Summary

“This can’t be happening,” Louis says, banging his hand against the window. “This seriously can’t be happening right now.”

Things like this only happen in the movies. Things like this don’t happen in real life. There’s no way that he’s seriously been snowed in. There’s no way that the heating is broken. There’s no way that it’s going to take upwards of twenty-four hours and probably a lot longer for the storm to break and someone to come and rescue them.

“Just sit down, Louis,” Harry sighs from somewhere behind him. He sounds miserable, like he’s already feeling the cold.

Louis whirls around and points a finger at him. “Did you plan this?” he demands a little hysterically. He regrets the question as soon as it’s out of his mouth, but he thinks he’s got a valid point. It’s not like this storm just came out of nowhere - it has to have been on the news for a couple of days, at least. Plenty of time for Harry to have canceled this excursion.

Notes

Fill for the 1D Kink Meme. Prompt read: Harry and Louis forced to snuggle up for body heat in the dead of winter because the heater broke. (Top!harry bottom!louis, please) Make it a bit angsty but overall filthy. here

I wasn't intending for this to get so long or even have any semblance of a plot, but surprise! I hope it fills your prompt adequately.

See the end of the work for more notes.
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He ignores the tiny, niggling voice in the back of his head that says he could have checked the weather as well. It wasn’t his responsibility to check the weather. He only agreed to this trip in the first place because he thought they might actually get somewhere instead of spending the entire two days just yelling at each other and making snide little comments once they ran out of enough energy to yell.

“I didn’t plan this,” Harry says dully, watching what’s left of the light glint off of one of his rings as he twists it around his finger. “S’not like I wanted to be stuck here with you when all you want to do is yell at me.”

Louis grits his teeth and ignores the way his brain wants to focus on the when part of that statement. That kind of thinking isn’t going to get him anywhere. “I’m going to go to bed,” he says, scratching his arm. His skin is already prickling with the cold and the heat’s only been out for the better part of an hour.

Harry looks up. “Aren’t you going to be cold?”

The urge to scream is clawing its way up his throat. He honestly doesn’t know what Harry would do if he just started screaming - back away with his eyes wide, maybe. That would be one way to get him to leave Louis alone.

“There’s these novel little things called blankets, Harry,” Louis says, pushing himself away from the window. He can’t stand to watch any more of the snow falling. He already wants to get out of here and that will only make it worse, make it feel claustrophobic.

Wisely, Harry keeps his mouth shut as Louis stomps his way up the stairs, making as much noise as he can. It’s helping him keep from screaming. He slams things around as he rummages for more blankets, and makes sure to slam the door to the bedroom he’s been sleeping in extra loudly, so Harry will be able to hear it. It gives him an immense sense of satisfaction, and Louis could use some satisfaction right now.

He doesn’t even bother laying the blankets out properly, just bundles himself into them, making himself a nice little cocoon and closing his eyes. It doesn’t take him long to fall asleep, but it never takes him long to fall asleep when he’s angry.
He wakes up shivering. It’s gone dark, but other than that he can’t tell how much time has passed. He can see his breath in the cold of the room. Thinking about it is only making him colder, so he shuts his eyes again and waits for sleep to overcome him.

And waits.

And waits.

At least fifteen minutes go by like that - waiting for sleep to hit. He’s not willing to admit defeat and get up, move around so he’ll warm up, so he lies there some more, curling his knees into his chest, and tries not to think about how defeated Harry sounded earlier. There’s no world in which this is Louis’ fault, and he refuses to feel guilty.

Alright, so maybe he’d been a little harsher than necessary earlier, but Harry can’t honestly expect them to be able to work things out if he won’t even tell Louis what’s going on. Louis had nearly had a heart attack when he’d come home to find all of Harry’s stuff gone that day, without any warning or explanation whatsoever. Of course he’d been a little yell-y when asking about it. Harry should have expected that.

And no, Louis does not think that ‘needing some time to work things out’ is a reasonable excuse. Harry doesn’t get to have time to work things out if this is the way he’s going to go about doing it.

The creaking of the door doesn’t come as a surprise. Louis has stopped shivering from sheer force of will, keeping his body curled up as tight as he can manage. He keeps his eyes closed and pretends like he’s sleeping, listening to the soft, hesitant pad of Harry’s feet against the floor.

“Lou?”

Harry doesn’t get to call him that, not right now, not after he’d abandoned Louis in a flat entirely too big for him to live in alone without even a single attempt at explaining himself. “Fuck off.”

“Are you cold?” Harry persists, shuffling a little closer.

“What part of fuck off don’t you understand?” Louis asks, drawing the blanket up over his head. The last thing he feels like doing right now is talking.

Harry doesn’t even make the obvious joke - probably the off part. “I just wanted to make sure that you’re okay.”

“I’m bloody fantastic, Harry. Can you leave me alone now?”

“You sound cold,” Harry says. He sounds like he’s standing right at the edge of the bed. Louis doesn’t poke his head out to check. “Do you - it would be warmer if we slept together.”

Louis doesn’t have an answer for that, so he just doesn’t say anything. Harry must take that as an agreement, though, because he’s trying to tug the edge of the blanket out from underneath Louis’ body.

Louis holds onto it with all of his strength, but Harry’s been bigger than him since he was seventeen and he’s been really focused on lifting weights in the time he’s been avoiding Louis, so it barely even takes a minute for that to fail, and then Harry’s squirming underneath the blankets, bringing the cold in with him, if only for a few seconds while he gets comfortable.

It’s too much when Harry tries to press himself up against Louis’ back. He struggles, trying to free himself, but he only manages to get them tangled tighter, both together and in the blankets. He can
barely move by the time he gives up, half pinned to the mattress by one of Harry’s legs, thrown over his thigh.

“Get off of me,” Louis demands, trying to get an arm free, or a leg, or something. He feels claustrophobic, suddenly, and too warm, and he just needs, he needs to be free.

All of a sudden, he is free, and Harry’s kneeling next to the bed, one hand on Louis’ shoulder. He looks uncharacteristically sad, hair falling down around his face.

“You want me to go?” he asks quietly.

“Yes,” Louis says immediately, trying to curl himself back up and get Harry’s hand off of him.

It only works because Harry takes his hand away like he’s been punched, withdrawing so fast Louis doesn’t even feel it at first. “Okay,” he says quietly, and he leaves, like it’s been that simple all along.

Fuck him.

Louis lies there shivering for another half hour before he finally admits defeat. It feels like the temperature’s been dropping steadily in the time he’s been awake, and he literally can’t take it anymore.

Making his way down the hall still wrapped up in his blankets feels like defeat, but it’s either that or potentially freeze to death, so Louis makes his way grudgingly. The door to the room that Harry’s been staying in is open, and Harry’s buried under at least five blankets, but he’s not asleep.

“Shut up,” Louis says, picking his way carefully across the floor, trying to avoid the spots that look like they’re the coldest.

“I didn’t say anything,” Harry mumbles, lifting up the edge of the blankets. Louis wiggles his way underneath them as fast as he can, lying flat on his back so that only the sides of their bodies are touching.

It already feels warmer.

“Don’t think that this means that you’re forgiven,” Louis warns, but it’s a little bit weak. He already feels like he could fall asleep any second.

“Oh,” Harry says. His fingers twitch against Louis’ side.

“And don’t touch me,” Louis continues, because once he’s started it’s hard to make himself stop. “I better not wake up with your hands all over me, you got that?”

“Fine,” Harry says shortly, and Louis wants to keep going, wants to make sure that Harry understands, he does, but somehow he manages to fall asleep again.

It’s not particularly warm when he wakes up, and it’s still dark and quiet all around them, so for a minute Louis doesn’t know why he’s woken up, and so suddenly at that.

Then he registers the minute rocking of Harry’s hips behind him and thinks oh. His mum’s voice echoes throughout his head unbidden, boys will be boys, and he resists the urge to giggle a little, inching forward a little bit, so that they’re not touching anymore.
Harry makes a sleepy, protesting sound, but he doesn’t wake up. It’s fine, though, really it is - of all of Louis’ problems, an awkward wake-up because his mate’s got a morning erection is the least of them.

Now that Louis is awake it’s impossible to ignore the cold, though, and he remembers having seen a fireplace downstairs, so he sits up and pokes Harry’s eyelids until he wakes up, grabbing at Louis’ hand and missing. “Whassit?”

“It’s too cold in here,” Louis says, already shivering again. “We’ve gotta go downstairs and get a fire going.”

“Oh okay,” Harry says, rubbing at his eyes. “Um, I’ll meet you down there?”

Louis rolls his eyes. Honestly. It’s happens to everyone, there’s no need to be embarrassed about it. Well. Maybe not everyone, but the sentiment still stands.

About half an hour later, Louis has somehow managed to get the fire going and is poking at it dubiously with a fire poker. It doesn’t seem like it’s going to last.

“Lou, come on, I made you tea,” Harry says from a few feet behind him. Louis pokes at the fire a couple of times before the scent of the tea wafts over, and then he loses all interest in the fire.

“Mm, tea,” Louis mumbles into the cup, inhaling the warm scent of the tea. Harry arranges the blankets around them, and Louis considers telling him off for a few seconds, but then the tea draws him back in.

They sit there in silence while they sip at their tea. It’s actually pretty nice, cozy. Louis forces the thought to the back of his head and finishes his tea. He’s still not ready to not be angry with Harry.

It’s so nice when he wakes up, warm and cozy, blankets tangled all around them, fire still going hot and bright, warmth of the flames on his face. Harry’s chest is warm against his back, hand resting low on Louis’ belly, fingers slipped up underneath his shirt. He’s moving, slow and quiet, rocking his hips up against Louis’ bum gently, and Louis presses back into it, eyes drifting closed again, safe in the warm little cocoon they’ve made for themselves.

It’s not until Harry makes a soft noise against the back of Louis’ neck, breath warm against his skin, that Louis realizes what’s going on.

“What the fuck,” he croaks out, eyes flying open. He struggles against the circle of Harry’s arms, trying to get free, and for a minute it doesn’t work. Harry holds him tighter, thrusts a little bit harder, and somehow his dick ends up pushing between Louis’ arse cheeks, the full length of him obvious even between two layers, and Louis.

God. Louis likes it. His sexuality is no secret, and it doesn’t surprise him that he likes it, but this is Harry. This can’t be happening right now, not with the kid Louis used to have to cuddle out of a funk.

“Harry,” Louis says sharply, and just like that he’s free. He clambers out of the nest of blankets that they’ve made and makes his way into the kitchen, heart beating twice its normal rate.
His hands have stopped shaking by the time he finishes filling the kettle and putting it on the stove - thank god for gas ranges, honestly. He hears Harry shuffling towards him, but he concentrates on preparing the cups so he doesn’t have to turn around.

“Lou,” Harry says hesitantly.

Louis doesn’t turn around. “It’s fine, Harry, it happens. Just let it go, alright?”

There’s something off about the silence that ensues, but neither of them say anything else, and Harry takes the cup that Louis presses into his hand when the tea’s ready and then shuffles back towards the living room where the fire’s still blazing.

Everything’s fine.

Everything is not fine. They don’t talk about it, and they go to sleep that night with two feet of space in between them, but somehow they wind up tangled together even tighter in the morning. Louis wakes up nearly on his stomach, one of Harry’s arms thrown over his shoulder and -

His breath still catches in his throat now, six hours later, when he thinks about how Harry had a leg in between Louis’, pressed up tight against Louis’ skin, and it’s incredibly hard to ignore the fact that for a minute there, he’d been riding Harry’s thigh.

Harry had tried to bring it up all of once, and Louis had panicked and brushed him off. He can’t stop thinking about it, though, about how it felt, big warm boy plastered all over his back, nearly riding him into the floor, and.

He’d had to wank in the loo an hour and a half after they’d woken up, unable to stop thinking about it. It hadn’t really helped, so jittery in his own skin that he’d felt the need for a nap less than three hours later.

He’s still trying to resist the urge to climb back into that pile of blankets, calling to him from the corner of his eye. He feels gritty and tired and like he could use a scaldingly hot shower and his belly is full because Harry made them a pretty good lunch out of things he’d scrounged up and he’s wearing a jumper that he stole off of Liam and his softest trackies so he’s comfy and he just wants to sleep.

Sleep is not an option, though, because Harry’s practically narcoleptic and he’ll take any chance he gets to sleep, and at this point saying that he wants to sleep alone is only going to be more suspicious.

So. Act normal. Louis can totally do that.

“- and then Liam wanted to steal the golf cart and drive around the parking lot, which doesn’t even make sense, because there was a road right there and why wouldn’t we use that instead? But Liam insisted, and then the security guard starts chasing us, right, I guess because he thought we were gonna cause trouble or summat and why are you looking at me like that?”

Harry drops his eyes abruptly. “I’m not looking at you like anything.”

Right. Like that’s not even more suspicious. “Harry, if you know what’s good for you you’re going to tell me right now.”
“It’s just - this is the most you’ve talked to me in nearly a month,” Harry says, twisting his hands together.

Louis slips down off of the counter and folds his arms across his chest. The only reason that he doesn’t leave the room entirely is because Harry’s blocking his path to the door, and Louis will be damned if he’s the first to show weakness. “Maybe if you didn’t keep avoiding me at every turn it wouldn’t be.”

“I planned this entire trip so we’d be able to talk,” Harry says sharply, folding his own arms across his chest. It’s not clear whether he’s mimicking Louis’ body language on purpose or not, but either way Louis takes offense to it. He widens his stance a little and regrets the fact that he’s only wearing a pair of thick socks on his feet and no shoes. Shoes would give him at least half an inch of height and he really feels like he could use that right now.

“You haven’t talked to me the entire time that we’ve been here,” Louis says, trying to keep himself from sounding shrill. “If you’re so concerned about us talking then maybe you should stop fucking avoiding me and tell me what’s really going on with you.”

Harry’s shoulders slump. He doesn’t uncross his arms, but he doesn’t have to for Louis to be able to tell that he’s feeling miserable.

“That’s a lot harder than it sounds,” Harry says quietly, and Louis is so done with this conversation.

“You can keep things from me if you want, but don’t expect me to sit around and pretend like things are fine,” Louis says dully, squeezing past Harry and through the doorway. He doesn’t wait for an answer, climbing the stairs to the room he’s been staying in and making sure that the door closes behind him before throwing himself face first onto the bed.

Harry doesn’t try to come into the room, to talk about it or to sleep, so Louis lies there shivering for what feels like forever, until he finally admits that this isn’t going to work and trudges down the stairs grumpily, blankets covering all of him except his face.

Harry’s bundled up in the blankets in front of the fire, but he’s not sleeping.

“I’ll stab you in the face if you so much as open your mouth,” Louis warns, flopping down on the floor next to Harry and spending a couple of minutes rearranging their blankets so they’re both properly covered.

“Okay,” Harry agrees, and Louis contemplates getting up to find a knife to stab him with, if only because he believes in following through on his threats.

It’s cold outside of this little nest of blankets, though, so Louis turns over onto his side, facing away from Harry, and doesn’t say another word for the rest of the night.

This can’t keep happening. This can’t keep happening. Louis wakes up with his face pressed into the floor, lying full on his belly, legs spread with Harry a heavy weight on top of him.

It feels - it feels slicker than it normally does, for some reason, and honest to god it takes Louis a minute to realize that it’s because he’s naked, somehow, and so is Harry, pinning Louis against the floor with his entire body.
The slickness can mostly be attributed to them both being sweaty, but Louis can’t keep his brain from insisting that it’s at least a little bit because Harry is leaking precome all over him, dick slipping against Louis’ bum and down between his thighs, rocking in a way that would probably feel really good if he used his fingers and opened Louis up and then put his dick inside and -

Okay, no. This needs to stop.

“Harry,” Louis says. It comes out a little breathless and raspy. Louis clears his throat and tries again, curling his fingers into the blankets and trying not to focus on how big Harry feels on top of him. “Harry.”

“Shh, baby, I know,” Harry murmurs, mouthing damply over the skin behind Louis’ ear, and Louis kind of blacks out for a few minutes.

Or, like. Not blacks out, because that isn’t what happens, but. For a few minutes the only thing he’s capable of doing is whining into the floor and doing his best to push back into Harry’s body, into Harry’s cock.

His mouth waters a little at the thought of it, at the thought of Harry getting his cock inside, holding him down while he fucks Louis nice and sweet, probably deep and slow while he murmurs filthy things in Louis’ ear. That’s definitely the type of fuck Harry likes.

Louis’ own cock is hard, pinned between his belly and the floor, and reaching for it fails, if only because Harry grabs his hand and presses that down as well, letting their fingers tangle together, and then Louis is getting ridden into the floor properly, Harry’s cock slipping in between his arse cheeks, bumping up against his hole, and.

Getting enough air to breathe is hard. Louis isn’t even sure that he remembers how to breathe efficiently until Harry bites him, on the side of his neck, just underneath his jaw, and then.

“Harry,” he says again, louder this time, trying to snap Harry out of whatever trance he’s in. He can’t even tell whether Harry’s still asleep or not, is the thing, and if Louis’ own cock had anything to say about it it’d just let Harry use him until they’ve both come.

Imagine what coming on Harry’s cock would feel like. It’d probably feel ginormous inside of him, and Harry would be so tender about it at first, making sure Louis is okay, that he can handle that much cock being stuffed inside of him, until he was sure, and then he’d be relentless, making sure to hit Louis’ prostate over and over again and what the fuck why can’t Louis stop thinking about this.

“Harry,” Louis says, pleadingly this time, and he’s not even sure whether he’s asking Harry to stop or begging him not to.

Whatever it is, it ends up being what kicks Harry out of it. He comes to a slow halt, cock still nestled in between the cheeks of Louis’ arse, and says, “Lou?” all soft and questioning like he doesn’t quite understand where he is.

Louis’ eyes prickle with tears, suddenly, and it’s not even from any of this. It’s from how much he wants to be able to roll over and tangle his arms around Harry’s neck and let Harry ease his thighs open again and get up inside of him and fuck him face to face, so they can kiss nonstop.

What the fuck is going on with his brain lately. “Get off of me.”

Harry’s rolling off of him before Louis has even finished saying the words, and it’s even more awkward for a minute, because the movement gets them even more tangled in the blanket. By the time Harry manages to get free his chest is bare, gleaming with sweat, and Louis honestly can’t stand
to look at him anymore.

He’s just. Physically, he’s everything that Louis likes in a man, okay, broad enough to make Louis feel small but not too small, tall enough that Louis would have to tip his head up to kiss him, really fucking attractive face and just the right amount of muscle for Louis to be a little impressed but not overly muscly like some guys can be. Physically, he’s what Louis likes, and fuck if that isn’t the most frustrating thought to ever have.

“I’m so sorry,” Harry blurs out, hugging himself. “I don’t know why this keeps happening.” He looks a little shifty, like he might actually know why this keeps happening, but that’s a road that Louis can’t travel down right now.

“We’re not going to talk about it,” Louis says, turning over onto his back slowly. As hard as he tries, he can’t ignore the dampness between his arse cheeks. There’s no way he’s losing this wood with Harry still in the room. “Go make me a cup of tea.”

So Louis’ plan had been to keep ignoring it, because the past month has proven that somehow they’ve become utter shite at talking about things, but whatever that weird trance that had taken hold of both of this morning was keeps coming back to bite them in the arse.

They keep staring at each other, is the thing. With no telly or other people to distract them, it’s hard to keep their eyes off of each other’s faces, and Louis knows that he’s guilty of staring at Harry’s mouth, and he’s pretty sure that Harry has been doing the same.

The slow burn Louis feels on the back of his neck whenever he’s facing away from Harry tells him that Harry might also be spending some time staring at his bum, as well.

There’s a tiny little thrill that courses through him every time he leaves a room, the product of knowing there’s a hot guy staring at him, and maybe, maybe Louis wiggles his arse a little more than strictly necessary, but that doesn’t have to be an important thing.

Their chitchat is strained throughout the entire day, even more than it has been lately, and eventually it gets to the point where Louis can’t stand it any more.

There’s a reason that he keeps waking up with Harry grinding against him, after all.

After they eat dinner Louis takes a bowl of freshly boiled water up to the bathroom with him and proceeds to clean himself all over, water already cooled just from the chill in the air.

He doesn’t bother putting any clothes back on after he’s finished drying himself off, walking unsteadily back down the stairs to the living room, cock already half hard with anticipation.

He’d made a slight detour into the room Harry had claimed as his own to fish through his bag until he’d found some supplies, and he clutches them in his hand now, making his way into the room. Harry’s already bundled himself back up in their nest, which is strange because Louis can barely even feel the cold right now.

“Oh my god,” Harry says, the second that he looks up and sees Louis, like the words have burst out of him without his permission. “What - Lou, what are you doing?”

“Why do I keep waking up with your cock trying to get into my arse?” Louis asks. It’s totally not
what he meant to say at all, but Harry’s eyes immediately cut away from him regardless.

“I don’t,” Harry starts, then stops to swallow. “I don’t know.”

He’s lying. Louis knows when this kid is lying, alright, and he especially knows when this kid lies straight to his face. “Is it because you want to fuck me?”

He feels reckless, dangerous, like he could fuck Harry up permanently, damagingly. He’s not going to do that, but the thrill of it makes him feel heady, powerful.

“I don’t - I don’t not want to fuck you,” Harry says helplessly, eyes drifting back over Louis’ body like he can’t stop himself, starting at his toes and sliding up the entire length of his body, lingering on his cock and belly, on his nipples.

Louis goes from half hard to completely hard so fast it might as well have been in nanoseconds. He finishes the walk and plops himself right down on Harry’s lap, over the blankets.

They aren’t really doing anything to hide the fact that Harry’s currently rocking a full erection, immediately poking up against Louis’ arse like it can’t help itself.

God. Sometimes Louis is impressed by his own ability to turn boys on.

“Louis,” Harry says, voice about ten octaves deeper than normal. Louis feels it in his cock, throbbing slightly, and even though he’s a little bit taller than Harry in this position he feels small and sexy.

“Harry,” Louis returns as evenly as he can manage, trailing his thumbnail up the smooth planes of Harry’s abs.

“This is a terrible idea, you realize that, right?” Harry asks. Louis glances at his face, eyebrows furrowed together as if he thinks that’s news. His eyes keep darting all over the place, up and down Louis’ body, and this isn’t the first time that he’s seen Louis naked - of course it’s not. Eight months out of the year they live in a tiny little traveling sardine can, of course there’s bound to be some nakedness. It’s kind of unavoidable.

He’s never seen Louis naked like this before, though, and Louis is giving them this. They can have this, at least while they’re stranded in a cabin in the middle of nowhere because they sure as fuck don’t seem to be able to talk like they were supposed to.

“It’s okay,” Louis hushes him, dragging his thumb up over one of Harry’s nipples. “You want to fuck me, I want you to fuck me, and it’s not like we’ve got anything better to do, is it? We’re just attracted to each other because we’re in a weird situation.”

Admittedly, it’s not his best speech, but Harry groans, long and pained, and surges up to bite at Louis’ mouth hard enough that Louis thinks he might be bleeding, just for a second before he gets distracted by how it feels.

He’s so distracted by it, by the stinging pleasure of it, that he doesn’t even register the room flipping around them until he’s on his back, pinned underneath Harry’s weight in a way that’s starting to feel entirely too familiar.

“Give me, give me the lube,” Harry pants against his throat, trying to suck a lovebite onto him and mostly failing. “God, wanna get my fingers in you so much.”

That sounds like exactly what Louis wants. He can’t quite manage to keep his noise in check as he presses the lube into Harry’s hand, listening to him snicking it open. The first press of Harry’s finger
against his hole feels so fucking good already, even though it’s light, almost barely there.

“Gimme it,” Louis demands, trying to press down on Harry’s finger, get the teasing over with.

“So impatient,” Harry says, still just circling Louis’ hole with one lube slick finger. “You normally bottom?”

Louis grits his teeth and makes a successful grab for Harry’s cock, thick and hard in his hand, and strokes him nice and tight. This isn’t a conversation that they need to be having right now. “Yeah.”

“How long’s it been?” Harry asks, and Louis isn’t going to humour that question with an answer. Their hands bump together a little bit, but Louis isn’t going to answer.

At least, he’s not going to answer until Harry slips his finger inside, pressing in deep and fast but not too fast, moving around just for a few short seconds before he finds Louis’ prostate and asks again, eyes sharp on Louis’ face, “How long has it been?”

“Jesus, Harry, I don’t know, nine months, a year, something like that,” Louis chokes out, cock bobbing between them. He still has more than a handful of Harry’s cock, so he swipes his thumb over the head a couple of times.

“Since Alex?” Harry presses, taking his finger out and leaving Louis empty. He comes back just as quickly with two, though, filling Louis up so good that he can barely even imagine what three will feel like.

Fingering himself never feels quite as good as when someone else does it.

“Yeah, since Alex,” Louis says, trying not to whine as Harry presses firmly against his prostate, mouthing over Louis’ shoulder. Any thoughts of Alex completely fly out of his head, and fuck, he could come like this, with only two of Harry’s fingers shoved up inside of him and his cock rubbing up against Harry’s flat stomach.

“You miss it?” Harry asks, slowing his fingers so he’s got a smooth rhythm going on, and Louis. Jesus. He’s not sure that anyone’s ever fingered him like this before. He feels hot and prickly all over, despite the chill of the room

What the fuck kind of question is that, though. “Gimme three.”

Harry kisses him instead of doing anything, and it’s weird because technically it’s their first proper kiss but it’s so fucking scorching, completely not acceptable first kiss material, way too much tongue involved. Harry’s sure in the way he holds Louis’ head still for it, fingers of his free hand tangling in Louis’ hair. Louis hasn’t spent much time thinking about how Harry Styles kisses, at least not beyond just in passing, but he never would have imagined that it would be like this, like Harry just takes what he wants and knows that it’s going to be so fucking good for the other person.

“But you like it,” Harry continues, once the kiss breaks. “You like being fucked.”

“Yeah,” Louis says, twisting his hand down Harry’s cock. “Yeah, I like it.”

“Tell me what you like about it,” Harry says, mouthing a damp trail of kisses down Louis’ neck. Louis arches up into it, unable to stop himself from digging his fingernails into Harry’s back, and it probably hurts him, but it doesn’t matter, not when Harry’s doing that with his fingers.

Louis’ head feels fuzzy. “Three, Harry, please.”
“I could give you three,” Harry tells Louis’ throat, teeth pressing down gently into his skin. “I could make you come, too, but I’m not going to do that until you tell me what you like about it.”

As if he’s proving his point, Harry takes his fingers out completely, going back to rubbing them around Louis’ hole, and it’s barely even been five seconds but Louis already feels empty, wants to come. He could get himself off easily - he could get himself off no problem, actually, because even if Harry’s not fingering him any more this is in the top ten hottest experiences of Louis’ life.

That wouldn’t get him fucked, though, and he doesn’t know how much longer he can sit around trapped in this place with Harry without thinking about it every single second, especially not now that he knows what Harry’s cock feels like in his hand, against his bum.

“I like,” Louis says, wetting his lips. “I like feeling full, and I like knowing that all of a guy’s attention is fixed on me.”

“You don’t need to get fucked to have a guy’s full attention on you,” Harry says. “Half the time I couldn’t even look away from you if I tried.”

Louis doesn’t even have time to think about that before Harry’s pushing back in with three fingers, thick and exactly what he needs right now.

Well. Maybe not exactly what he needs. Still, it’s so fucking good that all Louis can do is take it for as long as Harry feels like giving it to him, gripping Harry’s back so he can’t move away. He feels wanton and slutty, spread out underneath Harry like this, but it feels so fucking good Louis can’t bring himself to care.

“Y’r fingers’re so nice,” Louis slurs, hair catching in between his knuckles. “Love ‘em.”

“Yeah?” Harry murmurs, spreading his fingers out, twisting them in a way that has Louis’ cock dripping wetness even more. “Think you could come from them?”

“Want to come on your cock,” Louis says, dragging Harry’s head back up so they can kiss again, making sure that he tastes every inch of Harry’s mouth.

Who would have guessed that sex with Harry Styles would be like this. “Okay,” Harry agrees mindlessly, still stroking his fingers over Louis’ prostate. Louis honestly isn’t sure how much of this he can take without coming.

Harry pulls his fingers out in the middle of another kiss, fumbling around for a second before he’s pulling Louis’ hand off of his cock gently. Louis had almost forgotten about it, but for some reason it takes a second to convince him to let go, Harry’s fingers covering Louis’. It takes him a minute to even register what Harry’s doing, too busy mourning the lack of fingers in his arse.

Then the press of Harry’s latex covered cock comes against his hole, and that. “You gonna fuck me?” Louis asks, hitching a thigh up around Harry’s hip. “Gonna get your cock all up in me?”

“Gonna give you all the cock you need, baby,” Harry answers, catching one of Louis’ hands and pinning it up above their heads, lacing their fingers together, and then he starts pushing in, blunt tip of his cock pressing through the resistance of Louis’ hole, and in, and in, and in.

Louis breathes, partially into Harry’s mouth, and tightens his thighs around Harry’s body, trying to ignore the tingling, swooping feeling low in his belly, like he’s almost ready to come. He has more stamina than that. He can hold off.

At least, he thinks he can hold off until Harry starts moving. He takes a minute to get fully seated,
until his balls are flush against Louis’ arse, and then he stays there for another minute. Louis can feel his eyes on his face, and they’re breathing in tandem, this is already so fucking ridiculous.

“Does it hurt?” Harry asks, metal of his necklace pooling in the hollow of Louis’ throat, where there’s bound to be a bruise blooming from the force of Harry’s mouth.

“Of course it fucking hurts, you just rammed ten inches of cock in me arse,” Louis snaps weakly, trying to keep his eyes closed, so he doesn’t have to see the way Harry’s looking at him.

Harry’s voice has never sounded so deep and satisfied when he says, “But you like it.”

Louis isn’t going to answer that. Instead he clenches down on Harry’s cock, rocking the best that he can from this position, trying to goad Harry into fucking him. He’s nothing if not good at goading people into doing what he wants, so he lets his lips part a little and says, “Feels good,” quietly, almost as if it’s a secret.

He almost feels kind of bad. Harry’s nothing if not predictable, and Louis knows him better than anyone, even if Harry’s been avoiding him for the past month and that stings like nothing else Louis has ever felt before, but he knows Harry and he knows how Harry responds to someone he’s fucking telling him that his cock feels good.

What. They’re all lads, and sometimes sex stories get swapped around on the bus when there’s been a few too many drinks.

Either way, it works. Harry makes a noise that would almost sound like a snarl if it wasn’t Harry and starts fucking him with long, deep thrusts right from the get go, no testing the waters whatsoever.

The only thing Louis can do is clutch onto him, eyes squeezed closed, and try not to let the ohgodohgodohgod that’s in his brain slip out of his mouth.

“You have the most gorgeous little arse,” Harry says, slipping his free hand down underneath Louis’ back, and Louis expects him to stop there. He keeps going, though, slipping down to grab a handful of Louis’ bum, just for a second, before he’s moving again, nailing his cock right up against Louis’ prostate as three of his fingers feel around where his cock is disappearing into Louis’ arse, and it’s like.

Louis just comes. He can’t help himself anymore. It’s not the first time he’s come untouched on a cock, and it probably won’t be the last, but it’s definitely the quickest he’s come untouched on a cock, gasping out little noises that might be Harry’s name, squeezing down around Harry buried inside of him because he can’t not, and for a few glorious, blissful minutes he’s only hazily aware of what’s going on.

He can still feel Harry moving inside of him, faster now like he can’t help himself. Louis lets his fingers drift across Harry’s face, idling against his mouth. Harry bites at the pads of his fingertips, sucking them into his mouth, still thrusting, and Louis’ belly feels squirmish and pleased with so much attention being lavished on him, being Harry’s sole focus.

“I love you,” Louis murmurs, stroking his thumb across Harry’s cheekbone. He loves Harry. Harry’s so awesome. None of Louis’ other friends would do this for him. He doesn’t quite understand why Harry’s eyebrows collapse like he’s pained, but Harry thrusts a bit faster for a few seconds before shoving in deep and staying there, so everything must be okay.

Louis’ muscles are weak, practically trembling as Harry pulls out and does something with the
condom that he doesn’t quite manage to see. Then it seems like Harry’s going to get up, and Louis can’t let that happen, so he clutches Harry’s shoulders and make a lost little noise that absolutely no way could not have come from him.

“I know, Lou, I got you,” Harry says quietly, pressing Louis’ hands down into his own chest with one hand and cleaning the come off of Louis’ stomach with an edge of one of the blankets. “We’re just gonna sleep, yeah? Everything’s fine.”

“Everything’s fine,” Louis echoes, burrowing his way back into the warmth of Harry’s arms as soon as he lies down, tucking them together in a way he’s pretty proud of. Everything’s fine and there’s nothing to worry about until they wake up, at least, and after a few minutes Harry hugs him back, arms tight around Louis’ shoulders.

“Mm, love waking up with a big warm cock all hard for me,” Louis mumbles, stretching a little. For a nanosecond he almost thinks that it’s Alex, but Alex isn’t that big - and Louis means that in terms of both his cock and his body. Alex isn’t as big as Harry is.

Harry’s not entirely awake yet, eyes screwed shut. Louis wonders vaguely if he’s dreaming about screwing Louis.

They’re face to face this time, lying on their sides, cocks hard against each other, and Harry’s moving slowly, rocking his hips the same way that he has every day since they found out that they were snowed in, and they could probably get off like this, just grinding together slowly.

“C’mon, love,” Louis says, tagging at Harry’s shoulders gently, and for some reason that’s what wakes Harry up. His eyes flutter open slowly, mouth twisting a little, but he follows Louis’ lead back down into the blankets, settling over Louis’ body like he’s done this a thousand times instead of one.

“We really shouldn’t be doing this,” Harry says, circling both of their cocks with one big hand. He starts off slow and gentle, rubbing their cocks together in a way that already has Louis’ back arching against the floor.

“What happens in the cabin stays in the cabin,” Louis says, fumbling around for the lube. He has to flick his hair out of the way before he can open it, and it nearly hits Harry in the eye, but he manages to get some spread along their cocks regardless.

Louis has to arch a little awkwardly to be able to see anything, but it’s so worth it, watching Harry get them off with his lower lip tugged between his teeth, concentrating on this while all Louis has to do is lie back and let it overwhelm him.

He’s not going to just lie back and let it overwhelm him, though, so he slips his hand over Harry’s, and he’s still not helping, exactly, but it has the added benefit of getting Harry’s focus onto his face, and that has the squirming pleased feeling in his belly from last night reappearing.

He comes with Harry’s mouth on his, kissing slowly, like he intends to get to know every inch of Louis’ mouth, and he knows that he’s saying something while he comes but he’s not entirely sure what. Harry comes immediately after him, mumbling something into Louis’ mouth that he also doesn’t understand, and slumps down with his face tucked into Louis’ neck.

They breathe for a few minutes, trying to get their heart rates back under control.

“What happens in the cabin stays in the cabin,” Harry repeats, just the tiniest hint of a waver in his voice that Louis wouldn’t even hear if he didn’t know him so well.
Louis just rubs his back and doesn’t answer. What happens in the cabin stays in the cabin.

It’s another two full days before they’re rescued, and in that time they have full on penetrative sex another three times, grind against each other another four times, and Louis goes down on Harry exactly once for about two minutes before he gets too turned on to even think and Harry has to flip him back over and get him off.

It’s two days of pure sex, but those two days eventually come to an end, and they go back to London and their families and friends and they’re still no closer to a reconciliation than they were when they left.

Louis doesn’t understand why he hurts even more, now.

It’s three in the afternoon, but Louis is still in bed, and it’s not even because he’s jet-lagged.

Or, he would still be in bed if the doorbell hadn’t been ringing insistently for the past seven and a half minutes.

He doesn’t even think he’s being over-dramatic as he stomps down the hallway to the door, duvet still wrapped around his shoulders, and flings the door open. “What the fuck is wrong with - ”

He’s cut off by Harry smashing their mouths together, both hands on the sides of Louis’ head. For a minute, Louis kisses back, still used to the taste of Harry on his tongue after less than a week.

He stumbles back once he loses his grip on the duvet, and he can his eyes, wide and shocked. “What happens at the cabin stays at the cabin,” he says shakily, hand coming up to touch his mouth, already a little tender from how firmly Harry was kissing him.

Harry looks a little crazy, like he hasn’t slept in two days. “Every time you came you told me you love me,” he says, taking a step into the house and kicking the door closed behind him. “Did you know that? Do you remember that?”

“People say weird things when they have sex, Harry,” Louis says. He feels completely exposed to the heat of Harry’s gaze, like he’s totally naked, even though he’s wearing a pair of trackies that he’s cut into shorts.

“I can’t stop thinking about it,” Harry says, running a hand through his hair. “I don’t - do you still want to know why I’ve been avoiding you lately?”

“You said that you needed to figure things out,” Louis says numbly, taking a step backwards, and then another when Harry follows him. He feels entirely too fragile for this conversation.

Turning his back seems like a terrible idea, for some reason, so they keep going like that, Louis taking tiny little steps backwards and Harry matching them, until somehow they’re in the living room, completely bare of anything that’s ever belonged to Harry because Harry fucking took it all when he left Louis without so much as a word of explanation.

Maybe if he keeps reminding himself of that it’ll be easy to stay angry.

“I did need some time to figure things out,” Harry says. He stuffs his hands into his jacket pockets, but he doesn’t look any smaller. “I needed to figure out what exactly my feelings for you were.”
Louis stops moving backwards. “That’s what this is about? We’re best friends, Harry, and you’re a little bit attracted to me. It’s not a big deal, you don’t need to go having some big gay freak-out because you’re attracted to another boy.”

“I wasn’t having a big gay freak-out, Louis, I know that I’m not entirely straight,” Harry says, rolling his eyes. He finishes closing the distance between them and stops with the tips of his boots nearly touching Louis’ bare toes. He seems even bigger like this, what with the added height that his shoes give him.

What the hell, though. “How long have you known that for?” Louis asks suspiciously, refusing to move back now that he knows the reason Harry’s been so weird lately.

Harry frowns a little. “I don’t know, pretty much my entire life? What kind of question is that?”

“So when I was eighteen years old and having a meltdown because I thought the boys were going to take it the wrong way when I came out to them, you didn’t think to say oh, hey, Tommo, it’s alright, I’m not straight either?” Louis nearly shouts, shoving at Harry’s chest with both hands.

Harry’s been lying to him for four fucking years.

Harry catches his wrists entirely too easily, holding them down between their bodies. “I love you,” he says.

Louis struggles, incensed, trying to rip his wrists right out of Harry’s grasp. “I know that you love me, you bastard, but you’re still a dick,” he says, about to get to the point where he starts seriously considering kneeing Harry in the crotch in order to get free.

“I’m in love with you.” Harry says desperately, letting go of Louis’ wrists altogether. “I’m in love with you and I was going to tell you at the cabin but then I couldn’t find the words, and then the storm hit, and then - ”

He stops to swallow hard, throat working. “That’s the reason that I kept waking up like that, and then - ”

“Kept waking up with your cock nestled in my arse?” Louis interrupts. His heart is beating wildly in his chest, threatening to explode right out of its cavity. “And then you took advantage of my weak aroused state and fucked me? That’s the reason?”

Harry jerks back like he’s been slapped, eyes wide and wounded. “No, Lou, I would never - ”

“You would never what?” Louis cuts him, feeling about a thousand times more steady in his skin. “You would never fuck me unless you loved me? Am I not good enough for you to fuck without having to be in love with me?”

There’s a glimmer of something knowing starting in Harry’s eyes. Louis continues, “You think this arse isn’t good enough to fuck if you’re not in love with it? Or did you want to plough me when you were sixteen years old and you barely even knew me? Did you want me from the very second that you saw me and it just took you forever to catch on?”

“You’re one to talk,” Harry says, a slow, gorgeous smile lighting up his entire face, “you didn’t even realize that you’re in love with until about five seconds ago.”

“You don’t know that,” Louis denies immediately, tugging on the hem of Harry’s shirt, already wishing that it was off and that they were equally as naked.
“Yes I do,” Harry murmurs, already bending his head, going in for a kiss, “saw it on your face.”

Louis doesn’t forgive that easily, so he ducks out before it even has the chance to land and takes three steps back, folding his arms across his chest. “Tell me three things that you love about me.”

“I love your eyes and your smile and your voice,” Harry says, firing them off like he’s thought about it a million times. “I love your arse and the way you sound when I’m fucking you and the way you always tell me you love me when you come even though you don’t know you’re doing it. I love that you’re my best friend and that sometimes you’re so annoying that even Niall gets mad at you and that once you realize you want something you’re all in.”

Louis clears his throat self-importantly and takes another step backwards. “I love the way you fuck me like you’ve been doing it for years and already know everything I like.”

Harry’s watching him, gnawing on the corner of his lower lip. Even that doesn’t hide his smile. “Is that all?”

“I might love you a little,” Louis allows. “Anything else you’re going to have to pry out of me.” He spins on his heel and takes off towards the bedroom, skidding through the hallway and up the stairs.

He lets Harry catch him just outside of the bedroom and pin him down against the floor like he had so many times at the cabin, and if he manages to get about a thousand more things out of Louis he’ll never tell.

Coincidentally, their heating breaks the next winter while they have about a week off in a way that Louis obviously has nothing to do with. They spend the days in front of the fireplace, having lazy, happy sex, and this time?

This time there’s no condoms.

End Notes

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