of a second glance. Maybe I'm a shit person, but you Harold Styles can also be quite a shit person as well. You had absolutely no right to be mad at me, and now you want to know how I'm doing!? You want to know if I'm feeling okay? Well, let me tell you Harry, I feel like crap. Nobody cares anymore. Life is fucking shit right now. I wish I could tell you that I'm just amazing, but I can't lie to you anymore. Now why don't you go running back to your boyfriend Niall, and you two can fuck each others brains out!"

Louis had no idea where that came from, and he immediately regretted what he said. Harry looked like he was about to cry, and all Louis wanted to do was kiss him and make him feel better. That was messed up. Louis had just ruined everything with Harry, and he wanted to kiss him. Harry would be disgusted. It was all Louis fault, he basically called Harry a fag and told him to fuck Niall. What was wrong with him.

Harry was dumbstruck, and he stopped thinking altogether for a few seconds. Once his thoughts returned though, they were like a storm. What the hell was Louis saying. It seemed like even Louis himself didn't know what he was talking about. Harry just stood for a moment, letting his eyes begin to sting with the forming tears. Harry struggled with his muddled feelings, but he managed to gather his thoughts properly so he could form a functional sentence.

"What is wrong with you?" Harry said, mirroring Louis' thoughts.

"I'm so sorry," Louis choked out before turning around, and streaking away from Harry.

Chapter End Notes

I hope everyone liked this chapter. I am trying to make my writing as good as possible, so please don't be angry if it takes me a little longer for updates. I just want the best version of my writing to be the one I put on here. The road for Louis only gets more rocky from here, sorry for that.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Hi everybody, I know it's been forever since the last update but I have good reasons. I went to Las Vegas for a cheerleading competition, then I got really sick. Then I got a little concussion, so I couldn't write or do anything. So yeah, my life has been super eventful. Sorry for rambling on, please enjoy this update :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis ran. He ran until he was out of the building. He ran until he was 10 blocks away from the venue. Louis ran his way to a neighbourhood filled with homeless people pushing shopping carts up and down the street. Louis stopped finally to catch his breath, and survey his surroundings. He suddenly felt a wave of dizziness and nausea wash over him, and he sat down on the curb and placed his head on his knees. Louis sat like that for over 10 minutes, letting the dizziness pass. Then he began to cry. What had he done. Oh god, Louis had ruined his and Harry's friendship. Harry hated him now. Fuck.

'You are such a fuckup Louis, can you do anything right?' The voice began.

Louis let the words sink in, and listened further.

'Lets see, you yelled at Harry for leaving you during the concert, got mad at him for asking you if you were okay, called him gay, and told him to fuck one of your best friends,' the voice continued, 'wow Louis, what a great friend you are. He wants to make sure you're okay, and you stomp all over him. Harry hates you now more then ever. Now all he sees you as is a fat, worthless, insulting piece of shit. You made him feel like crap, and now that's what you are to him. Don't be surprised if he wants to kick you out of the band, or leaves it himself,'

"SHUT UP!" Louis screamed.

Suddenly, Louis heard glass shattering, and realized how fucked up he must seem. He was talking to nobody, yelling at nobody. He wildly whipped his head around to see who had heard his outburst. Everybody (but a man with a long grey beard sleeping on a bench) had fled the scene. Now he was a crazy. Even the homeless people couldn't handle his random outburst.

Louis shivered, and realized how late it was. It was dark, and there were several burnt out street lights the way Louis came. It looked a little menacing, and he wasn't up for shit to go down; so he decided to go the opposite way, where there was a completely lit path. Maybe if he walked far enough, he would find someplace to sleep.

Louis slowly stood up, his knees cracking. Shoving his hands into his pockets, he made his way down the lit street, seeking out a hotel he could crash at so he wouldn't have to face Harry and the others. Alone time would be good. Louis would feel better. Not that time would fix what he did to Harry. But it did prolong the time in between seeing each other.

***

Harry was frozen in place as he watched Louis run down the hall. He didn't move for a few
minutes, his mind blank, but his heart racing. Suddenly the world shifted, and Harry burst into
tears. His beautiful best friend just told him off, screaming and insulting Harry for no reason. Harry
literally couldn't think of one plausible explanation for Louis' outburst. It left Harry feeling sick to
his stomach, and chilled to his core. There was a familiar tugging sensation deep down in the pit of
his stomach. Harry begun to shake, feeling weak, and terrible.

Harry slowly stepped into the dressing room. He attempted to wipe the tears from his face, but he
was still crying and it was no use. The tears kept flowing, getting all over his clothes and hands.

"Harry!" Liam stood up and raced to help his friend.

Liam wrapped his arms around Harry, and let him cry onto his shoulder. They shuffled awkwardly
to the couch, and Liam lowered Harry down to sit. Liam held his embrace, and let Harry curl into
him on the couch.

"What happened?" Niall demanded as he took a seat on Harry's other side, stroking his back
soothingly.

"Louis…" Harry choked out.

"What's going on?" Zayn asked as he walked into the room, rushing to Harry's side as soon as he
saw the tears.

"I just wanted to know if he was okay, cuz he was acting all weird," Harry swallowed thickly, then
continued, "he started yelling at me and I have no idea why. I got confused, then he went on this
huge long rant about how I was a shitty person or something" Harry struggled through his
explanation, leaving out the details.

"What the hell?!" Zayn's expression grew angry and confused.

"Where is he now?" Liam asked.

"He ran off, I have no idea where," Harry told him.

Liam started to get up, but Harry tugged on his sleeve and pulled him back down.

"Just give him some space, he'll probably be at the hotel when we get there,"

Liam huffed, but stayed where he was. Zayn came over and took a seat next to Liam, resting his
head down on Liam's shoulder. They glanced at each other, and exchanged small smiles.

They stayed like that for a long time. None of them could tell you how long, but it felt like an
eternity. A sense of calmness washed over the room, but before they could settle into it, Liam
stood up. He stretched his arms and his back, then cracked his knuckles. Niall let out an annoyed
grumble, but didn't bother saying anything about the popping bones.

"I suppose we should go back to the hotel now," Zayn said, then also stood up.

Harry sniffled, then followed suit.

The boys took a car back to their hotel, the trip silent. The whole way, Harry couldn't stop thinking
about how hateful Louis sounded. The more he thought, the angrier he got. Louis had absolutely no
reason to yell at him like that. And he wasn't even clinging on to Niall, he just kept his distance
because he didn't want to do something stupid in front of the fans. He really didn't want to give
away his feelings to Louis, let alone the world. Now Harry wouldn't have to worry about doing
anything stupid. That ship had sailed. Harry would never want to be with that asshole ever again. Louis was such a jerk. Right when they started getting really close again too. Everything was a mess, and it was Louis' fault.

Harry knew he was being harsh, but something deep inside him felt good about it. Harry was feeling pretty bad, and blaming Louis seemed to make the sadness go away. Not completely, but it helped. And Louis deserved it, he had no right to be angry. He sucked.

***

Harry, Liam, Zayn, and Niall all sat around a table, having a late dinner of McDonalds. Harry ate slowly, and silently. He had been doing so well, not throwing up his last couple meals. He really didn't want to break the streak. He wouldn't break it. Louis might have been his reason for getting better at first, but Harry could do it on his own. He would do it for himself.

"Where the heck is Louis!?!" Niall finally asked.

"No idea," Liam said, then turned to Harry.

"Why would I know?" Harry replied slightly angrily.

Liam shrugged and they went back to eating in silence. Everyone soon finished, except for Niall. But there were some leftovers. Harry was feeling pretty awful, and he hadn't done this forever, but he couldn't stop himself. Harry reached for the leftovers, and started shoving them in his mouth. Anything he could get his hands on was fair game. The boys looked at him like he had gone crazy, but he didn't care. He could care less what they thought of him at that point. Harry kept cramming it in.

Harry was done in a matter of minutes, and as soon as he realized what he had done he scrambled out of his chair and ran to the bathroom. He slammed the door shut, but didn't bother to lock it. Harry turned on all the water, and dropped to his knees. This was the first time in a day or so. He had his hand halfway down his throat when a voice came out of nowhere.

"Harry," it was Liam, his voice shaky.

"Harry," Niall this time.

Harry bit his lip and looked down at his feet. This did not just happen. No. They didn't see anything.

"Harry, what are you doing?" Niall was quiet, almost whispering.

"Nothing Niall, I was just feeling a bit sick," Harry tried to sound as nonchalant as possible.

"No Harry, what are you doing?" Zayn said more firmly.

"N-nothing, I wasn't d-doing anything," Harry felt his eyes begin to sting.

Suddenly, there were arms around Harry, guiding him out of the bathroom. He was sat down on the bed with Liam and Zayn on the opposite facing him, and Niall beside him with an arm around his waist.

"It's gonna be fine Harry," Liam soothed.
"I'm sorry," Harry whimpered.

Niall tightened his grip on Harry, who rested his head on Niall's shoulder. Harry continuously let out sorry's through his gut wrenching sobs. Liam and Zayn just came to wrap their arms around Harry.

"You have nothing to be sorry for," Liam said, "you are so perfect Harry,"

Soon the tears dried out, and Harry started to talk.

"I was on Twitter, and I didn't mean for it to get to me, but it did and I started throwing up after every meal, and I couldn't stop, and I've really tried, but it's just so hard," Harry said quietly, looking down at his lap.

"Don't worry Harry, we'll help you," Zayn said.

"Yeah mate, we could never give up on you," Niall said.

"Let's just do this one step at a time," Liam added.

"And I don't want you to ever believe any of the hate you see on twitter, or any other site. You are flawless Harry, and you always will be. We all love you no matter what,"

They all stayed close to Harry for the rest of the night, comforting him. Harry already knew he wanted to get better, so it was really good to have the support he needed. Yeah, Harry didn't need Louis at all. Harry didn't even want Louis to know about him. He could do this just fine with the help of his three best friends.

***

Louis had found a tiny inn with a bar right next door. He drank for a few hours, until he could hardly walk straight; asking for another before he could even finish the one in front of him. He stumbled into the inn, looking for a room. The woman at the front desk seemed bored, and knew he was drunk out of his mind. She asked him the for his payment info, and gave him a key. Louis stumbled his way to his room and fell into his bed. It was squeaky, and seemed like it couldn't be trusted. Louis was too drunk to care.

Through hazy thoughts, Louis thought about how much he loved Harry. Louis forgot he was angry, and forgot that he shouldn't have feelings like that towards a man. All Louis knew was that Harry was a beautiful human that should be sleeping in his arms right now, never leaving his side.

He pulled out his phone, and dialled Harry's cell number. It went straight to voicemail, but Louis didn't care. He started babbling into the phone.

"Harry, this is me Louis. I think I'm not mad anymore. I kinda suck mate. This is probably my fault but you started it. Can we just get together and hug it out man? Like, I like you a lot, and I wuz bein sooo stupid," Louis slurred his words towards the end.

Louis eyes suddenly became heavy, and he felt himself drifting off into dreamland. It took mere seconds for unconsciousness to kick in. Louis was fast asleep, and nothing seemed to matter anymore. Not Harry, not the band, nothing.

Chapter End Notes
So thanks for sticking around. I usually won't wait so long to update, but this was a special case.

Stay beautiful my lovelies <3
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay, just busy life like usual. I will let you all know though, that I will never abandon this story. Even if it seems like I'm gone for good, I'm probably just procrastinating or taking a long time to write specific parts. Please enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry woke up fairly early, the sun just barley peeking up in between the buildings next door. He slowly sat up so he didn't wake up the others. He rubbed his eyes, and started to remember what had happened the night before.

Louis.

Harry was caught in a hurricane of emotions. Everything came back to him at once, hitting him like a truck at full speed. Harry was stuck between hating Louis and loving him. Louis had said some terrible things that made Harry slip up in his recovery. Louis was so beautiful, but Harry realized he didn't need someone who thought of him like that. Maybe Louis was just grumpy, but that still didn't give him the right to say those things. Harry didn't want to accept it, but Louis couldn't be trusted. He didn't deserve Harry's love. Not when he was such a loose cannon.

Harry slowly stood up out of his bed. He shuffled over to the table and sat to eat an apple. Harry turned back and forth in his spinning chair. He glanced at the other bed and watched Niall waking up. Zayn and Liam had slept sitting on the little couch in the corner. They were still fast asleep. Niall stretched a bit before slumping back into the bed and staring at the ceiling.

Harry finished the apple. There was a tugging sensation in the pit of his stomach, pulling him towards the bathroom. A feeling all too familiar.

Suddenly Niall was beside Harry, with a hand on his shoulder.

"Please don't Harry, it's just an apple," Niall said.

Harry thought for a second and willed himself to believe that Niall was right. Just an apple. Harry could take it. He needed the apple. He was hungry, so he ate. Everybody else ate, and they kept it down.

"Thanks," Harry looked at Niall, "I kinda needed that right now,"

Niall just smiled and took a seat next to him.

Harry now knew he would be fine. Harry didn't need Louis to be his motivation at all. Louis could leave for eight months for all he cared. Harry had three other amazing friends that cared about him, and that was all Harry could have dreamed of having. Yes, Harry would be fine.

***

Louis' eyes fluttered open when a bright light came pouring through his window. Louis squinted immediately, but was now wide awake. He sat up quickly to close the blinds, but a throbbing pain
in his head and the now spinning room made him stop and fall back into his pillow.

Louis started slowly this time, raising himself from the sheets as slowly and carefully as he could. Louis' head throbbed in time with his heartbeat. The room tilted sideways.

The sun shining through the window made everything ten times worse.

Louis grabbed at the curtains and yanked them closed. That was one problem solved. Now he knew he needed a cup of coffee, or four. This was going to be rough, because Louis usually ate to help with his previous hangovers. Not this time. Louis knew he couldn't eat anything because it would just make him fatter. And if Louis was fatter, Harry would hate him even more. Food was completely out of the question.

He pulled on some sweat pants, and a t-shirt that once fit quite well, but was now loose and baggy. Louis smiled inwardly, because that meant he was losing. It gave him a feel of how well he had done so far. But as always, the feeling was interrupted by the voice.

'This shirt was meant to be baggy in the first place, it fit you snug when you were fat, and now it's a tiny bit baggy, this means you are slightly less overweight,' the voice explained, 'you have accomplished nothing, you overweight faggot,'

Louis squeezed his eyes shut in attempts to block out the voice. He was unsuccessful. Louis gave up and started walking towards the restaurant that was attached to the hotel. He walked slowly, so he wouldn't aggravate his already aggravated head. Alcohol, bad idea. Especially because of all the empty calories. Louis needed a better way to cope with things. Maybe he would find something eventually.

Once seated, Louis immediately asked for a black coffee. The service was quick, and he began to sip it as soon as it was set out; even though it burned his tongue. Louis welcomed the bitter taste, and began to feel better already. Louis had a feeling that today wouldn't be the worst day of his life. He actually had a bit of hope.

Once Louis had downed two mugs of coffee, he called for somebody to pick him up. Louis would've walked, but he had no idea where he was, and he preferred not to get lost. That would almost be worse then what happened the night previous. Well not quite, nothing could be worse then that.

***

Harry glanced down at his phone to see a little voicemail message. He grabbed his phone to see who it was from. The blinking name was none other than Louis. Though he knew it would hurt, Harry brought the phone to his ear.

"Harry, this is me Louis," Louis was definitely drunk. "I think I'm not mad anymore. I kinda suck mate. This is probably my fault but you started it," so Louis believed it was Harry's fault, typical. "Can we just get together and hug it out man. Like, I like you a lot, and I was being so stupid," he was slurring pretty badly by the end of the voicemail.

Harry was confused. He could hardly gather anything from what Louis said. All Harry knew was that he was still angry at Louis for being so awful. This was pretty unforgivable, and the fact that Louis thought he could fix things with a drunk voicemail made it worse. Louis was an idiot for thinking that.

Suddenly Harry felt an immense hatred for Louis. His face morphed into a glare just thinking about
him. The anger and hate and confusion was about to eat Harry alive when he was snapped back to a calmer state by a voice.

"Who was that?" Liam said from on the couch, succeeding in waking Zayn up.

"Louis…" Harry didn't know what to say.

The anger was gone, but it was only replaced with confusion and a hint of sadness.

"Just delete it, we can talk to him later when he gets back," Liam told Harry.

Harry nodded, and deleted the message. He had no need to even think about Louis right now. He was out of the picture.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door, and a tiny voice called out for Liam. Liam jumped up off the couch and ran to the door. He opened it a crack and looked out.

"Umm hi Liam—" Louis started but was cut off.

"What do you want?" Liam said angrily.

Louis backed away from the door before responding.

"Can I talk to you alone for a second?" Louis was timid and looked like he had been crying.

"No," Liam was harsh.

"Can I come in?"

"Why don't you stay in one of the other rooms we've booked, and I will think about coming to talk to you. If I don't come, be ready at the car for when we leave," Liam promptly shut the door before Louis could say anything.

On the other side of the door, Louis stood with his forehead resting on the cool wood. What he heard next brought him to tears.

"He actually had the nerve to come back here without apologizing for anything, what a fucker," it was muffled, so Louis could hardly hear it or tell who it was.

He got the message though. He was unwanted. He might as well not have ever existed. Louis had ruined everything with one moment of not thinking.

'I think we all knew that's what you were, even before this,' the voice spoke up.

Louis agreed he had known for awhile that not even Harry had liked him in the first place. None of them did. Louis really was a 'fucker'.

Louis slumped to the floor on the wall opposite to the door. He pulled his knees close and wrapped his arms around them. Louis silently cried of awhile, covering his pants and the floor with his salty tears. Once he had cried until he didn't have the energy to continue crying, he got up to find the one of the other rooms. Louis hoped somebody would come to talk to him, but he really doubted it would happen. Maybe to tell him when they had to leave, but probably nothing aside from that.

He slid the card into the slot and the light blinked green. Louis opened the door, it seemed heavier than it should be. The room was dark, and there was no sign of anyone having slept there. It was cold too, but Louis didn't care enough to turn up the heat. He slipped into one of the beds, and the
sheets enveloped him. He shivered for a few seconds before the bed warmed up slightly, then Louis was still. He sat doing nothing for a long time. The seconds ticked by slowly. It was agonizing.

After an unknown amount of time, there was a knock on the door. Louis grumbled loudly, and it swung open.

"It's time to go Louis, we'll be traveling for a few days this time," Zayn said coldly.

"Okay," Louis was barely a whisper.

He slipped out of the bed and shuffled out of the room. The boys were just ahead of him in the hall, all seeming to have taken a place in a triangle around Harry. It was almost like they were protecting Harry from him.

This was going to be a wonderful trip.

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Chapter End Notes

As always, comments and kudos are encouraged. They always inspire me to get the updates out faster. <3
Louis took a seat in the far corner of the bus, a little removed from the others. The other four got in and seated themselves as close together as possible. Niall had his arm wrapped around Harry securely, and Liam and Zayn were sitting close to one another facing the other two.

A pang of jealousy spread through Louis. It should be him, not Niall that got to sit that close to Harry. And it kinda had been like that before Louis had exploded. He had messed everything up, right when things were going fine. What else was new?

Louis sunk further into his seat, and lost himself in his horrid thoughts. It didn't take long for the familiar sting to find his eyes. No. He could not cry right now. Not in front of the boys. They would think he was even more messed up. Louis blinked rapidly to get rid of the sting. He saw Harry glance up at him, and catch his gaze. Louis couldn't bare to look at Harry any longer, so he hung his head and stared at the ground.

Harry looked away too, and began talking with the other boys. The conversation was light, and quiet. Not uncomfortable either, just a good conversation. They talked about anything and everything. But after a few hours, Niall decided he was hungry.

"Man, I'm starving," he claimed, "I'm gonna bring out some snacks,"

Niall released Harry from his supportive grip, resting a hand on his shoulder before disappearing to get food. Liam softly asked Harry how he was doing, and if he was hungry. He replied with a nod to the food, and an 'I'm fine'. Harry looked a little uncomfortable, but relief flooded his face when Niall got back and put his arm back around him. The four boys started munching away at the snacks Niall had gotten, not bothering to ask Louis if he wanted any.

Louis had watched the entire scene unfold in front of him, and had an uneasy feeling. He was definitely missing out on something important. What did the four of them know that Louis didn't? Louis wasn't prepared to talk to any of them at the moment, so he decided to document the scene away so he could ask Liam or Zayn about it later. Louis most definitely was not going to talk to Harry, and for some strange reason, he felt like he couldn't talk to Niall either.

Harry tentatively ate some crackers. Not too many, but enough that he wouldn't be hungry for awhile. He thought about the food in his stomach, and felt a little tugging from deep inside him. Then he felt the secure arm around him, and he saw the faces of those people who cared deeply about him. The urge was gone, and Harry visibly relaxed the muscles he didn't realize he had been clenching. This was the moment that Harry knew he would be okay. Harry knew that he would get over it, and not let it control his life anymore. Win that, Harry couldn't help but smile, showing off his dimples to his favourite people in the world.

***

The trip was finally over, and the boys had reached their destination. Louis had hardly moved from his seat in the corner, and had eaten nothing but two carrot sticks to appease Liam, who had glared at him when he refused to eat anything. Louis could've cared less, but thought that if he pleased Liam, maybe he would start talking to him again.

They got all their stuff into their hotel rooms, and then left for the scheduled interview of the night. Louis had no desire to go anywhere public with tensions so high, but he couldn't not go.
They were sat on a fairly long couch, with cameras facing them from all directions, and the interviewer on a big chair, turned slightly towards them. Most questions were the usual bland expected ones; Liam mostly took those because he had a way with interviews. There were a few odd questions though, asking specific band members or a couple, but that was to be expected, and none of them were too caught off guard. Louis stayed silent almost the entire time, only speaking up when there was a question directed straight to him. He also sat on he far side of the couch, opposite to Harry, and beside Zayn. He felt removed almost the entire time, and had to fight to keep his eyes from going glassy with tears. Surprisingly, they all joked and treated Louis like normal. They were all extraordinary actors though, because as soon as they were off the cameras, the four continued with their shunning.

The hotel situation was a little awkward as well. Harry and Louis were supposed to share a room with each other. That was apparently a big problem.

The second Louis had stepped into the room, Niall was behind him, telling him that he didn't belong with the group, and that he could take the single room. Niall had all but shoved him out of the room after telling him he should stay away for awhile so things could cool down.

At that point, Louis world came crashing down on him. Unwanted, unneeded, unnecessary, fuckup. Worthless, fat, ugly, shit. Louis wheeled his suitcase down the hall in silence. He felt numb. There was nothing left, no way out. Louis was trapped within his own personal bubble of hatred. He got into the room, and moved mechanically. Nothing left. Why was Louis even here still?

'You could choose to feel something, you deserve it too' the voice quietly poked into Louis' head.

He knew what was coming. The idea didn't seem that bad either. Louis was prepared to do anything to feel, anything to get what he deserved.

'Go. You know you want to,' the voice prompted.

Louis stood up, and stepped into the bathroom. He rummaged through his bag until he found what he was looking for. He worked the metal edge off, and four tiny pieces of metal clinked as they landed on the counter. Louis carefully picked up one and raised it to his arm.

Pressing the cool metal blade against his skin, Louis pressed and then dragged. Louis blinked at the pain that came from it. He was feeling again. But the feeling died down along with the pain. It was too late though, because Louis was now ravenous to feel. Slice, slice, slice. Tiny droplets of blood were squeezing out of the neat row in his arm. Louis felt the sting, and the tiny explosions in his wrist. Louis knew he should stop, but he suddenly couldn't. He moved up his arm. Louis needed to be punished. Punished for failing everybody. Punished for not being able to feel anything, or care about anything. He carved into his skin. A slice for yelling. A slice for Harry. A slice for Niall. A slice for the band. A slice for fucking up. One for every little thing that Louis couldn't get right. One last one for his messed up life.

When Louis stopped, his arm was throbbing in pain, and it was amazing. He cleaned his arm up, and wrapped it. Louis knew he deserved every single one of those cuts. He had punished himself properly, and Louis felt alive.

He put the blade down, and started walking back to his bed while he slipped on a big sweater. He felt a little light headed and dizzy, stumbling a few times while he made his way to the bed. The world spun around him, and he fell onto the bed rather un gracefully. He crawled under the covers and hugged his legs to his chest. The dizziness didn't go away, but eventually Louis was relieved of it and he drifted off too sleep.
Chapter Notes

Hi peeps, I've written a bunch of chapters while on vacation, so expect some rapid fire updates :D

Louis was abruptly woken up when a light filtered through the blankets covering him. He grabbed the sheets and pulled them down so his eyes were visible. He scanned the room to find Liam standing by the door.

"Sorry, I thought you'd be awake by now," Liam said coldly.

Louis just grumbled and sat up farther, shivering when the covers slid off his shoulders to reveal his grey sweater. Louis hugged his middle in an attempt to heat himself up.

Liam made his way over to the bed and sat down. He looked at Louis with pity in his eyes before speaking.

"So," Liam stated.

"So," Louis copied.

"I don't want to be mad at you forever, or assume stuff because I haven't heard your side of what happened. I just miss all of us being happy, and Harry is going through some rough stuff right now. It would just be better if all four of us could be there for him," Liam said, his voice softening a little.

"I'm so sorry Liam, I really don't know what I was thinking. I was being so stupid. I'm sorry," Louis pleaded.

"Hey, don't apologize to me, it's Harry you should be talking to. I'm just here to hear what happened from your point of view,"

"Okay, I don't really know how to start," Louis started to say.

"Just start from the beginning," Liam prompted.

"I was feeling a little sick, as you saw when we were singing, and I was really tired and irritable. I know that gives me no right to be angry, but I couldn't help it. He asked me if I was okay or something, and I was already kinda angry at him because he was ignoring me onstage. I sorta just blew up at him and I'm so sorry and I didn't mean it and I wish I could take it back," Louis finished.

"That is basically the same as what Harry said, except he left out the part about what happened while we were singing," Liam said.

"Please don't ignore me Liam, I am so sorry, I really didn't mean it," Louis pleaded.

"Louis, calm down. I understand that people can go overboard without meaning it. I forgive you, but under the circumstances, I don't think Harry will really accept it,"
"What circumstances?" Louis frowned at Liam.

"I don't really think I have the right to say, it kinda has to come from Harry because he asked us not to tell you,"

"Oh…"

Louis wracked his brain for possibilities, but came up with nothing. Several unlikely things came to mind, but Louis shoved those away as he knew they were too far fetched. Louis was pretty sure Harry didn't have terminal cancer or decided he was leaving the band or something.

Liam stood up and told Louis to start getting ready for the day, and that he would talk to the other three. Maybe Zayn and Niall would warm back up to Louis.

Once Liam was gone, Louis got out of bed so he could get dressed. While pulling off his sweater, a stinging pain shot through his wrist. The previous night immediately came back to Louis as he held back from crying out. He looked down to see his badly wrapped arms. Louis whipped everything off and saw the state of his wrists. There were countless red lines running up and down, barely scabbed over, and a little raw. Louis sighed. It had seemed like a great idea while Louis was doing it, and he knew he deserved it, but now he had to hide it. This was not something he had thought about before he made his cuts. It was something that a person like him should've done. Now Louis could only wear long sleeves, no matter how hot it got. That sucked.

***

"Please Zayn, won't you just try to talk to him?" Liam asked for the third time.

"I don't see why I should. He hurt Harry and was the cause of some pretty messed up shit," Zayn countered.

"Yeah, but it wasn't completely his fault. Him and Harry were getting along fine and Harry was doing it still,"

"I'm not going to go 'one on one' him like you, but I guess I don't have to completely ignore him. I'll see if I can force myself to be a little less angry,"

"Thanks Zayn. It's not like I'm not angry at him still, I just want us to be normal again, you know?"

Zayn nodded, and patted the seat next to him on the tiny couch. Liam gladly sat down and Zayn tipped his head to rest on Liam's shoulder.

"I just can't wait until Harry's better, and we can continue on like nothing ever happened," Liam then said.

"Me too," Zayn agreed.

They sat like that for awhile, happy to be in each others presence. They wanted to savour the moment before Niall and Harry got back from their walk. Sometimes it was just nice to sit and think about nothing.

***

Louis had gotten dressed, and done his hair for the day, but he couldn't seem to get either of those things right. His hair was a mess, and no matter how much hairspray he used, the quiff would not stay without a clump of loose hair falling out or the whole thing going flat. Louis had eventually
given up, and let his hair lie flat on his forehead, pushed to the side a little. It resembled his 2010 hair, and Louis hated it.

His clothes were another problem. His long sleeve black shirt just didn't seem to fit right. It fit his shoulders perfectly, but the arms were slightly too short, and it was baggy everywhere else. Louis had to wear it though, because it was his only clean one that would cover his arms. There was also the problem with his jeans. His choice black jeans usually fit him like a glove, but now they were slipping down his waist, threatening to fall down completely.

Louis sighed and looked at himself in the mirror for the millionth time. Four words ran through his head before he turned away to find his scale: fat, worthless fuckup, faggot. He fumbled through his bag, and came up with his scale. He placed it on the floor and stepped onto it. He didn't bother taking off his clothes because he had just put them on, and he had to go soon. The familiar dots blinked and his number was revealed. 133 was today's. There wasn't much of a difference in these past few days. He had only lost 3 pounds in the week. He should be losing more. He was so fat. So ugly. He needed a lower number. The closer he was to number one on the scale, the closer he was to being Harry's number one again (assuming he was once his number one).

Louis vowed to work harder. He would eat less, and exercise more. He would be a beautiful 100. He would be perfect.

Louis walked over to the door and stepped into the hallway. He turned in the direction of the stairs, but down the hall was Niall and Harry walking towards him. It didn't seem as though they saw him, so Louis ducked into the little room with the vending machine. The two walked past, and Louis went unnoticed. He didn't know why he didn't want to have to walk by Harry and Niall; he just had a really bad feeling like Harry might yell at him or something. Louis silently crept out, and looked down the hall where the pair was headed. They were just slipping the key card into their room, when Louis turned on his heel and hightailed it to the stairwell.

Louis ran down the steps quickly, knowing that he should never take the elevators. They wasted time that he could be using to burn calories. Louis was almost grateful for the stairs.

He got to the lobby, and found a cushy chair in a far corner. He collapsed into the chair and waited a couple seconds for his vision to stop swimming. Louis picked up a magazine to skim through. He was flipping through the celebrity gossip, when he noticed an article about One Direction. The date on the magazine was from quite a few months ago, but Louis didn't care. He read through the article twice, before placing the magazine down and squeezing his eyes shut. The snippet had talked about how all the band had been working out and toning up, but also commented on the fact that Louis had not really done as much as the rest of the boys. That wasn't really a big part of the article, but Louis centred in on it anyways.

Louis opened his eyes when he felt a small tap on his shoulder.

"Are you okay?" A shy feminine voice asked.

"Umm, yeah, sorry," Louis mumbled and turned to face the speaker.

It was a small girl, who looked no older then 14. She seemed pretty timid and shy, but she had had the courage to talk to him.

"I was just wondering if you would take a picture with me. I mean, it's completely fine if you don't want to, you don't have to—"

"I'd love to take a picture with you," Louis stopped her from rambling on.
"Thank you Louis!" She smiled so widely it looked as though her face couldn't contain the joy she was feeling.

The girl brought out her phone, and they posed to take a selfie. Louis saw how happy the girl was, and for a moment, he forgot all of his worries. He forgot about the hate, the fallout with Harry, and everything else in between. There was just him, and this overly happy girl. A girl that actually wanted to see him. One that wanted a picture.

The pictures were take, and the girl ran off back to her room. Louis was snapped back into reality when he saw who stepped out of the elevator. Zayn, Harry, Liam, and Niall. Liam nodded to him, and Louis stood up to follow. Louis prepared for possibly the worst concert of his life.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Just letting you know that all people in this will be slightly/a lot ooc. Just a reminder :)

The drive was short because of how close the hotel was to the venue. Louis was grateful for that. He didn't need to spend any excess time in an awkward silence surrounded by his former best friends. Well, maybe Liam was still kinda his friend, but Louis sensed that the others still hated his guts.

Louis got into his dressing room, and sat on the floor. He had absolutely nothing to do because he didn't really give a crap what people thought of him anymore.

Louis slowly lowered himself into a lying position. His cheek rested on the cold tile, sending a small shiver down his spine. He couldn't wait for the day to be over. He really didn't want to have to sing at the moment. Or any moment for that matter. What good was he anyway. Simple, he wasn't good.

Louis let out a sigh, and tried to stop thinking all together. Sleep suddenly seemed like a really good idea. Yes, sleep was a fantastic idea.

He let his eyelids drift closed slowly, as all his problems faded away into the back of his mind.

***

Louis stepped on stage, and was momentarily blinded by the lights. They sent a wave of dizziness over him, and he felt a little like passing out. He stumbled several times, and leaned on the railing so he didn't fall when he sang. Liam kept shooting him questioning glances. Louis ignored every one of them. Harry made a point of not looking at him, and frowning when Louis was talking. Niall stayed close to Harry, and looked at Louis slightly angrily when they made eye contact. Zayn seemed pretty chill, and was mostly indifferent. Louis guessed that Liam had talked to him.

When Louis solos came, his voice cracked several times. People in the crowd looked disgusted every single time, and that only made him mess up more. He knew that the fans would be slamming him on social media, and just thinking about it made his eyes sting. This was one of the most embarrassing things to ever happen to him.

After what seemed like ages, they started to sing their last song. To Louis’ relief, his voice was pretty strong for that one. He was still happy to get off the stage though.

Once he was out of sight, the fake smile that he had plastered onto his face was washed away. His heart ached to speak to Harry again, but he knew Harry wouldn't want to talk. He walked into the dressing room, and sat on a hard wooden chair. Louis knew he didn't deserve anything more than the wooden chair. He deserved to be uncomfortable.

"Louis" Liam said softly as he put a hand on his shoulder.

Louis flinched at the touch. His body stayed tense while he turned his head to reply to Liam.
"Yeah?"

"All of us were going to go to a special restaurant for Harry, and we all decided you should come," Liam stated.

"Harry and Niall wanted me to come?" Louis raised an eyebrow.

"Well no, but Harry did say something earlier about talking to you, and Zayn and I agreed that you need to stay out of the hotel. Also management told us we needed to get out more,"

"I see,"

"We are going to the hotel to get dressed, then we are going for Italian,"

"Okay,"

Louis stood up and his head swarmed with thoughts. No food. How would he hide his not eating? What was he supposed to do with the food he ordered? He couldn't just order nothing. Fuck.

Louis pulled out his phone and brought up Google. He did a search on how to make people not notice you aren't eating. Tons of sites on eating disorders popped up, but Louis didn't want to go onto any of those. They were all for people who actually had food problems. Not people like Louis who were fine. He ended up clicking on a pro ana website because it did give him the info he was looking for. He scrolled down to the list and read through it.

By the time he finished reading, they were back at the hotel. Louis got out, and smiled to himself because he now had all the info on hiding that he needed. He was confident that nobody would find out ever.

He ran up the stairs, before anybody could tell him to get into the elevator. Louis was suddenly filled with energy, more than he had had in months. He sprinted down the hall, and slid his key card into the slot. The door swung open, and Louis heart stopped for a moment.

The events of the previous night came back to him. He rolled his sleeve up and ran his fingertips along the uniform marks. He promised himself that there would be no more of that. They still hurt a bit, but had at least scabbed over. Louis also felt something else that chilled him. He shivered, feeling suddenly odd. On the underside of his arm, Louis felt a thin layer of hairs growing and covering his skin. Suddenly Louis couldn't breathe. He had read something about these hairs while he was online. Lanugo; a layer of fine hair that covers the body of an anorexic to help keep them warm. No. This was not what Louis had. He was just a man that had hair on his arms. It wasn't that unnatural. It was just hair. Nothing was wrong with him. Louis stabled his breathing, and hurried to get to his suitcase.

He quickly undressed, ignoring the fact that there was also hair starting to grow on his stomach. He pulled on a suit that once fit him quite nicely. The pants he pulled on though, kept sliding down. Louis pulled a belt out of his suitcase, and tightened it to the last hole. They were still loose. Louis dug around in his suitcases for awhile before he found what he had been looking for. He pulled out some black braces and clipped them on. He wasn't fond of wearing braces anymore, because they reminded him of when he was even heavier. They were useful though, because his pants weren't going to fall to his ankles. His jacket was loose too, but it still worked okay. It was good, because Louis knew he looked a bit better. He still wasn't there yet, but he was better.

He was snapped back to reality when there was a knock on the door. Before he could go to get it, it swung open to reveal Zayn.
"Oh, hey," Louis greeted him, unsure of what to say.

"You ready?" Zayn said.

"Yeah, are we leaving now?"

Zayn nodded, and gestured for Louis to follow him out of the room. Zayn seemed to be acting pretty normal towards Louis. That was a good sign. Liam must have talked to him.

Zayn looked Louis up and down when he got into the hallway. Then he frowned.

"What?" Louis asked, hoping Zayn hadn't noticed anything weird or different about him.

"Have you lost weight?" Zayn asked worriedly.

Louis swallowed hard before answering.

"Yeah, a bit. Probably from stress, and being on tour," Louis tried to be convincing.

"That makes sense, but maybe you should start eating more mate," Zayn suggested.

"I suppose," Louis said slowly, and unsure.

"Louis, I'm serious. Your clothes are starting to fall off," Zayn said while glancing at Louis more thoroughly this time.

"Sure Zayn, I'll get a big order of pasta tonight," Louis said sarcastically.

Zayn instantly knew to drop the subject. It seemed to have hit a sensitive cord in Louis. He couldn't help but wonder why he hadn't noticed Louis' dramatic change in size sooner. It was glaring him in the face now, and Zayn couldn't help but glance at Louis every few seconds.

They met up with the others in the lobby, making sure people saw them all together and going out. Management wanted some more publicity, so they told them to be slow when getting around to give people time to take pictures.

They got into their van one at a time so it would take longer. Liam and Zayn sat close beside each other, and Harry and Niall paired up. That left Louis by himself. He didn't mind though. He wasn't really in the mood to talk to anybody anyway.

Once they got to the restaurant, they made a big deal of getting out, and letting people take pictures. They even let a couple people take selfies with them. They didn't do it for too long because they didn't want the restaurant to be angry at them for attracting a crowd. When they walked in, they got a table on a separate half level, up a couple of stairs. They could still see everyone, but nobody could come up to them without seeming extremely obvious.

Trying to do what he normally did when he was forced to eat with other people was a struggle. Louis was too preoccupied with remembering all his tricks. He didn't want to forget, so he listed them off in his head several times.

Louis thought about only getting a salad, so if he did end up eating some, it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world, but Zayn was intently watching him, so Louis knew he would have to act more like many months ago.

Ordering his ravioli ended up being harder than he thought it would be. He was forced to repeat himself after the waitress hadn't heard him the first time, and he stuttered his way through the
words. Both Zayn and Liam gave him a look, and Louis knew there would be some questions asked of him next time they were alone as a trio. It wasn't even Louis fault that he couldn't order properly anymore. His self confidence had just diminished after he was faced with the truth of being an unwanted and obese member of the band. He had brought it upon himself, but that didn't mean it was acceptable.

Harry seemed quite odd though, as he only got a half order of penne with water and nothing else. After the plate was set in front of him, Niall gave Harry a small smile and a nod. It almost looked like he was encouraging Harry to eat, but Louis traced something different in there as well. Actually, Louis sensed that they all knew something that he didn't. Louis wasn't one to let the secrets slide past him, so he decided to ask straight out what was going on.

"What's with the secrets?" Louis went all in.

"What are you talking about?" Niall snapped.

"You all know something that I have no idea about. It's driving me crazy," Louis looked down after speaking again.

"Well Louis, let me inform you about what is wrong," Harry spoke slowly and angrily.

Louis looked up and saw anger boiling in Harry's eyes. It was actually terrifying considering the fact that Harry rarely got angry at anybody ever. Louis was in for a real treat.

"I have been suffering from a vomiting disorder, it's pretty terrible," Harry paused as Louis jaw dropped in horror and sadness, "yeah, I'm just so disgusting aren't I Louis. Well anyways, I was getting better as we got closer, pretty much recovered. Then you came along and stabbed me in the back, triggering me even worse. Now Louis, I can't eat without wanting to run straight to the bathroom. I can't even look at junk food without wanting to shove it all down my throat before bringing it back up again. Yeah, some of that is me, but a lot of it is you. I eat now, and think; what a faggot, he shouldn't be eating this, you better get rid of it. So what if I am a faggot, maybe it's true, maybe I don't care what a person has in their pants. In fact Louis, I was actually beginning to have feelings for you. Doesn't that feel good, to know that I really am gay, you guessed it. Gold star for you. Now you probably want to throw up because homophobic people like you probably do want to vomit when they hear things like this. You ruined our concert tonight as well. How hard is it to hit you notes when you have like two solos to perfect? It must be pretty hard for a guy like you. Maybe Louis, you should just stay out of our lives. We don't need toxic gross people shitting on our groove. We are too far above you," Harry paused for a breath while Louis and the others stayed silent, "Louis, go fuck yourself,"
Suddenly Louis couldn't hear anything. This was the opposite of what happened last time. Before it had been him, but this time it was Harry. The volume and tone was fairly quiet, probably so nobody would hear, but what Harry had said was terrible. Louis ears rang, and he saw people talking to him, but couldn't hear what they were saying.

Louis needed to get out. His fight or flight instincts kicking in because his brain stopped functioning. Louis struggled to push his chair back, almost falling in the process. Once freed from the table, he started to run. He could feel a presence behind him, but the ringing in his ears was so loud that he couldn't hear them. Louis just sped up. He was quite fast now because of all the running he had been doing. At top speed, Louis could outrun any of the boys.

He knew that it was the same thing that he did last time he had confronted Harry. It always seemed to end up with Louis running away. It was kinda the only thing he could do. He couldn't handle fighting back, or sticking around to hear what more Harry had to say about him. He just wanted to be alone… forgotten. Nobody could understand what Louis was going through, and why would they. The entire band was flawless, and then there was Louis. Their singing was perfect, and then there was Louis. He didn't belong with them. He didn't deserve what he had. Louis needed to get away. He was unnecessary and unwanted by all four of the others. There was no place left for him.

Louis ran and ran, taking random turns, and ignoring peoples stares and pictures and screams. At some point, he shed his jacket to reveal his white shirt, and suspenders. The jacket fluttered away in the wind. Louis didn't care.

He breezed past everything. Louis turned his head to look back while he rounded a corner, and all he saw was Liam, just standing, far in the distance. Liam stared. Liam stood.

Louis kept running.

Seconds, minutes, hours. Louis couldn't tell how long he had been running. He didn't care. He just kept going.

Until he didn't keep going.
There was a field, with a playground. He tried to run through it. Louis tripped on the curb, and landed hard on the grass. He lay there, cut arm throbbing, casted wrist shooting pains up his arm, shoulder feeling funny, and head spinning. The world rocked back and forth while the ringing got louder. It built and built and built. Until it didn’t. All noise stopped. Louis was pitched into silence.

Louis felt his heart beating all over himself. He was sure they were causing earthquakes with how prominent each beat was. Dead silence, and thumping in his chest were the only things he could focus on as the world pitched an spun through his vision, little white fireworks danced in front of him. Suddenly there was no beat, only black.

Chapter End Notes

The next update will come very soon considering how short this one was :)
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Another chapter, as promised. :)
The sun rose, and Louis opened his eyes. He didn't get up. He just closed them again and went back to sleep.

The sun was setting, and Louis desperately had to go to the bathroom. He crawled out of bed, and to the toilet to do his business. Then he drank some water out of the tap, and crawled back into the bed. Louis closed his eyes, and went back to sleep.

It was dark, and there was a sliver of moonlight coming through the window. Louis stared at it for awhile before slowly standing up out of bed. His head was slightly better, and he was steadier on his feet. His shoulder still hurt a lot, but it was significantly better.

Louis slipped out of his room, and found a vending machine. He got three bottles of water, and an iced tea. It was a struggle to carry the bottles back to his room, but he managed.

Louis set all the drinks on his bedside table, then went back to the door. He opened it, and slipped on the little tag that said 'do not disturb'.

Louis sat on the bed, and drank some water while staring at the sky. It was so peaceful and nice. Louis wished he could be anyone else in the world right now, but then remembered that he deserved what he got. Louis didn't really want to think about that anymore, so he laid down again, and went to sleep.

It looked like afternoon, and the sun was high in the sky. Louis took a few sips of water, then closed his eyes again. For a second he thought about food, but then he reminded himself that it wouldn't be needed. Louis had no dreams.

It was late in the morning, and Louis cracked his eyes open. He had slept for a long time. He twisted the lid off his third bottle of water, and gulped it down. Louis got out of bed again, and stripped off his clothes. He had nothing else to wear, but that didn't really matter. Louis didn't plan on leaving just yet. Louis stumbled to the bathroom. Then he drank some more water, and wrapped himself tight under the covers. He was feeling a little chilly, and had to get the extra blanket from the closet. Louis saw Harry in his dreams. Harry turned away.

Time passed for an incalculable amount of days. There wasn't quite a routine, but it was almost always the same. He would wake up at a random time of day or night, then Louis would drink some water, and sometimes take a bathroom break. A few times, he sat in the chair beside the window, and just looked out at the sky, or maybe the street below. The only time he had to leave his room was to get another drink from the vending machine, an iced tea. He usually filled up his used water bottles with tap water from the bathroom.

Louis didn't really think much, or feel much for that matter. Sometimes he wondered if people were looking for him, or if they had just forgotten he existed. He wanted to know how many phone calls people had tried to make, but not gotten through. Louis thought about Harry sometimes,
beautiful, perfect Harry. Well, sometimes. Not the yelling angry Harry, but the kind and amazing one from before the quarrel started. That Harry would be looking for him. Not the one that came out at the restaurant and beat Louis' heart to a pulp. Maybe Liam or Zayn still cared. He didn't know anything for sure.

At one point, Louis stomach grumbled, and he knew that he had gone without food for longer than he ever had before. He stood in front of the mirror right after, wearing only his undergarments. He observed his bloated, whale-like body. He didn't deserve food. He didn't deserve anything.
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the little wait, I had a ton of things to do. I had a cheerleading competition, as well as three school play performances. Updates should come every 2-5 days, but please don't kill me if I take a bit longer. Sorry this chapter is a bit short. I will have longer ones in the future. Please enjoy :)

Louis woke up about midday, there was no sunshine, only clouds. He sighed and stumbled to the bathroom, holding the wall for support. He closed the door, and stood in front of the mirror. He looked at himself, his bones were still covered in too much fat. He pinched and prodded at the areas that needed to loose more.

Slowly, an itching kind of sensation started up in Louis' arm. It grew stronger as the seconds ticked by. The sensation spread throughout his entire body. Louis didn't want to do this. He shouldn't do this. He needed to do this.

He stepped out of the bathroom, and put his clothes back on; it was the suit he had worn for the dinner, whenever that was. They were a bit posh for where he was going, but it was all he had and he didn't really care. He left the building, and made his way to the nearest shopping centre. It must've been in the middle of a school day, or else it would've been swarming with teenagers. He was spotted by a couple rogue teens, probably skipping out on school, and pictures were snapped of him. Nobody came to talk to him though. They seemed like they knew they should keep their distance. He didn't mind the solitude. Louis just needed to get what he came for. Suddenly, he had another thought, and decided he would need four items, just in case.

Louis walked into a drug store, and grabbed a pack of razor heads. Then he passed through the medication aisle. He grabbed a bottle of sleeping pills, and decided he looked a little odd with his items. He grabbed a bag of chips, and a frozen pizza to make it seem slightly less unusual. To make it look like a routine afternoon shopping trip or something like that.

He went through the checkout with an odd glance from the cashier, but there was no objection or comment.

Two items could be checked off his list.

Next, Louis stopped at a vendor selling electronics. He bought a tablet. He was given an odd look because of what he carried in the shopping bag from his last purchase, but there were no questions.

Louis made his last stop at the liqueur store. He bought a couple bottles of vodka, knowing he wouldn't need too many.

There was a thought at the back of his mind, that they could find out where he was because of his credit card. People could probably track the purchases and at what stores and places. He didn't think they would resort to that until he was gone for longer.

Soon Louis was back in his room, sitting on the bed, tablet in hand. The frozen pizza had been tossed across the room, just missing the bin in the corner, the chips sat in the bin though due to a
lucky shot. He went through the steps to set up the tablet, and then connected to wifi. Louis then downloaded the twitter app and logged on. He might be tweeting later that day. Who knows.

Louis set the tablet aside, and grabbed the package of razors. He managed to get a single blade out despite his trembling hands. God he needed this. Louis pressed it deep into his arm, and sliced to the side. A line of blood droplets followed. He sliced for a second time. And a third. Then a fourth. He went with five on one arm, and moved on to the other. He was starting to feel hyper with the pain searing through him. Louis made five on the other arm, but found he couldn't stop. He ripped his shirt off to reveal his bloated stomach. Louis carved three lines on each side of his lower abdomen.

He found a bit of humour in his placing. They matched the area of Harry's tattoos. Louis let out a chuckle even though it wasn't funny. He laughed a bit more in spite of himself. Louis felt kinda crazy as the hysterics continued for a little bit. Slowly he calmed down, and started to wipe the blood off his body with the sleeve of his shirt. Louis blinked a couple times, and his vision was sent spinning again.

Spots started to cloud over Louis' vision, and he struggled to keep them out. He blinked rapidly, but his eyelids grew heavy. This wasn't supposed to happen yet. He wasn't supposed to be falling asleep, he hadn't even used the pills or the alcohol. Louis grasped for the tablet with weak arms. He just barely managed to send out a final tweet before passing out. Maybe forever. Louis didn't mind the idea of forever. It actually seemed like a good choice.

"Bye guys"
Chapter 21

I'm sorry I didn't update sooner. I went to Orlando for a cheer competition and missed a bunch of school, so I had a ton of homework to catch up on. I'm back now though, and I will try to get new chapters out sooner.

There was an uproar of conversation on social media centring around Louis' tweet. He had been MIA for so long, no trace of anything, now there was a mystery tweet, and some photos of him at a mall buying random items. Nobody understood what it meant. There were speculations, but nobody knew for sure.

One Direction had postponed a section of their tour anyways, because Harry wanted some time to recover. He had had a breakdown at the restaurant, crumpling into a ball of tears as soon as Louis had ran out. Niall had stayed by Harry's side to help him, but he went into a panic, and had trouble breathing. Zayn and Liam had ran to catch up with Louis, but Zayn had stopped when he realized that they would never catch up. Liam had ran longer, but stopped when he noticed Zayn wasn't by his side. They all needed a break, so that was what they took.

Louis was off the grid completely in the days following. His absence didn't really bother any of the boys too much. Well not quite. Liam and Zayn had their doubts, they were actually pretty scared for Louis, but they believed he would turn up soon; Louis always came back. Niall was indifferent at the moment, if anything he was a little sad. He felt a bad for Louis, because he appeared to be going through a tough time, even if he had hurt Harry, maybe he had a reason. Niall didn't really notice a change in Louis until that night at the restaurant though.

Harry on the other hand, couldn't forgive himself. The moment after Louis had run out, Harry had realized what he had done. He realized what Louis must have been feeling when he had yelled at Harry. He realized something must have been wrong with Louis. Harry was beating himself up for not noticing it earlier. He had been so caught up in his own problems, that he didn't even glance at the boy who was suffering through his own. Deep down, Harry knew that it wasn't super obvious, and only Liam and Zayn had had some suspicions. But Harry truly believed he should've known. After he recovered from the initial panic from yelling at Louis, Harry had gone into a guilty state. He blamed himself for everything, and cried frequently when he was alone. Niall tried to stay by his side, along with Liam and Zayn, but sometimes he wanted to be alone. Harry liked to sit in the bathtub, with no water and fully clothed, just to try and piece himself back together. It was hardly any use because he ended up sobbing every time. He couldn't help but imagine all the things that could have happened to him in the time that he had been gone.

As soon as the tweet went out, Harry felt something terrible. The feeling coursed through his entire body, like it flowed through his veins. There was something really wrong, and his doubts were pretty much confirmed. Liam, Zayn, and Niall all agreed that they had bad feelings about Louis as well. There was only one problem; none of them knew where Louis was.

Suddenly, Niall had an idea. It popped into his head, and he couldn't express it fast enough. "We could track the device he used to tweet with," he suggested.
Everyone had accepted the idea quickly, putting it into motion. They got management to hook them up with people that could track the device.

It all went in slow motion from there.

***

They came barging into Louis' hotel room. It took a bit of work to get the room key, but eventually they got it. All four had rushed to the bed where Louis lay motionless. There was blood droplets staining the sheets where they had dripped off his arms and hips. A sleeve of his white shirt was smeared with blood as well. Louis' bare stomach was concave, and his ribs were poking through his skin. His hip bones jutted out, and there were huge bags under his eyes. Louis looked like death.

Harry glanced wildly around the room and spotted two unopened bottles of vodka and a bottle of sleeping pills. There was also a torn open package of razors sitting on the floor, one of them missing.

Harry choked back a sob, and fell to his knees. He did this to Louis. It was all Harry's fault for yelling at him, ignoring him, and being so self centred. Tears streamed down his face as he stared at Louis. His frail, unmoving body was too much to handle.

Suddenly paramedics were rushing into the room, passing by Harry. Liam tried to get him to stand, but Harry couldn't move. Everything went quiet, and Harry felt his head hitting the floor. He felt hands lifting him up, but he couldn't move.

His fault.

If Louis was dead, it was his fault.

Blackness greeted Harry like an old friend.

***

As soon as he had seen Louis, Zayn had called an ambulance. It was worse than he expected, but luckily he got enough of a grip on himself to get his phone out. Zayn saw Harry collapse to the ground, and shouted for Liam to help him while he was busy on the phone. Liam had tried to get Harry up, but he wouldn't budge. When Liam looked away for a second as the doctors rushed in, Harry collapsed completely to the floor.

Nobody noticed Niall who had crouched down by the door, holding two handfuls of his hair, staring at the ground. Niall saw Louis, and suddenly knew it was because of him. He had been terribly mean to Louis, and not even cared. He thought he was protecting Harry, but it turned out he was actually hurting Louis.

It was a true pandemonium. It went in fast forward and slow motion at the same time. Everyone just needed to breathe. But somehow, breathing was the hardest thing to do at this point.

***

Niall had slowly gotten up with some coaxing from Liam and Zayn. Niall blamed himself for being so harsh on Louis. Liam and Zayn assured Niall that it wasn't his fault. He was just trying to protect Harry. Niall nodded, but didn't believe a word.

Harry had been taken away on another stretcher. He had passed out after seeing Louis get taken by the paramedics. Harry would be fine, except for a bump on his head, and maybe a minor
concussion. He had hit his head on the corner of the bed, but it was nothing major.

Liam and Zayn were crying, but they stayed next to each other while comforting Niall. They were all they had left. They needed to stay strong for each other, even if everything was falling apart.

The four followed the ambulance to the hospital in a sleek black car; they arrived slower than they would have liked, but at least they were there. They asked about Louis first, but there was no information.

Then they asked for Harry. The doctors said he would be fine. He didn't fall from very far because he was sitting, and he only passed out because the situation was causing so many emotions to build up at once. They said Harry would be released within a few hours if he was conscious. He just had to take it a little slow because of the concussion he acquired while falling on the bedpost. The doctors weren't worried about Harry at all.

That was good news for Harry, but nobody could predict what would happen to Louis.

Liam, Zayn, and Niall all took a seat in the waiting room, trying to hold in their emotions. Currently, Niall was feeling an immense guilt, Zayn felt like he had been blind, and Liam knew he should have noticed the signs and commented on them. Deep down, they each believed it was their fault, for not paying attention to Louis, and for not hearing his side of the story, and for being so quick to judge him without taking a closer look. Nobody wanted to say anything though, because they didn't want to upset each other more.
Harry stepped into the waiting room, and the boys had rushed to his side. He looked at them with a crushed expression.

"Is he here?" Harry whispered.

"In the ICU, no news yet," Liam answered as he pulled Harry into a tight embrace.

A tear slipped down Harry's face, and Niall wiped it off his chin.

"Do we know when there will be news?" Harry asked.

"No, but probably soon," Zayn replied.

Liam let go of Harry, and lead him to a chair. All four took a seat, and were silent for a few moments. Nobody really knew what to say.

"Do you have any prescriptions or anything?" Niall asked Harry.

"No, the concussion wasn't too bad, so I mostly just need to take a little break and not overwork my brain," Harry said and attempted a smile; one that looked more like a grimace.

Everyone was silent again.

Harry's head was spinning with guilt, and frustration, and unknown feelings. He just wanted to talk to Louis again. His heart ached for him. Even to see him would be a blessing. He feared though, that it was now too late.

***

After awhile, Niall couldn't bear to be in the waiting room any longer, and had suggested a trip to the food court. That might take their minds off things, and it had been a long time since their last meal.

Harry had refused to come because he wanted to be there as soon as the doctors had information on Louis. None of the others really had the energy to make him come, so Liam, Zayn, and Niall went without him, promising to bring him something to eat when they were back.

The walk to find food was short, but they all took as long as they could to eat. None of them wanted to go back to the waiting room because they knew it could still be awhile before they got any news on Louis.

When they finally did finish eating, they grabbed a sandwich for Harry to eat.

***

Meanwhile, Harry had sat in the waiting room for 45 minutes while the others ate their food. He didn't really feel hungry anyways.

During his alone time, Harry sat unmoving, staring at the door to the hallway where patients kept coming in and out.

Many doctors walked out to talk to people, or call a patient in, but nobody called for Harry. There
wasn't even a hushed whisper about the famous singer that was in the ICU.

It was agonizing for Harry. He could hardly bear everything that was happening.

Slowly, Harry's eyelids drooped. He knew that he shouldn't really be falling asleep with nobody there, but he didn't really care. At this point, he would give anything to stop feeling the guilt. Of course he wanted to stay in the waiting room, but that didn't mean he couldn't distract himself.

The darkness and relief of sleep was short lived though, because only minutes after Harry drifted off to sleep, there was a tap on his shoulder. He immediately bolted upright, and whipped his head around to face the shoulder tapper.

It was Niall, holding a sandwich in a plastic container.

"Any word about Louis?" He asked hopefully.

"Sorry Harry," was all Niall said as he handed Harry the container.

Harry took the food, but didn't open it. The thought of eating food was revolting. Just looking at it made Harry want to throw up. He considered running to the bathroom, but that wasn't fair to Louis, and the boys would chase him down. They all knew him too well.

"Harry," Liam said softly.

"Yeah," Harry replied tiredly.

"I know you don't really feel like it, but you need to eat," Liam gave Louis a sympathetic smile, "we all need to be strong for Louis right now,"

Harry just sighed and popped open the plastic container to retrieve a piece of the sandwich. He held it in his hand for a few seconds, staring at it. Harry could feel Liam's eyes on him though, so he began to eat.

***

Two more uneventful hours passed by. They were the two longest hours of the bands lives. The clock seemed to tick with delayed intervals, and the whole hospital seemed to be moving in slow motion.

All of them should've been tired, but somehow they were all awake the moment that a brunette nurse wearing white scrubs walked through the doors asking for Louis Tomlinson's family.

Harry basically leapt over to the nurse, the other three following him slightly slower.

"You're all Louis' family?" She asked skeptically.

"Well no—" Liam started, but was interrupted by Harry speaking quickly.

"I'm family," he stated.

The nurse looked at Harry skeptically, waiting for elaboration.

"I'm his boyfriend," he blurted out before he could think better of it.

Niall coughed several times, almost sounding like he was choking. Liam closed his eyes and took a deep breath in. Zayn just looked at Louis for a moment before acting natural again.
"Well, okay," the nurse still didn't seem sure, but the didn't protest anything, "I'm allowed to let in two family members, but since there is only you, I'll let you pick one other close friend,"

Harry turned to look at the boys; Niall nodded his head towards Liam, and Zayn shrugged. Harry turned back to the nurse.

"I'll take Liam," he said, gesturing to Liam with a nod.

"Come on then," the nurse said, disappearing through the door she had arrived from.

Harry made sure to stay as close behind her as possible, not wanting to miss anything she might have to say. Liam lagged back a bit, but not far enough away to lose the duo. The page to Louis was long and winding, but they eventually stopped in front of a closed door. Harry nearly ran into the nurse because of how close he was to her. She looked up at Harry with a disapproving frown.

Liam then came up behind Harry so he could listen to what the nurse had to say.

"Louis isn't currently awake, but we know he will soon. He was severely dehydrated, and his heart was almost ready to give out, but he didn't take any sort of substance that would've needed to be pumped out of his stomach. He passed out from loss of blood, and malnutrition. If we'd have found him a few days from now, it would've been much worse. We were lucky," the nurse said.

"How long was he, you know…?" Harry trailed off.

"Louis was starving himself for a number of months. The severity and suddenness of the food restriction caused the effects to be heightened. That paired with travelling, and the stress of his lifestyle also contributed,"

"Do we get to see him now?" Harry asked hopefully.

"Yes, but he isn't awake just yet. He will come around soon, so be aware,"

The nurse then reached for the doorknob and pulled the door open.
Chapter 23

Hi everybody :) I have absolutely no idea how hospitals work so I just kinda wrote this. I know it's really inaccurate, but it's not that important what happens there. It's more about what Louis is feeling and stuff, so I hope you all enjoy <3

Liam and Harry each pulled up a chair against the wall beside Louis' bed. Harry, closer to his head, and Liam by his legs. Harry just didn't want Louis to have to move too much to talk.

The pair waited a bit, not talking. They kept their gazes hovering around Louis' small, pale body. Now that the two looked at Louis again, they felt stupid for not noticing before. Liam had thought something was wrong, but he never thought of this. Zayn had said something to him when they had gone out for that last dinner, but Liam just brushed it off. Harry was too pissed off to really look at Louis, though he always had a soft spot for him in his heart. Niall was no help to Harry when it came to Louis, but Harry could feel the strain on Niall when he was acting cold towards Liam.

With Niall being such a kind carefree person, he wasn't actually mad at Louis for long, it was him protecting Harry that he kept it up for. Harry felt sick at the thought of him turning Niall against Louis, but he couldn't keep from thinking about it.

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, Harry saw a twitch. Louis' finger had twitched. Harry switched his attention completely to Louis and brushed all thoughts away.

Louis' eyes gave a little flutter, but closed again in a moment. That was enough for Harry though because a few tears slipped down his cheeks after that. Harry really couldn't contain himself.

"Lou," Harry tried to coax him awake, "c'mon Lou, it's Liam and Harry here,

That seemed to be all Louis needed, because a moment later, he cracked open his eyes.

The light was blinding, and Louis had to squint to see anything. He turned his head to the side to see Liam and Harry sitting close. There was an acheing in Louis' head that wouldn't leave, and he couldn't think through the pain. He was so confused and for a few moments, he couldn't piece anything together. He heard Harry's voice, angelic and coaxing him out of his slumber.

"Where am I?" Louis asked in no more than a whisper. It was all his throat could manage at this point.

"You're in hospital Lou," Harry answered with a sad smile following.

Louis was confused for a moment, but then it slowly came back to him. The hotel, and not even being able to take the pills. The argument at the restaurant. Harry.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Louis' lip curled up in anger as he looked at Harry once again.

"Sorry?" Harry said, confused.

"Why are you even here? And an even better question; what am I doing here?" Louis started to sit up, but the ache that spread through his entire body kept him down.
"You passed out in your hotel room, and it looked like you almost committed suicide Louis. It's amazing we caught you in time. You're also severely underweight, and if that doesn't seem like a good enough reason to be in hospital, then I don't know what is," Liam said.

Louis closed his eyes and pursed his lips. He wasn't underweight. He was fat and obese and enormous. What was Liam talking about? Was this some sick joke?

"Stop talking like that Liam," Louis frowned at Liam.

"Like what? Like the truth?" Liam frowned back.

"Lies," Louis murmured just loud enough for himself to hear.

Harry heard Louis last remark and realized just how bad Louis had gotten. Being that small was enough of a problem, but now with Louis not even realizing just how small he was made it that much worse. More silent tears slipped down Harry's cheek, but he wiped them away before Louis could see.

An awkward silence fell around them, leaving them all to their thoughts.

Louis was just realizing that the hospital would force him to gain weight. They would make him fat again, or send him to the crazy house. Louis desperately didn't want any of that to happen. He just wanted to leave. He could care less what everybody else thought of him. They were probably lying anyways.

"Louis," Harry said to get his attention.

"What?" Louis snapped.

"You are so beautiful," Harry couldn't help it.

"Fuck off," Louis responded.

That coming from Harry was real funny. This really was some sick joke they were all playing on him.

Harry was pretty taken aback, and didn't want to cry in front of Louis; he ended up sprinting out of the room. Luckily enough, the nurse walked in a few moments later, so Liam didn't feel as bad for leaving Louis to chase after Harry.

All Louis could think while Liam left was that neither of them actually cared. Louis reached up and ran his hand through his hair. There was a dull aching pain that spread through his wrist, and Louis clutched it close to him for a second.

Suddenly he realized that something was missing. It was his cast. It must've been cut off while he was out. That was one good thing about the hospital. Louis had been dying to get that thing off.

The nurse walked up to Louis then, wanting to talk to him about something.

"Louis Tomlinson," she said.

"Yeah…?" Louis had no idea what she wanted.

"We are going to need to keep you in the hospital for a few more days, until your weight is partially restored," Louis pursed his lips as the nurse continued, "but, we can't force you to stay in the rehabilitation centre," she finished.
Louis wasn't happy, but he was relieved that they wouldn't force him into the psych ward.

"Mr. Tomlinson, what would you like to do?" The nurse seemed quite impatient.

"I would like to get out of here as soon as possible. I know I have a problem, but I have four great people that I know will help me through this," Louis was only lying a little.

Technically Louis did have a problem: being too fat. The lie was about the four great people that would help him; yes they were great, but Louis doubted they even liked him anymore if at all, and they certainly wouldn't help him lose weight.

The nurse however, seemed pretty satisfied with his answer. She told him to get some more rest, then she power walked out of his room.

***

Neither Harry, nor Liam came back. Niall and Zayn didn't come at all either. Louis just ended up sitting in his bed with nothing to do. He would need a new phone, and some clothes for when he could leave. He also needed to be caught up on what was happening with the band, because he had no idea how long he was gone, and what they did in that time. Louis really needed a phone at this point.

He tried not to dwell on what happened at the hotel, because it only made him feel worse, and he didn't want to feel worse than he already felt. His situation was pretty crappy at the moment, because they were feeding him intravenously, and he had no desires to take any of it in. It wasn't his choice though, so he just had to deal with it.

It was almost like he could feel the weight creeping back onto him. It crawled through his body, seeping through his veins, piling up all over him. It made Louis feel sick, but he knew he couldn't throw up. He had to lay there and let it happen. He wouldn't be surprised if he left the hospital weighing more that he had when he started losing. This would be a huge setback.

Louis eventually fell asleep, terrible thoughts running through his head.

***

The next day, Louis had to eat on his own. It was a struggle to say the least.

There was food placed at his bedside three times a day. It wasn't in enormous portions, but it was way too much for Louis. It was also high in calories, probably because they knew Louis wouldn't be able to eat it all so what he did eat stayed with him.

Harry came back though. He stayed almost all day, until he wasn't allowed to stay anymore. Liam and Zayn also came in, but only for a little bit. Niall didn't show at all, and none of the boys really gave him an answer as to where he was. Louis didn't mind the company, but he knew they were only there because they wanted to help him get out off the hospital so they could continue their tour. It was nice of them to want to help. Louis appreciated it.

Each plate of food was a new challenge. He wanted to get out of the hospital in the least amount of time possible, so he tried to eat as much as he could. It turned out not being a lot for everyone else's standards, but it was nearly killing Louis to be eating it.

They would only take away his food if he ate enough for their expectations, so Harry decided to help Louis out by eating what Louis didn't. He didn't really leave the room at all to get food or anything, so it was good Harry ate Louis' leftovers.
Louis couldn't stay mad at Harry for long. The previous day was the only time he acted out at Harry. He actually helped Louis a lot throughout the day, and almost seemed to care. Louis found himself holding his gaze on Harry for longer then he should've while Harry wasn't looking. Louis knew this was headed in a bad direction again, but he couldn't be bothered to stop it. Now that Louis knew he was the right gender for Harry, he might actually have a chance. Louis knew it was wishful thinking, but maybe if he lost a bit more weight, then Harry would go for him.

***

Another day passed, and Louis ate a bit more with every meal. He still needed help from Harry, but not quite as much. Louis felt disgusting after eating though, feeling the need to get rid of it somehow, but getting out of the hospital was his top priority at the moment, so he didn't act on anything.

He mostly spent his time lying in bed or sleeping. He knew that if he didn't move, he would gain weight faster and get let out sooner. Then he would be able to work on losing it again.

Harry usually sat beside him, not talking much, just providing Louis with some company. Louis couldn't help but stare at Harry every so often; just admiring his flawless features and beauty. Harry was so perfect, and all Louis wanted to do was kiss him. Louis didn't care about the terrible things Harry had said, for the most part Louis agreed with them. Louis wished Harry felt the same way about him.

After Louis' lunch that day, a nurse came in and asked for Louis to follow her. Harry came along as well, earning no complaints from the nurse. They wound through a series of hallways before arriving in an area with all the tools of a general practitioner. It almost felt like Louis was getting a checkup.

She first got Louis to step on the scale so they could get his weight. It ended up being 128lbs. Louis felt awful knowing he was so close to 130, but the nurse seemed happy with his progress. She also checked Louis' vitals; they weren't perfect, but they ended up being good enough for her standards.

After his 'checkup', Louis was told that he was free to leave the hospital, and that he was on the mend. Harry took this as fantastic news, and he pulled Louis in for a hug. Louis savoured the embrace, but it was over far too soon. Harry had awkwardly let go of Louis and mumbled an apology for doing something so uncalled for. Louis looked down at his feet to hide the blush spreading across his cheeks.

They walked back to Louis room to gather a few belongings that were scattered on the windowsill and on Louis' bed. A tension had formed between them after the hug, and they both took that as a bad sign. Louis felt like Harry had hugged him and got disgusted by all the extra fat that covered him. Harry noticed that Louis had stiffened and was trying to reject his affection. They were both embarrassed, and didn't speak until they met up with Liam, Niall, and Zayn at the entrance of the hospital.
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait. I've just been really busy with studying and projects and homework and sports etc. I know that's not a proper excuse for my absence, but please forgive me.

"So, where to now?" Louis asked as he got to the car.

"Home," Niall said.

"What!?" Louis was confused.

"We are postponing the tour because you need to recover," Liam explained, "and, this was pretty traumatic for all of us, so it would be good to have a little break,"

"Am I just supposed to go and be at my house?" Louis didn't really want to stay home alone for a week or two, and then go back on tour.

"Actually, we thought we could all go to yours and stay with you for support," Liam turned to Louis with a timid smile.

"Umm, yeah, that sounds okay," if it meant Harry would be there, then Louis was all good with it.

They sped through the streets until they reached the airport where they would be catching a flight back home.

Louis didn't eat much in the airport or on the plane. He resisted dinner, and said he was always so full after every meal at the hospital, and it was way too much to start off with. Harry sided with him because he was there while Louis struggled through each meal. He wasn't avoiding food, he just needed to take it slow. Louis had to hide his slight smile when he got out of eating. It was a victory because he knew that the boys would all be watching him like a hawk now that they had found out about it.

***

They all settled into Louis' house easily, each taking a different guest bedroom. They all went to sleep as soon as they got all their bags and suitcases in. The flight was long and tiresome, and all five could hardly keep their eyes open.

Louis was happy to be back in his own house, and he settled into bed happily. He looked around his room and smiled at the familiarity of it. His soft, cushy bed, the attached bathroom, and the walk in closet filled with his many articles of clothing.

He stared at the ceiling for awhile, remembering what this was all about in the beginning; losing weight to please the haters on Twitter. That felt like so long ago. The crazy fan that broke his wrist, the nights they all hung out together, getting so close to Harry, the runs with Liam, the hunger pangs, the dizziness, the sadness, the fighting... it all happened so fast. Louis couldn't help but wish this never happened.
The second that thought came into his head, Louis heard a long lost nagging voice come out from hiding.

'This had to happen. Who knows how fat you would've gotten if it didn't happen. You're still fat, and the hospital really wasn't good for you,' the voice scolded Louis and he let out a sigh.

Louis didn't really know why he sighed; weather it was out of anger, frustration, or maybe something else all together. Louis just felt weird.

Eventually, his eyes slipped shut on their own, and Louis was pitched into the dark. He didn't really dream much, and if he did, he didn't remember anyways.

***

Louis woke up groggy, and with a sore neck. He slowly sat up and scanned his surroundings in confusion for a moment. Ah yes, back home. He flipped the covers off of his legs and swung his legs to the side of the bed. Louis rolled his head around to stretch his neck, then commenced in stretching his arms and back out while he was at it. Then Louis stood up and decided to wander a bit.

He roamed from room to room, seeing if anyone was awake yet. Zayn was still in his room, and so was Niall. Liam and Harry though, were out of their rooms; where exactly, Louis was shire to find out. He continued down the hall a bit, and then down the stairs. He shivered and wrapped his arms around his middle. The air conditioning must've been on during the night or something, because Louis was freezing.

At the bottom of the stairs, Louis felt something he had been trying to suppress for the longest time. It was a pang of hunger. He had had them when he first stopped eating, but then it faded into a constant ache for hunger that he mostly ignored. Now though, the full feeling of hunger was back, and it hit Louis like a brick. A rumble sounded through his stomach to add to Louis' dismay. It was all the hospitals fault for feeding him so much and making sure he actually ate some of it. Louis kinda missed food, but not enough to actually eat it again. Louis was glad nobody was there to hear his stomach growling for food. They would probably shove some of it down his throat.

Louis kept walking. He found himself in the living room where Liam was sitting on the couch, sipping coffee.

"Hey Liam," Louis said.

"You're awake early," Liam replied.

"Look whose talking," Louis said with a chuckle, "where's Harry?"

"Kitchen," Liam gestured to the kitchen with a nod.

"Thanks," Louis said while walking over to the kitchen.

He stepped through the door, and was met with the smell of cooking. Harry was standing by the counter eating a plate of eggs. He smiled when he saw Louis walk in.

"Hungry?" Harry asked.

"No, not really," Louis lied as he willed his stomach not to betray him.

Luckily it was completely quiet, and Harry didn't push anything just yet. It was early, and probably
tough for anyone to eat anything at that point.

"At least have some coffee," Harry passed a mug over to Louis.

"So you anticipated me coming in,"

"No, I just had a mug of coffee ready for anybody that decided to come in the kitchen. I thought someone was bound to be up soon," Harry turned away as if embarrassed.

Louis smirked because he could tell Harry was lying. Maybe he actually did pour the coffee for him. It wouldn't be that weird. The doctors probably told the boys to take care of him anyways. It was their job at the moment to make sure Louis was tended to.

Louis took the mug and went around the counter to find a seat at the island. The windows were open slightly, and a morning breeze was coming straight at Louis. He rubbed his arms as goosebumps began to form. Harry noticed immediately and asked Louis if needed a sweater. Louis kindly declined, not wanting to be a burden, but Harry had already raced up the stairs.

Louis rolled his eyes at Harry. He was so cute and wonderful. The memory of what he had said to Louis still lingered in the back of his mind, but he really seemed to want to make it up to Louis. He had stayed with him almost 24/7 at the hospital, and now he was going out of his way to make Louis feel good. Maybe this was his way of apologizing. Louis was happy for it, but he knew it didn't mean anything more than an apology. If only it could mean more.

For a moment, Louis pretended it was just him and Harry together in his house. Together for real. And Harry was going upstairs to make Louis comfy, and would come back with a warm sweater and a kiss on the cheek.

Louis shook the image out of his head when he heard Harry's steps coming back down the stairs. They got louder until Harry's face popped into view in the doorway. He was carrying one of Louis' cosiest sweaters with him. One of Louis' favourites. Somehow Harry just knew to pick that one. Harry was just so perfect. Louis leaned in towards Harry as he took the sweater, almost in a trance fixed on Harry.

Suddenly, Louis realized what he was doing, and he leaned back quickly. The motion was too fast, and Louis felt a blush creep onto his cheeks. What was he doing. That was just wrong and uncalled for. The blush creeped farther until his cheeks were a bright red colour. The fact that Louis knew how red his face had gotten made it that much worse.

Louis stood up with jerking motions, and looked away from Harry.

"I'm gonna go into the other room…" Louis lingered for a few moments, and then awkwardly shuffled out of the room.

Harry seemed to take that as an invite because he was right up beside Louis in a second.

"I'll come too," Harry said, and smiled down at Louis.

Louis looked up at Harry, and noticed that he was wearing shorts and a t-shirt. Louis made a face and wondered how Harry wasn't freezing. Harry must've noticed Louis face because he decided to comment.

"What's with the face?"

"How are you not cold!?" Lousy raised his eyebrows and made the face again.
Harry laughed for a moment before replying.

"I'm not cold because I have fat on my body. Fat that keeps me warm,"

"You aren't fat Harry!" Louis was surprised that Harry though that of himself.

"No, I guess I'm not. But I have fat, and that's normal," Harry said.

It sounded like Harry was trying to convince himself more than Louis. They both dropped the subject, each feeling that it was a sensitive subject for the other.

They stepped into the living room, and sat on the couch with Liam. It was big, and fit them all easily. Nobody said anything, and they all sipped their coffee. It was comfortable, and Louis was so happy that Liam and Harry weren't mad anymore. He had no idea about Niall and Zayn, but he would find out soon enough.

***

Zayn was next to come downstairs; it was late in the morning. Niall came down about a half hour after that. It was him who suggested eating breakfast together. That was what Louis had been dreading the entire morning. Louis desperately didn't want to eat with the others because he was sure they would all be watching him like hawks.

Harry volunteered to make breakfast; he had been a baker after all. Niall offered to help him, so the two went off to the kitchen while the other three stayed in the living room. Louis was sitting on the couch, frozen in horror. This was his worst nightmare.

Louis' hand started shaking, and the coffee inside was almost sloshing over the edge. Liam turned to Louis and gently took the mug away and placed it on the coffee table. Louis hand continued to shake, and soon it spread through his entire body. Liam scooted closer and rested a hand on Louis' back.

Louis began to feel calmer with the touch and slowly stopped shaking. Liam kept his hand on Louis' back for a minute or two after, to make sure the shaking was really over. Neither of them had any idea what had happened. They made eye contact for a moment before Louis turned his head away in shame.

Louis would need to try harder if he didn't want to show off his fears to the world.

Liam seemed to know what Louis feared because as soon as Harry called them to the table, he was at Louis side. Liam gave him an encouraging nod, and Louis suddenly didn't feel so bad about eating. He still didn't want to, but he wasn't scared at the moment.

They all took their seats around the table; Harry and Louis on one side, Liam and Zayn across from them, and Niall on the end near Harry and Zayn.

It was served family style, and there were quite a few options. Louis had no idea where the ingredients had come from. Probably Harry had gone out that morning. Niall was piling food onto his plate without a care in the world. Liam and Zayn were slightly more reserved, but still took their fair share. Harry, however, hadn't touched anything. He was sitting quietly sipping his coffee. Louis had a guess that if he were to start eating, that maybe Harry would as well.

Louis timidly reached out for a piece of toast. There was butter in the middle of the table, but Louis purposefully avoided it. Louis held the toast up to his mouth, but couldn't bring himself to eat it. He knew the other four were trying to seem like they weren't watching Louis, but he could see their
eyes flicker to him every few seconds.

One bite, and they would be satisfied, Louis thought to himself. He knew that they would stop looking if he started eating. That was the problem though. He couldn't eat. The hospital had already fattened him up enough. Louis didn't need any extra calories to burn off. Louis knew though, that he had to please his band mates, so he raised the bread to his lips and took a bite.

Harry let out a breath he didn't know he had been holding, and Louis heard it. He couldn't tell if Harry was angry or if he was relieved. To be honest, it didn't really matter because as soon as he had the food in his mouth, Harry had taken a bit of food for himself.

Louis chewed that bite for ages, until it was a flavourless mound. Nobody noticed when Louis spat it into his napkin. He did the same thing twice more, until it looked like he had eaten a substantial amount of toast. Harry seemed satisfied with Louis, and told him he had done a good job. Louis had to let out a snort at that because even if he had consumed the toast without spitting it out, it still wouldn't be 'good job' worthy.
Louis could often get away with cutting his food up to make it look like he had eaten more. He even spat it out or dropped it on the floor if he had to. None of the boys caught on. They always commented on how much progress he had made, not noticing that he wasn't really putting on weight. None of them bothered to weigh him either. Louis had been doing that on his own though, and he had already dropped down to 125. It had only been a week and a half. Louis couldn't be happier. Everything was working to his advantage, and it had been easy. Sometimes Louis could tell they got a little suspicious, but he made a big deal of stuffing food into his mouth around them, and 'remembering something he had to rush out of the room to get' and then spitting it into the trash in another room.

On the fifth day of the second week though, Louis knew there would be complications.

***

Harry had made Louis breakfast for just the two of them. The other three were off shopping. Liam was originally going to go alone, but Zayn wanted to go with him, and Niall decided Harry and Louis should have some time together. Louis actually thought Niall didn't want to be around for some other reason, but he had no idea why. Niall had been acting strange around Louis. He wouldn't meet his eye, and he didn't get too close to him, making sure he wouldn't even brush past him or touch him in any way. Louis didn't really mind, but he wanted Niall to joke around with him and hang out like before.

Harry and Louis sat next to each other at the kitchen island. They made small talk about the weather and where they were excited to go while on tour. Harry had scooted a tiny bit closer to Louis as they ate, and Louis realized he wouldn't be able to dispose of his food with him so close and with nothing else to distract him. He was forced to eat a bit of it.

Louis cut each bit of his hash browns into tiny chunks and shoved it from one side of his plate to the other; all the while he took minuscule bites and chewed as long as he could. If Harry noticed, he didn't comment. All he cared about was that Louis was eating at all.

"I'm really proud of you Louis," Harry said sincerely.

Louis felt a wave of guilt run through him. Harry thought he was eating again.

"Uh, thanks..." Louis didn't really know what to say, and his voice wavered.

"Hey," Harry frowned, "what's wrong?"

Louis could feel all of his secrets at the tip of his tongue. He just wanted to let it all out. Tell Harry everything.

"Uhh, well—I uh," Louis couldn't figure out how to say what he was dying to spill.

"It's okay Louis, you can talk to me," Harry scooted a tiny bit closer.

"I'm just a little sad and I feel like Niall hates me and I don't know how I feel about you and I don't know if you're doing this because you pity me or if there is another reason..." Louis spoke fast without a breath in between, regretting every word.

Louis didn't know where that came from. It wasn't exactly what he wanted to say, but it was like
his body wouldn't let him talk about his food issues. It had resorted to a different kind of secret, and one he had buried so deep, Louis thought it would never come up.

Louis cheeks reddened even though he didn't say straight out how he felt about Harry. Harry could've taken it any way, like a friend or if he owed him. Some part of Louis was still mad at Harry as well. He hadn't quite gotten over the way he had yelled at him and treated him badly, even though Harry was going through his own problems as well. Louis didn't know if he would ever completely forgive Harry, but he did know he could still like him.

Louis glanced up at Harry, looking for a reaction.

Harry didn't really know what to think. He thought he was reading Louis pretty well about his feelings, but apparently not. Harry thought Louis maybe liked him a little, but Louis sounded like he didn't trust Harry, or like he thought Harry was only around Louis because he felt sorry for him.

Harry frowned and thought of what else Louis said. Harry knew Niall wasn't mad at Louis or anything, he was actually just scared of what he'd done to Louis. Niall thought it was his fault; he had confided in Harry one afternoon when they were alone outside. There was also the part about Louis being sad; that wasn't really that much of a surprise though. Louis was recovering from an eating disorder, it was natural to be sad.

Louis saw Harry frown, and he looked down at his lap. Obviously he had said something that upset Harry. How stupid was he to say all that. He didn't even mean to say it, it just kinda came out.

Louis' eyes began to sting. He tried to blink it away, but that only made his eyes more watery.

"Hey, Louis what's wrong?" Harry noticed Louis beginning to cry and used a soft tone.

Louis started to wipe the tears out of his eyes with his sleeve.

"It's okay Louis, did I do something wrong?" Harry got worried.

Louis managed a smile and raised his eyebrow as he looked up at Harry who was now right beside him.

"I just told you all that, and you think you did something wrong?" Louis shook his head.

"You were just telling the truth, it sure wasn't you who did something wrong,"

"So you aren't mad about what I said about you?" Louis was surprised.

"Well, I'm just sorry I read the signals wrong. I was just trying to help you out because I kinda know what you're going through. It's also pretty hard to control who I have feelings for and who I don't, so please don't be mad at me for that either," Harry pleaded to Louis.

"Wait, what are you talking about?" Louis furrowed his brow, "you have feelings– for me?"

Harry looked down at his lap and spoke quietly.

"I'm so sorry, don't be mad please. I can–" Harry started, but was interrupted by Louis.

"No, no, no, Harry. Please don't be sorry. I have feelings for you too…" Louis stopped and shut his mouth abruptly.

This was a bad idea. This was a very bad idea. Louis knew he couldn't be with Harry. He wasn't ready. Louis knew he still had to lose weight to look good enough for Harry. He also knew that
they couldn't be together because of the band. What would Liam, Zayn, and Niall think? And what would the fans think? There was always speculations and theories coming from the fans about 'Larry', but Harry and Louis always ignored them or laughed them off. This couldn't actually happen.

Louis' thoughts were cut off when Harry suddenly pressed his lips to Louis'. He was surprised at first, but accepted it almost immediately. Harry took the back of Louis' neck with one hand, and pulled him closer with the other. Harry pulled away unexpectedly and pursed his lips at Louis.

"What?" Louis was afraid for what Harry had to say. Probably that he was mistaken and that he didn't like Louis after all.

"That was way too easy," Harry said, eyeing Louis. Louis thoughts raced. He had no idea what Harry meant by too easy. What was too easy?

"What do you mean?" Louis asked, his voice already starting to waver.

"Pulling you towards me," Harry paused for a moment and looked sad, "you've lost more weight,"

"I wouldn't know," Louis said quickly, "I haven't weighed myself for awhile,"

That was a big lie and judging by the look on Harry's face, he didn't believe it for a second.

"Louis--"

Harry was completely cut off by the sound of the door opening. Harry and Louis locked gazes for a second, and then separated themselves from each other; they scooted their chairs away as well. Harry gave Louis one last look, and Louis could tell Harry was going to talk to him later.

A moment later, Liam came into the kitchen with a couple bags of groceries. He set them down on the counter. Harry got up and busied himself with unpacking food items and putting them in their correct positions in the kitchen. Louis took this moment to scrape the contents of his plate into a napkin and stuff it into his pocket. Neither Harry nor Liam noticed. Louis then proceeded to put the dishes into the dishwasher, earning a questioning glance from Harry. Louis just shrugged at him, implying that he ate it.

"We didn't know what you'd like Louis, so we just got a bunch of stuff," Liam said, "you should come with us next time… if you're ready of course," he added hastily.

"Anything is fine Liam, I'm not too picky. And sure, I'll see about coming with you next time," Louis said.

He wasn't bothered by being around food, he just didn't want it inside him.

***

That night, when everyone was asleep, Louis crept out of bed and sat on the couch. He made some tea and poured himself a cup. He was having trouble sleeping, and he thought this might help.

Creaking of the stairs after a few minutes of sipping his tea told Louis he wouldn't be alone. A few moments later, Harry stepped into the room and looked at Louis.

"We need to talk," Harry stated.

Louis sighed, knowing he wouldn't be able to get out of this one.
"Want some tea first?" Louis offered.

"Sure," Harry chuckled as Louis stood up and walked him to the kitchen.

Quickly after pouring the tea, they made their way back to the living room and sat next to each other on the couch. Louis sat, hardly making a dent in the seat, and slightly leaning towards Harry because of how much more he sank in.

"What did you want to talk about?" Louis tried to sound innocent, but he knew full well what this was about.

"I have no idea where to start, so I'm just gonna go ahead and dive in," Harry said.

Louis nodded and prepared himself for what he was about to hear.

"You're still starving yourself, aren't you?" Harry asked even though he knew the answer.

"Yes…" Louis said so quietly, Harry almost didn't hear his reply.

"But why Louis?"

"I don't know," Louis said. It was easier than explaining everything to Harry.

Harry seemed to sense that he wouldn't be getting much more information out of Louis, so he decoded not to ask any more questions.

"You really don't have to be doing this Louis. You're already so perfect… I just don't understand. You are so small and it scares me. I thought you were getting better, and I saw you eating, so I just assumed. I don't exactly know how you've been doing this with nobody noticing again, but don't expect to get away with this again. I don't want to lose you Louis. You have no idea how much you mean to me, and I just want you to be happy," a tear slipped down Harry's cheek as he finished.

Louis bit his lip and looked down. He knew this must be a bunch of lies. He wasn't small at all. What was Harry even talking about. He probably didn't even care that much about Louis. Harry had probably come to his senses after the kiss, and realized how terrible Louis was. He was probably going to talk about that next.

"I'm sorry if you don't believe any of this, but I'm going to make you believe Louis," Harry added after a bit.

"Okay," that was all Louis had to say. He really didn't want to be talking about this anymore.

"Umm, we also have another thing to talk about…" Harry trailed off; Louis knew exactly what he meant yet again.

"It's okay if you didn't mean it, I understand," Louis said.

"Didn't mean it?" Harry shook his head, "of course I meant it. I wanted to ask you if you wanted it to continue, and if you were comfortable with it. I want to make it clear right now that I want it, so if you do too, than I'm 100 percent in,"

"I want it so bad Harry," Louis said with a hopeful glance at Harry.

"We can take it as slow as you want Louis, I promise I won't push you into anything," Harry said, relieved that they both wanted the same thing.
"So that's it then? We're a thing?" Louis asked to make sure.

"We're a thing," Harry confirmed.

Louis grinned and looked into Harry's eyes. This was real. This was happening, and it wasn't a dream. This was what he had wanted all along. Harry was his.

Louis' thoughts were interrupted when Harry cupped his cheek with his hand. They locked gazes for a moment before Harry leaned in and interlocked their lips. Louis shut his eyes and leaned into it as well. After a few seconds, they separated and touched foreheads, smiling at each other with pure joy and love. Harry was still unhappy with Louis' weight, but at least they had talked about their feelings. This was all Harry had hoped for. To be with Louis.
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

I'm so so so sorry for the wait. I have had some really crappy things go on in my life that I have needed to sort out. There is one more chapter after this one, so please enjoy the second last chapter. :)

Louis woke up and stretched out all his muscles, thinking about the previous night. It had gone so well, he questioned it actually happening.

Louis doubts were washed away the next moment when Harry poked his head into Louis room.

"Hey Louis. I was wondering if you uh-- wanted to go out with me. Like on a real date somewhere..." Harry said timidly with a hopeful smile.

Louis suddenly felt a warmth spread through him, knowing that it was real. Either that or he was still dreaming.

"Yeah, I'd love that Harry," Louis said as a smile tugged at his lips.

"Where do you want to go?" Harry asked.

"I don't know-- wherever you take me will be perfect,"

"Okay, I might have something in mind,"

"I'll get ready, give me ten minutes,"

Harry smiled, then walked down the hall so he could get ready himself.

Louis took this time to have a two minute shower, do his hair nicely in a fringe across his face, and get dressed.

He had a bit of trouble with that last bit. None of his pants fit him right anymore. They were all too lose, and slipped down easily. He found his smallest pair, and they barely hung by his hip bones. The hip bones that Louis knew weren't prominent enough. He tried not to think so much as he looped a belt around his waist, but it was too late.

'Little Louis can't fit into his pants anymore? Wrong! Slightly less fat Louis needs clothes that are a smaller size. Doesn't make you any less fat. It just means you're getting there. You still have a long way to go,' the voice said to Louis as he finished with his belt.

The last hole barely held up his pants, but would work for him nonetheless.

He picked a black t-shirt that fit extremely loosely on his small frame, and tried to be satisfied. It was as good as he was going to look. It was a nice outfit, and Louis thought for once he didn't look half bad.

He walked out of his room feeling hopeful for the date. His very first date with Harry. Louis bit his
lip as he walked down the stairs; he was getting nervous already. He just hoped it it would go well.
Louis just wanted to keep Harry. It was like a dream come true and losing him at this point would be terrible.

Louis' thoughts were interrupted when he heard Harry's footsteps coming down the stairs. He glanced up and smiled brightly when he saw Harry. He made Louis' heart flutter with just one look. He was so perfect.

"You ready?" Harry asked and smiled back at Louis.

"Yeah," Louis managed to get out.

Harry lead Louis outside and into a car that was waiting outside for them. Louis wondered where they would be going. He hoped it wouldn't be a fancy restaurant or something like that.

They got settled in the back seats and the car started driving.

"Where are we going?" Louis couldn't help but ask.

"You'll see," Harry replied with a cheeky grin.

"Um, how will management feel about us hanging out together?" The thought had suddenly popped into Louis' head.

"I could care less, but we will be alone today with nobody around, so we can do whatever we want," Harry assured.

"Good,"

Louis and Harry spent the rest of the car ride talking about anything and everything; exchanging loving glances all along the way. But finally the ride did end, and they stepped out of the car.

Louis looked around and had to laugh. They were at the edge of a park in the outskirts of the city. Harry really had made sure they would be alone. Louis looked over to Harry who was pulling something out of the trunk. He watched until he saw what Harry was retrieving. He laughed again when he realized what it was; a picnic basket, probably full of food and picnic items. This was so perfect. Louis felt like he couldn't contain his happiness. This day was already so amazing, he could hardly handle it.

Harry walked up to Louis and let out a chuckle at Louis' reaction.

"C'mon" Harry said, slipping his hand into Louis' who interlocked them immediately.

Harry lead Louis down a little dirt path until they came to a fairly secluded patch of grass, encased by some trees. Harry set down his basket and pulled out a checkered blanket. Louis had no idea where he even got one of those. Then he sat down and patted the blanket beside him, beckoning Louis to sit.

They got settled and Harry pulled out two sandwiches from his basket. They were just simple peanut butter and jelly, and made with whole wheat bread. Louis took the one offered to him and tried not to react. He could eat this. He would be fine. Harry was eating it, and that was normal. Harry had a perfect body and he was eating the sandwich. Why couldn't Louis?

'Because you're so much fatter and uglier than him,' the voice answered Louis' rhetorical question.
Louis agreed with that, but he knew Harry would make a fuss if he didn't try at all. Louis brought the sandwich up to his mouth. He could feel Harry's gaze upon him; Louis tried to ignore it and focus on what he was doing. He took a breath, smelling the peanut butter. The peanut butter with too many calories. He opened his mouth and took a minuscule bite.

Beside him, Harry relaxed a bit. He had seen Louis pause, and assumed he was having a bit of an internal struggle. Harry knew all too well what that felt like. Harry also something else in Louis; something in his eyes that told Harry he was going to try.

It took a long time for Louis to chew and then finally swallow his first bite. The next four took just as long, and were equally small. He ended up eating roughly a quarter of the sandwich. When Louis put it down, he looked at Harry with an apologetic gaze. Harry however, wasn't disappointed or unhappy. He was just happy Louis was trying. That was all he could ever ask for.

"Um, I also brought some strawberries… if you want some," Harry said lightly.

Louis contemplated for a moment, nearly every bit of his being wanted him to say no. There was also a part of him that said fruit was healthy and that Harry would want him to eat some. Luckily, the latter part one out.

"Yeah, I do want some," Louis replied, determined to have a bit of whatever Harry brought for him.

They ate some strawberries quietly, admiring the nature around them. Once they finished, Harry lowered himself onto his back. He grabbed Louis arm and tugged him down with him. They looked at the sky for awhile, just watching the clouds roll by. At some point, Louis fell asleep and Harry turned to look at him. He drank in Louis' perfect features, but found himself fixed on Louis' stomach. The way he was laying probably made it look worse, but Harry didn't care. He found himself distressed over the way Louis' stomach dipped so far down, the way each of his ribs could be seen, even through his shirt. Harry was especially bothered by Louis hip bones. His shirt rode up slightly, and Harry could see clearly that there was a gap between Louis' waistband and his lower abdomen because of how much his hip bones poked out of him.

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The rest of their date consisted of walking down more paths, hand in hand. Finishing with a short kiss that left them both blushing, and with giant grins spreading across their faces.

It had been a good day. Harry knew they would have to eat if they were to spend that long together; that was why he packed the picnic. It was meant to be an easy way to eat, a better alternative to a restaurant. Harry just hoped Louis would keep trying just like he did during the picnic. He did so well, and Harry felt like they might start to make some progress.
This is the end I guess. It's been great, but it's time. I have to give a big thanks to everyone who gave kudos or commented; you've been a great help and I couldn't have done it without you all <3 please enjoy this final chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A couple more weeks sped by. Louis made sure to eat a little when Harry was around, but still used his techniques to make it look like more. He also compensated for the extra few bites of food every week by doing extensive exercise when he was alone. He had lost another four pounds, and was pretty happy with his results. He was down to 121, and the voice in his head had been less angry, and more supportive.

Louis stepped nimbly off his scale, and into his bedroom. He had barely sat down on his bed when Harry poked his head into the room.

"Can't sleep. Can I stay in here awhile?" He asked.

Louis nodded and smiled at him; he patted the bed beside him and beckoned Harry over.

Harry came to sit, and they turned to face each other.

"Hey," Louis said.

"Hey," Harry smiled.

"What's up with you? Is there anything wrong?" Louis asked.

"Why do you want to know?" Harry was suddenly worried about Louis, even though that was totally backwards.

"You said you couldn't sleep, and I want to make sure you're okay,"

"Oh, okay,"

"You still haven't answered the question Harry," Louis raised his eyebrows.

"It's nothing actually, I just kinda wanted to see you…" Harry bowed his head, but flitted his eyes up to Louis.

Louis sighed, and let himself fall back onto the bed.

"I can leave though. You don't really seem that keen seeing me right now," Harry said with a hint of sadness in his voice. "It's really late anyways, so I guess I will go back to my room," Harry stood up and started to leave when Louis grabbed Harry's hand and turned him around.

Louis looked up at Harry and they made eye contact for a few long seconds. Nothing happened until Louis tugged on Harry's arm, and pulled him onto the bed beside him. They faced each other
for awhile, still holding each others hands.

"I do want you to stay Harry," Louis said, and added boldly, "the whole night,"

Harry grinned, then pulled Louis into a kiss. The first few seconds were a soft sweet kiss, but after that something just clicked and there was a hunger coming from both sides. Harry pulled Louis closer, brushing their hips together. Louis grasped at Harry's hair, working his fingertips through it. Harry rolled them both over so he was on top of Louis. They separated for a moment and Harry pulled off his shirt. Louis did the same, and went back to kiss Harry, but Harry had sat up and his eyes were glossy. Louis immediately thought that he had done something wrong, and his eyes started filling up with tears too. Why couldn't he do anything right? He had probably scared Harry off with his ugly fat body. Why had he taken off his shirt?

"Lou…” Harry's voice trembled as a tear threatened to escape the corner of his eye.

Louis blinked back his own tears and decided to man up and ask what was wrong. He decided he would rather know than have Harry break up with him without explaining.

"What's wrong?” Louis couldn't meet Harry's eye, and stared down at the bedding beside him.

"Louis, please look at me," Harry gently guided Louis' chin so they were looking each other in the eye.

Harry had an unreadable expression on his face, and Louis was scared for what he was going to say.

"Louis, are you still starving yourself?” Harry asked directly, still gazing deeply into Louis eyes.

Louis knew he wasn't getting out of this one, but he still searched his mind for something to direct the conversation away. Thinking of nothing, Louis gave in.

"Yes. But if I didn't, just imagine what I would look like," Louis said.


Louis let out a small laugh.

"Yeah, that's what you say right now. If I were to stop, I would blow up like a balloon. I would be even bigger than I am right now,"

"Louis, I need to you to know that I would love you no matter what size you are. I would love you if you were the size of an elephant, or the size of a mouse. I just need you to be healthy. That is all I care about. I just don't want to lose you Louis. Even though you may not see it, you are so tiny Louis," Several tears ran down Harry's cheeks as he finished.

Louis was frozen for a moment. Harry loved him. Harry loved him.

"You love me?" Louis had to confirm.

"Yes. Of course Louis. I love you so much, you don't even know,"

"I love you too Harry," Louis was also crying now.

"I just need you to know what you've been doing to yourself Louis,"

"I already know what I'm doing. I'm helping myself,"
"Helping with what?"

"Being beautiful,"

"But Louis, you already are, and you have always been,"

"How can you say that?" Louis paused for a moment, "you only started liking me when I was skinny,"

"Louis, you don't even know how long I have liked you. It's been years Louis. I have liked you since the beginning. Hell, I have loved you since the beginning,"

"What?" Louis could hardly believe that, and he needed to know what Harry meant by 'beginning'.

"I mean I have loved you since the day I met you. At the X Factor I started to have a crush on you, and then when we started recording our own music, I felt something more. I loved you then, and I still love you. I always will love you Louis," Harry said with all sincerity.

Louis bit his lip and tried desperately to stop the flow of tears coming from his eyes.

"Come here Louis," Harry said and pulled the older boy into a tight embrace.

They stayed like that for a long time, then Harry broke the silence.

"Here, come with me," Harry took Louis' hand and lead him to the bathroom.

He walked them in front of the full length mirror. Both had their shirts off, perfect for what Harry wanted to show.

"What do you see?" Harry asked.

"A fat ugly whale next to a literal God," Louis responded.

"You want to know what I see?" Harry glanced at Louis who shrugged and gave a tiny nod, "I see myself, an average guy. I also see the man I love, severely underweight, but beautiful nonetheless,"

"You can't be serious," Louis tried to convince himself that Harry was lying, but the longer he looked at them both next to each other, the more he realized what he actually looked like.

"Am I fat Louis?" Harry asked.

"No! Of course not, why would you even ask that?" Louis was confused.

Harry took Louis' hand and placed it on his hip. Harry had realized awhile back that he wasn't really fat, he was fine looking. He just happened to be less chiseled than other people. The haters could say whatever they wanted, but Harry needed to be healthy. He had accepted that he had fat on his body, and that wasn't a bad thing.

"What do you feel?" Harry asked.

"Skin, and your hipbone is there a little bit too," Louis responded.

"And what is in between those two?" Harry prompted.

"Uh, I don't know,"
"It's fat Louis, what you feel is fat," Harry said straight out.

"You aren't fat Harry!" Louis knew he had already told Harry that but he said it again.

"No, I'm not," Harry said calmly, "I have fat on my body, but that doesn't make me a fat person or overweight or anything. I have fat, and it's natural,"

Harry took Louis' hand again, but this time placed it on his own hip, keeping his hand over louis'.

"What do you feel on you?"

"Skin, and bone…" Louis said, biting his lip.

"Do you feel the difference?"

"Yeah," Louis tried to make an excuse, "but you're taller than me…"

The attempt was weak, and Louis realized how wrong he was. He took another look in the mirror, really looking at himself. What he saw was more horrifying the longer he looked. This time, the voice in his head was silent. He actually saw himself. He saw his ribs stick out, with a thin layer of skin stretched over them. He saw his hip bones jutting out farther than any healthy persons hip bones should be. He saw the way his stomach was caved into itself. This next to Harry, who was a beautiful person, made Louis look like a strange creature.

"Harry," Louis' voice quivered.

"Yeah Lou?" Harry's tone was soft and comforting.

"I think I need help,"

Chapter End Notes

So that's it guys, I hope you liked it. It was my first fanfic, and I'm pretty happy with how it turned out. If you have any questions or comments, please feel free to comment and I will try to respond.

Also on a side note, I saw 1D in concert a few days ago and they were fantastic. I was truly blessed to have been able to go, and I hope everyone who reads this has a chance to see them live.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!