You Put The "O" in DisOrder (l.s)

by louuuology

Summary

Orgasms.

You see that word and you think it's hot...right?

Wrong.

What if you had them multiple times a day?

In front of your class.

Your teachers.

Your friends.

... Your mom.

Harry Styles is a seventeen year old boy from England, he was recently diagnosed with RGS (Restless Genital Syndrome) And guess who's doing a project on the disorder for his medical sciences class? Eighteen year old, Louis Tomlinson.

Imagine if you moaned during your algebra test.

How does the word orgasm sound to you now?

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Heyyy, once again this story is formerly from wattpad but I transferred it. So gimme a follow on there @louuuology if you're feelin it lmao, enjoyyyy xo
"Today, we'll be picking different medical disorders, for all of you to explore throughout the semester." My teacher Mr. Hanna says, and he takes out a tin can from his desk drawer.

"We don't get to choose?" Paige Pentworth asks, twirling her curly blonde hair around her finger and her facial expression is in deep confusion. I roll my eyes because it's blatantly obvious. Who pulls out a tin can that says 'disorder decider' if we got to choose what disorder we got assigned to?

"No, you don't." He says shaking the can full of paper slips with a jumble of different disorders, and I can tell he feels the same about Paige's lack of observance.

I look down as he sits in a chair in the middle of us all, everyone is staring at him-anxious to know who he'll pick first, while I pick at the skin around my nails. I can't really say I'm too excited about this project, because it's going to take up all of my time. We have to find a person with the disorder, interview them everyday for the entirety of the school year, and make a speech about what the disorder is about, how it happens, and what it feels like to live with it.

I couldn't care less, honestly.

Mr. Hanna has already called off a few names, but I'm not listening as I focus on other things. Liam is supposed to stop by my house this afternoon for pizza, plus I have that history essay to finish...

"Louis Tomlinson!" Mr. Hanna calls out with a smile as he holds my disorder on a flimsy strip of paper, and I jump slightly from the sudden call of my name.

He beckons me to come up and get my slip, and when I take it, he tells me to read it out loud to the class, just like everyone had before me, but obviously... I wasn't paying attention enough to know that's what we had to do.

I turn my card to see the topic of my project and I freeze. My eyes widen and I look at Mr. Hanna with a confused look, "Y-You um. Want me to read this?" I stammer out and good god, I feel my cheeks nearly catch a flame.

He grins expectantly and nods. I suddenly feel a lump of embarrassment in my throat as I read it off in a croaky voice. "Um... R-Restless Genital Syndrome." I spit out and there's a moment of silence before the class roars out in laughter.

"Hey, doesn't that lame sophomore Harry Styles have that?" Derik asks, his football jersey on backwards as he chuckles some more. His douchebag friends join in and I can't help but glare at them hatefully as I go back to my seat.

They don't have much room to talk-as far as being lame goes.

"Alright, class! Enough's enough." My teacher says, even though there's still snickering from different parts of the room, and he continues on to call up people as I sit in a deep ponder, tuning everything else out except for my thoughts.

Whose Harry Styles?

I've been going to this school since like, kindergarten and this kid isn't ringing a bell.
Maybe he's new.

But hey, at least I don't have to search high and low for a project specimen, like these other assholes. I'll just go up to him after I do some research on it tonight. Hopefully he won't have a problem with it.

It can't be that bad of a disorder, right?

___________________________

Hello kittens! I have a new story as you can see. I feel really good about this fic, I feel like it's gonna go places :) anyways, these chapters will be short easy ones. I'll try to update as frequently as I can but that all depends on if you guys like it or not. I personally do! It's cute isn't it?

Poor little Louis. He really doesn't know what he's in for, does he?

Much love,

Amber xxx

:::DISCLAIMER:::

(i do not glamorize this disorder; it is strictly for story use only and i do not claim to know every little thing about it)

ps. Chapter names will be a series of 'O's

Ex:

Chapter 1 = O

Chapter 2= OO

and so on.

<3vote pls
Chapter Notes

Another chapter of YPTOID xx

(LOUIS’ POV)

After school ends, it's the same shit.

I go home, find out that Liam can't hang out-he never can these days, then I do my homework.

I play a bit of video games, eat something extremely bad for my health, and I get finished with the history essay at around twelve in the morning-due to slacking off and waiting until the last minute, but at least I did it, right?

I do my bathroom business, and then I go to bed on my shitty twin sized mattress. But as I lay there I feel like there's something I forgot to do... Something important but I can't put my finger on it.

So I masturbate instead.

When in doubt, always masturbate.

I'm literally about to... you know... release.. when I realize what the important thing was-I don't know how I remembered I needed to do a little research on my project, but I figured it might have had something to do with my fingers being on my genital region. So I kind of did, in a sense, put my finger on it.

So I stop, reluctantly slip my hand out from under my pants, and reach for my phone on the night stand.

It's like, one thirty in the morning by now and my eyes are about to slide shut until I hit search. The screen lights up with all these pages on the disorder and I sit up a little and hunch over the screen, trying to process it all.

"Persistent genital arousal disorder, (PGAD), originally called persistent sexual arousal syndrome- and also known as Restless Genital Syndrome. (RGS) "

Wiki is totally fucking with me, right? This can't be it.

"Results in a spontaneous, persistent, and uncontrollable, genital arousal. Orgasms can sometimes provide temporary relief, but within hours the symptoms return."

So... Constantly horny? What's so bad about that?

"Failure or refusal to relieve the symptoms often results in waves of spontaneous orgasms in women, and ejaculation in men."

Oh.

I put my phone back on the nightstand when I've had my fill of reading about random orgasms, and
lay in bed awkwardly, kind of shocked that there is such a strange disorder. I think about how I'll approach-Whats his name again? Henry? Hank? I don't know.

In a couple minutes though my heavy eyelids slip shut, and I let sleep take over my mind. It swallows up the thoughts of my project, whats-his-name, and also, my boner that I decided to leave unfinished. It was melting down anyway, with the thought that I'd have to talk this random-spasming and constantly-coming freak of nature; all for some dumb project.

All the quotes in italics are actually from wiki! (fun fact)

This already has 30 votes! Wow wow wow! Thank you very much :) Keep them votes coming!(get it..coming? okay i gotta stop.) I hope you all like this, and just so you know people actually suffer from this disorder and I do not intend in any way, shape or form, to offend those people.

Very much orgasmic love,

;) Amber xx
(HARRY’S POV)

Algebra is my favorite class.

Math seems to get my mind off the constant throbbing in my coc-...Lower region.

It was the beginning of class, and I had just walked in when I figured out all the seats were taken besides one.

And it was right in front of Travis McCoy.

I swallow thickly and pray to god he doesn't do anything to make me have... One of my episodes.

I cautiously sit in my seat and for the first few twenty minutes of class, it's going pretty well. I'm working on my test and not paying attention to anything else except for solvable equations.

Thats why I love math.

There's a solution to every problem.

Unlike life, where its one insolvable fucking problem after another.

Like Travis, he's one of life's insolvable problems.

Travis puts a firm hand on my shoulder, then I feel his other hand on my opposite shoulder. I already know what's ahead, as the teacher leaves the class. I try to call her back, to say I have a question-but I don't, I just want her to stay to make this asshole stop.

But nobody ever stops. It's constant. The teasing, the harassment, the embarrassment... and I get it every single day, ever since people found out about it.

I squirm and I'm almost out of his grip, but then Evan Smith, and Eric Shekler go to my sides and hold me down.

"Guys come on! Stop!" I plead, a little more high-pitched and frightened sounding than I'd like to admit.

Evan laughs evilly and looks at Travis, who looks just as evil, "Put your phone on that vibrating app." He says and I seriously feel like I'm going to hurl.

A vibrating app? Really?

Why.

Why me.

Obviously, I'm already sweating. There are girls out with their iPhones, and they snap pictures of me, snickering and giggling. Probably taking videos as well.

I cringe when Travis's phone is placed on the edge of my chair, and when it turns on...

My whole body freezes and I try so fucking hard not to cry.
"Stop! Please, s-stop!" I squeal out, and they just press me down harder, laughing their asses off at my shame.

It only takes about ten seconds.

It always does.

I choked out a throaty moan I was hoping to hold back, with my eyes squeezed shut, and now my pants are wet, in front of a class of about thirty kids.

Great.

I'm let go on all sides after the torture is over and I feel like a famous person, because camera flashes are blinding me, and the room is filled with a roar of different sounds.

"Harry the coming machine!" Is all I hear from an array of different voices.

That's my nickname.

The bell rings just then, and the teacher walks back in as the rest of the students walk out-yeah, perfect timing, bitch.

She collects tests but mine is only half finished.

She takes it anyway.

__________________

Stay tuned xo and vote please!

I wonder how they'll meet... Hmmm.. :)

Much love,

Amber <3
(LOUIS' POV)

I think I know who I've been looking for,
when I walk out of my first period class.

The hallway is
d i l l e d

with kids.

Every instinct I have tells me to laugh along with the crowd. Tells me to blend in.

But I can't. I think about my dumb project, and I just can't.

I watch him cut through the maze of bodies as his face looks like a cherry- not the natural ones, but
the one's on top of ice cream sundae's, and as he slips into the boys restroom. I just watch. I skim the
crowd, some people are taking pictures of him, videos even. I cringe in disgust.

Teenagers are so fucking ruthless.

The laughter, and the noise are so loud, that I barely notice Liam is laughing right next to me. But he
is, because I look up at him, and he's laughing.

Or crying with a smile.

I doubt that though.

"Harry the come machine!" Is ringing through the halls and along with it comes more laughter, like a
chorus of Hyena's.

His name was not, Hank.

It was not Henry.

Harry.

That's his name.

This poor kid.

The hallway clears and Liam says he has to get to English. I let the douchebag go with a nod; I'll yell
at him later for laughing. I never really thought about how fucking embarrassing it might be, to live
with something that heavy on your shoulders.

Until now, of course.

When everyone is in their own classes, I am not. I am looking at that blue restroom door, with much
interest, to say the least.

Harry's cock is a ticking bomb.
And honestly?

I can't decide if that creeps me out, makes me more excited for this project, or makes me want to just go to class. But I just want to know what Harry's life is like, instead of making a joke out of it.

"Hey." I say causally, when the door opens up slowly. He stands there, wide eyed and visibly shaking as he looks at me. He looks like a deer.

Fragile.

Flimsy.

Scared.

He turns away, and almost bolts it down the hall until I jump in front of him urgently with a small grin. "What?" I say, "do I look ugly or something?" I laugh dryly, he takes a step back, and says nothing in response. I can see his face soften, but it also holds self protection. I know that he's ready to leap if he needs to.

I am a moving car.

Flashing my head lights.

He is a deer.

Afraid, but ready.

"So...Wanna skip next class?" I ask a moment later, not wasting any time. I need him. Whether I like it or not, I do. This project needs to be done.

He nods, but it's slow and skeptical. I understand. He has every right to be skeptical.

And that's that.

Two complete strangers walk down the deserted hallway together.

All I can think is, ...what am I going to say?

So? How’d you like it? Thank you so much for all the support I’m getting!!! I’m so glad you guys like the idea of this story. :)

Much orgasmic loooove,

Amberr xoxxo vote comment + add to stories! <3

PS. Also, what are your thoughts? Will Harry agree to be in Louis' project?
(HARRY’S POV)

My palms are sweating.

"Teenagers suck." He says quietly, looking at me like I’m supposed to answer him or something. I’m too shy to speak. Everyone knows that. Why doesn't he know that?

Does he even know me?

Ridiculous. Everyone knows me.

I’m the forever famous, coming machine.

I say nothing, when we approach a door.

"They don't know when to stop." He says, trying futilely to make conversation again as he opens it, it leads out of the high school, and into the primary school playground. I don't second guess it, I just go. What other choices do I have?

None.

It's always go go go.

Run run run.

Hide hide hide.

"You're a teenager." I say back, letting it slip.

I immediately curse myself for talking. I always regret speaking. Always.

He looks at me weirdly with a smile as we walk up to a swing set. I can tell he wasn't expecting me to even speak, let alone be a little bit of a smart ass.

"Exactly." He says with a tiny laugh, and that makes me smile.

Because at least he's not laughing at me.

When I sit down in my swing, I can't move. Not because I don't want to. Because trust me...

I

want

to.

To feel the wind on my face, and that butterfly swarm when you get too high and close your eyes. I want to be given under-dogs, and be pushed so hard that I touch the sky.

But if I swing, that'll cause vibrations, and vibrations suck.

And they lead to even suckier things.
Before I can realize, he sits down and starts to swing a little beside me. I feel it instantly, tingling my tummy, and burning fear into my chest.

I squeak in surprise, and blush so much that my cheeks would be sizzling with every drop if it were raining. I get up shakily, and the throbbing has gotten more painful than before.

His eyes are wide and filled with an ocean of sorry as he apologizes, and he stands up in front of me. He holds my arm firmly with the tips of his fingers for a second, and it's not creepy at all. It should be. I mean, someone you don't even know touching your arm should be creepy.

But to me it's not.

Why isn't this creepy?

"You're as jumpy as a deer." He says with a small grin, "Like Bambi."

He laughs with his eyes crinkled up slightly.

And I'm laughing too, with my dimples out for the first time in what feels like ages.

Then we're both laughing, and we know not one thing about each other.

"Thanks?" I say through a soft giggle, watching him as he bites his lip back and blushes all on his own.

Wow.

"My name's Louis, by the way."

I smile at him for a moment, but then it fades. "I'm Harry..." I tell him like I'm breaking bad news, because maybe he didn't know he was talking to the come machine. He'll leave now, for sure.

"I know." He says smiling sweetly.

I can't help but question it.

I frown deeply, "Then why are you talking to me?" I ask, knowing this has to be some sort of prank.

He chuckles under his breath, and it looks like he's going to admit to a dark secret.

"I have a thing for deer."

:) Did you guys like it? xx What was your fave part?

bambi!harry hehehe

Muuuuuch love! I'm so tired!

-Amber <3
[Harry's POV]

Maybe I don't need a swing to get butterflies.

After that day, Louis had told me that he was going to base a whole project off of me.

He said to me, "I'll have to interview you every day for this whole school year."

And I said something along the lines of, 'I really hope you know what you're getting yourself into.'

He was really excited that I said yes. But, I'm still having doubts. I am the laughing stock of the whole school after all. Plus, I don't even really know if I can trust Louis or not.

He seems trust worthy.

But then again, everybody seems that way in the beginning.

Its a Tuesday, the next time me and Louis meet up and he brings me to this small sub shop by the beach.

I fucking hate subs.

But, I like the beach.

And evidently, I kinda like the short feathery haired boy in front of me.

I love the waves, and I can hear them from the window as we both sit in a booth across from one another.

"Lets start with something easy." He says, breaking the waves wish, whoosh sounds with his mouth full and covered in crumbs.

He's such a slob.

I'm not complaining though.

"Whats your favorite song?" He asks, wiping his mouth, and for a moment I'm utterly confused. That has nothing to do with my disorder at all.

But it is indeed quite easy to answer.

Solvable questions.

My favorite.

"That doesn't have anything to do with anything, goob." I say, and chuckle lightly, "But, 'Creep' by Radiohead. Most definitely."

His eyes simply light up and he starts singing the tune in this totally awful way, but I can't help but laugh at him.

"Why that song?" He asks through a breathy laugh, and I almost forget what we're talking about, from the way his eyes match the rippling blue ocean so well.
"It's..." I pause, and I try to think of why it actually is so important to me. "The lyrics, I think." I say quietly, and he notices the small frown and sad shadow that crosses in my eyes.

He knows.

"I don't care if it hurts,
I want to have control,
I want a perfect body,
I want a perfect soul."

He doesn't say anything for a while, and I panic. I pick the bread off my sandwich and then I hear the seat shift a little. He moves to sit with his legs crossed on the booth and I laugh under my breath.

This kid might be weirder than me.

"You aren't a creep. Or a weirdo." He says and smiles.

It's the kind of smile, that can warm up the coldest part of anybodies soul.

I smile back at him shyly, and then he looks at me all serious-like.

I raise an eyebrow.

What is he up to this time?

"I'll race you to the beach, Bambi." He whispers as a smirk forms on his lips. In a second, he's dashed off and out the door and I laugh loudly.

So loud, that it awakens me inside.

I haven't laughed like that in awhile.

I take off running after him but I have to stop half way.

Curse friction.

"Louis!" I call out panting heavily, and in a second, he scurries back over to me. He must have known what was wrong, because then he gave a worried look.

But just as quick as the worried look came, it left.

He scooped me up and I gasped, looking around as my sight shifted up off the ground and up into the sky.

I don't know why I was so comfortable with this, but I was. I felt free.

Free of the throb, the ache, and the need.

Free.

I laugh and he carries me to the edge of the water, grinning like he just won a gold medal.

When my toes reach the earth again, I am met with a wet grainy feel. I love it, wet sand, cold water, wind on my face.
I. Love. This.

I look at him, and he looks at me.

We both smile, standing near the oceans lips.

It kisses our feet, then draws back out.

"How long have you been this way?" Louis asks, and suddenly, it doesn't sound like he's asking for research.

He's asking because he genuinely wants to know.

"Sixteen."

He looks at me with pity and I look away. Pity isn't my thing.

Especially when it's coming from him.

"A year?" He asks, with the same tone.

I nod. "365 days, Yes." I say, and I feel him get closer.

The ocean keeps sweeping over our toes, and I listen to the silence.

We both do.

"That fucking sucks, Bambi." He adds in a couple moments later, and I start giggling, unable to help myself from honest humor.

"Yeah." I say through a small sigh, smiling with no trace of sadness to be found.

We end up building sand castles, and collecting shells for the rest of the day.

________________________________________________

SORRY THAT WAS SO LONG-ish. I hope you liked it. Goodnight my lil bambies! ;)

much love,

Amber xx <3
[Louis' POV]

My first interview with Harry, wasn't really an interview at all.

It was like...

Well, I want to call it a date.

But I can't.

It's not like we kissed or anything, but he's so... Eccentric and alluring that I wouldn't mind if we did end up doing just that.

When we were playing in the sand that day his leg kept twitching a little, I knew why and I told him up front that I didn't care if he had one of his episodes in front of me.

'This is supposed to be a learning experience' I told him, and all he could do was blush and stay silent.

I don't want him uncomfortable around me.

But on the second time we met, on Thursday, we went to a local library and I could tell that he was.

I look at him as his face is flushed pink and he squirms on the couch just a bit. He's crossing his legs and swallowing thickly and it makes me feel so fucking terrible.

"Harry... Are you okay? Do you need to take a break from all the questions for a little bit?" I ask gently, sitting across from him and putting my laptop on the small round table in front of me.

I just want to know what he feels, I want to know how to make him comfortable, but I can't.

I just don't have that power.

He shakes his head and tries to hold back whimpers, and dear god...

Amazing.

Thats what his sounds were.

Simply. Amazing.

I look at him with furrowed eyebrows and tilt my head a little bit, wondering what I could do to help until he gasps a little.

"N-No.. I can't.. make i-it to the bathroom I-" He stutters out quietly, and then his hand fists the couch's material as he covers his mouth and tears up a bit.
I can tell he doesn't want me to look.

So I follow his silent plead, and turn my head, looking at a shelf of books and wishing I could hold him tight in my arms and whisper how everything is going to be okay.

But it's not.

And I know that.

Because Harry's rare disorder is not built for happy endings.

Or comfortable ones.

I can hear a whimper, that's strained and quiet. That's when I know that it's happened, and I shouldn't look for a few more seconds.

I can hear him trying to conceal his breaths as the zipper to his bag makes a

zzzzzz

noise.

I turn back to face him and he discreetly tries to pull out another pair of boxers.

He needs to change.

Should I help him? Let him be? I have no clue.

But my impulses react before I have time to think.

I stand up just when he does, and he's a bit shaky.

He also won't look me in the eye as I rub his arm and pull him a little closer.

"I'll show you to the bathroom, Bambi." I say in a whisper and I see a tear roll off his perfect little face.

A perfect little face that I so desperately wish to pepper supportive kisses on.

Ugh.

He follows timidly, and when we get there he gives me this totally shameful glance that I can't ignore.

"I told you that I don't mind Harry, I really don't." I say, as gently as I possibly can and reach out to fix a stray curl off his forehead.

He looks at me.

Like, directly at me.

I look at him back until there's this moment where we just kind of skim each others faces, as if we were window shopping.

"Sorry." Is all he says after a moment, under his breath as he shuffles into the bathroom and closes the door softly behind himself.
All I can do is wait, a few inches away from the door.

Because I can't get my feet to move themselves back over to where they belong.

I look like a stalker.

But if I'm being honest I can't really say I care all that much.

He comes out and clears his throat, and I see from behind him that his old boxers are shoved into the trash bin.

Poor Bambi.

I smile at him regardless of what I see, and he gives a plastic one back to me.

I attack him.

In a hug.

But I wish I attacked him with loving words and empty promises.

"You're so cool, Bambi." I say and I feel him relax, surprisingly.

I honestly thought for a moment he was going to push me off or something.

I'm glad he didn't.

"Not as cool as you." He says with a smile.

And I can feel his smile, on the crook of my neck.

It sends shivers up my spine, and I hope that he doesn't see the little hairs on the back of my neck stand straight up. Along with the goosebumps on my arms.

We pull back, and get into our original seats. It's calm, and quiet as I ask him more questions until we get off topic and start giggling and snorting at each others knock knock jokes.

"Knock, knock." He says with a smile.

"Who's there?"
"Iva."
"Iva who?"

"I've a sore hand from knocking!"

He finishes, and his giggles are the second best thing I've ever heard.

The first is his voice in general.

It actually came to the point where the librarian had to walk over to us and give us a lecture on 'being quiet.'

'blah blah blah read books blah blah stop laughing.' - She says something around that, and she sounded like a choking pelican on acid tabs.

Me and Harry share an amused look as she scolds us.
To her complete dismay, we didn't stop our fits of laughter, and eventually, we both got kicked out.

We still laughed giddily and the librarian shouted after us as we sprinted down the outside steps and towards the park with huge smiles planted on our faces.

"Rotten kids!"

Wellllllllllllllllll? I had a shit day by the way, but writing this made me feel a bit better...

I'm trying this new thing by the way!

It's called asking people how they are.

How are y'all doin today? xxx

Muccch love,

Amber <3
[Harry's POV]

I can't see him today.

I can't even go to school.

I am ashamed.

Of myself.

I had to do it today.

Because it hurt so bad, and it was throbbing, and I was crying.

I hate touching myself.

Hate.

Hate.

Hate it.

I feel guilty, and horrible, and I simply cannot face Louis today. Not after what I did.

When I pulled down my boxers this morning, and wrapped my hand around my you-know-what, I was crying. Not only from the pulsing pain but the sheer fact that I felt pathetic, worthless, filthy, etc.

Louis texted me an hour after it happened, asking why I wasn't in school today and I can't get the courage to respond. What would I tell him anyways?

'Because I feel guilty that I had to get myself off to stop the pain in my cock'

Yeah. How about, no.

This project means so much to him, and I'm letting him down. I know I am, and that just makes me ten times more remorseful.

I've had to get myself off only a couple times though, because I usually just let the pain and the throbbing continue until I'm forced to like... let it out.

But it hurts so bad. All the time, and there is no cure.

Ten thousand tiny needles, that's what it feels like. They're all poking me in my god damn penis, and they refuse to stop in spite of me.

He texts me again, a half hour later, and I just stare at my phone, from where I'm laying on my bed.

I hesitate but pick it up anyway, as my fingers feel like sinners for the deed they did earlier.
'Bambi, is everything okay?'

'Are you sick?'

I groan with absolute despair and flop back on my bed after reading them. Why is Louis so persistent with me?

He can't possibly care that much.

'Yeah, got a fever'

I text back, and I feel like my whole body is being consumed by guilt today.

Just then my mom comes in and brings me some mac and cheese, and that lightens my mood a bit, because she knows how hard this is for me.

Bless her.

But, the worst part is, is that she knows, because she's seen.

She's seen me cry and has heard me screaming in exhaustion in the middle of the night.

That part of my body just never sleeps.

It's like a restless leg, or a UTI, or a new born baby in the middle of the night.

I remember last year, during Christmas dinner, an episode happened while I was sitting with my whole family.

I'm not talking imidate family; like Mom, Dad, and sister.

Oh no.

I'm talking; Aunts, uncles, grandmothers, granddads, cousins, nephews, neices. Even fucking infants for christ sake.

I moaned so loud, like multiple times, in front of every single one of them.

It was just... Terrible.

The look on their faces was worse than the embarassment though.

Disgust was the only expression they held.

And to be sincere,

I felt pretty disgusted with myself too.

'Oh... I hope you feel better Bambi.. do you still want to do the interveiw today? I could come over? I could bring over some cookies too :)'
I got so adapted to the bullying and all the repulsed or amused looks that I'm shocked when something nice happens to me. So shocked that I end up pushing it away, thinking that it's not real at all.

Because how could the kindness be real? - I am a walking, talking, breathing orgasm volcano for christ sake. I'm a joke.

'No.. I'm sorry, I just don't want to get you sick'

I'm just praying he leaves me alone.

God, if he knew what I did he'd be so grossed out with me.

And even after I release, the feeling of relief only lasts about an hour before it starts up again.

I have to live the rest of my life like this, and I'm only seventeen.

I cannot picture myself even ten years from now. Because... I don't even want to live that long.

I keep praying for an accident.

A car crash,

A gun,

A stab.

But nobody knows that.

I mean, it's not like I want to commit suicide or anything.

I just wouldn't really mind if a truck ran me over on accident and I died.

That's not abnormal for someone like me... Right?

Hiiiiiiiiiiiiii, update!!! sorry for that last thingy chapter??? it was for my smut, but then wattpad fucked up!! (not surprising though)

i hope you guys dont cry from this x

Much love,

Amber xxx

(P.S: I have entered in the Watty Awards Season 3 for boyxboy! I don't know when she'll put my name on the page, but I have messaged her and I assume she will at some point. If you guys could go vote for me that would be super duper cool! The link will be on my message board and I'll even put it here! xx http://www.wattpad.com/41901446-1d-watty-awards-season-3-%CF%9F-open-boyxboy-vacancy-9 )

BIG THANKS TO ALL MY KITTENS <3
[Louis' POV]

"Hey, Bambi!" I yell, waving him over to me with a huge grin I can't hold back even if I tried. I watch eagerly as he shuffles down the hallway in his oversized sweater and black sweatpants. How adorable.

I can't deny, I missed him, but only after a day, he looks...

different.

Not a bad different, just not a good one.

His eyes are a dull pale green with dark circles beneath them, as he approaches me with a small half smile that I know is being forced.

I put the tips of my fingers on his shoulder, my grin fading into a deep set frown. When he comes close enough he flinches away from my touch just a bit.

Ouch.

I pull back and clear my throat a little, and the awkward air is

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g.

between us in a thick blanket.

"Harry?" I ask softer, almost whispering, and he turns away a little, his eyes cold like a winter blizzard. Fatal. Hazardous, but damn. They draw me in.

They always do.

"Harry look at me, come on. What happened?" I pry, almost begging.

He actually looks like Bambi now, in that terrible scene, that everyone hates to watch. That scene that causes tears to drip off small children's faces, the scene that makes you wonder why it's a Disney film.

Why is it a Disney film?

I watch him, study him, breathe him in as I move closer. I fall into his gravity willingly, letting it cause the sweet tension I like to feel whenever we're close.
I just orbit around him recently, wanting to hang about and see him shiver when he gets those feelings he can't help.

He shakes his head and backs away, and a stray tear slips over his cheek.

"Harry plea--"

"N-No."

"Why?" I ask, a small whimper in my voice.

"Because, I'm disgusting." He whispers brokenly, his voice shaking immensely, and my heart is racing at the speed of light with worry.

"You are beautiful."

Is all I want to say to him.

But that would be weird, right?

Would it?

God wouldn't even know, in this case.

After a few moments of my lips screaming at me to kiss him, I can't help it, I give in. I press my lips against his forehead, and linger there. He lets me.

"Stop." I say, sternly but caringly as I wrap him in a hug he desperately needs. "You're okay, Harry. You're okay here with me."

He nods and cries silently into my shirt, and I rub at his curls a little, threading my fingers in them as he completely goes slack against my chest.

Can he feel my heart thrumming? Can he feel how much I care for him?

I hope so.

I feel his sputtering hot breaths on my thin tshirt and I hold on tighter, in fear he might just dart off, or slip away out of thin air.

Meanwhile, the flame, inside my heavy heart is growing.

Growing

GROWing

GROWing

GROWing

GROWIng

GROWING.
Swallowing me whole, and burning me out as I pick his flimsy limbs up into my arms.

He doesn't reject- to my relief, and he sobs into my shoulder as I thank the Lord that the halls are empty, so I can sneak out to the playground with this tragically troubled boy.

I just need to make him better.

Because yeah, sure- Bambi's mother does die. But Thumper was always there.

And god damn it, if I have to be his Thumper-- then so be it.

"I-I'm gross, p-please, I'm pathetic! Put me down.." He whimpers out, and my heart is boiling under the intense heat of the affection I feel for a boy a barely know.

I quickly get to the slide and sit down in it, cradling him in my arms and hushing him softly, my lips brushing the cusp of his ear.

I see him smile slightly through his glossy tears.

It's just barely there, but it's there.

I play with the soft, smoothe curls on the nape of his neck and nudge my nose against his temple, my eyelashes brushing his skin as I do so. It's the gentlest touches I've ever given someone, and I can tell Harry likes them, by the way his tears have subsided for the moment.

"Please...tell me. I want to fix you." I say quietly and he starts to cry again, fat tears falling in thick streaks again.

Damn it.

I resort to rubbing his cheek with the pad of my thumb and tilting his chin so he has to look at me. He closes his eyes for a moment in surrender, but then takes a big breath in, and begins to speak.

"I did something... Horrible." He whimpers out- his voice laced in a raspy post cry sound, and his fists are balling up my shirt tightly as he clings to me. I don't mind that, not one bit.

I soothe him, tell him it's okay, and that I could never judge him for whatever happened, then finally, after much consoling, and many tears later, he tells me.

He whispers it into my ear, and pulls back, his cheeks in a deep red shame.

I almost want to laugh, at how adorably innocent and pure Harry is, despite his very unclean condition.

"Harry..." I whisper with a smile, "Would you think I'm disgusting if I told you I've done that plenty of times before?"

He shakes his head, and naturally I blush.

Did I really just admit to wanking off?

Ha.

"Then why on Earth do you think you are? Harry," I begin, "people have been doing that since the beginning of time. Even girls do it, adults, teens, you know? It's healthy, especially for you." I say, and kiss his forehead one more time.
"But..." He sniffs, "You don't think I'm terrible?" He asks and I shake my head softly, hugging him closer.

"God, no Harry. You're amazing. Every bit of you."

He smiles, snuggling into my shirt as we skip the rest of the day at the park, sitting in the slide and talking about times we've done it.

I talk about how my mom walked in on me once, and we both laugh until our tummies ache with the force.

He feels better, because of me.

That's all that matters.

_____________________________________________________

Hey! I hoped you liked this update my lil kittens.

( this is a free verse book by the way, so you will see that I emphasize words by spacing the letters, or making them into a pattern! hope that doesn't annoy any of y'all)

<3

As you know! I am on the Watty Awards for BoyxBoy! (link on msg board) I am #9 on the list and I know I wont win but heeey you know it was just good to be on the list at least <333 I love you all and more interveiw questions will be coming in the next chapter! yay yay yay! right?

much much much love (as always),

Amber xoxox
O.10

[Harry's POV]

I'm in math class. Again.

I've grown to hate it. I've grown to hate the only thing that would make me forget.

And now it's back- the throbbing, that is. But hey, at least I'm in the way back of the class, and Travis is in the front. So he can't really make it worse at this point.

I watch him and his little gang, talk, laugh, give each other friendly nudges.

Sometimes I wish I had friends like that.

Sometimes I wish I had friends in general.

I do have Louis.

But I wouldn't consider him... A friend.

I'd categorize him in the group called, 'people that I think are cute but I could never have because my stupid dick is too touch sensitive.'

So a friend? No. Not really.

I just want someone to eat junk food with me, and watch stupid How I Met Your Mother re-runs on the telly. Someone who'll talk to me about the people I like, the people I don't like, and the people I sort of like, but kind of hate... Simple stuff.

It's the end of first period, when my thoughts get cut off and I shuffle out of the room, along with the crowd. I get bumped and shoved a bit, but I safely make it to my locker, nonetheless.

When I get there, a little yellow sticky note is taped to the metal. I giggle at it, realizing it's from Louis.

Oh this kid... Could he get any weirder?

'Hiya Bambi! Meet me at Mcdonalds, 5:00? Also, how do you feel about a sleepover? :) - Louis .x'

I blush at the last sentence, even when the hallway is almost totally empty, and nobody can see me.

A... Sleepover?

Oh, no no no.

But...

Yes, yes, yes?

God damn it.

I crunch up the note and shove it in my pocket, and at the end of the day, it's still sitting there, reminding me to make a choice.
Sleepover = come in my sleep with someone I am fond of

or

No sleepover = come in my sleep with nobody and someone I hate- a.k.a myself.

I think about my options as I walk home. It had just rained, and the puddles are filled with glossy water, and I stop at one of them. look down into it, staring at my reflection in the rippled water.

Why am I like this?

I look so normal on the outside.

But on the inside I'm a total mess.

I sigh and walk on, along the cracked sidewalk, and the park. I come up to my house, where my mom greets me at the door with some chips.

"I'm not hungry, mum." I say, and she's almost shocked until I tell her I'm going to Mcdonalds with a boy from school.

First off, my mom doesn't know I'm gay, and I'd like to keep it that way... For as long as possible, that is.

"Well, make sure you get something good for you. None of that double cheese burger stuff, okay?"

I sigh and nod with a smile, because I honestly was already planning on getting exactly what she told me not to.

Later, when I finish my homework, its about four thirty. I'm just going to go in the same clothes I wore today because it's not like I need to dress in good clothes.

I'll probably have an accident in them anyhow, so why bother?

Mum drives me, since I have a lack of a drivers license and it takes all of me not to give in to the cars bumps and vibrations, and jerked movements.

When I get there I'm practically sweating, from trying to keep it in. I should've left early and walked.

I so should've done that.

I see Louis inside, and he perks right up when he sees me through the window, waving me inside with a huge dopey grin on his face.

I can't deny, my heart did do a pretty huge backflip at that.

I go through the doors, wave bye to mum, and approach Louis' table unable to stop my shivers and heat flashes.

He starts off by asking the usual to every interview, and I have to answer honestly. Every single time.

"How did you feel earlier today?"

"Aroused, sad, anxious." I say.
"How do you feel right now?"

"Aroused, and happy." I say, but the same tone as before.

"Wait, what changed your mood from sad to happy?" He asks and I laugh under my breath, wiping my forehead from the sweat that's gathered there. Ick.

"Just, you know... Someone." I say and his face goes into a sheet of... is that jealousy I see?

No. Not possible.

What's to be jealous over?

"Who?" He demands with desperate eyes, as the food he ordered comes to the table, I take a second to order mine then look back at him smiling.

"What do you mean who?"

"Who made you happy?"

"Um... J-Just someone. Why?" I stutter out, and maybe I should just tell him it's him that made me so happy?

Nah, let him sweat it out.

"Does this someone go to our school?" He asks, and oh yes; my favorite. The guessing game.

"Yes."

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A boy, kinda short. Brown hair, amazing blue eyes, incredible voice." I say and giggle when he looks puzzled. I sigh and shake my head, stealing a sip of his soda.

"You, you dumb-bum."

His look of confusion fades with that- even though I called him a dumb bum, and he breaks out into this wonderful huge smile, the one that crinkles his eyes. His face turns a pretty pinkish color aswell.

"I make you happy?" He asks, sounding hopeful, proud... I shiver a bit from it, and my heart rate drops, then picks up again.

Because why does he sound so pleased with himself?

"Horny, too." I add with a chuckle, and when my food comes, I'm not afraid to pound it down.

Because he is too, and for once I feel comfortable about something.

He swallows his food then sips at his soda. "So how about that sleepover then, Bambi?"

I stop in mid bite and clear my throat. Forgot about that.

Shit.

Okay so -

Option 1. Sleepover with Louis, try not to come, or act stupid.
Option 2. Go home tonight, try not to come - then end up coming anyway, cry about it, debate living or not, fall asleep, wake up, repeat.

...Option 1 sounds as good as another large fry at this point.

"I'll ask my mum." I reply, and pull out my phone.

____________________________________________

Sooo? Did you like? I hope so, my lil kittens! <3

jealousis.... see what I did there?

much love,

amber :) xoxoxo
[Louis’ POV]

As me and Harry leave Mcdonalds I can't help but glance constantly between the road and the passenger seat.

Because maybe I'm a perv who loves to see this kid all hot and bothered.

I know he's trying to hold back an episode...

And honestly, I want to watch. I do.

Really bad.

My car isn't the sturdiest thing in the entire world, okay? It doesn't exactly glide across the pavement that well... Lets just put it that way.

And he seems to be really liking... Or hating these bumps in the road.

I can't tell if it's pleasure he's feeling or embarrassment from his facial expressions.

He whimpers when we reach my driveway, obviously trying so hard to hold it back.

The only thing that's in reach of him is my arm and he takes it, digging his nails right into the flesh of my skin.

I don't even wince, really.

Would it be sick if I said I kinda liked it?

... A little. Yeah.

"Harry... It's okay, just... It's alright." I stammer out and places a hand over his face as he squeezes intensely hard.

"S-Sorry, I'm really sor-" He squeaks out quietly, and is cut off by a soft, shaky... Almost quite cute-moan.

"Don't be sorry... Really it's okay Harry..." I soothe and move to rub his back.

He flinches and I see tears.

I hate his tears.

I hate when he's upset.

I hate his disorder...

But I love it.

I'm so sick.

...Fuck.
"H-Harry, hey... Come on, don't cry. It's not your fault." I say quietly, and he softens up then, sniffling and unbuckling his seat belt.

I get out, and grab his bag, then trot to his door with a smile, even though he's flushed pink and more embarrassed than ever.

He still won't say anything as I lead him to my door. I'm so filled with excitement and I can't stop thinking of all the things we can do and talk about in the night.

When I open the door, my mom isn't home.

Still at work, I assume.

Harry enters with shaky legs and he clears his throat quietly, looking around as we stand by my front door.

"There's a bathroom down the hall..." I say, handing him his bag, because I think he's itching to change his underwear.

"Thanks." Is all he mutters with a quick smile, as he shuffles down the hall, and turns into the bathroom.

I watch the whole time, as he leaves, and I wait.

I always wait by the bathroom door for him and he probably thinks I'm some sort of weirdo with a fetish for his disorder.

...That's more accurate than I'm comfortable with, actually.

When he comes out, he's all smiles again.

Good.

That's how he should always be.

"Why do you um... Wait by the door for me?" He asks, coming out from the bathroom slowly with his bag.

My face heats up and I shrug like it's a casual topic.

It's not.

It's soo not casual at all.

"I just... I just want to make sure you're okay. You know?" I say, laughing nervously, and I can tell that he doesn't actually believe this statement with the shy smirk he's trying to hold back.

"Want to play some video games?" I switch direction in conversation, and he nods to my relief, then we make our way to my living room.

One thing that I didn't expect is for Harry to be so good at video games.

I thought I was good.

Yeah... No.
After the tenth round of Mario Kart, I give up and turn to face him.

He's smiling and blushing, then pauses the game.

"You suck." He says teasingly, and I raise one eyebrow.

"Oh really now?" I say and lunge, tackling him to the ground and tickling him mercilessly.

He flails a little, giggling and trying to catch his breath. "You suck, you suck!" He sing songs and I finally pin him by both wrists in my one hand.

We're both panting and laughing until we stop, and swallow, almost at the same time as we stare at each other.

I want to kiss him.

That's all I can even think about as he takes his bottom lip and bites on it.

Maybe I stare for too long, because he breaks a smug smile. "Earth to Louis, you're crushing my wrists." He says in a joking voice, and my eyes go unglazed.

I let off and clear my throat, trying not to blush, but in the end, I'm redder than a tomato.

"Sorry." I say with a shy smile, and he sits up, looking at me like we're more than just friends.

But we're only friends... Right?

"You need to practice your Mario Kart." He says and giggles, then I move closer to him almost instinctually.

I touch my shoulders with his, side by side as we look at each other. I nod, because yes. I really do need to practice if I ever want to beat him.

Or impress him.

"You hungry?" I ask, and it comes out in a whisper. I didn't expect it to, but it did and he nods.

"As long as it doesn't have peanuts. I'm allergic." He says and makes a crooked smile, one dimple cratering his cheek.

Is he aware of how fucking adorable he is?

Hi! I'm so sorry for the long wait! I've been grounded and so it has been hard to update lately.

I hope you like this chapter!

I will be updating again today, since you guys had to wait so long.

How does that sound, my little kittens? ;)

Much love,

Amber xx
[Harry's POV]

Me and Louis are buried in what seems like a sea of junk food.

It's perfect.

Everything is perfect as we laugh and watch those late night telly shows.

"How come robot-chicken isn't on during the day?" He asks and I smile, reaching for my third twinkie.

"Louis, it's 2am." I remind him with a giggle and he makes a noise of realization.

I can't help but stare, because he looks so amazing in the glow of the telly. Pictures dancing across his glasses lenses because he needs them to see.

I've never felt this in my entire life.

I've never seen someone so effortlessly flawless, surrounded by potato chips and Hershey's kisses.

"Are you tired?" I ask, because I'm not.

And I'm hoping he isn't.

He shakes his head and looks at me with a smile that's chewing on a twizzler. "No, you?" He asks, and I shake my head back at him, getting a nerds rope and chewing on the end of it.

Remember how I said I wished someone would watch telly with me and eat huge amounts of junk food at the same time?

Well, I never actually thought it'd happen.

Maybe Louis is my best friend, and also the person I want but won't ever have.

He's the person I can eat junk food with, but also the person I can't admit to who I like.

Which kind of sucks.

"You know what we should do?" He asks with a mischievous smirk. "Skinny dipping."

My eyes widen, then I think he's joking so I start to laugh and eat more.

I look over at him and...

Oh my god...

he's serious.

"Wait, you're joking right?" I ask, looking at him like he's insane. Because he might as well be, if he thinks I'm going to get naked in freezing water.

"There's a lake a block away." He states with devious look and I feel my tummy drop.
Maybe this could be fun.

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't kind of interested.

When we finally go I almost decide to change my mind as we sneak out of his house and run out onto the streets sidewalk.

But I don't.

Because I feel free again.

Why is it that every time I'm with this boy I feel free? Unrestrained?

Why do I feel like I can just let go, and not hold back?

I don't know why. But I love it.

"Come on, it's right over here!" Louis yells, giggling all the way as we trot to the lakes edge.

He immediately starts stripping until he's in his boxers and I'm shell shocked, just staring at him, wide eyed in the moonlight.

"You can leave your boxers on. If you feel more comfortable..." He says quietly, and I can tell he's regretting this for making me tag along.

I want to reassure him immediately, because I want to do this.

Being in a body of water with Louis, at three am?

It seems crazy, but maybe I'm not that uncomfortable with it anymore.

"No." I say and bravely, I have no idea what's gotten into me, but I strip all the way down.

Like, everything is showing.

Let that sink in.

The minute I pull my boxers off I giggle freely and jump into the lake with an open heart.

For once the throbbing is the last thing I'm thinking about as I shoot up from the ice cold water surrounding me.

I shake my hair out and shiver, "Holy fuck." I say in a wavering voice and smile, splashing some water on Louis whose still standing there.

"Bambi got balls!" Louis yells as he takes off his boxers and I throw my head back and laugh so hard that I swear I can't feel my stomach anymore.

The waves from his jump splash me and he comes up gasping for air and laughing at the same time.

He looks so beautiful. All the time.

That kills me.

"How do you feel?" He asks, his teeth chattering slightly, swaying in the water freely, like an otter.

I shiver, "Cold. Very cold."
He smiles at that, and I freeze even more when he pulls me into him a little.

His body heat is still so strong and I shake a bit from the iciness of the lake, looking at him as water trickles off his chin and hair, shining from the moon's pale light.

I never want this sleepover to end.

He looks at me and lose my breath, unable to speak, or move. Or anything.

I'm just caught in the moment.

We both are.

Even the whole world is stuck in this moment, it feels like.

Suddenly, the long silence breaks when he speaks in a whisper, "What would you do if I kissed you right now?" He asks softly, and his fingers come up to graze my shoulder, leaving the water to make soft, calming dripping noises as he does so.

All the hairs on my neck stand up with his words and I swallow thickly before I can get the courage to speak.

"I'd kiss you back." I whisper, the breathiness of my words causing a little gray puff come out of my mouth from the chilly night air.

The moment our heads leaned in, and our lips touched, I felt like I never was diagnosed with something that could hold me back.

Our lips graze each others, soft and slow, wet and warm. Louis tastes like the cinnamon gum he always chews, and it makes me smile against his mouth for a moment.

No words need to be said, they're all shared through kisses and soft touches to the back of the neck or the collarbones.

I pull away gently from our silent, but physical discussion and rest my forehead onto Louis' which is still soaked from the water.

Only, the water is a little warmer than it was a couple minutes ago, and no...

It's not pee.

It's the fact that me and Louis just kissed each other while skinny dipping in the middle of a field in a lake, directly under the moon.

If that doesn't warm things up, then I don't know what would.

"Boyfriend Bambi?" He asks with benevolent eyes, and I look at him with a dimpled soft grin. I nod in response.

Because who am I to turn down something like that?

Kisses!!!

Xoxoxo updates yayyyyy!
Keep purring! <3

Much love,

Amber:)
[Louis’ POV]

It's been a week and a half since me and Harry kissed.

It keeps replaying over and over in my mind, and I catch myself smiling in my English class.

"Why're you smiling?" Liam asks me, as he ties his shoelaces on his new Jordans.

Typical, really.

He has more shoes than my mom.

I shrug, "I don't know. Is smiling a crime? Are you the smile police?"

He rolls his eyes at my demeanor and turns to face me in his desk.

Class hasn't started yet and I can tell he's about to ask a question.

I hate his questions.

They're always so ditzy.

Remind me why I'm his friend again?

"So are you and that freak together or something?" He asks, tilting his head into the hallway, where Harry stands with his Chemistry teacher.

He's so cute, probably talking about how he can make up those last few tests he failed.

He really hates Chemistry.

And right now, I really fucking hate Liam.

I look at him and I can't believe how much of a douche bag he turned into.

Sure, before I met Harry, I thought he'd be a bit of a freak.

But boy, was I wrong.

So so wrong.

I don't have a right to be angry with Liam for his presumptions.

I know that.

But I do anyways.

"He's not a fucking freak." I say with a hard, cold, tone. "Why don't you go count the shoes in your closet, then tell me who the real freak is."

Liam is taken aback and scowls at me, his eyebrows furrowed and his cheeks red.

I can't tell if it's embarrassment or anger though.
"Don't have to be such a shit head about it. It was just a question." He replies and I tense up, turning back in my seat and deciding not to take it further.

That is until he speaks again.

"So, what? Did you guys fuck or something?" He asks, like it's totally fucking casual.

I give him a straight answer through gritted teeth. "No."

I copy notes from the board and grip my pencil tighter, and it's almost about to break from the anger that's welling up inside me.

Could this kid get any more... Oh I don't know, dim witted? Rude? Annoying?

He was better when he was 10, and when he didn't wear snap backs and gold chains.

Now he's just dull from all the pot he inhales.

"Good." He chuckles dryly and doodles on his paper. "Whatever he's got, I don't want you getting it."

I swear to god, I don't even have a thought process before I push my coffee off my desk with my elbow.

It spills and lands all over his brand new Jordans and I smile sarcastically, "Whoops." I say and he's absolutely devastated.

The whole class stares as he yells at me, "You did that on purpose you fucking dick!" He hops from his seat, shaking off the ugly sneakers from the brown liquid.

I shrug and look up at him as he hovers over me. "I have no idea what you're talking about. It was an accident." I say innocently, but he knows it wasn't.

That's all he knows.

Because if he mistook Harry's disorder for an STD, that cannabis is doing a wondrous job of turning him into an idiot.

The teacher sends Liam out for cursing, and before he leaves I jot down something on my notebook and make sure he sees it before he walks through the door.

It says, 'LAY OFF THE WEED, PAL.'

He looks at it and gives a cold look, then makes his way down to the principles office, where he rightly belongs for talking shit about Harry like that.

When class ends, Harry waits for me by the door, and people shove him a bit, so he backs away with a flustered face.

I pull him into me, as soon as I see him, and wrap him in a fully engulfed hug.

"How was class?" He asks, and it's muffled by my shirt until he pulls away with the most innocent grin, and the deepest green eyes I've ever seen.

The kid could get away with murder with that face.
"It was um... Eventful." I say with a shrug and I walk down the hall with him, to his last class of the day.

"How so?" He asks, putting his hand in my sweatshirt pocket, fiddling with it as he leans against the lockers outside of the classroom.

"I spilled coffee on Liam's new Jordans, that's all." I say and Harry tries not to giggle. I smile and peck all over his cherub cheeks.

"How was your class?" I ask him, and he makes a bothered face.

He swallows, adams apple bobbing. "It was ah... Eventful. Just like yours, except no coffee was spilled..."

I dread this look, it's the look of defeat, the look of a puppy getting whacked over the nose with a newspaper.

I cup his cheek and caress it with my thumb, "Text me if you have any problems in this class, yeah?" I reassure, and plant a soft kiss on his forehead.

He nods and I smile, "I have to interview you today, but after that want to go to the mall? I have money."

He shakes his head, "You aren't spending money on me."

I nod with a smirk, "Oh but I am."

He shrugs, "Seeing as you won't take no for an answer, fine." He says and smiles, and the bell rings, but I can tell he's scared. Like he doesn't want to go into class.

I smooth back his curls and hum, "Like I said, text me alright?" I soothe, and add, "Remember our Episode Escape Plan."

He nods and frowns, but then gives me a quick peck before he turns into the classroom skiddishly.

We made the Episode Escape plan yesterday.

1. Bathroom pass
2. Text Louis
3. Meet up in bathroom
4. Makeout with each other senseless

Okay so maybe I came up with that last step but whatever.

I go to my last class with a smile, and try to avoid Liam as much as humanly possible.

Because if I see him, I might punch him and I don't really feel like getting expelled.

All I try to focus my brain on is Harry, and how I'm going to buy him whatever his heart wants.

Within budget.

I'm not rich or anything.
When the day finally ends, I meet Harry in the lobby and greet him with a warm smile, and a peck to his cheek.

He bites his smile back and blushes intensely as we walk hand in hand to my car.

Oh god, he really does hate my car.

He's never flat out said that, but it's obvious, with the way he squirms around in it.

We both buckle in and I try to drive as carefully as possible for his sake, because he's whimpering under his breath a little.

"I'm s-sorry." He says and gets flustered, nervously giggling as he taps his fingers on the arm rest.

He's so adorable.

Does he know?

"You're adorable." I say out loud, but it sounds like a thought that was meant to stay in my head.

He blushes further and smiles, and I want him to just relax and have an orgasm in my car.

Just let it out.

But is that my sick mind talking?

"I'm not anywhere n-near-" He tries to say, but we hit a bump, that I "wasn't paying attention to".

Okay... Maybe I hit it on purpose.

Sue me.

"L-Louis, take another... Another road..." He says and swallows but he's slacking for some reason, laying back in his seat and covering his face in his hands.

Does he want this to happen?

"Okay.." I reply simply, and yes.

I do take a smoother road.

But I speed up.

I speed up so high that even I can feel the car vibrating heavily.

I watch his face between glances, and he arches his back slightly off the chair, removing his hands and placing one on the window sill, the other on the arm rest.

He looks over at me, and he knows I'm doing it on purpose so I feel a rush of guilt and slow down significantly.

"N-No, please." He whispers, shaking as his legs part slightly.

"Faster, go faster." He breathes out, now holding onto my arm and digging his nails into the flesh.

Who the fuck am I to say no?
I speed up twice as fast down the long road and his thighs tense as I see his little tummy contract.

Glances aren't fucking enough, I wan't to see him without looking at the road.

But I can't, and I'll have to take what I've got.

Because what I've got, is so so good.

He whimpers loudly, his back arching only a little, but what really drives me nuts is that I realize he's whimpering my name.

My boner could not get any harder at this point, honestly.

He comes when his body shudders a little and his tight skinny jeans have a wet spot in the front.

It's a lot of wetness, really, and he tries to catch his breath as the car slows down.

He looks so small, and scared, and mostly, he looks like he really regrets what just happened.

He swallows thickly and with rosy cheeks he unzips his sweater, putting it over the damp spot on his pants.

"I-... Can I go home?" He asks a few minutes later and I bite my lip gently, looking over at him.

It's not like I can deny him that, but I pull over and park on the side of the road anyway.

He looks at me like I'm crazy but all I do is turn to him with a small frown.

"I don't mind... you know." I say, and he turns away, fiddling with his fingers awkwardly.

"I just wanna go home..." He says in a quiet voice and I feel my chest ache.

"Please... Harry, I don't want you to leave." I beg him, and the neediness in my voice is evident.

I don't care.

I'll beg.

For Harry... I'd do a lot of ridiculous things.

"Please, Harry, it was my fault, I shouldn't of-"

"Louis. Take me home. Please." He interjects, and dear lord, I feel like such an asshole. He's almost in tears. Again.

My sick mind had to be fed, and it led up to this.

Perfect.

I give a nod. "Right... Okay." I say and swallow, turning the car on again.

This time, I actually drive carefully, but Harry won't even look at me.

I reach to hold his hand, and thankfully, he gives it a small squeeze in reassurance.

Maybe he's more mad at himself than he is at me, but that still doesn't settle the pain in my heart.
I'd rather him yell at me, than him yell at himself.

When I finally get into his drive way, a whole silent ten minutes later, he turns to me, but won't meet my eyes.

"Thanks." He mutters and he almost gets out until I pull his arm back gently.

He looks back and I smile at him. "Can I have a kiss?" I ask sweetly, and he tries to force back a smile in return.

He nods and I aim for his lips, but he gives me a cheek peck instead.

Harry doesn't look back as he gets out, and enters through his front door, but I sit in his drive way for a moment, heaving a sigh.

I have a feeling I'll need a wank when I get home, considering my cock is harder than asphalt.

Nice.

Wait... Oh god did Harry see that?

Shit. Oh shit.

He think's I'm some kind of freak now. Awesome.

But maybe I am?

Ugh.

I curse my sick ways as I drive home, and that night I end up thinking about Harry the whole time.

His whimpers of my name are on full volume, and on constant repeat in my head, and I'm pretty sure I end up with the best self-made orgasm a guy can get in the end.

I curse my sick ways for a second time that day, and fall asleep with even more sick dreams of Harry's disorder.

_______________________________________________________

This was really long, I think.

Sorry!

Hope you guys liked it<3

Louis is a freak... yes or yes? ;)

Much love,

Amber

(Harry's POV next!)
[Harry's POV]

When I get through my door, I immediately sprint up the stairs to my room.
Because it's not like I could face the rest of the world at this point anyway.
My mom isn't home, which I'm thankful for because I need a good scream.
I fumble onto my bed, get beneath the covers, and bury my face into my pillow.
I let out a scratchy scream, and hot tears stain the soft fabric.
I must've looked so stupid.
The worst part of it all is that I fucking loved it.
Loved it so fucking much.
Why am I so sick?
For the next week, I have Louis induced orgasms.
All by my fucking self.
Remember when I said I was scared of touching myself and I hated it?
...Not anymore.
Especially when Louis told me he did it too.
I haven't stopped since, really.
Louis keeps telling me I should just let loose once in a while, you know?
But my suicidal thoughts keep getting worse and worse.
They cage me in... Letting loose isn't really an option.
Jumping off bridges, slitting my wrists, and hanging from a rope aren't exactly nightmares anymore...
More like a dream I don't want to wake up from.
I don't know if I should voice my thoughts to Louis though...
I want to, I really do.
But I hate pity.
He'd look down on me if he knew I wanted to make a clorox smoothie.
Right?
I wonder what my obituary would say.
"Death by cock."

Ha.

If only Louis knew how morbid his little Bambi was.

Bambi wishes it was him instead of his mom!

Wow, I'm cracking myself up.

This is bad.

I have to tell Louis.

Our next meeting is at my favorite fro-yo place, because I told Louis that I had an extreme love for their cookie dough soft serve.

He's so sweet.

And I don't deserve him.

"Okay... So." He starts off, looking through his notebook to get a clean sheet.

He writes the date, and chicken scratches the first question he's going to ask.

"Have you had any recent mood swings, changes in diet, or panic attacks in the last few weeks?" He asks, and I do a mental check list.

Mood swings? Aren't those a natural occurrence for me?


Panic attacks? The things that make you shake and take shallow breaths until you cry and can't talk? A couple, yeah.

I answer all these, and he pauses on the last one, looking at me like he's concerned.

"What?" I ask softly, fearing the look he's giving me.

I don't like people to worry about me.

Even if I want to kill myself.

I'm the type of person to say, "Don't worry." to that topic.

"Harry, you didn't tell me that before. That's a serious thing." He says sternly, writing all of the things I said down in his notebook.

I shrug, "Not that serious."

He looks up at me, then moves to brush my hair back gently.

My eyes flutter softly and I smile, leaning into his touch.

"It is, sweetheart. When do they happen?" He asks, almost in a whisper as I wish the table between us would disappear, so I could sit on his lap and pepper kisses across his cheek bones.
I swallow, when his hand cups my cheek, the words are racing to my lips before I have time to dam
them up.

"When I want to kill myself." I blurt, and oh god.

Whoops.

Shit.

His face goes from worried to absolutely fucking distraught.

"Fuck, Harry... Why? Why would you ever want to do that?" He asks, trying to talk quietly because
there are people around us.

Eating fro-yo, but probably not talking about suicide at the same time.

Lucky bastards.

It occurs to me then, that I shouldn't of spoke up at all.

I shrug and shake my head slowly, and tears start to dribble off my cheeks.

He stands up, taking my empty cup of fro-yo, his too, and throws it away before he helps me up and
takes me outside to talk to me on the outside bench.

It's a bit chilly, and the only people that are out here is a family of three.

The toddler boy blowing bubbles looks at me and smiles a two-toothed grin, and I can't smile back,
even though I really wish I could.

I look back at Louis who sits me facing him on his lap.

Just what I wanted.

I love his lap.

After looking him in his worried eyes I can't control the sobs I hold in and I let myself lay on him,
my arms wrapping loosely behind his neck.

"Shh... baby. I'm so glad you told me..." He soothes, and my back is shaking, along with my hands
that are threading through his hair on the back of his head.

I can't even respond, and when I look over Louis' shoulder, the family of three is walking away.

The little boy is making worried eyes at me, just like Louis' eyes did before as his mother leads him
away to their car.

That only makes me cry harder.

"You're so brave... baby, look at me for a minute." He says and draws me back, looking at my
crying eyes and reddend cheeks.

His grow watery too as he leans up to kiss me.

Our tears mix as we kiss, streaming our cheeks as we share a beautiful, soft lip lock.

I pull my lips away slowly and I rest my head against his forehead and close my eyes when I know
that his are too.

"Louis..." I start off, my heart beating a billion miles a second.

Or at least, that's what it feels like when I utter these words.

"I think I love you." I breathe out, and pull back to look at him.

He opens his teary eyes and smiles at me with crinkled eyes.

And naturally, I smile back at him, and I can feel my dimples cave in.

He cups my cheek and pecks my lips before he speaks quietly. "I think that I can't live without you Harry."

That makes me cry again.

Because I don't think I can live with or without him.

But I can sure as hell try.

I nod, and lick my slightly salty lips that are wet with tears. "I'm in, if you're in." I say, like we're making a pact.

And maybe we are.

He nods back, "Then I'm in." He whispers and holds me impossibly close as my legs dangle behind him.

I hug him tight, and he stands up with me like this, carrying me to his car as my limp legs swing as he walks.

People stare, but we don't even care.

He slips us both into the back seat of his car, and I wonder why at first, but then he lays down with me, putting my whole body on top of him before he shuts the door.

He rubs my back in smooth circles and we stay there, breathing each other in and taking a nap with the radio playing softly, and the heat on a little bit.

I snuggle him, and again...

Freedom is in my heart.

The ache fades, my tears cease, and everything is at peace.

We're laying in the back seat of his car, in the parking lot of a fro-yo place and I have honestly never felt so alive in my life.

But now... I'm starting to second guess that.

"Louis?" I ask in a whisper, and he hums, threading his fingers through my curls, scratching my head softly in response and if I were a kitten, I'd damn well be purring.

"We didn't finish the interview." I say, and he cracks his eyes open tiredly at me.
"How do you feel today?" He asks, and I look at him deeply in the eyes, staring at him with a steady heart beat.

"Alive." I say with a grin, and he grins back, leaning up to kiss my forehead afterwards.

"Is that a good thing?" I nod at that, because yes.

It's a very good thing.

"It's a great thing." I say, and we curl up with each other for the rest of the night... Accidentally sleeping until the next morning.

Whoops.

We wake up to a parking ticket on Louis' windshield, but we ignore it and make out instead.

I just wanted to tell you guys that if you ever feel suicidal, I'm always an inbox away and you can always talk to me whenever you want to <3

I love you all very very VERY much.

I hope y'all feel alive (heh)

What did you think about this chapter? :)

Much love,

Amber xxxx
[LOUIS' POV]

Needless to say, I don't really care all that much about my fine.

That night was...

It made me fall in love with Harry.

Even more so, than I already was.

I don't just want him.

I want every piece of him.

I can't stop thinking of him.

His laugh, his smile, his dimples, his teeth, his curls.

My mind is a mess jumbled up of mental pictures of Harry.

How his lips chap red when we kiss for too long, how his long eyelashes get wet when he cries, the way he bites the skin around his nails, when he sees something he likes in a store.

I always buy it for him.

Just to see his smile.

I am totally whipped, in other words.

Things get complicated next weekend when I go to his house late on a school night.

We forgot to do an interview that day, with all the busy things going on in our lives.

Harry's grandmother passed, and it was hard for him to handle.

I hate seeing him grieve, almost as much as I hate seeing him get teased at school.

I came so close to decking this one kid square in the teeth when he tried to actually touch my baby.

In his parts, you know?

To lure him into an episode for his own sick twisted pleasure.

Anything for the laughs.

The fucking freak got down on his knees begging for forgiveness before I could even do anything though.

And I let the lucky bastard go, telling him to count his blessings.

I put hand in Harry's hair, scratching his head lightly as he curls up on my lap and lays his head on my chest.
His mom's asleep at this point, so I had to sneak in for Harry's sake.

He's in the closet.

And so am I so...

It's not that we think our moms won't except us.

It's just not that big of a deal to bring it up.

"Alright sweetheart." I start, and he sighs deeply, hugging my neck as I record what he's going to say on my phone.

"Can you tell me the day when you found out you had RGS? How did you feel? Describe the day in detail."

He fiddles with the collar of my shirt and looks up at me, "I felt weird."

"I felt... Hopeless. Disgusted. Maybe even a little bit um... Suicidal." He says and looks down again, afraid to meet my eye when he says that.

The only thing that matters is that he doesn't want to perish now.

I've seen him smile more often.

Which is progress, right?

I egg him on silently, by kissing his forehead, and rubbing his back in soft little circles.

He continues. "I woke up a couple weeks before I was diagnosed, and it was about three am... It was so painful that... I don't know I felt like my cock was going to fall off."

We both laugh, and my eyes crinkle up. I hate when that happens, but Harry always tells me he likes it a lot.

I don't get him sometimes.

"When I went to my doctor... He said I had developed it. Sometimes they don't know why. Genetics maybe? They didn't know." He says and frowns after the laughter had died down.

"What do you think you'd be doing right now if you didn't have this disorder?" I ask him quietly.

"I wouldn't be with you." He says, lifting his head and looking into my eyes.

Fuck.

I stare back and he just goes deeper.

"I'd be alone. And I know that because I was alone, even when I was normal." He says, and our lips are inches away.

It's like we're magnets. And we're so close to touching, but not quite, and there's that tension in the middle.

"I wouldn't have met you. I wouldn't have fallen for you. You want to know what I'd be doing, Lou?" He asks, and instinctually I nod.
"Nothing."

Sorry this was so short! I've been super busy lately! Studying for drivers ed, homework, doing vacation things!

What are you guys doing on vacation?

I went to an Iggy Azalea concert last night! Eeeep! She was so beautiful I love her. :) <3

Keep purrin my lil pu$$y's! (see what i did there? no? pssstt... its one of iggy's songs!)

Well, I love you all and I just wanted to say thanks for all the support on this story, because I usually try to make it as best as I can!

Muuuch love,

Amber x

(ps. This is private for some reason? Idk it really made me mad because this chapter isn't half as sexual as the other ones. Ugh. I messaged wattpad about it and I'm afraid this story might be deleted... Pray for me. Ha.)
"Nothing?" He asks me in a whisper and I nod.

"Not one thing." I clarify, then giggle a bit.

"Okay, maybe some homework here and there, since you know, you always distract me from it." I say and he tickles my side with his own beautiful laugh, making me gasp and squirm.

"Louis!" I whisper yell through fits of soft laughter. "My mom's sleeping!" I say and he stops but turns off the recorder, and sits me on his lap so we're face to face.

"Scandalous." He says and I nod, leaning forward to peck his lips.

Which... Doesn't really turn out to be just a peck.

Our tongues are best friends by now, let's just put it that way.

I cup his face in both my hands and he holds my back, pressing me impossibly close to him as everything blurs in my head until it's just...

Louis.

He pulls off my lips for a moment to look up at me, his wide blue eyes silently begging for something.

What is it?

"I w-wanna touch you." He says breathily, and I swallow biting my lip hard after.

I can't lie. I want him to touch me too. I want to touch him... All over. I want him.

I. Want. Him.

I nod quickly and unbite my lip to kiss him again, "Want it." I mumble on his lips and he kisses back, muffling my words with his mouth.

I let go and slip off his lap to sit next to him, and I'm afraid...

What if he decides to change his mind about... us?

About everything?

What happens if Thumper leaves Bambi?

I lay back and let him hover over me, kneeling between my legs as he trails his chilly fingers down my tummy and to my zipper.

"This s'okay?" He says, his shaking fingers over my pants button.

He's nervous.

Just like me.
I nod in conformation.

He proceeds to unbutton me, and zip me down.

And my heart flinches when he starts to unbutton himself.

Then, before I can even think, I'm the one unzipping him.

Finishing the job.

He smiles and I smile back, then he shimmies my jeans off a little bit, leaving them beside the couch when he's done, along with his own pants afterwards.

At this point, is it bad that I couldn't care less if my mom walked in on us?

Eh, whatever.

We're both in our boxers when he gently sits me on my lap again and he threads his fingers through my curls lightly, making me lean into his touch comfortably.

"Are you sure you're ready?" He asks and I hum, my eyes half lidding as I nod my head slowly with a soft smile.

"Okay." He breathes out, and he presses are foreheads together.

I love when he does that.

I love him.

When I feel my boxer band being pulled back a few moments later, I close my eyes.

Mostly because I'm so relaxed.

I trust him.

I trust him to touch me and not laugh about it.

Fingers wiggle in and I let out a small breath I didn't know I was holding in as they wrap around my length gently.

Feels okay so far, feels right.

But it feels even better when he starts to move.

I whimper softly and he coos, leaning back a little to watch me.

I can't stop staring at him, and I let out a shy shaky breath as my cheeks tint pink.

I reach out shakily for his boxer band and he lets me go, which I am very thankful for because I'm itching to touch him.

Dying to touch him.

Right when I have it in my hand we attach lips again, sucking and licking into eachothers mouths. I drop my head a little and he moves to kiss my temples gently.

"I love you..." He breathes hotly onto my earlobe and I shiver strongly through my spine, "I love
"you..." I reply through a quiet moan.

I never dreamt of this happening, yet here we are.

On my couch.

In my living room.

And...

"You didn't shut that off?" I whisper out of breath, smiling and giggling as I look over to his phone.

Apparently he hit the wrong button, or he meant for it to stay on.

Either way, I'm too horny to care.

"S-Sorry, shit I didn't-"

I stroke him faster at his shaky apology and shake my head when he tries to reach for it, "Leave it."

He swallows and settles back with a sheepish smile, stroking me faster, and faster and I really cannot take it anymore.

I'm whimpering so loud and tears prick at my eyes- It's a natural reaction at this point. To nearly cry when I feel an episode coming on.

I'm moaning into his mouth, letting him kiss over my lips as my body freezes up.

Then I realize, this isn't an episode.

This is an orgasm.

A lovely one.

Our foreheads press together again, and our free hands rest on the back of one another's necks, grabbing at hair urgently as we pant.

"Louis I-I'm-"

And that's all I can really get out before I spurt onto his fist with a shudder.

I feel hot wetness on my own fist a moment later and...

I made him come!

I burst out in breathy giggles with my achievement and he attacks my neck in loving feather light kisses.

He laughs happily and I don't know where to wipe my wrist so I frown a bit.

He shrugs and drags his tongue across his own wrist, licking up my come with a big old smirk on his face.

Cheeky bastard.

I do the same thing, then smear some on his face.
Ever had a come fight before?

Soon its on our faces and we lick it off likes dogs, pulling our boxers up afterwards and still giggling from how...

Gross... Funny... Adorable we are?

Whatever. It doesn't matter.

I reach over for the recording and stop it, then put it back on the table.

"Gonna make that your ring tone big boy?" I joke and he nods.

"Oh yes, and my alarm clock. I can't wait."

I love him so much.

Have I mentioned that before?

I ask him to stay.

Actually I kinda beg him and after my puppy eye show he agrees, and we get our clothes.

My mom will just think I'm having a sleepover or something.

The project excuses are working beautifully for late night stays, I must add.

We cuddle up on my bed, and we snuggle in blankets rubbing our legs together and kissing lazily.

This is what I want.

All the time.

Does he?

"Goodnight Bambi." He whispers and I smile, holding on tight... Like I'll drift away if I don't.

-----------------------------------------------

eeeeeep. sexy time. :) hope y'all liked it!

much love my lil kittens,

amber :) <3

ps. by the way my story should be fine! so don't worry your pretty lil heads i msged wattpad and I'm all good. xoxoxo
[LOUIS' POV]

I wake up, with Harry's alarm clock blaring and I huff in annoyance.

I reach out my arm from the bundle of blankets we're hiding underneath and slap the snooze button.

Harry mumbles something incoherently and I realize he's still sleeping, so I let him sleep for a little bit longer.

I play with his curls, and kiss all over his face gently, being sure not to wake him.

My little heaven sent boyfriend.

"Harry..." I whisper ten minutes later, because we have to wake up for school.

I'm going in the jeans and Tshirt I'm wearing.

I wore them yesterday.

Who cares?

He blinks his eyes open slowly and hums rubbing his eye with his finger before he looks up at me with a lazy grin.

I have to remind myself to breathe, because...

(Prepare for a cliché)

He takes my breath away.

"Mornin' beautifool face." He greets with a yawn and I smile big.

"Beautifool face?" I question and he nods tiredly.

"That's what you are. A beautiful fool with a face." He says with a snuffle and a smirk.

He uncovers our heads from the covers, and crawls over me, touching the floor with his toe, then his whole foot.

"Cold." He mumbles and I watch him walk to his closet in his checkered boxers.

I watch very intently, if you were wondering.

He picks out a rolling stones Tshirt and a pair of jeans, then proceeds to take off his boxers.

"Harry you're-" I begin to say until I have a full view of his little bum.

"Showing my butt? Yes, I know Louis." He says and chuckles, covering it up with his old boxers instead.

It's so cute.

I wanna pinch it!
I get up and sneak behind him as he's searching for a new pair and squish the flesh between my pointer finger and thumb.

"Lo-!" He yelps out, giggling and when he turns around I kiss him.

He melts into it, using his boxers to cover up his dick.

(Or his willy. That's what he calls it.)

Cutie.

I wrap my hands around his waist and slip my hands down to his cheeks, and smugly press him against his dresser.

"Louissss..." He sings with a pair of closed eyes and a smile as I kiss his neck. "We're gonna be late for schoool..."

I don't stop.

"I would love to just skip today with you but my mom will flip if I-" He begins then his bedroom door opens and I lift my head up in surprise from the sudden noise.

Harry turns bright red and his mom just stands in the doorway, utterly shocked. (By the looks of it.)

Well, she did just find out that her son is bi or gay and he's naked in his bedroom with another boy.

She has a reason to be shocked, I guess.

"Mom I-" Harry begins, embarrassment spread on his face.

"Get ready for school, both of you." She interjects immediately with a stern face then shoots me a dirty look before she closes the door.

Shit.

I turn to Harry and swallow thickly, "Babe I'm really sorry, fuck. I fucked up." I whisper and he frowns but makes a small smile.

"She was bound to found out anyway..." He says and that actually makes me feel better.

Because me and Harry are forever, and eventually it'd have to be told.

Well, now that the cats out of the bag, I press a kiss on his forehead and we get ready for school quietly. In total silence.

"Come on, love." Harry soothes, and I smile weakly.

He knows were both in deep shit.

But he's smiling anyway.

That's one of the many reasons why I love him.

When everything's shit, he smiles despite it.

When we walk out, I'm nervous. His mom stands by the door, opening it for us as she stares cold and hard at me.
"I'm truly sorry Mrs. Styles..." I say and she raises an eyebrow.

"You are? Hm. That's very sweet of you." She says... Sarcastically.

Greaaat.

Harry shoots me a worried look and I clear my throat slightly, then she hands me my keys that were sitting on the counter.

"Take my son to school, when you get out, I want you both back so we can have a little chat, yeah?"

It's not a question.

Me and Bambi nod obediently, then walk outside into the cool, chilly morning.

"I'm in deep shit." Harry says and giggles with a blush.

I look at him with a risen eyebrow when I get into the car.

"You're in deep shit? Your mother saw me trying to get you in bed. I think I'm a few feet deeper than you are, love." I say and he sighs happily.

"Yes. Yes you are."

I wrote this in school! Heehehehe. Love you all! xox (sorry for the wait)

Much loooooooooooooooooooove,

Amber <3
[HARRY'S POV]

It's been a week since my mum caught me and Louis and I'm pretty sure she called his mum too.

Nice.

In other news, Louis' project is coming along very nicely.

He even made a professional presentation for the whole thing.

There's still much more to do on it, of course. But other than that, it's completely perfect.

Louis is taking me to a super fancy restaurant tonight, and with much convincing to my mother, she let me go.

I was standing on my porch when I saw Louis' shit box car pull up, and I cracked a wide smile, practically skipping over to it like a little girl.

He got out, and I could smell his cologne, manly and musky, filling my nose as he pulled me in for a deep hug.

I sighed with the feel, and calming scent, trying not to cling onto him like a koala bear.

But we all know how hard that is.

"You look beautiful, Bambi." He whispered as we stood there.

He threads his fingers through my curls and I look at him with a blush and a dimpled smile.

I'm only wearing jeans and a plaid button up shirt.

If he thinks that's beautiful then I'm questioning his sanity.

I laugh lightly and poke his nose with the tip of my finger, "Fool." I say with a snicker, winking as I move around the car, getting into the seat and looking at him through the wind shield.

He shakes his head and lets out a breathy laugh before he gets in and starts the car.

"Only for you, honey." He says and I smile big, we pull out of the driveway, and I turn on the radio.

"Oh my gosh."

"Harry, baby no."

"But it's Grease Louis!" I squeal and turn it up, he laughs at me, glancing between his crazy boyfriend and the road.

I don't expect him to do what he does next and my eyes go wide.

"I got chills, they're multiplyin' and I'm loooosing control! Cause' the power you're supplyin', It's electrifyin'!"

He turns and winks at me then looks at the road again, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel to
the beat as we drive.

"You better shape up, cause' I need a man, and my heart is set on you!"

He's laughing giddily at this, and we sing the rest of the song until we're nearly to our destination.

I smile at him fondly when we reach the parking lot, and he turns to me, smiling back.

Gosh.

Am I really dating this kid?

"You're cute." I say and blush without looking away.

He smiles and leans forward to peck my lips, then draws back.

"Yeah, you won't be thinking that when I'm chewing on a three pound steak."

But I will.

He knows it.

I roll my eyes playfully and he gets out, walks to my side then opens the door for me.

I get out with a dimpled grin and give him a kiss on the cheek, then holding hands tightly, we make our way to the doors.

It's cute when we walk to the front desk, and the women asks Louis for his reservation name and he blushes red.

"Styles-Tomlinson..." He says quietly, and clears his throat slightly.

I'm smirking at him and he gives a bashful look, "Stopp." He whines with a giggle and I can't help but giggle back.

Styles-Tomlinson.

I can't deny that I really love the sound of that.

We are seated at a booth, with a candle in the middle and I feel so romantic and mushy... Its amazing.

"I know it's a little... Over the top. Sorry." He says shyly, playing with the cloth red napkin that holds his silverware.

I coo and take his hand, holding it over the table, smiling softly.

"No... I love it." I say and that makes him smile.

Good.

I'm so glad I can do that to him.

Okay, does anybody else get nervous and stutter out what your order is when the waitor comes around?

Or am I the only one?
"I'll get w-whatever he's getting." I say, and he lifts an eyebrow.

"He'll have spaghetti, no meatballs, he doesn't like those. Leave the onions and mushrooms out of the sauce, please."

Oh my god.

He knows me better than I know myself!

He orders a steak, and I smile at him when the waiter walks away with our orders.

"Thanks for that babe..." I say with a light giggle and sip on my water until I feel a deep burning in my crotch.

Fuck.

No not now jesus fucking christ.

It's an agonizing fifteen minute wait until our food comes out, and when we're left alone again I swallow deep.

"Take a taste, babe. I can bring it back if it's not what you like." He says sweetly with that... Smile.

It melts me into a puddle every time.

I watch him cut bloody steak and bite my lip with how firm and strong his hands are.

What the fuck.

I nod and clear my throat, crossing my legs under the table tightly and fork up some spaghetti.

Maybe I can squeak by with a couple moans that are dying to escape and blame it on how amazing the food tastes?

We'll see.

I put it in my mouth and chew, letting out a soft moan with a closed lips as I swallow.

"So good... Very good." I say slowly and he smirks at me.

Oh my god he knows what's up.

"Is it babe? Is it so good?" He asks, looking like a smug son of a bitch.

I can't help that I like it, okay?! He's like the sexiest asshole on the face of the planet.

I blush deeply and nod softly, eating fast, so I don't let out extremely embarrassing sex noises.

Lord help me.

I feel a bead of precome on the tip and I choke a little bit when I swallow the wrong way.

I clear my throat and take my water, sipping big amounts and then putting it down.

He's staring at me and purposely strikes up conversation so I have to talk.

But I don't have to right?
I do anyway.

He has such a fetish for this and its just... Well.

It kind of makes me hate this disorder a tad less.

Because at least someone likes me for it.

"L-Lou, I can't... Jesus I can't talk right now... You know why..."

Louis takes a bite of his food and nods, and it stays silent, making it harder to make noises because I can't cover them up by talking.

Nice.

Now I want to talk again.

But I don't and thats hard.

So am I, quite frankly.

"Oh f-uck.." I breathe out quietly, so close that I don't think I can stand it.

I've already finished my meal, and so has Louis a few minutes after me and he calls the waiter over to order dessert.

Oh christ.

"Actually w-we'll have the bill." I interject and he sighs, waving his hand at me.

"Don't mind him, we'll have um..." He looks through the menu and smirks.

Oh god, that's not a good sign.

"Crème brûlée, please." He says, and I don't even know what that is.

But apparently it has cream in it and its french.

Oh I am screwed, so so so screwed.

When the waiter nods and smiles, walking away from the table I glare at him.

"Are you t-trying to kill me, Lou?" I ask shakily, feeling my cock twitch in my tight jeans.

I should've worn something looser, I guess.

But it's too late now.

He shrugs indifferently, "No, I think I'm trying to make you come sweetheart."

I go wide eyed, and he said that like it was normal to say out loud and the table just right of us looks over.

They have three toddlers with them.

Oh god.
The parents give a disgusted look and turn away, continuing to eat again and ignoring our presence.

"Louis!" I whisper yell quietly and he simply chuckles, giving a grin.

"What? Oh come on, Haz. This is fun."

I swallow deeply and nod weakly, because it is actually a bit of fun... A bit hot.

Shit.

A few minutes later, I’m squirming when the dessert comes out and presents itself on the table in front of us.

It looks like... Pudding of some sort?

Louis knows I like pudding.

And it’s a creamy white for fucks sake!

He’s insane and I hate him.

(I wish.)

He clearly is amused with the look on my face and takes a spoon, scooping up some of the cream and holding it out in front of my lips.

I swallow thickly and give in, opening my mouth, and closing my lips around the spoon until he pulls it away gently.

It’s literally so good.

Like, not too sugary, and not too bitter either?

Food porn.

I moan at the taste and my cheeks flush red, but it doesn't stop me from leaning in for more.

I'm glad the place is full now and they don't really know much of what's happening.

...They really wouldn't want to know anyway.

Louis ends up feeding me most of it, and I'm moaning nearly pornographically from the taste.

Is it bad I don't care?

I'm almost climbing over the table at this point, until we meet half way and Louis drops the spoon to grab my face and kiss me hard.

The pudding is forgotten, as we snog over the table, pulling back and panting to look at each other for a moment.

"Bathroom."

Not going to say no to that.

___________________
Hello kittens! I am SO sorry for the long wait :/ ugh i always let my kittens down i feel bad...
Anyway, i hope you like thissss hehe x vote if you love grease and crème brûlée!!!! <3

Oh, and bathroom hj's. Who doesn't love those? ;)

Much love,

Amber x
LOUIS' POV:

"It's not a big deal, mum." I say, sitting at my island counter.

She's surprised that I'm gay.

Like, really?

I thought I was pretty obvious with it.

The hair didn't give it away?

The skinny jeans?

Okay, she had to be at least questionable at my limp wrist.

"Louis, it's a huge deal!" She exclaims, scowling at me as I try to text Harry.

I just need to talk to him.

All the time.

Even the minute I leave his house I miss him...

The minute his body isn't next to mine I feel empty.

Why does love make you feel empty?

"Give me your phone." She demands and I scoff a bit, laughing under my breath.

"What?" I ask, looking up at her like she's lost her mind.

"Give me your phone Louis William!" She yells and I just hand it over.

Because honestly what the hell am I supposed to do?

She's never been this upset with me.

Okay, maybe when I peed on the carpet when I was five...

The dog did it so I thought it was fine!

Yeah... It wasn't fine.

And it's not fine now.

And I thought I was going to have a good night, y'know?

I mean, dinner with Harry, hand jobs with Harry...

Sounds like a pretty good evening.

But now?
I'm doubtful.

She goes through my texts and I cringe, flushing a bright red.

Alright, so maybe me and Harry have sexted before...

A few times.

Okay... A lot.

But that's fucking private, so she has no right to do this.

I'm the one who pays for my phone anyway!

"Mum, that's private, jesus christ!" I yell, reaching for my phone but she pulls it away as soon as my finger brushes it.

She puts it into her pocket and gives me a disgusted look.

Her eyes are cold, and her jaw his clenching up noticeably.

Oh my god.

She's disgusted with me? Honestly?

Out of all people?

Her son?

And for what?

Liking it up the ass? Honestly.

"Mum." I say, looking at her with my eyebrows knitted together in confusion.

What the hell is going on?

She turns red in the face, and... Oh my god is she crying? For real?

Because I'm in love with a boy?

The most sweet, innocent, beautiful boy in the world?

Why would she be so devastated over that?

"Louis... Go up to y-you're room I can't... Look at you."

Ouch?

"Mum, what the fuck?" I ask my heart twisting and tying in every direction.

I'm seriously fearing this.

She's silent for a moment, until I feel something similar to a bomb blow up inside me.

Rage.
I get up and rip my phone from her pocket angrily, then head towards the stairs, nearly stomping like a little kid.

I know I'm being immature.

But so is she.

Right?

"Louis!" She yells, following me briskly.

Ignored.

I'm halfway up the stairs now and I look down at her with hurt eyes.

Somehow her lack of acceptance is actually making me sick...

I could literally use a good kneel at the porcelain throne.

She stops and stares at me for a moment, her eyes watering up dangerously.

"What mum? Can't handle a little gay in your life, hm?" I sneer at her and she gasps.

"I do not tolerate that talk in my house, young man!"

She's wagging a finger at me now and I turn, walking further.

All I want to say is for her to cram her cross so far up her ass she chews on it.

"Yep. Apparently you don't tolerate gays either." I say lastly, before padding down the hall with my fists bunched up.

I can't even believe that just happened.

Harry's mum actually called my mum.

But it was like a week ago?!

Why now?!

Fucking hell.

I flop on my bed when I walk in my room and I immediately dial Bambi's number.

I wait...

Ringggg

Ringggg

Ri- "Lou? Whats up, love?"

I sigh in relief, "Hey bambi. I uh..."

How do you tell someone that your mom may or may not be homophobic?

Especially your gay boyfriend.
How?

"Babe what's eating you? You sound... Like- maybe you should come over again."

He's really concerned, and right now it's obvious I'm going to have to stay here in my room.

"No... Babe. I would but... Listen, something happened, yeah? Don't be sad because we'll pull through."

I smile at my own words, almost feeling him smile through the receiver as well.

His dimples, his lips curving... I feel it.

"We always pull through." I add, and he giggles lightly.

Fuck, it's so beautiful.

How could anybody be homophobic?

I don't understand it.

But there's lots of things I don't understand about this world...

Like racism for instance.

Is being different really that terrifying?

I tell Harry the deal, detailed and straightforward... and he starts crying.

It's silent tears but I know that he is.

"Bambi... Come on, love. Don't cry you're gonna make me cry..."

He sniffs in reply with a tiny whimper.

Damn it.

"Bambi..." I coo, wishing I could just hold him and kiss the space behind his ear.

"How come my mom is fine with it and y-yours isn't? I don't... I don't get it b-babe..."

Good question.

Because I have no idea either.

_______________________

:( poor louis.

On a happy note- I have a new little series similar to this one! It's a fem!larry fic and it'll be easy to update, just like this one!

Yayaayayayayayayay.

( Btw if you dont like fem larry you should leaaaVveeeee )

Jk, dont leave me lmao
Much love!!!!

- amber xoxox

( link to first chappie of GJWHF!!! :) www.wattpad.com/52278992-girls-just-wanna-have-fun-l-s-♡ )
HARRY’S POV:

It's not fair.

Mostly because I know how it feels to be censured and ridiculed.

It's so painful to watch somebody you love go through it, and now I guess I understand how Louis felt when people shunned me away.

But this will pass... Won't it?

Jay can't hate Louis forever...

He's her son for christ sake.

I haven't spoken to my mum for a week after Louis told me, because I'm too pissed off to even look at her.

Why'd she have to tell?

I begged her so many times not to, and then she snuck behind my back and did it anyway.

Yeah, thanks mum. Love you too.

Plus, I'm under a huge amount of stress right now... With the Louis situation, and school, and my fucking cock.

You know what stress does to my disorder?

Makes it ten times stronger, and more painful!

Isn't that awesome?

(Insert sarcastic smiley face here.)

It's hard for me to even walk down the hallway properly, and I've been having to wear sweat pants religiously.

Louis notices, and he tries to relieve me, giving me back rubs when we do interviews after school.

For seven days this has been my excuse:

"I have to stay after for a project."

Which is half true.

One half is spent on interview questions...

The other is hand jobs.

We're taking it real slow.

And I like that, because it means that Louis cares enough to wait.
Besides, hand jobs seem like a pretty good place to start in my opinion.

Plus it relieves some of my stress, so shout out to Louis for being an angel.

Love you, boo.

On Friday, I get home and I drop my bag at the door, nearly in tears knowing Louis is at home with his mum.

Shes been doing some really weird shit the past couple days.

He told me she gave him a bible, suggesting that he just consider reading it.

Consider?

Ha.

He texted me an hour later saying it was in his fireplace.

He even attached a picture with it.

So... Considering it is out of the question.

Sorry Ms.Tomlinson.

(Not really though.)

I see my mum in the kitchen while I'm trying to get some juice and I purposely ignore her.

Who wouldn't right?

"Harry, you can't just ignore me your whole life sweetheart..." She says, trying to be sweet.

I clench my jaw and take out the jug of orange juice, getting a glass as well, and still- I ignore her.

I can't look at her.

Why would she tell? Why?

God. Parents these days.

"Louis just isn't... He isn't right for you darling. And I don't want you seeing him..."

I feel my face heat up in anger, pouring my orange juice into the glass with an iron grip, white knuckling it.

"What about our neighbors daughter Eleanor? She seems nice."

Oh my god.

What?

What?!

I thought she was okay with this!

I thought she was okay with me.
I turn to her, giving a cold glare.

"What's the matter with you mum? Huh? God damn it you act like I'm actually interested in women or something."

I seethe it out, and she swallows deep, crossing her arms over her chest and leaning back against the counter.

"I don't want you seeing him. I'll come pick you up after school each day."

Is that a fucking threat or something?

Well, it might as well be because Louis' project is in jeopardy now.

If we can't talk in person it doesn't really count, does it?

"You wouldn't do th-"

"I would, Harry."

I look at her and furrow my brows, feeling so fucking angry that I could punch a wall.

But not really...

Because ouchie.

"Fuck you."

Her eyes widen, and I cannot even believe I just...

Did I just say that?

"Give me your phone, and so help me you better walk yourself up to your room or else I'll escort you by your ear young man!"

I watch her with a gulp, because my mother has been so nice to me.

So caring and gentle.

Until she saw me with a boy.

I don't...

I don't even get it.

With tears in my eyes, I hand over my only connection to Louis while I'm at home and turn around.

As I walk I wish I never said that,

As I walk I wish I were different,

And as I walk, I realize I forgot my orange juice.

Not in the mood for it anymore anyway.
:( eepp

Love you all my babieeeees hehe!

And hey, even if you don't like fem larry could you please support it anyway? It would mean so much hehe xo

Much orgasmic love,

Amber xoxox

Ps. Homophobia is like being mad in a subway line because the guy in front of you ordered the same sub as you.

- heard that on tumblr awhile back!

Xoxox keep purring;)}
LOUIS' POV:

I can't do this anymore.

I can't take the dirty looks.

I can't take how she doesn't even make me dinner anymore.

She can't look in my direction, or greet me when I come home from school.

Really?

On a scale of 1/10 her maturity level is at -69.(*)

Ha.

"I got you a date with Macy." She says, when I sit on the couch to watch telly with her.

It's the only thing I'm allowed to do anymore, since I'm grounded from my phone and laptop.

Grounded and restricted from Harry.

She monitors my every fucking move.

She even talks to Liam so he can tell her what happens at school.

At school.

AT SCHOOL.

Are you fucking kidding me?

I grimace with the mention of a girl.

A date with a girl.

For fucks sake I'm basically being forced to cheat on my boyfriend.

"I'm not going." I reply and it stays silent for a long moment.

The only sound in the room is the telly, and it's on channel 5.

The news.

I always hated that channel...

Mostly because it's just all bad things, and those are things I try to avoid.

Even though they're piling on top of me, like a load of horse shit.

Sorry... That's actually kind of gross.

Well, you get it.
It stinks.

Heh heh heh.

"You are." She says, like it's official and written in stone.

I shake my head quickly without looking at her, my eyes raising in tears I cannot help.

I can't.

It feels like an arrow to the fucking chest.

How could my own mother betray me like this?

As if Harry's life wasn't hard enough, now he has this on top of him.

He doesn't need my horse shit too, for gods sake.

His mother is making him stay in his room, and only letting him out to use the bathroom and get food.

But he's not hungry half the time... Or least that's what he told me at school.

My poor Bambi...

"You will go. And I will make sure of that. Tomorrow after school you'll get dressed up nice and meet her at Olive Garden at 5." She orders at me, picking up the clicker to switch channels.

Ew? Olive Garden?

She better like Mcdonalds.

Because that's where Macy's going.

"I hate you." I say, and oh my god.

Am I crying? Am I letting myself cry?

I get up immediately after, snatching the remote from her hands, changing it to the gay porn channel.

I memorized the channel.

Ha.

Bitch.

Her eyes are probably burning out of her head.

She gasps, about to scream at me, but I chuck the remote at the picture of her and I at my first day of kindergarten hanging on the wall.

I wipe my cheek free of tears with a sniff and watch her grab the remote, scurrying to get it.

It's her lifeline.

She turns off the telly then glances at me, face red with rage.
"March your ass upstairs this instant! And don't come out unless you're ready to apologize!" She screams, and I glare at her, bunching my fists up.

Don't worry, I won't punch her.

God... Is it bad that I want to?

Lord help me.

Oh wait, yeah. He hates me.

Forgot.

"Kay. You won't be seeing me for a couple centuries then." I retort and she huffs, the sound of glass crunching under her shoes from the picture.

She doesn't reply, either that or I don't hear her as I drag myself up to my room.

I need Harry.

It's killing me.

Later that night, when I'm laying on my bed, staring at the ceiling...

I get an idea.

I sit up, check my clock...

2:34am

What? Since when?

It felt like 10pm was a second ago.

Well, whatever.

I sneak out of my room, and I know my mum keeps the house phone in her room now.

I can do this, right?

I take a shaky breath, swallowing as I tip toe down the hall, flinching at every little creak the floor makes.

My mum's room is so close! God, I can reach out my arm and touch her door knob if I wanted to.

So that's what I do, a huge successful smile on my face.

...Locked.

You have to be fucking kidding me.

I'm determined.

I will do this.

I quietly go to the bathroom down stairs, rifle through some hair clips until I find pin.
I smile deviously, silently climbing back up the stairs and up to my mums door.

"C'mon.." I whisper to myself, shoving the pin in, jiggling it around, picking aimlessly.

I'm about to give up, until the lock pops and I freeze, realizing what had just happened.

Yes!

Now the tricky part...

I open it and it squeaks, but you know what's drowning that sound out?

Her snores.

I bite my lip, stepping into the room, spotting the phone on her nightstand...

I head for it, and she's still sound asleep, and when I grab it I literally dart out of that god damn room.

I hit the hallway, closing the door only a little behind me as I walk to my room, secluding myself in the space.

Whose the only person up at 3am?

Not Harry, thats for sure.

I dial the number up quick, to the artist I've known since middle school.

He moved but still, I need him.

When the phone rings for a long time, I start to lose hope...

Waiting still.

"Huulloo?" A raspy voice greets, and the faint sound of inhaling a cigarette comes right after.

I laugh quietly, shaking my head.

I missed this guy.

And I'm hoping he'll help.

"Zayn? I need a favor..."

_____________________

*(credit to reading fan for the idea!)*

Love you guys (:

Hoping you likeeeed this.

What do you think Louis needs Zayn for?

Keep purrrin!!

Much love,
Ps. THERE WERE TOO MANY O's !! haahha i had to change them (:
(HARRY'S POV)

It sucks being seventeen.

Trapped by 365 days.

8 765.812 hours.

525 948.766 minutes.

31 556 926 seconds.

But it seems longer than all of that.

It seems like a billion years before I'll ever be eighteen.

And free.

What's strange is that I never even wanted to be alive that long four months ago.

But lots of things have changed since then and they continue to shift with every moment that passes.

Things have become less... Cheerful.

My mother refuses to accept me.

Why is being gay so fucking difficult? I mean, the word itself means 'happy' right?

So why the fuck aren't I happy?

Louis and I can't even breathe the same air in school, and that makes my lust for him reach all time highs.

I've been having accidents more often because of that.

Awesome.

Louis can't even help me anymore so the bullying has come back full throttle once again.

Plus, Louis will most likely fail his project if I'm not there to be interviewed.

But on monday... It's like fate when we both sign out of our classes to go to the bathroom.

I walk out of Chemistry, keeping my head down before I look up and freeze.

He just came from history class, it looks like.

He pauses too, and we stare for a moment.

But it's not long before we're nearly fucking in the hallway though...

Whoops.
"Lou, Lou god, I miss you. I miss you so much-" I pant out between feverish kisses and he pulls me into the bathroom, fumbling a little and laughing giddily.

He kisses me hard against the counter before he speaks, grabbing my face in his hands and tearing up.

"I'm moving out," he states, eyes flicking around Harry's features with excitement.

"To Zayn's, my friend Zayn... Babe I'm eighteen. I can move out. I can do whatever the fuck I want Bambi."

I laugh, a little loud, and he joins in and we laugh until our abs ache and our foreheads press together.

"Fuck Louis, please. Please skip with me. Lets go to the beach. Please Louis."

Okay, so I'm begging...

But you'd be too if you were restrained from someone you absolutely cannot function without.

That's why I start freaking out, coming undone at the hinges.

In a literal sense, I start coming.

Stress, stress, stress.

What a beautiful thing, yeah?

Louis notices how I'm panting heavily, shaking, crying... The need is blowing up and he feels it just the same as I do.

He knows what need does to me and he helps me through it, rubbing my thighs as I sit on the counter, moaning deeply into his shoulder and feeling like I could come a couple more times.

"You're stressed out Bambi..." Louis whispers sadly, and I can barely help it when another orgasm strikes up.

"Yeah, fuck- M-Missed you so much... So... Soo..."

He frowns, and I know he doesn't want to see me like this.

Not because he's grossed out by it, but because he thinks he's making my disorder ten times worse.

"S okay... Let it out." He coos and I'm exhausted by the third time, starting to sweat when it won't release.

I'm embarrassed on a whole new level, honestly.

Pressure does extremely weird things to my body...

He knows that very well now.

I whine, my pants a mess as I work up for a third, but have trouble with it.

Shit, fuck.

I can't take this anymore.
"L-Louis, please, help, help me." I stammer out, hands shaking with the vice grip on Louis' shirt.

He bites his lip harshly, kissing my forehead over and over again with supple lips.

He palms me through it, which is like... Humiliating since my crotch is fucking wet.

Cool.

My head is so blurry though, and when I come again I pull back to look at him, mouth opening as if about to say something but I don't.

There's something about eye contact that makes this less awkward for some reason, and he looks at me with a deeply loving smile that I can't quite decipher the meaning behind.

"That's it, it's okay..." He reassures and I whimper, laying my head on his chest, burring my head in as I level down from the highs.

Three in a row is a new record and I hope I never break it...

After all this, Louis has no choice but to skip with me, since you know... He refused to let me walk around like that all day.

Which I'm glad about because I feel disgusting.

I can't help but giggle when he plucks me up from the ground and bridal style carries me out of the school and out to his car in the parking lot.

I hum, cuddling into his chest, kissing his chin and feeling so happy I could just scream.

When I'm seated in his car, I feel uncomfortable in my sweat pants, and Louis reassures me he'll get me something to change into.

"Where are we going?" I ask, and he smiles, shrugging.

I cock an eyebrow, but nonetheless I trust him.

I'll go wherever he goes without a doubt in my mind.

Fuck, at this point I'd even pull a Bonnie and Clyde if he asked me to.

I grin, not even minding the bumpy 20 minute ride to an apartment building.

I don't ask why we're here, I just follow him, a tight grip on his hand when we ride the elevator to the top floor, and walk down the hall.

He jiggles out a pair of keys, nudging them inside the lock.

"Welcome to my new residency, Bambi." He says, and I can't stifle a laugh.

But when he opens the door, my eyes widen and a smile spreads.

"Louis..." I say, breath taken.

Louis got his own apartment somehow... Just for us...

That is until I see a handsome, dark toned boy with chocolate brown eyes, black hair and killer cheek bones, balancing a cigarette between his thin lips come into view from the doorway.
"And that's my roommate, Zayn Malik." Louis introduces, and I force a smile.

I could come again if I really wanted to.

Since you know, my stress level has just been sent sky rocketing.

"Nice to meet you." Greek god, sexy sultry Zayn Malik greets me with, holding out his hand for a shake.

I take it firmly.

"Likewise."

_____________________

Sorry it took me so long babes! School ends in three days though! Woooop!

Stress, good or bad?

whoooo knows... ;)

Keep purrinnn<3

Much love,

Amber x
(LOUIS' POV)

I know he looks displeased with the whole introduction...

But that's normal isn't it?

Zayn is quite a weird lad, always smoking something of a substance, stains on his shirt, and honestly, he really does like fucking all types of people. No matter what gender, shape, size, or color.

But at least it's not home with my mum.

Zayn won't criticize me for loving Harry, and he won't look at me in disgust every morning.

Well, unless I smell bad maybe.

But other than that I should be fine.

I grin at Harry, walking him in and showing him around.

It's really small... But at least there's two bedrooms.

"I've only got a little more things to unpack, then I should be all set," I say, and I see Harry soften when Zayn goes into the kitchen.

Most likely to eat spaghetti-o's or something.

Whatever stoners eat in their daily life.

Before I know it, Harry gives me a small peck, looking at me with those gorgeous green eyes I can't resist.

They send flashes through me, and soon my eyes are half lidded, my lips parted and I'm heavily stuck in Harry's orbit.

He puts his hands on my chest, smiling sweetly, until he nudges me in the room, shutting the door behind us.

"Harry what're you-" But before I can even finish he's cutting me off when he pushes me on the bed, crawling to sit in my lap.

I laugh lightly, holding him and carding one of my hands through his thick chocolatey curls.

God, words can't even describe how much I love my disordered boy.

Especially when he looks so absolutely adorable perched on my lap.

"Ask me questions..." Harry insists, resting his head on my shoulder, his arms loosely wrapped around my torso. "For the project..."

I hum softly in thought, trying to remember the list of them in my head.

I want to ask him how he does it everyday.
I want to ask how can he handle being so strong and courageous.

How many people do you know that'd put up with a disorder like this?

Anybody?

Because I don't, but Harry can.

He wakes up every morning, even though I know how hard it is for him to do that sometimes.

I love him.

And I wan't to ask if he loves me, but that's a stupid question.

I already know he does.

"People bully you at school for your disorder... What are some of the things they say?"

I know it's a sensitive topic, and I instantly regret bringing it up until he takes my hand in his, and
smiles, looking up at me.

"They say everything that I'd rather not hear," he says, giggling lightly and tucking his head under my chin softly.

"Bambiii..." I trail on fondly, expecting a real answer.

Because I want to show the school how strong Harry is.

His disorder is not a joke. It's not a punchline. And I will make sure every last person knows that before I graduate.

"I need real answers babe..." I say, knowing he'd rather not give me full details about his humiliation.

But it's the only way to get people to understand.

"Well..." He starts off, snuggling his head into my chest deeper, his voice turning small and shy.

"You already know about the uh, um... Coming machine," he says, and yeah, I'm aware. And pissed.

But I don't show that, I just listen.

"Sperm whale, sticky sal, creamer, um... Pretty sure somebody has called me jizzer. But I don't care it's not a big-"

"Harry, please don't say it's not a big deal," I interject, holding him closer and putting a hand on his knee cap.

I rub his knee and he stays silent, because he knows I'm right.

Or at least I hope he knows I'm right, because his feelings should be validated instead of hidden and locked away.

"It hurts you. Anything that hurts you is important. Don't degrade your feelings babe, they're important... You're important," I explain carefully, and all he does is nod against my shirt.

I sigh, feeling utterly defeated.
"It's not like anybody cares Lou... It's not even like I'm a person anymore. I'm nothing,"

My jaw clenches at those words.

I'm nothing.

I'm nothing.

I'm nothing.

"You are fucking everything to me." I say firmly, and that makes him look up at me, taken aback by my stern tone.

"I'll show every last one of those kids. I will. You just wait until my presentation on you. Everyone will wake up and they'll realize that-..." I pause.

His eyes go wide, looking into mine and waiting. Hanging off my every word.

It steals my breath for a moment- how he looks, but I continue.

"That... You shouldn't be objectified. You are human. Not a machine, not a toy. You're real. You have problems,"

I move my hand from his knee cap and lightly thread my fingers through the curls behind his ear, my heart racing in my chest.

"But god damn it Harry, you're beautiful," I finish, my voice shaking a little.

Everyone may think Harry is this huge joke, but he's not to me. None of this is.

"We'll make them stop... I promise Bambi, we'll make them treat you right," I whisper to him softly, and he cracks a grin, leaning up to meet his soft lips with mine.

I'm about to take the kiss deeper, but before I can Harry is giggling into my mouth and I can't help but giggle back, and turn sideways to plant him backwards onto the bed.

He squeals when I start to tickle his little tummy, squirming around and laughing when I give him raspberries.

I hardly even notice when the door opens behind me, revealing Zayn with a cigarette.

"You guys are like... So weird mate," he says, clearly amused and Harry pants when he props himself on his elbows to look, blushing.

I laugh softly, then give a small shrug to my new... Very intrusive roommate.

"Do you need anything at the grocery? I'm going make a quick stop," Zayn asks, and I shake my head softly.

"Ah, no. I'm good, thanks though,"

As I speak, Harry is beginning to kiss at my neck, being real cuddly and maybe even a little possessive.

And for a split second, I'm pretty sure I see Zayn wince with the sight he sees.
But not from Harry right?

The clingyness probably just too cute for him to handle.

Heh.

"Alright," he simply replies, and gives a weak grin, shutting the door behind him.

I clear my throat slightly just then, leaning into Harry's kisses and slipping my eyes shut with a relaxed smile.

"Lou..." He whispers in a low tone, just over the cusp of my ear, and I shiver from the warm breath across my skin.

The tension is strong already, and I bite my lip hard, tilting my head so his lips have more to kiss at.

"Bambi, I- we can't just," I try to say but it's no use because before I can even finish his hands are sliding into my shirt, roaming around and making my stomach do flips.

"Why not?" He asks, a little mischievous giggle followed by his words. "We're alone..."

And that's true, we're alone.

But things have to be perfect.

We can't just do it for the first time in my crappy twin bed in a room that smells like dust and pot.

"No, Bambi. Not today, yeah?" I say, veering away from his lips with a gentle grin.

He backs off slow, a frown forming on his face but then he nods, blushing in what seems like embarrassment for trying.

I just peck his cheek with a chuckle, being happy that he understands why I want to wait.

"Want some mac n' cheese? I know that's your favorite," I ask as I get up from the bed, the springs squeaking. I watch him nod with his green doe eyes, and everything seems perfect right?

Because I moved out from my mums house?

It should be smooth sailing from here.

Or at least I hope.

____________________

HELLO. FIRST OF ALL I AM SO SORRY. My summer has been the most stressful one so far. And I can explain; I will be moving and I will be going to a new school next year so everything is very stressful for me at this point. My transcripts are all screwed up and I apologize for the late updates, I know I promised to write more over the summer but things happen and I hope you kittens understand that. You have all been so supportive of my writing and I hope you like this chapter because I love making my kittens happy <333

Sooo I feel a little Zourry drama?

We'll seeeeeeee.
:) 

VERY VERY VEEEERRRY MUCH LOVE,

Amber xoxo

Also, this book has been translated to portuguese as well! Link in my bio. :) <3
(HARRY'S POV)

I don't understand.

It's been a whole week of seduction and puppy eyes and not to mention incredibly painful hard ons.

But still, Louis won't budge.

Not even a blowie! For christ sake.

He won't even let me give him one.

And I know those are his favorite. Especially when I suck on his ba- I mean, um... Back to the point.

Ugh. All the sexual tension is going to my head. Both of them.

All he's been doing is hanging out with his shit for brains roommate, and I know that sounds so rude and hateful, trust me, I feel bad for saying it.

But not quite bad enough.

Louis' texts are getting shorter, and so are his phone calls. But it's only been a week... So I shouldn't be worried.

Nope.

Not worried at all. Not one bit. Not even for a second.

Which is also Harry language for 'I'm literally so fucking worried right now.'

I'm sitting at home, listening to my ipod and realizing that Louis still hasn't texted me back.

I saw him in school, but we can't touch and it's driving me up a wall. My mom is still bat shit crazy and just let me have my things back, but that doesn't mean she doesn't want to disown me for being gay.

Plus that girl across the street is really annoying me. Ever since my mom mentioned her, she's been up my ass.

Well actually... I have to admit that it's kind of flattering that she finds me attractive.

But sending me love letters through the mailbox really needs to stop.

She's all like, "you're so different!!! I like the way you orgasm whenever you sneeze!!!!!!" And I'm like... No comment.

Could you blame me? Only Louis' allowed to say those things to me.

You know, if he'd answer his fucking cellular device.

Shout out to you babe, that's what cell phones are for you know. Answering.

Ugh.
I'm talking to myself again.

He's probably with Zayn, making out, adopting children, building a dream home with an indoor pool.

Fuck this.

I hate worrying about him. I'll just pop on over and see what the deal is, I mean it's only two or three blocks away. I don't care if I come six times on the way there, I'm going to find out what's up.

It's been five hours, and we usually text all day. So it's not like I don't have a reason to wor-

Hey ;) 

Wow, Louis' right on time. Little fucker. Yes, one could say I'm more pissed off than anything else in the world.

But I fucking love him, and that's why I'm so scared... That's why I'm so angry.

Hey.

I reply with, and it's a few more minutes of me pacing in my room until my phone buzzes again, and I nearly pounce for it.

...What's wrong?

Really. What's wrong? Louis is as dumb as a doorknob sometimes, I swear by it.

Why don't you ask Mr. Clock? It's been five fucking hours babe... C'mon :/

Ohh

What the hell. 'Ohh'? That's it?

Are you with Zayn?

Yea :-)

Knew it. Not surprising at all.

I want to come over.

And more waiting occurs.

And more.

Until it's been an hour and a half and I'm crying my eyes out.

Okay, so Zayn doesn't come constantly, he's pretty, and he's a cigarette smoking, pot doing, extremely alluring artist...

And that makes me, what?

Road kill?

Dead Bambi?
I pick up my phone, sniffling and wondering why I want to call him. I wonder why I even bother anymore. It's not like I knew this wasn't going to happen. It's not like I didn't know my heart would be smashed... But I didn't want to believe it.

But now I'm sitting here... And I'm believing in it like a new religion.

Nothing stings more than that.

U cant

I pick up my phone from beside me, reading text over and over again, my eyes glazing over in a thick layer of brand new tears.

Since when can I not come over? Since when?

Since Zayn, that's when.

Fine.

I send back, frowning at my phone screen until a little tear drop lands on it, splattering across and making the word 'cant' enlarged from the water.

Can't is accurate right now.

I can't be loved.

I can't make Louis happy.

And I can't do a fucking thing right.

So much for Bambi and Thumper. Maybe Thumper and Flower work out though.

Since when did I relate everything to a morbid disney movie?

That's not even a proper question.

I get weak three hours later though, tucked in my bed, my lowers aching from the stress that keeps accumulating... I send a quick text to Louis, praying to god he answers.

I love you.

And it gets no response.

2:44am never felt so lonely.

_____________________________________________________

I am vERY SORRY FOR THIS CHAPTER. I hope y'all didn't die.

Don't worry babies!!! ;)))

Much orgasmic loveeee,

Amber xox

Ps. What's your favorite breed of cat? <3
(LOUIS' POV)

I want everything to be perfect before I let Harry come over again.

This week, I bought some black paint for my room, and red curtains and well... Just a lot of roomy type things.

I've placed vanilla scented candles on my nightstand, unlit of course, because tomorrow is the big day. I've been putting off any sexual activity with Harry for a reason, you know.

I'm lame, so I bought like six packets of lube. What if it hurts him right? I also bought condoms, because I knew he'd be upset if I didn't.

Zayn teases me constantly about me and Harry's relationship, too.

It pisses me off so bad. But I don't say anything because fuck, I have nowhere else to go but here.

Unless my psychopathic mother changes her mind somehow, I'm stuck.

All I've got left is three hundred dollars to my name from last christmas, and I used half of it on this one night alone already.

I really need to stay here. I really need to be nice, and I really need to get a job.

Ugh.

Yay, adulthood.

Just kidding, suck my ass adulthood.

I don't even realize my phone went off, I'm so busy finishing up painting my room with Zayn, arranging furniture and ordering flowers online.

"Mate, really? Flowers?" Zayn asks me, putting his paint roller down on newspaper for a moment.

I blush and nod, watching him come closer to me, "Yeah, of course. It has to be special for him."

And it does. It has to be beyond perfect.

All I want to do is feel him, and touch him, and make him say things.

I want to make him say really good things.

"Special? What next, Barry White?"

I laugh at that, crinkles forming next to my eyes before he steps a bit closer. Maybe a bit too close?

I dunno. Maybe it just feels like he's too close.

"Are you still a virgin, Louis?" He asks, giving me a smile that indicates he knows better.

"Hmm? Come on mate, spill. Are you?" Zayn presses, obviously trying hard to get an answer from me that he knows will come.
I flush red in the apples of my cheeks and take a discreet step back, shaking my head softly.

The truth is, I'm not a virgin.

Not that it matters right? Harry didn't ask... So I won't tell.

I should probably tell him though.

Liam and I were only experimenting... So I didn't think it was even a big deal, you know?

It was only one time, and I just wanted to see what it felt like... That's not wrong, right?

Liam's a douche nozzle now though... But we used to be literally inseparable.

Harry doesn't have to know. Nope. It'll just hurt him... As far as he knows I'm a virgin and it'll stay that way.

"I'm a virgin," I say quickly in defense, turning my back on him to fix my bedsheets. Anything for an excuse not to look into those devious hazel honey eyes.

He just laughs in response, "Riiight..." He adds on, and I watch him when he turns around, going to finish up the last bit of painting to be done.

"Why does it matter?" I ask before I can even think about it, and Zayn doesn't even turn to face me, but instead he gives a shrug, stroking the wall with the new layer of paint.

"I dunno... Why wouldn't it?" He says and that makes me think.

It is important, isn't it? I should tell him.

Fuck, but how? Is that something you say before or after sex?

"Hey, I'm not a virgin, I'm not going to tell you who the person I lost it to was, and now I'm going to fuck your brains out. Sound good?"

Yeah, I can see that going extremely well.

Not.

"I guess..." I say back, and the rest of the time is nearly silent except for the radio, playing trashy punk rock.

Punk rock. How very Zayn-like.

I totally forget about my phone and my messages when it's time for bed, and I collapse, falling asleep almost right when my head met the pillow.

Tomorrow is the day.

The day I'll make love to Harry and everything will be perfect.

The day I'll tell him I love him, and show him it too.

The day where I'll tell him I had sex with Liam fucking Payne. Also known as my ex-bestfriend/experimental toy.

Yeah right. Like that'll ever escape my lips... Unless he asks.
I just really hope he doesn't ask, because the next morning it's time for school and my palms are already clammy from the anxiety stirring in the pit of my gut.

What if he fakes an orgasm?!

What if he- oh. Well he can't really fake one... Can he? Fuck. What if he can though?

Dear lord what if I'm not big enough? What if he already knows I'm not a virgin somehow?

By the time I'm showered and dressed, and on my way to school I feel like I could vomit.

The worry thoughts are eating away at me, chewing me down until I'm nothing but a pile of insecure bones.

Fuck.

But at least I'll see him soon. I'll surprise him and take him home... Ravish him all damn night if I have to.

I want to.

Ever feel like you have a wanting for someone or something so deeply that it feels like your chest his deteriorating if you can't have it?

That's me with Harry.

I have to have him.

Every inch, every bump, every mark, every bruise, every bone, every organ. Everything.

I want everything.

I want to hear him in my ear, breathing out my name like he usually does, all high pitched and needy.

Only this time I want him bouncing on me.

Heh.

Dear lord, the mental images are really not helping my situation when I make my way out from the parking lot and into the school.

I scope out for spies that work for Harry and my mother. Preferably Liam, before I glance around for Harry.

Not here.

Not here?

I look again, knowing he should always be where he is to exchange our daily discreet wink.

Spies can't notice winks for the life of them. Body language isn't in their set of skills.

After a while, the bell rings and I'm left in the hallway alone, looking for my jittery baby deer to come out from his hiding but nothing happens.

Amazing.
I might as well send him a text, right?

When I open it, I see Harry's message from 2:44am, and I wonder why he'd been up so late...

Oh god.

What if he had a nightmare? What if his lower area was killing him and he couldn't sleep because I've been a jerk and was too busy to call him? Jesus. I feel like a damn doorknob, that's for sure.

Hey! Where r u? x

I decide texting him is reasonable, heading off to spanish class I receive a text no more than five minutes later.

Not with you.

_____________________

Here's another one for your troubles kittens xoxo

Much love !!!! :)  

Amber <33

Ps. I forgot to tell you that I went to see 1D in boston mass!!! 8/8/14-8/9/14!!! They were bloody fucking amazing I'll tell ya. (;

Plus we won 10/10 awards at the TCA's!!! Woot wooooot!!

But sadly, yesterday we lost an actor that was very close to my heart. I'm gonna dedicate this chapter to him, just because I love him so much.

Rest in peace Robin Williams, thank you for making my childhood a bit brighter with your humor and wisdom. Never forgotten.

SUICIDE IS NEVER THE ANSWER. IT IS A PERMANENT SOLUTION TO A TEMPORARY PROBLEM. PLEASE CALL THE HOTLINES BELOW IF YOU HAVE THOUGHTS OF SUICIDE OR MESSAGE ME. I AM ALWAYS HERE FOR EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU, AND IF YOU CANT REACH ME ON HERE, HERE IS MY KIK: larrysfetus

LIFE'S LIKE A JUMPROPE, STAY STRONG KITTENS.

Worldwide Suicide Hotlines

Here are suicide helplines, worldwide.

- Albania: 127
- Argentina: (54-11) 4758-2554
- Australia: 13 11 14
- Austria: 142
- Barbados: (246) 4299999
• Belgium: 106
• Botswana: 3911270
• Brazil: +55 51 211 2888
• Canada - Greater Vancouver: 604-872-3311
• Canada - Toll free-Howe Sound/Sunshine Coast: 18666613311
• Canada - TTY: 1-866-872-0113
• Canada - BC-wide: 1-800-SUICIDE (784-2433)
• China: 0800-810-1117
• China (Mobile/IP/extension users): 010-8295-1332
• Croatia: (01) 4833-888
• Cyprus: +357 77 77 72 67
• Denmark: +45 70 201 201
• Estonia (1): 126
• Estonia (2): 127
• Estonia (3): 646 6666
• Fiji (1): 679 670565
• Fiji (2): 679 674364
• Finland: 01019-0071
• France: (+33) (0)9 51 11 61 30
• Germany (1): 0800 1110 111
• Germany (2): 0800 1110 222
• Germany (youth): 0800 1110 333
• Ghana: 233 244 846 701
• Greece: (0) 30 210 34 17 164
• Hungary: (46) 323 888
• India: 2549 7777
• Ireland (1): +44 (0) 8457 90 90 90
• Ireland (2): +44 (0) 8457 90 91 92
• Ireland (3): 1850 60 90 90
• Ireland (4): 1850 60 90 91
• Israel: 1201
• Italy: 199 284 284
• Japan (1): 03 5774 0992
• Japan (2): 03 3498 0231
• Kenya: +254 20 3000378/2051323
• Liberia: 06534308
• Lithuania: 8-800 2 8888
• Malaysia (1): (063) 92850039
• Malaysia (2): (063) 92850279
• Malaysia (3): (063) 92850049
• Malta: 179
• Mauritius: (230) 800 93 93
• Namibia: (09264) 61-232-221
• Netherlands: 0900-0767
• New Zealand (1): (09) 522 2999
• New Zealand (2): 0800 111 777
• Norway: +47 815 33 300
• Papua New Guinea: 675 326 0011
• Philippines: 02 -896 - 9191
• Poland (1): +48 527 00 00
• Poland (2): +48 89 92 88
• Portugal: (808) 200 204
• Samoa: 32000
• Serbia: 32000
• Singapore: 1800- 221 4444
• South Africa: 0861 322 322
• Sweden (1): 020 22 00 60
• Sweden (2): 020 22 00 70
• Switzerland: 143
• Thailand: (02) 713-6793
• Ukraine: 058
• United Kingdom (1): 08457 909090
• United Kingdom (2): +44 1603 611311
• United Kingdom (3): +44 (0) 8457 90 91 92
• United Kingdom (4): 1850 60 90 90
• United Kingdom (5): 1850 60 90 91
• United States of America: 1-800-273-TALK (8255)
• Zimbabwe (1): (263) 09 65000
• Zimbabwe (2): 0800 9102

PS. HAVE I TOLD YOU HOW SEXY YOU LOOK TODAY? ;)
(HARRY’S POV)

Nobody knows how I feel, and I guess that's the shitty part.

Not even Louis sometimes.

I'm home and sitting in bed, my phone is open in front of my eyes, and I stare at it.

I stare at it for ten minutes, re-tapping the screen when it fades a little. I don't understand why, but I need to watch Louis type, just to know what he might say.

I'm awaiting our break up. Our end point that'd probably cause a bit of destruction towards myself. Who knows, really.

I just feel so fucking depressed.

Without him, his voice, his words... What the hell am I without them?

A new text alerts itself onto my phone, and I'm glad I have my read receipts off. Just so I can stare at the letters for a few minutes, wishing they'd form into different sentences with new meanings.

An "I love you" text would be amazing right now.

Anything that involves love would be amazing now actually.

What do u mean?

Jesus christ. He has to be joking. I'm not texting him like a prissy asshole about it either.

We'll talk when you're out of school. I'm home. Come pick me up after. Don't ask questions.

I'm not an assertive person. I rarely ever get mad unless something totally outrageous provokes it.

So maybe when I sent that I could've been a bit lighter on my text tone... But y'know, Louis needs to know what the deal is.

Because fuck, I love him. And I need him.

I need him in sexual ways, alright? A person like me can only hold out for so long. In a literal sense.

Last night I actually thought about Louis so much that I came untouched. And no, it wasn't like just a teeny little spasm it was more like me moaning out loud and gripping my bed sheets. I tried so hard not to scream, because it was so...

Sometimes orgasms are nice. Sometimes.

Only when I picture Louis sucking me off though, heh.

But I'm supposed to be pissed at him.

Pissed Harry is in action, as if of right now.
(But honestly how long can that even last?)

It's only 2:34 when I hear a honking from outside, and my mum is at work so her ears luckily can't hear it.

Louis really can't walk up to the fucking door? Honestly?

What's next? A fucking whistle like I'm a dog?

I do appreciate that school gets out at 2:25 though, so that means Louis ran three red lights, one stop sign and probably ran over a stray cat in the process.

Ahh, love. Causing car accidents, murders, and tattered hearts since the beginning of time.

How charming.

"Really? You couldn't walk up to my door? That's some shit, get out."

He gives me a look, totally bewildered like he didn't expect this to happen. He gets out of the car right when I walk up to the door and I shove him.

It's not a hard shove at all though, and I just get more livid when he starts to chuckle at my attempt.

"Screw you! Okay? Screw you, you sodding bastard, bloody fucking-"

And I can't really finish before my lips have somehow found their way- or rather, his, have found their way to mine.

I fight it for a moment, eyebrows scrunching and my hand flat against his chest, trying to resist it.

But hey, we all know I can't ever resist the kind of love that makes running through red lights worth it. Even if a cop does catch you.

We stand there in the driveway, lips locked and moving in a way that might make my heart grow seventy-five times bigger in my chest.

Only a few minutes of the heated slobber session do I realize Eleanor, opening my eyes and pulling back for a moment to see a mortified look on her face.

Jaw unhinged, she drops the hose she was using to water her roses-which were already fucking dead, by the way.

I swallow hard when she turns and briskly walks inside her "We're a super fucking rich family, so we're going to show it off and be douche's about it" house, slamming the glass door behind her.

I'm surprised it didn't shatter into a trillion pieces with that kind of force.

"Fuck... Uh. Should I care?" Looking at Louis, knowing he's seen what I just saw, he shakes his head.

"No. What you should care about is how I'm going to take you to my place-"

And Zayn's place. Huh. Wonder why he left that out.

Ohhh, that's right.
Because I despise the Calvin Klein worthy model prancing around my boyfriend in his CK boxer briefs.

I've decided I hate Calvin Klein products.

"and how I'm going to lay you down on my bed..."

Oh fuck.

Shit, he's getting closer, so close that his breath tickles the lobe of my ear.

My body tingles when he runs a hand down my back, pressing me closer to him until I relax, unraveling my nerves, standing there slack against him as he leans against the car.

"How would you want me to do it? Because all this time I've been preparing, and your pretty little mind had no clue about it."

Oh. Makes sense now.

"I'm... Jesus, I'm so sor-"

And he cuts me off with a kiss to my cheek, causing blood to rush to the exact spot, spreading to my other cheek until I'm blushing idiotically.

"We're only a ride away now," he says, and I nod, because yes.

The road is the only thing I have to worry about until I'm being fucked senseless.

Let's hope this lovey-dovey situation doesn't cause a car accident then.

When we actually make it to Louis' flat all in one piece (thankfully), I have the boner the size of Utah, and what's even better is so does he.

"Zayn is at Wendy's," Louis says, laughter following. "Works there now, so we're alone. All alone."

Good. That's how it should've always fucking been like.

Being alone really is so much less sucky when you're alone with someone. Nobody can deny that.

"Just fuck me already, please," I say, closing the door to Louis' room, starting to quite hastily pull my shirt off, but a gentle hand stops me.

I stop, put my arm down and look at Louis, whose eyes are practically telling me to slow down. Way down.

I melt visibly, my eyes glazing over in lust. And even I can feel the dilation that takes place in my pupils.

We don't look away when Louis dips his finger into the band of my sweat pants, pulling them in his direction.

I always wear sweat pants when I stay home from school, but like, everyone does so I'm not some quirky teenage girl who thinks sweat pants are the most uncommon piece of clothing on the face of the planet.

Okay, cool. So you wear sweat pants to school sometimes and your hair is in a messy bun.
Congratulations, you may be the most unique person that the human race has ever known.

Ugh. Some girls these days.

I'm pulled from my thoughts, when I realize that my sweat pants have actually been around my ankles for quite some time now, and Louis' fingers are tracing down my rib cage, one by one, they bump along his thumbs.

"You k-know, I never thought we'd... Like, do this. For real. Like, love. Sex. Whatever." I ramble nervously, keeping my voice even below a whisper but he says nothing, lifting my shirt over my head way more gracefully than I ever could.

My arms lift, and when my shirt is discarded, my hands go for his belt buckle. I've undone his belt so many times, that I know he always puts it on the fifth notch. So that's what I immediately go for when I slip it through, undoing his button next, then sliding down his zipper.

My fingers are trembling, and Louis seems to notice this, taking my hands once his pants are lowered, bringing my knuckles to his lips to kiss them, eyes closed.

Jesus in holy heaven. I think I might fucking propose.

But sex first.

After a few minutes of exploring, running our finger tips along edges and curves, goosebumps and warm skin, we have our pants off, and candles are lit by Louis, as I wait for him on the bed stark naked.

It should be totally fucking awkward. Really. Just like that day in the park, when Louis touched my arm.

I didn't even know him, and somehow it was okay.

And now I know him a lot, and it's still okay.

"You're so perfect," I breathe out when the lights get shut off, the candles being the only things that shed light.

Sure, call it cliché but everyone is a sucker for sex with candles. Even serial killers. Well... I think, anyway.

"We're so perfect," he replies and looms over me, and I'm surprised I haven't came fifty times already. But I'm really holding it. Or trying at least.

"You want to do this? Do you think you're ready?"

I don't hesitate before nodding, and I love that he asked. I love that he just fucking cares so much.

He smiles, and y'know, foreplay is always amazing. He licks stripes with the tip of his tongue, starting at my belly button, and trailing up to my nipple, and I swear to christ I could've lost it then.

But I didn't, instead I watched him, breath a bit uneasy but still. He repeated the action to my other nipple, and I had to mentally count backwards from ten to calm myself down from it.

A few dark hickey's later, strewn from Louis' neck to his collar bones, and my legs are open, my thighs resting on top of his thighs as I lay back and watch him.
I flinch the first time he touches me. One, because the lube is super fucking cold and two, a finger is about to enter my arse and I'm not too sure how to handle that.

He just rubs my thigh with his other hand in reassurance, and again, I am an ice cube on hot pavement for it.

I take in a sharp breath when my hole is being rubbed, and I'm blushing from head to toe, even shaking a bit in the feet.

It's not a totally slow process, however. I do end up with a finger in me, then another. And then I'm basically crying for a third one.

He bites his lip, and tries to navigate for something, I don't know what it is, but his fingers begin to curl up, and a flash of a feeling so good ends up rippling through me.

I'm quiet about it though. Not much of a sex screamer. I don't think so anyway... With Louis it's hard to tell.

"That, wow-" I can't even think properly, and that's when he presses up again, smirking and watching me arch my back up off his sheets, emitting a moan I didn't even know was coming out of me.

I pant softly, debating whether or not I should kick him for being such a tease, but my debate is put to an end when he pulls out and reaches to his nightstand for a condom.

How sweet. But it's not like I can get pregnant... Woah- wait, he doesn't have...

"Aids?" I blurt out, and there's a silence until it breaks with Louis' laughter. It causes mine to happen too, and he shakes his head, sighing.

"No condom then?"
"No condom."
"You got it babe."

Of course I've got it. I've got him. I've got love. And now I've got sex that I've waited eons for.

At first it stings, and I tense up, letting him hang above me and whisper in my ear.

He tells me in a soft voice how nice it'll feel once the pains gone, and he just so happened to be right.

But nice wasn't the exact word I would've used.

Fantastic, amazing, totally mind blowingly good? Those are some I'd use.

It's slow at first, and I still haven't embarrassed myself by launching my come off like a rocket. Which is more than a plus.

"God, fuck Harry," he grunts low in my ear, and I dig my nails into his shoulder blades, letting my legs drift apart further as I slide carefully up and down on the mattress.

I can't really speak, but I think my moans and whimpers say pretty much all of it.

I lay my head back, and our eyes meet, and in a split second it feels as though I might want this forever.
"I love you," I say, my voice sounding more desperate than romantic.

His bottom lip is shiny, puffy red from all the kissing and he licks it over before he responds back with an even more desperate, "I love you."

I watch him, he watches me. We fuck each other. Awkwardness is nowhere to be found.

After ten and a half minutes of slow pace, I need a bit more before my balls turn blue and fall off. I need to come. And I think he knows that.

"Let's come, c'mon," Louis is like, comforting me about it. Which makes me feel three hundred times better, especially when he laces our fingers together.

I hardly expect him to fuck me harder though, so my breath his a bit stolen when he's hitting that spot earlier dead on, making the bed frame hit against the wall a little bit.

My head swirls, and my tummy tightens up so much I think I might get a charlie horse. And when Louis' hand finds it's way to my cock, which is leaking profusely against my stomach, I automatically lose it.

"Oh, god- Louis, Lou-" I choke out in a mild whine, come spurting up on my chest. Since when did I ever come that hard?

Oh right, never.

He's still fucking me even when I finish, letting me ride it out until I realize I'm filled up. It's warm and nice and I find myself in awe of the fact that Louis is breathing in my ear, hips stuttering when he lets out a last low groan against my shoulder.

If that's what it feels like, then I never want to stop.

The door flies open just then, when Louis' a panting mess over me, fringe damp with sweat. He glances over just like I do, letting out a squeak when I realize it's Zayn.

I pull the sheets up when Zayn is muttering an apology, cursing at himself before he closes the door to Louis' room.

But Zayn was lingering, Harry wasn't stupid. Those brown eyes might as well be full of shit, because if Zayn thinks he can get Louis, he's sorely mislead.

But wait, fuck.

What if he can get Louis?

_______________________

smut eh? eh? ;)

idk if it was ace or not!!! you guys let me know if it needs more detail.

much love & sorry for the delay once again, sigh. Love you kittens.

- Amber :)) <3

PS. Please follow my new friend @lolmalum !!! shes so cool. and also, @Makaylaxkenway !! thank you xox
(LOUIS' POV)

Isn't it wonderful how men can't get pregnant?

In the real world at least. In the internet world... A fucking rock could get pregnant if it so chose.

That's why I'm glad Harry isn't pregnant. Although I find myself day dreaming of living with him, creating a family someday...

I really love him.

And Zayn, really really loves me.

Yes. I've figured it out weeks ago.

It's winter now, and Harry and I had sex in the fall.

Well, for the first time at least.

We've been fucking like rabbits ever since, honestly.

Zayn gets so jealous, and I can see it in his eyes. Especially now, when Harry's cuddled up to me on the couch.

Zayn had nowhere else to go, or else he'd be drinking and doing drugs elsewhere. Somewhere far away from the apartments couch as he could possibly get.

In my peripheral vision, I see him sneak glances of me. Some long, some short. Some just utterly creepy.

He told me that he loved me too, that night when I found out. A couple beers lead to a couple laughs, then a couple tears, and finally: a confession.

The confession he told stole the cake, whereas mine, proposing to Harry, merely took a slice.

I knew it was time to move out just then. In fact, I'd been looking around for my own place.

Actually, maybe a flat for me and Harry.

I haven't asked him yet, if he wants to live with me. He's only seventeen, going on eighteen for christ sake. I know that.

And in legal terms, I'm a rapist.

Which is totally fucked.

But me and Harry have discussed it. We know there's no end for us both, and we've established the fact that we love each other.

Would you take that risk? Risking everything for just one person out of the approximate seven-billion that roam this earth?

Again, I'll ask.
Don't give me some bullshit either.

Would you?

Because I would. I already have.

"I think we should get out of here..."

It's a timid sound, and it floats passed my ear, making my skin calm, and all weightless.

Can you imagine, one whisper doing that to you?

Have you ever been in love?

"Maybe to McDonalds?"

There it is again, the whisper. His voice. Shaking shyly in the room where three people sit at a couch.

Two of us are strangers, and one of us is home.

In this case, me and Harry are the burdens.

"We're gonna go get some food. You want any?" And then there is my voice. Above a whisper, gritting through the silence and the miscellaneous sounds of the telly.

Harry describes my voice to be manly, and I simply laugh.

Manly? What does that sound like? A man? I hate to break it to him, "I'm just a boy." I want to say, but I don't want to burst his bubble. Right?

Zayn's eyes lighten three watts at least when he looks up, and Harry stands next to me right away, his hand like a snake. It coils in my hand, fingernails nearly puncture the skin. But there's no venom. Well, jealousy and possession, maybe.

Venom hurts.

Mostly Zayn, even if he's not the one bitten.

"Ah, n-no, I'm alright."

If only he meant that.

In a matter of seconds, me and Harry are out the door, finding our way outside, strolling to my car.

"Are you scared?" I ask, as steadily as I can, despite the fact that my lips are trembling from how freezing cold it is outside. A snowflake melts against my cheek, it feels foreign.

"Scared?"

Yes, scared.

"Yes, scared." I repeat, but I'm not annoyed. I hold the door open for him.

He pauses and looks at me. It's concentrated, his eyes are hardened, glassy as always. It's just too cold out.
"No." He says, after an extent of time that could be confused for an hour instead of minutes.

His words pinch my ear, like a scolding mother and they drag me to the drivers seat, I hold back an instinctive whimper in my chest.

No.

I sit down.

No.

I start the car.

"Sometimes," he chimes in.

No.

I panic and turn to him. "I'm scared. Always, I'm scared."

"Why?" He furrows his brows.

"Losing you. Losing us. We're supposed to be-"

Then cold fingers come in contact with my chin, I bet he can feel the stubble from my chin. The result of not shaving for a couple days.

"What are we supposed to be? I'm scared too, sometimes. Scared that Zayn will somehow steal you away from me."

"That would never-"

"Happen. I know," he finishes, and his smile returns, but his happiness doesn't.

We've been sad for a long time.

My mom hasn't spoken to me in months.

Harry's mother is still reluctant to face facts.

It's a cruel fucking world.

And each day my essay is growing stronger because of it. So I don't think I have room to complain.

I can almost feel it when I think about it.

I'm standing in the front of my class, my hands are clammy, but I know I'm doing the right thing. I imagine I'd be sleep deprived having been awake all night practicing each line, and the vocal tone of it. The dark circles under my eyes are a symbol of strength, and weakness is vacant. Everyone looks at me. The class is silent until I utter the first sentence...

"Life is uncontrollable, like an orgasm."

It sounded good in my head.

On the way to McDonalds, we're both crying. Scared out of our heads. We're only kids after all.

The look on the cashiers face was priceless. Two boys sobbing at the counter all while ordering three
large fries and four whoppers.

Harry couldn't stifle a giggle through his panicked breaths.

We find a booth, sit in it, and then pull Harry into my lap. He squirms, claims he hates it, then whispers he loves it.

It's a routine, really.

"I know," I say, feeding him fries that he complains is going to make him gain five hundred pounds.

"Five hundred pounds isn't going to keep me from loving you. Nice try though."

We both laugh.

Laughing. Probably the second best thing in the world, right next to an orgasm.

In which Harry has not even been able to go without one, thirteen minutes into our little date.

He used to be embarrassed, but now he lets me soothe him.

If that isn't character development, what is?

"My little Bambi boy," I coo, and he pinches me, giggles, then hums and grips at the hair on the back of my neck.

Spontaneous spasms have become just a normal thing in our lives. Most would call it strange, but me and Harry call it tradition.

"Listen..." I say, rubbing his back, helping him back down to earth.

"I've been looking for places... For you and I."

He pulls back, cheeks rosy red. He bites the burger in my hand, and chews adorably. I put my hand on his puffed out tummy, rub it and grin.

"Yes," I say and I'm answering the question inside his head. I know it's there.

"Lou... Really?"

Does he think I'm pulling his leg? It wouldn't be a very good punchline for a joke, coming from me.

"Of course. I'll get a job, you can move out of your mums... Can't you?"

Harry hesitates, and I bite the inside of my cheek.

"You don't have to Bambi." I say just in clarification, because if anybody has to clarify it. It should be me.

He leans, and pecks my lips as a response.

It's not a no.

But it's not a yes either.

The night ends with a dirty napkin, two empty soda cups and one half eaten whopper.
For me anyway, it ends that way.

For Harry, not so much.

Hey! Kittens, I hate apologizing, so in the future, please know that I'm extremely sorry for late updates, slow replies, etc. I'm a 17 year old junior who has way too much on her plate at the moment! (And probably for lots of other moments!) hopefully you lovely humans can relate and empathize? :p

I hope you like this update! ALSO, I do NOT know how many chapters will be in this story. Sorry that I don't know! But I intend to keep this going for a while longer. If you don't like that I'm very sorry and if you choose to drop the fic then it's alright! Thanks for reading while you could. Xo

Also, my friend @lolmalum has just made a new book called "problem"! Go check it out for me she's the funniest lil shit I know!!

And hey, also, I'm reading the book thief right now! Such a good book. Y'all should pick it up.

Annnnd another thing, since I get some inboxes asking me: my kik is @larrysfetus, and my instagram is @axxmer ! Y'all can follow me/msg me if ya want, whatever floats ya boat m8.

Ok ok ok enough of this!! I love you all so much, and I can't say thank you enough times.

I'm such a shitty updater. Lol.

I'm trying though!

Much much mmmmmuch love,

Amber xox <3
(HARRY’S POV)

"Eleanor?" It comes out of my mouth, and floats in the air when I see her, casually chatting with my mother at the kitchen table.

Honestly, I just wanted to come home and think about moving in with Louis. About getting married... Starting a family... Living happily ever-

"Harry!" She nearly shouts when I shut the door, turning around and greeting me with flushed cheeks and a shy wave.

God help me, I think I've got the taste of sick in my mouth.

"It's nine thirty at night, what are you guys even doing-"

That's when Eleanor stands, blocking my voice, my mother mirroring her, standing up as well.

I can tell Eleanor has tried too hard to look amazing. Her hair is curled, eyes colored with smokey shadow, a perfect flick of winged eyeliner on each side.

Really, I'm flattered, but all that can't get me to start liking females.

I think she understands that though, I kind of feel pity for her. It sucks to crave something that's out of reach.

"We set up a movie date for the two of you, but you better run along now, the movie starts at ten."

Wonderful, just wonderful.

"But mum-"

But it's not like I can even object, I mean, my mother always fucking wins. Parents in general, they just always do. Don't they?

Eleanor has a car, obviously, since her parents are richer than rich. It's a silver Volvo, and now I'm just scared of the vibrating part.

I've already had three orgasms today, I can't fucking handle another one. I just wanted to sleep for the sake of christ.

"Come on Haz! It'll be fun!"

I swear I've never felt a grip so tight on my hand before, she nearly ripped my shoulder out of it's socket when she led me to the drive way.

"Don't call me that, I'm Harry to you, yeah? Don't call me that."

Maybe a little harsh. But I don't care, she knows that this whole thing pisses me off, and she's just happily going along with it.

It makes me sick. Nothing is going to change the way I feel for Louis.
Just thinking about him ties my stomach in knots, and sends it on roller coaster rides, and makes butterflies explode like fireworks within my chest.

It's safe to say that this whole thing is written in stone for us, and Eleanor is rudely interrupting that. Well, more like my mother is. Both of them are.

"Sorry... I just thought, I dunno," she says after we're settled in our seats. Well, as settled as we'll ever be. Which isn't a lot.

When the car starts my stomach lurches, and lurches even more when she backs up, pulling out then heading onto the main road.

It's silent, except for the pop music on the radio that I'm trying to focus on instead of the throbbing.

Throb throb throb,

Makes me want to

Sob sob sob...

Fits with the beat, and now it's stuck in my brain.

"Fucking christ," I huff out quietly, squirming in my seat.

She knows about it but just blushes in response, keeping to herself. Maybe because she thinks its "cute" or "quirky."

I fucking hate that. Only Louis is allowed to think that okay? Only him.

My nails are digging into the new leather of the seat, nearly puncturing it. But I hardly think it matters, she'll just ask daddy to fix it and viola, deed done.

Somehow I manage to make it through the torturing fifteen minute drive, and into the movies with Eleanor, shaking in the limbs the whole way.

How come she's so quiet? She can't possibly be nervous around a person like me.

I kind of kill the nervousness in everyone else, y'know? Because I'm way more embarrassing than something they'll ever do.

If someone farted in class it wouldn't even matter if I were in the room.

Orgasm boy takes the award for the most embarrassing disorder in the history of disorders.

"Over here," she whispers, shuffling through the dark room. She picks two seats in the corner up top, and I'm regretting that I didn't buy any food or a drink.

Usually that helps me to focus on different things other than uh, well. You know, my stupid dick.

Everything is actually okay, for a good part of the movie she's keeping to herself, only staring at me every once and a while when she thinks I can't see her.

She must not know what peripheral vision is then, I assume.

But shit hit the fan when her fingers crept onto mine, looking for a grasp.
At first, I didn't do anything, because I felt bad. It's not that I wanted her to hold my hand, or attempt to, but something in me went soft, and I tried not to be hostile about it.

I moved away after a little while though, and I could nearly feel her disappointment. And boy oh boy did that feel shitty.

It felt like I was shooting her or something, or whacking her over the nose with a newspaper if she were a puppy.

When the credits rolled, and the lights brightened up, I saw her face again, better illuminated now.

What I saw was so bad that I wish I was straight so I could fix it.

"El," I said, my voice cracking as I stood up with her, but she was wiping away tears from her cheeks with urgency.

I didn't want to push it, but I do anyway. I can't help it.

"El, it's not you, seriously, it's-"

"Me." She finishes, looking at me. The theater is clearing out, people chatting away with carelessness. They have their own problems to attend to. "Because I'm a girl... Because you don't like girls."

Yeah, true. I don't like girls. Only sexually though. Having a girl friend would be pretty cool though... I don't mind that.

Before I can say anything else she turns and walks out, I follow her, trying not to trip down the stairs, since my crotch is nearly numb and I'm forced to do a waddling number.

"El, can you please slow down," I call out to her in the parking lot, because this girl can seriously cover ground. Like a cheetah almost.

But soon, I catch up to her, and escape the chill of the night when I sit in her car.

She stares at the steering wheel after the engine is buzzing, and I don't tell her it bothers me. I can't when she looks all sad like that.

"I've loved you since I first became your neighbor," she mumbles, which isn't a shock to me. But that was so fucking long ago, and I can't imagine she would ever wait this long for me... I just can't imagine it. She must've had other boyfriends. She's tall, lean, long chocolate hair and a pretty face.

Straight guys would get on their knees for her. But me? She's been waiting around, wasting all her beauty on me? Why?

"I haven't ever had a boyfriend... B-Because I thought- I thought that you'd-" Waterworks. Waterfalls. Downpours.

Crying.

"T-That you'd like me, sooner or l-later, I just... I hoped, and now..." And now I'm gay. Always have been. And there she was waiting the whole time without a clue. It wasn't my fault, it's not like I led her on... It's not any of our faults, but I still feel that I'm to blame.

"And now I'm gay?" I say quietly, and I reach over to rub her shoulder. I'm glad when she doesn't
shrug it off.
"Y-Yeah, well n-no, I mean, I'm not against it." Huh, could've fooled me. Didn't seem like she was all for it either.

She sniffs, inhaling deeply, voice wavering. "I don't know," she whispers, shaking her head lightly and tucking back her hair.

I don't know why, but I pull her into me, and she lets me, holding her in a way that feels friendly more than anything.

Somehow my dick has died down after all this. Thank Allah.

"It's okay... Really, it's going to be okay El. But listen, I can't keep doing this, yeah?" I don't want to burst her bubble, but every one has to pop at some point. "I really, really love Louis." I whisper, and I can hear a tiny sob of pain again.

Shit, Harry. Tread light will ya?

She pulls away slightly, to look at me, not to reject me or anything. Black streaks of makeup that look like veins run off her artificially blushed cheeks, and she sniffs again.

"I know..." She says, then settles back in her seat, a bit more relaxed. I think she's trying to accept the truth. Which isn't easy... I know that much.

"I know." She reiterates, voice quieter. "He's so lucky."

I swallow deep at that, biting my lip and looking away to the lit radio that's on mute. Is he lucky? Am I lucky?

Eleanor isn't lucky.

A few minutes of silence pass, and she wipes her cheeks again, trying to regain strength. What really kills is that once she gets her makeup cleared, she pushes a small smile to me, as if this whole thing should be put in the past.

And maybe it should.

"I'll take you home now," she breathes out, and begins to back up.

I can't help it, my heart hurts. I don't want to kiss her but I want to show her I care.

Before she pulls out I lean over and press a lingering kiss to her damp cheek, she freezes, and maybe I can feel her pulse pick up seventy percent more, just from the interaction.

I never thought that my touch could be that powerful. Is it that powerful for Louis?

I pull back, giving her the same type of smile she gave me.

"I had a fun time," I say, and it's genuine, I mean, I wouldn't mind going again. As long as we saw a comedy of sorts. "We should do this again."

It's not a date, it's not a new romantic relationship, but it's the beginning of a friendship.

And for the boy that's never had a real friend to talk to, that's a major plus.
Rich girl Eleanor and orgasm boy Harry, who knew in a couple weeks we'd be wearing friendship bracelets.

Funny how shit works out sometimes.

__________________________

Two chappys today? It's possible.

:)

Thank you for reading! Also, Eleanor and Harry are friends now, if that wasn't cleared up. (Yes they do end up getting matching bff bracelets how cute)

Smut soon i promise, I just don't want to make all the chapters about sex you know? I want to explore envy and friendship, conflict and sadness. I want to actually make a story line with different relationships and how they affect the boys. Also this book is almost finished, I haven't fully planned out the ending yet, but I will be soon, just gimme some time and remember that I'm trying as hard as I can xox

Do you think Louis is actually going to get an apartment for them both? Living with someone you love can be difficult sometimes, so it's a pretty risky move to make. It can end or strengthen love. Next chapter will be Louis' POV :

Keep reading my kittens, and bleh, you're allowed to hate me because I'm so slow at updating aahhaha

Also, this has been translated in spanish! Link in bio later <3

Much love,
Amber xoxo
(LOUIS' POV, please read A/N at the end!)

So, Harry and Eleanor have been "hanging out" lately.

I mean, they've got friendship bracelets already and it's only been two weeks.

How does he know she's not some crazy backstabbing vile serpent?

I don't want him to find out if she is. Lord only knows what I'd do if she were to hurt him. Unspeakable things. Slightly crazy things, probably.

But Harry's mother doesn't even know they're just friends, that's the sick part. It's all for show, and I'm afraid it won't be an act anymore one day.

One day soon? I hope not, because I've already been looking at apartments to rent.

It's 5 o'clock in the afternoon when I finally decide to get out of bed and cleanse myself. Even brushing my teeth today is a struggle, I'm just so lazy.

I feel like cement, all these thoughts are too heavy for me to hold.

After my shower, I call Harry, my ear pressed to the receiver as I balance it on my shoulder. I'm not lazy enough to not eat breakfast though, which is good. Food happens to be the only thing I have energy for.

He finally answers after I'm done pouring my milk in my bowl of captain crunch, and I sigh in relief, totally abandoning my breakfast to talk to him, tightly gripping the phone now.

Is that... Laughter? Laughter from somebody else on the other line?

"Hey babe!" Harry greets, a string of little giggles following, and a hushed "shhh, be quiet, it's louis!" To somebody else in the room.

"Um... Are you like, busy?" I ask, feeling a tad awkward. The last thing I want to do is annoy him... But lets face it, Harry has never had any friends before.

Conclusion: Eleanor is with him.

"Oh, no! I'm just with Ellie. She slept over last night."

Ellie? I cringe so hard that I'm not even hungry anymore.

"Oh, wonderful." I say blandly, an obvious negative tone in my voice.

I mean, did he really think I'd be okay with it?

Oh yeah, lets just put my boyfriend in the hands of a total psychopath! I roll my eyes, and he sighs over the other line.

"Want to get some lunch later? She's leaving soon anyway... McDonalds?" He says, in the most sweetest voice I've ever heard. I feel terrible for giving him an attitude now.
He's just so innocent and my mind slips into anger again when I think about all the orgasms he must've had with her.

I grit my teeth when I answer. "Yes, please."

I just try to convince myself that it's not my fault that I was mad as I eat, my soggy cereal not really bothering me at this point.

I have better things to be irritated about.

Like the fact my boyfriend has a pet name for Eleanor... Ellie.

I want to punch something. Or myself. Or Eleanor.

I can't decide.

When I finally get out the door, my breath fogging in the cold crisp air, I've started to calm down again. Just thinking of my Bambi's voice, and his cherub cheeks... I'm so in love. I don't know if that's dangerous at this point, or safe.

Who knows. I'd take the risk.

Speaking of risks, my project is almost finished and is due after spring break.

So I'll be a little early when it comes to completing the whole thing. That never hurts.

I get to Harry's house, but stay in the car in case his mom answers the door.

"Outside x" I send a text to his phone, and only a second passes before the door throws open and he scurries to the passenger seat.

I don't even get out a greeting before he's in and the door shuts behind him. He quickly leans over the seat and I'm taken by surprise when he presses his lips against mine.

I thought it was just a peck, you know? But I couldn't help it, I leaned in for more and he generously gave it to me.

Call it desperate, I call it passion.

"I love you," he breathes out warmly against my mouth after about two minutes of straight tongue and lip.

Shivers run up my sides as I hold his cheeks in my palms, feeling the blush that rises to the surface of his soft skin.

"I love you," I reply, and my heart aches deeply when he pulls away. Not on purpose, but he gives me a faint smile, puts his hand over mine and says; "Let's go."

And I'm happy we are going, because I've been craving a McChicken for weeks now.

When we arrive and step through the doors, we get our orders settled then find a booth.

Harry's not a table person. And I respect that. Tables are for soccer moms with seven kids. Ick.

"Any idea why we always go to McDonalds for our dates?" He asks, giving a small laugh.
"Well... Would you like to go somewhere else?" I ask, generally concerned. I don't want him to think I'm cheap. After all, I've only taken him to one expensive dinner date.

Oh jesus. Do I need to step up my game? Eleanor is so rich, she could take him anywhere.

"What? No, no, I like it. McDonalds is our place, yeah? It makes it special." He adds, replying quite quickly.

We lock hands over the table and I smile wide, chuckling. "Yeah, if you think the smell of grease and three-meal worth calories are special."

He sticks out his tongue playfully, then sighs, sinking into his chair.

Something's wrong... Right? Something's wrong there's got to be something-

"I don't think I'm ready to uh..." He stalls, looking anywhere but my eyes. Or my face. Or my anything at all. "I don't think I'm ready to live with you- I mean, I do but I-

"No, no, Bambi, I get it, I really do," I interrupt nervously, scratching the back of my neck as blood creeps up to my face, compiling at my cheeks.

"Really?" He asks in disbelief, "I thought you'd be mad..."

Mad? Is he joking?

"Why would I be mad? I have no reason to be.-"

"Order 23!" The McDonalds cashier calls, and I cut off my sentence, and go get our tray of heart attack.

It's heavy but I don't mind. Pigging out is the best part of being human. Everybody agrees on that at least.

I sit down and an awkward silence consumes the table. I chew and sip my drink quietly as Harry does the same. Something else is up... I just don't know what the hell it is. I want to know. I need to know.

He swallows and smiles shyly at me, and his eyes sparkle, which brings me back to when we were swimming in the lake. His eyes matched the sky that night, and after all this time, I still desperately cling to him; as he does to me.

"Remember that night we went skinny dipping?" I blurt out, and his smile grows.

"Course I do. How could I forget?" I don't know how he could. But I asked anyway, just to be sure.

"You were so beautiful that night, you're still so-"

That's when Harry's phone rings and he gives me the "hold on one sec" gesture. "It's Ellie!"

Oh, fucking perfect.

"Harry, we're kind of in the middle of a date y'kn-"

He ignores me completely, greeting 'Ellie' and laughing at whatever she's greeting him with.

My whole chest caves in, I swear. When he says, "Oh I'm just with Louis. What are you doing?"
Just with me?

Just?

Am I over thinking it? Because my tears are piling up, but I don't have the strength to let them fall.

"Right now?" He asks, and I can tell that I'm in for some really shitty luck.

"Bambi-"

"Oh my god! No way!" He can't even hear me, and I give up. I can't try when he won't give me the chance. I pick at my fries and give them a blank stare. I can't even believe he's doing this to me.

"Okay, sure! I'm at McDonalds. Want to come pick me up here? I'm sure Louis wouldn't mind." Um, yes I would. Idiot.

"Do you mind babe?" He asks, in the sweetest, most innocent voice that always pushes me over.

"No, not much. Can I come? Wherever it is?" I might as well join in I guess. Even if it means being ignored, at least I can supervise them to make sure... That nothing's up.

"Well... It's kind of a Eleanarry thing..." What the actual fuck is an "Eleanarry"?

Oh. Harry and Eleanor mixed into one. How fucking cute.

"Oh, yeah, I'll just head home. Hope you have fun." I force the world's fakest smile and he squeaks a bye before he hangs up.

"Thank you! She's already here! Love you," He exclaims, planting a quick wet kiss on my forehead.

I watch him leave and swallow hard. When Ellie-asshole's car pulls out of the lot, that's when the tears run a marathon down my face.

Eleanarry is getting on my last nerve.

_____________________

Authors Note:

Hello everyone. If you have taken a look at my board lately, you'll understand why I haven't been updating. I've been in the hospital for the last month, receiving treatment for my depression and other personal things. I just couldn't take it anymore, and I'm very sorry for almost leaving all of you. You all care for me so much, and a special thank you for the ones that left comments/ sent snapchats/ kik'd/ or wrote on my board, asking where I was. As sad as that whole experience was for me, I can finally say that I am in FULL recovery! I am learning skills to cope and manage my emotions! If you have any questions on HOW you can manage yours, I have a few skills that might help you too, all you have to do is kik or private message me on here! I love you all SO much, and thank you for your extreme measure of patience with me xoxo

Much much muuuuuuuuCHHHHHHHH love,
Amber

Ps. My kittens are everything to me <3 keep reading xx
O.30

(HARRY’S POV)

Louis has been acting weird for the past couple days?

What did I do?

He gets so defensive when I want to hang out with Eleanor. Like honestly, he needs to chill out. I haven't ever had friends before, okay? None that I could do the things I do with her.

Plus, she introduced me to her other friend Niall. He's alright, I mean besides the fact that he can eat three subs and burp like chewbacca afterwards.

Okay, it's also weird when I have an episode. He looks at me like he looks at a piece of food, nearly drooling on himself.

Eleanor said he was straight, but uh... I don't know. He kind of hits on me a lot, especially when we were in the mall and shopping for new lingerie for Eleanor.

"You'd look adorable in these," he said, holding up a frilly pink pair of undies.

Yep. That kind of scared me a little bit, not gonna lie.

Did I mention that he actually bought them for me and stuck them in my coat pocket when I wasn't aware?

Well, now you know.

Freaky, right?

It's a good thing Louis is coming over tonight though, since my mum's away we have the whole house to ourselves for the weekend.

I hope he knows I love him... I've been ignoring his texts a little bit... Late replies, late calls... I honestly don't mean to, it's just that Eleanor always wants to move. Go go go! Never stop going.

Shopping, the gym, going out for food, then shopping again.

I never knew the rich life could be so damn hard, I mean, always being on the move can subtract lots of things from your daily routine.

Especially relationships and what not.

Louis.

I can't wait until he gets here, I'm getting all fidgety, sitting on the couch and drumming my fingers on the arm chair.

Something has to be done about this blockage in our relationship... Is it me? Or is it Eleanor?

Probably Eleanor, because lets face it; Louis was never fond of her. But he can't expect me to not have other friends right? She's the only one that wants the position so far.
Well, and Niall, but he's kind of a creep, y'know?

I never thought I'd be the one not wanting to be friends with someone.

The world works in weird ways.

"Babe? The door's locked," Louis says and taps on the window by the front door, and I turn my head, a big smile swooping my face.

"One sec," I call out, putting on my sweatshirt. It's too cold outside not to have one.

When I open the door and see Louis, his cheeks are rosy, along with the tip of his nose and he's bundled in a puffy jacket as little clouds of grey freeze against the air from his breath.

He's too cute. It must be illegal.

"Hey," he breathes out, and I move aside to let him in.

"I brought cookie dough."

Literally the best sentence I've heard all day. Cookies are a major weakness, for pretty much anybody. Except for vegans... How on earth do they pull it off?

Thank god me and Louis aren't about that life, right?

When we get in the kitchen and start to pull out the baking materials, Louis stops to feed me a spoonful of cookie dough, which coats my tongue in sugary goodness.

I giggle and chew softly, looking at him like he's the one who invented the chocolate chip cookie.

"I luff you," I mumble out, trying to swallow back the dough that grips my tastebuds.

He smiles and leans forward to kiss me, and I lean back into him, letting him taste.

He hums lightly, trailing the kiss from my lips to my jawline, sucking softly as I loll my head back and sigh from the feeling.

Goosebumps work their way from my spine to my arms, all the way up to the back of my neck.

He slides his hand from my side to my bum moments later, cupping it and colliding me into his hips, so we're pressed against one another.

I gasp when he licks a stripe above my adams apple, feeling like I'll have another episode just from that single movement.

He makes everything so difficult y'know? Why must he be so god damn flawless?

That's when I pull away and lift the hem of my sweatshirt up, caring less about the cookies and caring more about letting Louis fuck me into next week.

"Let's go upstairs," I say in one breath, and he's already ahead of me, picking me up so I can cling to him. I help him take off his shirt along the way, and up the stairs my lips are dancing over the dips of his collar bones.

When we finally get to my room, we're a mess and panting, and when I'm settled onto the bed, I'm frantically trying to undo my belt, along with my button and my zipper.
"Gonna make you feel so good," Louis promises quietly, leaning over me once we're down to our boxers.

I moan lightly in response, quickly gripping his hair with my fist and kissing him, my legs finding a way to wrap around him.

As we create friction together I'm trying not to let myself go too far, and Louis notices so he rubs his hips slower, pacing himself so he can let me adjust.

"Good?" He asks, tone of voice low and sultry.

"Yeah, so good," I answer as my eyes slip closed and I'm totally caught in the moment, letting it swallow me whole. The only thing I can really feel is my heart pounding against my chest, and my blood flowing hot under my flesh.

He makes me feel like I'm not even human anymore. Just a naked soul. Nothing to hide and nothing to fear. It's comfortable.

It's really comfortable until-

"Haz?" He says, stopping completely.

I whine a little in response from the sudden stop and open my eyes, looking to see that his are fixed across the room.

I follow his line of sight and see the pair of pink frilly undies hanging out of my jacket pocket.

Oh god.

"Haz? What the fuck?" He says, looking at the undies more, then to me again.

I can't even get a damn word out before he's moving away to get his clothes again.

"Lou, please-

He blows up.

Boom.

"No! Fuck you! You want to be with that skank? Fine. You can be with her."

Does he mean Eleanor? For fucks sake! He should know better than anybody else that I don't swing that way.

"Louis that's not why-

"Oh, okay. So that's the reason you've been ditching me lately? No texts? No calls?" He's basically whipping on his jacket again and I'm on the verge of tears when I pull on my jeans, scrambling to follow after him.

"Louis! If you'd just listen to me!" I basically scream, but he's so damn fast, and I barely make it to the middle of the staircase when he's nearly out the door.

"No Haz, It's been weeks like this! We're done. Done."

The door slams loud, shaking a picture on the wall. Cue the tears, cue the heartache...
Is something burning?

Shit, the cookies.

_______________________

Sorry if you cried :0 here's another update because all the support has been completely wonderful.

Love you all xoxoxo

Much supportive love,
Amber <3
(LOUIS' POV)

I haven't been to school in a week, and Harry hasn't even called or texted me.

Can you believe that shit? Not a single call or text.

So today I decided that I'd rather take a failing grade than do that shitty project.

I hate him, I hate Eleanor. I hate fucking everybody including myself.

Mostly myself though.

My heart feels like it's been put in a blender, honestly.

So naturally I end up watching shitty romance movies that make me cry. And since Zayn hasn't moved out, and I haven't found a new place, we watch them together.

He's warmer than I had imagined, and his arms are firm around my waist, squeezing me in and holding my broken parts together.

He's not Harry though. Harry can't be replaced that quickly.

Correction; Harry can't and won't ever be replaced like that.

"Stop," I whisper in pain of emotions, feeling Zayn's lips rest under my ear lobe.

I can't take this, not with Zayn. Not with anyone but Harry.

"Why baby?" He asks slow, his rough hands slipping gently over my ribcage, approaching my nipple with dangerous speed.

I shift and grab the remote, shutting the film off and hearing a small whine come from behind me. Because it's not like he wants me to go just yet. Obviously he wants his way, because that's just how Zayn is. Spoiled when it comes to sex.

"Lou- come on, don't go. I'm sorry, really I am," his begging continues, sending me off in a rage to the kitchen.

He follows and I grunt, wanting nothing more than a beer to fizzle out my heartbreak.

Why can't Harry just answer me? Honestly, is he so busy with that broad that he can't give me a text?

I feel so pathetic over this. I just want to be in his arms, for fucks sake.

"Are we still pretending that Harry is still your boyfriend Louis? Really?" Zayn says, his words packing a punch as he closes the refrigerator door just as I go to open it. "Why can't you just give me a fighting chance? Why can't you let me love-"

"Because Zayn, you aren't Harry! You aren't the love of my life! You don't have my entire heart and soul like he does!" I'm almost screaming in agony by now, feeling my chest cave in. I barely notice
that I'm crying until Zayn's face drops a sympathetic expression. "So please, do me a favor and take a fucking hike, yeah?"

I only look at the tall dark boy for a couple more moments before I reopen the fridge, removing my well deserved can of beer.

He's speechless for the first time in awhile until I go to pull back the tab, and that's when he stops me, putting his large hand over mine as it rests on the tin cold surface.

I pause, not really knowing what to expect next. Not thinking that he'd lean into me and press his sinful lips to the back of my ear.

My jaw slacks a bit, and my spine shivers. The worst part is that he knows how to work people over, and get them begging for it like a cat in heat.

If I'm being honest, I'm about three seconds away from purring.

"Zayn," I breathe out, breath hitching when his tongue flicks on the skin of my upper neck. I really shouldn't be letting him control me like this... Let alone enjoy it.

I feel the beer disappear as my eyes shut, hearing it clink against the counter. Zayn returns his hands to my body not long after, pinning me to the counter.

"Yeah?" He asks gruffly, as if he has no idea about the spell he's casting on me.

God, I feel it everywhere too. In my bones and veins, my heart and head... both of them.

I can't tell if I'm hungry for the sex of it, or the emotional part of it. Y'know, the piece where I actually feel like I'm wanted and loved.

Harry's been kinda lacking in that department this week, unfortunately.

"What do you think you're doing?" I reply, because honestly, I'm only asking out of curiosity. What is he doing to me? Do I want to find out?

"You."

I freeze still, let out a shaky breath and from behind I feel him... hard and warm against my bum.

I'd be insane not to want this, really. I'd be out of my mind not to want Zayn to pin my wrists together over my head and fuck me senseless right in my kitchen.

Buuuuut... call me impaired because I forbid myself to want something of this sort.

"Get off me," I snort, trying not to laugh as I push him sideways. "You really think you could've gotten away with that whole thing?"

Zayn blushes, looking appalled from my straightforward rejection. I mean... did he expect something else?

It's not like one fuck with another man could magically erase my longing for my absence of a boyfriend. No matter how much I truly wished it would.

"But I thought... I thought-..."

I open my mouth, about to respond with a sarcastic line, but I halt when my phone chimes from
across the room.

I swallow hard, putting the current moment between me and the sex machine on hold. I wade towards it and hope it's not a bill collector. I hope it's my sweet bambi boy missing me... wanting me back... I hope.

I pick up, and take a deep breath before I answer. "Hello?" I whisper into the receiver, all my hopes stirring in my stomach.

"Louis?" Out comes a squeaky woman's voice, making me sigh, wanting to sob more than anything else.

"Speaking," I mumble, ready to hang up if worse goes to worst. I'm tired of waiting for a call that might never come. I'm ill with the falsifying hope of everything in my fucking life.

"It's Eleanor... Calder."

My chest swells with hatred, and my eyebrows scrunch in reaction to it. Why the fuck is the mistress that stole my boyfriend calling me? "You have the audacity to call me? Where the fuck has Harry been? Why hasn't he-

"Harry's in the hospital Louis." She says, her voice grave and low. Almost like she's trying not to cry.

"He tried to commit suicide," she whispers, and I can almost feel the tears on her cheeks.

"He almost succeeded."

"Holy fuck," is the only thing I can say, feeling like I've gotten the wind ripped out from me. My baby. My poor baby.

"You have to come quick, he's... he's not doing-" Eleanor breaks out in a sob, sniffing in wetness. It would be quite a gross sound if the situation was under different circumstances... but no. The sound only makes me want to throw up from the heaviness of it all.

My baby boy is in a hospital bed right now, and I was about to have a casual hook up.

What's the matter with me? God damn it.

"What's going on?" Zayn asks from behind me, and I hush him, currently in my fight or flight mode.

My heart is pounding in my ears, my blood boiling hot and my eyes alert. Every sense is going into overdrive, and I can't control the lion inside me that screams to protect my helpless cub.

In a near roar I ask, "Which hospital? What room?"

Directions are being spewed at me as I throw on my coat and snatch my keys, no time for crying until I'm on my way, speeding down the road. It'd be a miracle for me not to get pulled over.

"My baby," I whisper shakily, my tears blurring the road.

My mind replays flashbacks of last week; the desperation in Harry's eyes, the rise of my voice, the sound of his breath and the feel of it on my skin.

I should've listened.
I should have listened.

---------------------------------------------

(A/N) okay now even I'm sobbing omfg, :'(

IM SORRY FOR ALL THE PAIN BUT I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK OF YOU!!!!

I'm going to start posting NON LARRY stories on a separate account!

Yea I know booooooring, but it'd mean so much to me if you followed. Xxx my user is ((( isolated-ice )))) on here :)

Who knows what stories will happen but hopefully some good ones!!

I LOVE YOU ALL KITTENS!!!!!

Muchmuchmuch love and hugs,

Amber xoxo
A/N: Hey guys! Here's the update, it's short and depressing, I know. But I truly mean it when I say I'm extremely busy. I hope you like this, because I plan on having this story finished by at least the end of May. All right? So please, keep reading, I love you so much. The support has been insane for this story, and my mind is blown. The votes on this fanfic are just fucking amazing. You guys fucking rock. Also, 4/6/2015 was my 100 days free from self harm, and I just wanted to let you all know that you were such a huge part of that for me. You don't even know. It's so important to me that I get to write. I have hands and fingers and a fully functioning (sometimes lol) brain. I'm grateful. So beyond it. Others don't have the luxuries like I do, and I intend to take full acknowledgement of them all, and celebrate them. And if you self harm, my advice to you; It looks nice, the blood and it feels good, the pain you inflict on yourself, but picture somebody you love, watching you and not being able to stop you. Think of their heart, think of how much agony it is put through. That loved one (everyone has somebody who cares about them, I don't care who you are, you do) would do fucking anything, ANYTHING, for you. Your beautiful skin, the thing that protects your organs and bones and blood and many other things, is going to be scarred. It doesn't deserve that abuse, baby. Feel like cutting? Put glue all over your hands, wait for it to dry, then peel it off. Draw on yourself. Stick your hands in ice cold water. Call a friend, call a hotline, call a family member, message me on here. Do it. I am here for you no matter what. I love ALL my gorgeous kittens. So once again, thank you so SO much. Xoxo Take care

Much love,
amber <3

Ps. Just bought a 3DS XL and it is so fuckin rad tbh, message me ur friend codes if you have one!!! Play animal crossing with meeee :)

(HARRY’S POV: / before hospital / TRIGGER WARNING, SUICIDE ATTEMPT)
I didn't know what it felt like to be truly lonesome.

Because I had him.

Louis was my anchor in the swirling sea of my life, the sun to my earth, the soul of my heart.

He was.

Was.

But now, everything will change.

I somehow knew deep down that I would end up here, staring at a razor and a bottle of pills. They look so familiar, because I've contemplated it so many times.
I memorized the color, the shape, even the feel of the objects. I need them. This one thing is the last straw. This one tiny misunderstanding will lead to my death.

And why? Because. What good am I if I can't be assertive? If I can't make him listen to me? What good am I to him... Or, to anyone? To myself?

No good. None.

Finally.

- H.

I drop the pen, or more like toss it away from me and jump right into the procedure that has been planned so carefully since the beginning of the week.

Who needs school when you have a terminal disease called depression, right? I'd rather study my suicide.

A bottle of liquor adds into the mix, and I might as well get a little shitfaced before I do anything, right? It'll numb things up a bit.

The razor is cold, but it fits just right between my fingers. I've never cut before in my life. I've thought about it... I'm thinking of it now... But now is the end, and it's too late.

After I can't feel my limbs, due to all the vodka stampeding through my blood, I slice slowly. My palish skin spreads open, revealing a brilliant red that is darkly satisfying to look at.

One drop, two... My kitchen floor is getting red. So red...

Reaching for the bottle of pills, I spill half of them, cussing at myself when an episode interrupts and I weakly fall on my knees.

"It'll never end," I whisper in a whimper to the empty house around me. "Leave me alone."

If only such a disorder could just leave me be... If only.

With trembling fingers I swallow a handful of Lithium, something my doctor prescribed me awhile ago.

Lethal when it comes to over dosing.

Perfect.

My vision is blurred, and then the razor slips in too deep on accident.

On purpose?

Shit.

I start to relax against my will, my sight blurring before it is swallowed up by blackness. My ears ring deeply, until I can't even hear my own thoughts. Is this what dying feels like?

Louis.

Just the thought of him makes me calm. When I think of his long eyelashes, his soft lips, or his honey sweet voice. I think I feel myself going to heaven. My body is weightless.
Everything is.

Until I catch the softest sound of a scream in the back of my mind. Who is that?

It's too late to wonder now, I guess.
Hey kittens! New chapter, hope you like it <3 Sorry it's a little short, the next one will most likely be a bit longer.

GREAT NEWS GUYS, I GOT A LAPTOP

also who misses the really old AIM from like middle school????? random ik but i really do.

credit to @protruding

for making the cover of this book! it's new and pretty isn't it??? ooooo aahhhhhhh ;)

ALRIGHT I'LL GO NOW, read read read and vote vote vote please and thank youuuuu XOXOXOOXXOXOXO

(LOUIS'S POV)

"Harry Styles- I'm uh-" I say, knowing I won't be able to see him if I'm not related. I make up a lie to the receptionist, saying I'm his cousin, and then I nearly sprint down the hallway, to the elevator.

I can't even hear myself think in the process, my heart is beating way too damn loud.

But once I get off the elevator and onto his floor, I can't shut my brain the fuck off.

This is my fault.

My baby.

My baby boy could possibly die today.
"Hazza?" I yell when I'm down the hall, glancing around for room 245. When I find it, my heart feels about ready to fall out my belly button from the sight inside.

"Oh... Oh my god-" I say, approaching the hospital bed. Harry is laying there, pale as snow with dark circles under his eyes.

"He's been fighting for awhile..." Eleanor says. She's sitting in the chair next to him, looking at me. "Nobody from his family are here yet..." She informed in a light whisper, and proceeds to touch my shoulder, rubbing it. I flinch away, giving her a shifty eyed look. How dare she?

"Don't you dare touch me. We had a fight, I saw your panties in his pocket. You're filthy. Understand? Filthy." I was just so angry, I blew up, as always.

"You found him, laying in his kitchen like that! Did he tell you of the fight we had? It was about you, miss perfect. Miss I'm gonna steal Louis's boyfriend because I loved Harry first,' you sicken me. Always have. Did it feel good when you let my boyfriend fuck you?" I snarled, about ready to rip her head off.

She just stood there, in shock. "Me and Harry never... We wouldn't ever..." She began, choking up again. I could see the tears budding up in her eyes. "That must've been Niall, we went shopping, he... He bought a pair of panties for Harry, as a joke! As a joke!" She exclaimed pretty loudly, and I moved across the room to close the door.

"Give me his number," I snarled, waiting. She didn't waste a minute, much to my pleasure because I clearly was not in the mood. But just as the number was being transferred into my phone with Eleanor's help, a soft cough came from the hospital bed. I looked over and I saw green dull eyes looking at me. In fear? Possibly. In love? Most definitely.

Harry tried to sit up and whimpered when he reached out for me, obviously straining himself, which was what he wasn't supposed to do. I rushed over and scooted myself onto the bed, making room for the both of us to lie down. "My baby boy," I cooed very lightly in Harry's ear. He looked up at me from where his head lay on my chest then smiled weakly, placing generous kisses over my collar bones.

"I'm sorry," the poor boy croaked out in a raspy voice, his watery eyes looking up towards me. I obviously never really thought that Harry would have sex with a girl, or even cheat on me for that matter... but I was angry when it happened. I always blow up the second something pisses me off, and then it occurred to me that I might have an anger management issue...

Anyway, that problem could wait. I am too busy holding my suicidal boyfriend in my arms to give one tenth of a fuck about myself.
"Get him some food. Now," I told Ela-bitch. I didn't care what her intentions were with my baby boy, friends or fuckers, I didn't want her in the room when I spoke to Harry alone.

"Baby, why? Why didn't you call or text me? I would've listened..." I cooed to him once she left the room, pushing back his curly hair gently between my fingers. He looked even more beautiful when he cried, and when his cheeks were a puffy red from it. I couldn't explain how much I loved him in that moment. And I don't think I ever will be able to explain it. It's something that will certainly go unexplained.

He swallowed deeply and looked away, avoiding my eye gaze. "Because... It wasn't just you. It was everything. This disorder, our fight, the way I embarrass myself everyday. Louis, why would you want to be with a loser like me anyway? What do you get out of it?"

I was about to speak, but his weak voice cut me off. "I can't do anything for you. Or myself. I'm stuck Louis. It's not fair."

I couldn't tell him that I knew how he felt, because I didn't, but I could hold him closer, kiss his nose and lift his chin up with my finger to have him look at me directly. Yes, that I could accomplish.

"I'll tell you one hundred times Harry," I began, tears raising in my eyes, which was more or less a pretty common sight lately. But I promised myself I wouldn't go overboard with the sobbing.

"I will always want you. Even when you're old and you smell like piss. And especially when you have an episode in public. That doesn't change one little thing baby boy. Not one."

He looks at me wide eyed and blinks a few times before I meet my lips with his. We kiss, and every time it feels like the first. But right now, it feels pure and light. It feels like I never have to hurt again, which is the greatest relief I've ever come to witness in my eighteen years of life.

When we part, I smile, and so does he, but mine fades when I catch the stitches up my boyfriends arm. I stare at them and literally, I can't hold it much longer.

I burst out into tears right when I hear a whimper coming from him. I look over, eyes watered up and he's blushing.
I can't help but giggle through my tears and he giggles back.

But I know what comes next.

Which hospital can help my boyfriend? And will they even let me visit?
(HARRY'S POV)

Okay, so I tried to commit suicide.

And like I know I shouldn't have, but you know what? I'm glad I did. I'm glad I tried and didn't succeed, because now here I am, sharing disgusting hospital food with my amazing boyfriend.

He said that I should save my energy up, and for what reason? I don't know. But I let him feed me anyway, after I thank Eleanor for the tomato soup. Louis looks pissed at her, and an obvious tension fills the air whenever she tries to speak to me.

"Shh, babe, rest your voice okay? Please?" He asks so politely, brushing my curls back lightly. And how exactly can I say no to that? I nod in return, offering a delicate smile to him.

But when I hear the clicking of heels come from the hallway, I know who it is. I know too well who it is and I grab Louis's hand in a silent plead for him to stay in bed with me no matter what she says.

"Harry? My baby? Oh God-" She gasps, speeding past the doorway and to the side of my bed. I never understood how she could move that fast in heels and a pencil skirt... "W-What happened? Why did you... Just why?" She asked, basically ignoring the fact that Louis was kissing my cheek and holding my hand in a snug grip.

Should I say it? Should I tell her she's a big part of the reason?

I want to but I'm scared, looking into her eyes like this makes me feel queasy. Especially when she's crying.

"You want to know why mum? Honestly?" I asked, clearly rhetorically. At this moment, I can feel my heart surging. Maybe it's in anger, but also, something doesn't feel quite right. She nods, and grabs my hand kissing my knuckles in desperation.

"Because, you-" but I can't finish, because my eyesight has gone blurry around the edges, and for the most part my heart feels like it's struggling to move, or even try to move.

The monitor I'm hooked up with slows... declining into more spread out beeps...

Beep............................

Beep...................

Beep.....
Now at this point, I feel like I'm skydiving off a plane without a parachute. Everything closes in around me and I can almost hear Louis screaming.

"He's flat-lining!" I hear.

At least... I think I do? Is this some kind of bad dream?

I'm struggling to scream out, but my voice is refusing to work with me. I need to let Louis know that I'm still alive, but how? My whole entire body is cement and my voice was taken from me.

That's when I feel a sudden jolt of energy, but still, I'm sinking lower beneath this horrid reality.

I'm dying, aren't I?

"Clear!"

Chapter End Notes

Plot twist.... I know you hate me now sorry :[

WE GOT ALL 50 STATES GUYS YASSSSSSS <3

Comment and vote please XO

Also, you can ask the cast of this story questions at this email address: castofYPTOIND at gmail.com :) xo
(LOUIS'S POV)

The one thing that could've went wrong today, did go wrong.

I should've known by how cold he was... Or how slow his breathing pattern became.

I should've known he'd die, because I love him. Everything I love turns to dust or dies. There's no in between for me, and as I sob, watching them shock my boyfriend several times, I finally understand why I was put on this Earth.

"Harry!" I scream, shoving the doctors out of the way. They protest my action but I continue, looking for a sign of life as I cling to the idea that he might live... That he might kiss my lips again.

"Louis! Stop that-" one of the doctors scolds me, but I can't move away. I can't let Harry go without knowing one last thing.

"I wanna marry you- I have to marry you, don't die, please, Harry. For me!" I yell, gripping onto his hand like if I let go, I'll crumble.

A few minutes later, when nothing is working, the doctor stops preforming and checks his watch, hesitating. "Time of death-"

"No! No!" I scream, tears rushing off my face like Niagara Falls. I can't help it. Harry is fading away. I push the idiot out of the way and take over myself, pumping on Harry's chest desperately. "Don't leave me," I whimper out, and now I can feel everybody's eyes on me. They think I'm crazy... They think I have no idea what love is.

But they're wrong. They're all wrong.

"Baby, please-" I whisper, just before I feel a hand on my shoulder. I don't even need to look behind me to feel that it's my mother.

I break down. Every inch of me does. I rest my ear against Harry's chest and just... Breathe.

That's what Harry would want me to do, to just breathe. I don't even have the strength to shove my mother away from me, who's rubbing my back and trying to comfort me. Nobody can comfort me. Nobody can do anything.

Anne is sobbing, but I barely realize it even though she's across from me, squeezing Harry's hand in her own. Nobody in the room knows what to say anymore, and by the time everyone has gone to the cafe to try and calm down, I'm still glued to Harry's hospital bed. I listen to his chest, but it's nothing but empty, leaving me to wonder why I'm still here.

Why haven't I taken my own life yet? Why am I still breathing when Harry just... Isn't?

"Harry... Baby," I groan out, pulling at his shirt desperately, sobbing my god damn eyes out. I almost don't hear it, just because my ears are set on the fact that he's dead, but... He's not.

His heart is beating. Pressing my ear closer, I let out a relieved sigh. Have I gone crazy? Am I making this up?

"Louis..." A crackling voice says weakly, and I snap my head up in surprise. Did I really just fucking
hear that? God damn it. I'm crazy. I'm crazy.

"Bambi? Oh god- baby boy," I whimper, grabbing his face until those mossy green eyes open up slowly.

"Can't b-breathe-" He says, and I panic. I can't fucking lose him again.

"Help!" I yell out, "He's alive!"

Then I don't hesitate to breathe for Harry. My mouth on his, I feel like this is more important than a kiss. This is keeping my struggling boy alive.

"Thank y-you-" Bambi chokes out between a big breath. And I reply with a big puff of air as if to say; you are so very welcome.
Another update?!?! I know it's crazy...

Anyway, my papa isn't doing so well, so if you guys could keep him in your thoughts that'd be so helpful for me. <3

- please go read "the chatroom" it's so quick and i think it's got a lot of potential :-) 

OH AND BY THE WAY, IF YOU'RE UPSET ABOUT WHAT LOUIS SAID THIS MORNING ON GMA, REMEMBER THAT BIRDS DON'T HAVE FUCKING EYEBROWS.

Xoxoxoxoxo love you all, my kittens. :)

(HARRY'S POV)

"Wha..." I mumble, starting to reopen my weary eyes, feeling like I was chewed up and spit out of a horrible dream.

I feel like I died then came back to life somehow... But that's insane. It's not like I'm a zombie or frankenstein.

... Right?

Oh god.

"Lou- where a-are you?" I whisper before I sit upright. My hospital room is dark, and the only place that is a steady glow is the hallway.

I almost jump out of my skin when I feel a cold hand touch my arm, but I know who's it is not even a second later. "Mum?" I ask, and I can see her smile.

I haven't seen her really do that in a long time.

Smile.

"Yes, it's just me pumpkin. I sent Louis to the cafeteria. He hadn't eaten in ages," she explains, and all I can wonder is how the hell did my mother use my boyfriend's name in a sentence without cringing?

"But I thought:" I begin to say, but she interrupts me, squeezing my hand lightly.

"Any person who saves my son's life, no matter what the gender, can love my son as well..." She says, and I look at her funny.

So I wasn't dreaming? Louis saved me?
Holy shit.

It floods back to me now; the air of my lover filling my lungs, my sweat breaking loose from my pores to try and fight harder, my heart barely beating...

It's so vivid that I have to rub my eyes and take a minute to think.

"He saved me..."

"Sure did," my mum replies, running her fingers through my hair in attempts to calm me. But no offense, I want Louis. I wan't the man who saved my life, not the women who created it.

Is that horrible? Probably.

Don't care.

"Also, I don't want you to forget your about your school duties. Your teachers have given me all the missing assignments and homework you missed for today so."

"Stop, please- just let me... Let me think, yeah?" I ask pleadingly, because my brain is about to fry up like an egg on a sidewalk in the blistering summer heat.

"You need more time?" My mum asks, and it's like, I wanna say, 'duh, you stupid fucking idiot, I just woke up from a near death fucking experience,' but I can't and I know that. I'm too polite for my own good.

"Yes," I say before I glance down the hall. It's Louis!

"Louis!" I shout, forgetting that it's night time so every other patient is asleep, and I even forget about the cords attached from me at every limb.

When I start to climb out of bed though, Louis rushes himself quicker, putting down a bag of snacks and greeting my mother with a grin before he settles me back in.

"Oh Haz," my mum says, tucking me in tighter than before. "No rush, okay? I think... I'm gonna go home for the night, if that's okay with you?"

Of course it's fine by me, I glance at Louis then back to my mum. "I think that's okay..." I say and take Louis's hand in my own. He squeezes it gently for reassurance.

She kisses me goodnight, and even hugs Louis before she collects her things and vanishes, leaving me and Louis together. Alone.

I want to jump on him, quite literally, but from this hospital bed, I can't exactly do much at all.

"You were out for quite awhile..." He says suddenly, and I want to ask how he got on my mum's good side, but I have a feeling he's getting to that point.

"How long?" I ask curiously, and that's when Louis's eyes water. Am I missing something here? "What? I-Is it the same year at least?"

Louis cracks a small smile at that, but tears are still making their way down his cheeks so I wipe them away with my hands, giving a worried look.

"A week," he said, crumbling now. "I missed you Bambi, e-every time you'd try to open your eyes you couldn't because you were so, so tired..." He whimpers out, and I panic, touching his face,
running my fingers through his hair, feverishly trying to calm him down with small coos against his ear.

"It was horrible..." He whispered, holding onto my back with a vice grip.

Soon enough, he's in bed with me, chatting away about how my mum, his mum and himself sat with each other in the cafe, having an actual conversation and not getting into a fit. It was perfect, he told me at least.

I'm still convinced he's paying them to not be homophobes.

Ha ha. Just joking. But whatever Louis is doing, it's working.

"I heard you saved my life..." I say, unable to resist. I snuggle close to him and he blushes, avoiding eye contact.

"I just gave you CPR. That's it. That's all I know how to do, babe," he says, but I know it was much more than that. I can just tell when I look around the room. He never left me, not once.

Finished crossword puzzles sit in a pile on my nightstand and his phone charger is plugged into the wall, empty water bottles scattered about the room as well. That's when I look back at him, smiling bigger than ever before.

"What?" He asks, raising a brow, probably confused on why I look so happy. He's so dumb sometimes.

"Gimme a kiss, you silly boy," I say, and he just gives a small amused chuckle, leaning down to press his lips against my own.

I've never felt so amazing.

That is until he pulls away and looks like he has bad news to tell me.

This can't be good at all, because he takes my hand and squeezes it.

"They said... Uh," he stalls, and I wished he wouldn't. I feel an episode coming on, but I'm trying to force it away.

"The doctors said they'll have to place you in a special hospital..." He says, swallowing thick. Before I know it I'm crying, hugging Louis, clinging onto him for dear life before I have to let it out.

Shaking, I moan into his shirt, digging my blunt nails into his shoulder, panting because I'm so upset, and because I'm embarrassed.

A special hospital?

I think he means a mental hospital.

Great.
Hey kittens! So, I wanted to try something new, and my translator for the Portuguese version of this story created a fun little question and answer page for you to read. I'll probably do another one of these at the end of the story if this one goes well, so leave questions in my inbox, my email (thecastofyptoind@gmail.com), or my tweet them to me @.1fuckingdeeeomg :) Don't forget to vote on and share this story among your friends, family, your pet fish, I don't care honestly, whoever you want is fine. ;)

Okay, anyway, lets begin!

Questions for Harry:

-How would you describe Louis in a word?

H: Hmm... Stubborn.

-How long do your episodes last?

H: Only a couple seconds, they're fleeting. But with Louis they seem to last forever... (In a good way, of course.)

-How do you deal with so many people calling you the coming machine or those bad names and etc? I'd kill everyone and give their bodies to dogs!

H: Um... I think you should talk to your therapist sweetheart :P And honestly I don't deal with it. I get angry and upset and sometimes I cry, but that's all normal. People are jerks, I've just adapted to it.

-You think the way Louis react to your episodes is cool? Do you like it?

H: I wish he wouldn't glorify it so much, but yanno... Louis will be Louis.

-When did you have your first episode? How was it? All the love Xx

H: All the love to you too sweetheart xx It was quite awkward at first, I was walking to school one day and all the sudden... yeah. It happened for a few weeks non-stop. Then I went to the doctors and they diagnosed me... It was one of the worst days of my life, if I'm being honest.

-How do you feel about everything that already happened and is still happening in your life? What would you do if Louis didn't make a part of your life?

H: I feel quite wired to the life I'm living right now, and if Louis wasn't a part of it... I wouldn't be Harry anymore. I feel like Louis completes me in a way I could never complete myself.

-How do you feel when you have an episode because of Louis?

H: Well, that's a tough question. Do I have the episode because me and Louis are fucking or do I have the episode because I'm looking at him? I guess it doesn't matter. Every episode caused by Louis is a good episode.
-Why did you try to kill yourself knowing that if that worked, your family and mostly Louis would feel like the worst people in the world?

_H: I won't sugarcoat this for you dear... But it was because I didn't give a shit. My only care in the world was to be dead at that moment._

-When you saw Louis for the first time, did you fall in love with him in that moment or did it take time?

_H: Huh... That's a good one. Well, the first time I saw Louis I was scared and trying flee from bullies, but I think it took some time for me to trust him. And for me, trust is basically the same thing as love in itself._

-Harry why do you get so embarrassed in front of Louis? He loves you and wants to see you well.

_H: It's not just in front of Louis, it's everyone. I try not to dwell on the fact that I'll take this disorder to my grave but honestly, someday's I just have to marinate in the humiliation to actually try and get over myself. It's not the worst disorder I could have, but it's definitely not one I won't be embarrassed about for the rest of my life._

-Do you believe you and Louis have a future ahead?

_H: Of course we do._

-Don't try to kill yourself again, have you ever stopped to think that you're important to a lot of people? your family, friends, and Louis (also the readers, you know)

_H: I just came here to have fun and I'm honestly feeling so attacked right now..._

-What's the difference between the orgasms you have provoked by the disorder and the ones provoked by Louis?

_H: Damn, well... What's the difference between having zero cookies and having a billion? One of them sucks and one of them is bloody fantastic. There's your answer._

-What makes you aroused about Louis?

_H: Oh lord, please, don't get me started. I'd like to finish this Q&A with dry boxers._

-How do you really feel about Eleanor? Do you think she's a true friend?

_H: She's an amazing friend! For now at least. Time will tell._

-How did you find out your disorder?

_H: From my doctor. And guess what? He didn't even bring me a lollipop afterwards, what a cockhead._

-What would you do if you knew Louis almost did stuff with Zayn? (oops!)

_H: I'm going to ignore that question because I might scream._

-What's your favorite thing about Louis?

_H: His giant, pulsating, veinys.... Heart. ;)
**Questions for Louis:**

- What was the first thing that came to your head when you knew Harry attempted suicide?

  L: Heartbroken. Next question please.

- How do you feel when Harry starts to have orgasms?

  L: Ah, that's a better question. I feel like I'd been given a million bucks.

- What does Harry mean to you and what did he change in your life?

  L: Harry means so much more than any of you people could ever imagine. He's an angel in my eyes and always will be. He changed the negative in my life to a positive within a blink of his eye.

- If you could take that disorder from Harry, would you? If yes, why?

  L: Well, I don't know. I'd say yes because it'd take his pain away but I'd also say no because seeing him squirm in public is just the cutest thing. :P I know, I'm sick, all right? Leave me alone.

- What makes Harry a special person?

  L: His ability to smile even when he's given billions of reasons not to.

- If you have children with Harry, what will be their names?

  L: Oh dear lord. Already questions about children? If anything, Harry will be naming them not me. But personally, I love the name Eden for a baby girl. Don't you?

- Lou, how do you feel about the fact of having a boyfriend who has a lot of orgasms?

  L: I feel like I won the lottery honey.

- When are you proposing to Harry?

  L: After he recovers. It's a surprise so if you tell him I'll be super pissed, okay?

- What makes you aroused about Harry?

  L: What doesn't make me aroused about Harry is a better question.

- Would have had sex with Zayn if Harry wasn't in the hospital?

  L: I would have sex with Zayn over my dead body, okay?

- What do you like the most in Harry? What did you really think about Harry before you met each other?

  L: I thought and still think he's a little freak, the only difference is that now he's my freak, and I love that.

- Eleanor is a..........?

  L: Spawn of Satan.

- Describe Harry in a word
L: Stubborn.

- Can you kill Eleanor?

L: Sadly, that's illegal so, no. But you're welcome to kill her at any time.

-When did you lose your virginity?

L: Ugh... A very long time ago to the wrong boy. I don't want to talk about it.

-Describe Harry and Eleanor in three words

L: I plead the 5th on this one.

-How do you feel or what do you do when he has an episode in public?

L: I try to comfort him the most I can... Rub his back, hold his hand, flip off the people who stare. Y'know, the usual.

-When did you realize you were liking Harry that much?

L: The night we first kissed. I felt love in places that I thought wouldn't ever be reached.

-Would you have sex with Zayn?


-How did you feel when Harry "abandoned" you to hang out with Eleanor?

L: Crushed, hurt, broken, sad, hopeless, (do I have to continue, or do you get the point?)

-Did you top or bottom with Liam?

L: I literally don't wanna talk about that, it was a long time ago.... But do you actually think I'd bottom? Pshhh. Ridiculous.

-If before all this, someone asked you, "would you date Harry Styles?" what would you say?

L: Hmm... That's a tough one. But seeing as I can't resist my beautiful Bambi, I'd probably say yes.

-How do you deal with the fact that Harry has such an unusual disorder? What's the good side and the bad side?

L: Honestly I don't deal with anything, that's all Harry. But the good side is the whimpers he makes when he's coming, and the bad side is the sobs he makes when he's in pain while he's coming... There's really no in between.

-What would you do to Eleanor if you could?

L: Nothing. Bitches ain't worth the Tommo's time.

-What would you think if Harry wore the panties Niall gave him while with you? Would you like it?

L: Harry in frilly pink panties? I think I'd do more than just like it.

-Everything started with a school project and now you're basically married to him. How do you feel about it? *ps: Don't turn your back to Harry again*
L: We're not married yet, c'mon now, hold your horses, will ya? But yeah, in all seriousness, I wouldn't have it any other way. (Ps. Not planning to, I promise.)

Questions to Eleanor:

-How do you deal with all this hate? ps: I don't hate you

E: Awe thanks! At least somebody doesn't! :'( I deal with it by venting to Niall, actually. He always understands.

-Are you at starbucks now?

... How did you know?

-How do you feel knowing the guy you've always liked is gay and that you almost ended his relationship? Do you feel like a bitch?

E: I... N-No? Should I? I didn't do anything :( 

-You don't have chances with Harry, so what are you gonna do? Keep trying or go away?

E: Well, I was going to be friends with him but since all of you hate me...

-Girl, you're hot, let's marry? forget Harry, come to me I want you.

E: Oh wow! :D Wait... Niall stop sending in things like this!

-Hey, how about you stop calling Harry out only when he's with Louis? Because, you know, you saw what happened last time?

E: I really didn't know...

-Why are you so boring?

E: Why are you so mean?

-You're more deluded than I am. When are you gonna stop following Harry, since you don't have a chance with him?

E: Never. Just to piss you off. :P

-You should be less clingy, he doesn't live only for friendships. He also has a boyfriend, so stop it.

E: Is this even a question?

-Hi Eleanor, how are you? Do you like Harry Potter? Because I already know which is your house, it's Slytherin.

E: Cool, do I get to date Draco now? ;)

-Haven't you gave up on Harry?

E: As a lover, yes. As a friend? Absolutely not.

-What are your intentions with Harry?

E: To support him, and Louis. Even if he hates me :/
-You lived your life (since you moved) thinking about dating Harry, and now, you're good friends...Well, he was always gay, so, do you get happy when you see Harry's happy with Louis?

E: It's a bittersweet happiness, love. You'll understand it when you're older.

Questions for Anne and Jay:

-Jay, how was it to find out your son likes dick?

J: Do you always use such filthy language?

-Anne, how did you react when you found out about Harry's disorder?

A: Obviously I was stunned, just as he was.

-Why you don't accept your kids sexuality? Homophobia is horrible.

J: We were against it, until Louis sat and talked with us both... Right Anne?

A: Correct.

-Look, you should stop disturbing their relationship. Anne, my friend, don't you see how well Louis makes to Harry's life? He used to suffer with his disorder and bullying at school, now Louis defends him and makes him feel special and loved. They're happy together! Accept that! Jay, the same thing for you, Louis is happy with Harry. Each of them make good things for the other somehow. Stop the drama. Just accept your son.

J & A: We have.

-Anne, what was the biggest problem you had with Harry and his disorder?

A: The laundry! Had so many messy boxers it was crazy. :

-Jay, what did you think when you knew your son was dating a person with that kind of disorder?

J: Still not too keen on his ailment but uh... If Louis loves him, so do I.

- You're good mums and I get that you're only trying to do the best for your kids...but isn't it enough to see their happiness?

J & A: They're both beautiful boys, and we've accepted them with open arms. We apologize that it took such a tragic event to bring it out of us... but it helped in the long run.

Questions for other characters:

-Niall, I think you're a little fucked up now, but what do you think of Larry?

N: Fuck Larry, that curly haired twink is mine. Just... don't tell anybody okay? I don't like boys that much.

-Zayn, how was it to watch Louis and Harry having sex?

Z: How do you think it was? Bloody fucking terrible.

-Niall. do you have any intentions with Harry?
N: More than a few.

-Liam and Zayn, don't you think you should date?

L: I'm straight?!


L: Then date me.

Z: No thanks.

-Niall. you made Harry and Louis fight and that almost ended with his life, you know it right?

N: Louis is the one that overreacted! Not me! Jesus Christ.

-Zayn. when are you going to realize Louis doesn't want you? Go live a normal life and leave him alone.

Z: :( Shut up.

-Zayn, do you plan to give up on Louis?

Z: I don't know, okay? Fucks sake.

-Zayn, why don't you leave Louis alone and try something with Liam?

Z: We've only met once and I'm not a huge fan of boys who wear snapbacks, thanks.

-Zayn and Niall, why instead of disturbing Larry, you guys don't kiss each other once in a while? Picture this beautiful thing.

Z: (Turns to the author of the book) They do know that I have no clue who Niall is, right?

A: Ah, no.

Questions for the author: (Amber)

-Yptoid is in the finale?

A: I'm not sure! If I get enough votes, I would love to make a sequel to this one. It all depends on you guys :)

-Where did the idea for this story come from?

A: I actually remember my friend in my physics class telling me about the disorder, and it was like a light bulb went off in my head! It was a very good day.

-Do you put your personality in any character?

A: Definitely Harry. I don't have his disorder, but I do have depression and anxiety, and Bambi experiences these things throughout the book. It makes his character much easier to write about since I do tend to link myself to him.

-Would you give us a spoiler?

A: Spoiler alert: louuuology never reveals her secrets ;)
-Do you plan on doing the second season or another fanfic after yptoid?

A: *It's a definite maybe!*

-How is it to write about someone who cums over anything?

A: *HA. I don't know, I've quite enjoyed it honestly. :)*

-If I said I have two wedding rings, a house and half of my heart, would you marry me? Ps: I adore you.

A: *Of course I would marry you! Where are we going for our honeymoon? ;) (Ps. I love you.)*

**-Why do you take so long to update?**

A: *I wish I could give you a simple answer to this but sadly I can't. I try my hardest to get online and type up some magical chapter but I have suffered from writer's block a couple times. I also have a part time job now, which has been taking up a lot of spare time I have. And I also wish I could tell you I'll update a lot faster from now on because that would be a lie. :( I have a life outside of the internet, hahaha. Sadly.*

-Do you search about the disorder to write the fanfiction?

A: *Yes! Of course. Research is key if you want to go in depth with a topic like this.*

-How is it to write about a hot topic like this? Have you ever thought about a continuation? Send a kiss to me?

A: *Much kisses kitten!! xx I actually am thinking of a continuation of this book, but it depends if people like it a lot or not. It's all up to you guys :)*

-I don't know you but I admire you a lot and the story you created is amazing. Do you think yptoid will have a second season?

A: *Like I said before, the power is in the reader's hands. I don't want to create a sequel if the first book wasn't good enough, you know?*

-Does Harry survive?

A: *SPOILER ALERT, PLEASE READ CHAPTER 36! Yes he does.*

-Why there isn't a trailer?

A: *I'm wicked lazy. Anybody wanna make one? ahahah.*

-What's larry's future?

A: *Bright as fuck babe.*

-Do you have the last chapter of the fic in mind?

A: *Not exactly, I'm working on it hun.*

-What were you doing when the idea came?

A: *In school! Obviously not paying attention ahaha*
-A tip about the next chapter?

A: Try not to cry.

-Can you make Eleanor die? I'm kidding hahah or no, can you?

A: I could, since I'm the author, but I won't because her role is just as important as Harry or Louis's, believe me.

-Is something Zouis going to happen?

A: This I can promise you, no Zouis whatsoever! Sorry Zouis shippers :P

-Hi honey, how are you? thank you for writing yptoid and letting Thai translate it, i adore you <3

A: No problem! Thai is a great person and I'm really thankful that she's been so patient with me. I adore you too <3

-Why did you put 'you put the o in disorder' in the title?

A: Because that's the title hun :P

- What was your inspiration for the fic? And when you write, do it reflect what you're feeling?

A: My inspiration came from one of my best friends, and yes, I like to think that what I write is a reflection of myself at times. It makes the writing feel less flimsy and artificial, y'know? You have to be totally invested in your writing for it to be worth the while.

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Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading loves, chapter 37 will be up realllllll soon! xoxox
(Harry's POV)

There's a little white hospital band around my wrist, and it's just way too tight.

I've been away from Louis for a couple days now, and I can only talk to him over the phone for the moment.

It's torture.

And they call this therapy?

"Would everybody like to go around and introduce themselves?" The group conductor asks, her green eyes wide and pure. I half wonder if she's ever cried. Someone as innocent as herself is also ignorant to the worlds dark places.

"Clyde! How about you start for us?" I'm just thanking god it wasn't me.

The kid shrugs and clears his throat, looking around the circle full of freaks and drug addicts. Mostly freaks, though.

"Hey my name's Clyde, I'm eighteen and I don't know why the fuck I'm here," he says dryly. A part of me wonders why he's here as well... He looks like one of those popular kids who always goes to parties on the weekend.

"Hey!" A blonde girl whines, "He swore!"

"Yeah, I know Melanie. Sometimes people swear when they get upset or angry..." Her voice is honey. I can't pretend I don't like it. "Are you angry, Clyde?"

"Yes, Stacy. I'm very fucking angry," he grunts, almost rubbing it in Stacy's face that he can swear.

"Tone down the language please, Clyde. Those words can trigger some people... We wouldn't want that, would we?"

He rolls his hazel eyes, crossing his arms as he slumps in his chair. I eye his tattoos that crawl up from his wrists to his forearms and think to myself, why hasn't Louis jumped on the tattoo boat? It's too hot for him not to.

He stays pin drop silent as the circle goes around, and I'm just thankful I pulled one off in the bathroom earlier so I won't interrupt anybody with my excessive moaning. It's embarrassing enough as it is, but in a mental institute? It just makes it three thousand times worse.
I barely even realize that it's my turn a few long, sad introductions later, and I look up quickly, feeling my face flush. What should I say?

"I'm Harry," I say, rubbing my thumbs together nervously. I stay silent and Stacy presses on with her green lit, expectant eyes.

"That's all?" She says, as if to give me a little nudge.

I swallow, and shift in my chair a little. I hate when people stare at me. Stop staring at me.

Stop it.

"Uh, well," I stammer, until a girl with long black curly hair pipes up.

"Hurry up, yeah? We haven't got all day." She says, and Stacy gives a bewildered look before she shushes her.

"Don't mind Eden, Harry. Go on now. How about your age?" She asks.

"I'm sixteen." Easy. How come I'm not crying or getting angry like anybody else?

"Favorite thing in the whole world?"

Okay, so that's when the tears set in.

"Louis," I say with a tightened throat, and Clyde makes a point of rolling his eyes even harder. He knows I'm about to lose it.

"Louis?" Stacy echos me, scrunching her perfectly arched brows. "And who might that be?"

Should I just come out and say it? My heart throws itself up against my rib cage before I let the words slip. I feel like I'm drowning in a droplet of water.

"My boyfriend." It's a small, sheltered whisper that lingers below my breath, and when the whole group studies me harder, I feel like I'm about to blow chunks everywhere.

"Really? That's so wonderful, Harry. I'm so glad you could share with us today!" She chirps, as if I didn't just come out to a collection of imperfect strangers. "And I'd hate to cut you off, but group is just about to end, and you wouldn't want to miss dinner, would you?"

No, I wouldn't. Fuck.

Mostly because Louis is supposed to be visiting me tonight with some pizza and soda's.

Everyone gets up without me, rushing down the hall to hopefully get some of the "good" hospital food (if that even exists), and I just wait. I wait until I'm called up to the visiting floor to see my baby, and I can feel my limbs melting like butter when I see his face.

He puts the stars in my sky, no doubt about that.

I nearly jump in his arms, squeezing him so tight that it may have hurt him a little tiny bit... But hey, love is pain.

"I missed you so so much," I say into his shirt that smells of musky cologne. And we're the only ones
in the room, besides the guard. He's just happily on his phone and eating a doughnut, and so it gives me time to give Louis a couple pecks on the cheek and lips.

"I missed you infinitely more, Bambi," he says, and when he gives me a bouquet of white roses, I can't help that my eyes get a little foggy. He's so sweet, it should be illegal.

I hold them, taking in a solid whiff as my eyes flick shut. I giggle, feeling more happy, even when I sneeze and it triggers a whimper out of me. A whimper that Louis is all too familiar with.

Louis just pulls me into his side and leads me to a table where there are plates and plastic ware all laid out for the pizza that's about to be eaten. I giddily sit down and take a slice, taking a small bite before I look at Louis again.

Something is different, I can feel it. I really have no idea what it could be, but we all get feelings. Like a sixth sense of sorts.

"So," he says, trying to conceal a huge smile. "I have a surprise for you."

The little kid in me squeals. I guess I was right about the tiny voice inside my head. I knew something was different. "Where?!"

That's when he rests his arm against the table, and on his wrist is a delicately drawn sketch of Bambi, smack dab on his wrist.

"You're like a deer. Strong as hell, but delicate. Artfully crafted, and wise, with the ability to flee if need be." I'm melting. I'm honestly a puddle right now. "But Bambi, you're always safe with me, and I'll always love you. Nothing will ever change that... So I went and made it permanent."

I barely realize I'm crying as I trace the tattoo with my pointer finger gently, but this is the happiest I've been in days. Maybe even weeks.

"It's beautiful, Louis." I gush out, then lean across the table to lock lips with my splendid boyfriend. Could he get anymore perfect?

"Hands off policy!" The guard shouts from behind his window, giving us the death glare from hell. It makes me jump, but in the end me and Louis just end up laughing.

Note to self: Next time bring doughnuts to the guard to keep him occupied long enough for Louis to give me a hand job.
(LOUIS'S POV)

Listen.

That's all we humans can honestly do.

I still remember the sounds of the beach on me and Harry's first "date."

The in and out crashes of the waves that seemed to be singing, a familiar song. Like the one I'm listening to now.

"Creep."


Today is the day. Finally.

All my notes, my stories, and most importantly, my senses, have all come to unite in one great big portfolio.

Waiting is the hardest part of it all, I think. Because everyone is staring at me, whispering and inwardly blushing at themselves for thinking about the details I might share about my sweet, flawed boy.

They all know why he isn't in school today. They knew why he wasn't in yesterday, either. They all knew.

All of them.

I want a perfect body...

I can.

I want a perfect soul...
I can do this.

I want you to notice, when I'm not around...

I notice, Harry. I notice.

Fuck the rest of 'em.

I wish I was special...

You are special, Harry.

You're so fucking special...

No. We're fucking special.

***

My fingers are trembling, setting up my papers on the podium and fixing the overhead to show my slides.

I'm a mess.

Can people tell?

Of course they can.

That's the problem with being the last one to present. The agony of waiting has you thinking of the worst case scenarios.

When all is prepared, the lights go off, and I am left with an overbearing unsafe silence.

Until I shatter it.

"Orgasms," I breathe out, gripping the wooden edges of the podium so hard my knuckles are a winter white like the snow outside.

This project was supposed to be in the summer, but Mr.Hanna thought it was just way too long of a time period. And I agree. I don't want to spend my last few weeks of school studying Harry on paper.

I'd much rather a physical kind of study.

If you know what I mean. (Too bad I can't wink through a book, huh?)

There are a couple snickers after that, along with a few heads on desks. I'd rather be sleeping right now too, if I was being honest.

But I'm doing this for Harry.

I need to do this for Harry.

If it's the last thing I ever do.

"You laugh, I know," I say, clicking to the first picture on the slide.

It's a black and white photo I took of Harry on my bed when he wasn't looking. His curly hair is
draped over his eyes, and with the lighting, streaks of crystal tears are cascading down his pale cheeks.

"But this is not humor," I say boldly, finally fixing my posture.

"This. This is pain, suffering, and shame." Laying it on thick, real thick. I can see the looks of guilt staring back at me already.

I click to another slide. This picture is happier, more colorful, and it's of me and Harry kissing in my car. Our smiles are greeting each other through lip on lip contact, and one of Harry's dimples is peeking out shyly.

I hear a few gasps, even a few eyes that have to turn away, but Mr.Hanna silences them, and motions me to continue.

I do so, proudly.

"But it is not all misery. It is not all unbearable..." I explain, glancing at the photo, feeling all fluttery.

"Harry Edward Styles was diagnosed with R.G.S in the fall of his Freshman year. He is currently sixteen, and he is currently, and always will be, accompanied by me, Louis William Tomlinson."

"One thing that all of you may not know, is that R.G.S is not a curable disease. So when you tell him he's 'faking it,' I wish you could walk in his shoes for a day. Or even an hour."

"I wouldn't wish this," I click to another slide, it's a photo of Harry's weight progression throughout his diagnosis, and his body gets thinner and more frail. "On my worst enemy."

"The problem with R.G.S, is that depression, anxiety, extreme disgust and shame come along with the package. It's not just one thing anymore, it's a purebred monster."

I flip to the slide where Harry gets healthier. Maybe even a little chubbier, and I smile at the photo unknowingly. I love me some thick thighs. (Really wishing I could wink again.)

"This is a four month long recovery series. Harry is back to his normal weight again, and he is currently receiving treatment for his depression."

"Honestly, it's amazing what having a friend can do," I admit, feeling my heart get heavy and my eyes mist up. "Harry, my sweet, open hearted, lovely boy, needed a friend to help him through all of this."

"If it wasn't for this project," I laugh a little, then clear my throat, as if I can't believe what I'm about to say. "I wouldn't of had the absolute, orgasmic pleasure, of meeting my soulmate. As much as writing this whole thing sucked."

I hear some genuine laughs, and that gets me going. Even my teacher is smiling, almost like he's proud.

Good.

"Anyway, I didn't intend to blame a single soul in this room... But sadly, I have to. Even myself. At first, it is so difficult to see what lies beneath a rumor, a story, or a person. Right? I mean, breaking down The Scarlet Letter and The Canterbury Tales was a major pain in the... Well, y'know. More laughs. I'm beginning to like this."
"But once you understood it, most of you, I hope, passed the test on it." I click the little remote to let a collage of different photos appear of Harry and myself. Some happy, some painful to look at. But nonetheless, the raw, cold, truth.

"Harry, and his unfortunate disorder, is much quite like a piece of literary work. There are lots of things to read into before you decide to form an opinion of a good nature or a bad one. Lots of things to consider... Lots of things to grasp and understand completely."

"R.G.S effects about 1 in every 100 people, and the chances of developing it at Harry's age were slim to none... But it happened, and it happened for a reason. Maybe not a good one, but still, for a valid reason."

"On average, Harry has a spasm every one to three hours depending on his stress level and calorie intake. If his stress is high, and his intake is low, he spasms more than or exactly a total of—" I look down, flipping through my notebook for a moment to find the marked page with graphs and random stats. "Eight times per hour."

Everybody in the room squirms in their seats in unison. I note that.

"If it makes you uncomfortable to think about, good. That's exactly what you should be thinking. Empathize with Harry. Take a moment, if not a few seconds, to think about how exhausting it must be. To live with something so drastically imperial to the way of normal living, that you can't even stand up without it feeling like you've been stabbed in the stomach eight times."

"Harry is strong. And he doesn't let his disorder compromise him anymore. We take it by day together, slowly, and we can only go up from there. There's no other direction."

My slide ends with citations and some random facts about the disorder scattered about, and now it's time for questions.

Every single persons hand goes up.

I swallow dryly. I didn't expect to be up here this damn long.

"Ah, okay... You, pink shirt," I say, pointing.

The red headed girl smiles before she opens her ruby red lipstick mouth. "Does Harry ever... Enjoy them?" She blushes hard. "Y'know, the spasms, or whatever. Do they always hurt?"

Oh god honey, nope.

(Inserts a huge, big ass wink.)
(Harry's POV)

"So... They liked it?" I ask. Louis is sitting across from me and he nods, giving a warm smile.

"Everyone loved it, Harry. They see you in such a different light now... It's incredible what one presentation can do, huh?"

I guess so, since Louis seems to believe that. But I'm still a little iffy about the whole thing.

"I'm just... Nervous," I admit, playing with my fingers in my lap. This hospital feels too much like home now. I don't want to go back to the real world.

At least here you're accepted for being a freak... Because, well, everybody else is one too.

"About?" Louis questions, and he takes one of my hands, holding it in his own. "I have you. I'll protect you."

"Yeah..." I say wearily, taking my hand away slowly. "I want to protect myself though, if that makes any sense." I'm so tired of being made fun of, and all I want is a little peace of mind in that outrageous school.

Louis frowns when I glance back up at him, and shrugs. "You can do anything. You know that."

Maybe I do, and maybe I don't. Sure, Louis's presentation may have softened the blow, but there's so much more work to be done.

"My mother wants to home school me... But I don't really see that as a solution. Not when I've made it this far. Right?" I say, and something about home schooling makes me squirm. There's just this feeling I get when I think about being at home, being taught by my mum. Just weird.

"Right. You've made it so far, Bambi. And really, you don't have to come back so quickly. Take your time to heal, yeah? I mean, you're in here to get better. I want you to get better. More than that, I want you to feel happy, because you deserve that, and much more. So, don't feel rushed, okay?" He smiles, and leans across the small table in the meeting room to give me a kiss.

We stay like that for a minute or so, gently communicating with our lips. It feels nice, soft, and comforting. Kind of like cuddling a teddy bear from childhood.

When we let go, we both smile, and seal it off with a quick peck before we begin to talk again.

I tell him how one kid finally spoke after years of silence, and I tell him how I learned to knit from Sydney. She's a wonderful girl. I don't even know why she's in here.

She tried to kill herself at school.

Half of me wants to wish she never has to feel that way again, and the other half of me (the better half of me) wishes that feelings like that never existed in the first place.

Because if there's one thing I know for certain, it's that these feelings never truly go away.
There is no such thing has pure happiness.

It just gets easier to breathe.

"And what about Clyde? He's a funny kid, isn't he?" Louis asks, and I roll my eyes.

"If by funny, you mean completely insane, then sure, yeah. He's a riot."

Clyde is actually a really good kid though, I wish he showed that side of him more often. Plus he has these hazel green eyes that are like, out of this universe. It suits him really well, especially with his black, short hair.

But the kid has major issues, just like the rest of us.

His dad killed himself last year, and every time I see him, he's always wearing his dad's golden cross around his neck. Which is pretty beautiful, if you ask me. The whole sentiment of it, gets me. And even with those gorgeous eyes, you can see the ugly truth behind them. Clyde has been through the ringer. Maybe worse, judging by the heroine tracks up his tan, long arms.

After I leave this place, I don't think there will ever be a day when Sydney or Clyde don't pass in my mind.

"I have a job interview later today," Louis announces, all proud of himself. I just laugh and sit back in my chair.

"For real, what's it now? Pizza Hut?"

That's when he shakes his head and sighs. "Actually, for male stripping."

My eyes nearly pop out. "What? Louis you can't be-

"Babe, chill, I'm joking. Besides, you really think I have the body or energy to pull that off?" He gives a chuckle at my bewilderment and I smack him lightly on the arm, laughing softly.

"Jerk." I tease, then clear my throat. "So, what is it then?"

Louis having a job would be great, since in my condition, almost nobody wants to hire me unless it's for porn. And money is always nice to have... Louis really really wants out of Zayn's dingy apartment.

"Settler's Nursing home, down the street from the school. They need someone to come in and play music for the elderly... I just thought, since I can play guitar and stuff, why not, right?"

This kid... Is unbelievable. Does he know how sugary sweet he is?

I make a little squeal of happiness mixed with excitement, pulling on his hand to hold it tight. "That's so great baby! You'll be so cute, I can picture it now, you'll be playing your guitar and all the oldies will be smilin' and singing along! Oh my gosh, it's perfect, it's like-

And maybe I got a little bit too excited, because right when I stop my sentence, Louis knows exactly what's happening.

"Hey, hey," he coos, as I'm fighting back the urge. He grabs my chin with his other hand lightly and my eyes are tearing up.

I can't even be excited anymore without having one of these god awful spasms from hell.
"Look at me," he says confidently, and since I have nowhere else to look, I stare back at him, willing myself not to let go.

"It's okay. Remember? You're safe with me. Let it go, then continue what you were saying, yeah?"

He's right.

With a little sigh and a shudder, I finish, my heart rate dropping the more I breathe calmly.

"There we go," he whispers, then releases my chin, caressing my cheek a bit more just to chill me out further.

"Anyways," I clear my throat with a hint of a grin. "I'm really happy for you, babe. I'm sure you'll get the job. I'm positive about it."

There's a moment of silence before Louis gives me a look. A look that means he's about to say something either really bad, or overwhelmingly good. It makes my skin freeze up.

"What?" I ask, because he's giving me this softening stare. His eyes are screaming "I'm so fucking in love with you," but I don't realize it until he licks his lips and opens his mouth to speak.

"Hypothetically, if I asked you to marry me right now. This instant. Would you?"

He says it so nonchalantly, and I can't help but lose my breath for a minute.

I'm almost seventeen, in about two months I will be, and getting married seems so... Out there.

But it's different with Louis.

I cannot picture my life with anybody else in the entire world.

With the exception of Zac Efron.

Just kiddin'.

"Hypothetically... Yes." My answer is absolute. And before I can even ask him why he thought I'd say anything other than yes, he scoots out of his chair.

Oh god.

One of his knees is on the ground, and... And I think he's taking something out of his back pocket.

Holy shit.

"Harry Edward Styles," he looks up at me with starry blue eyes, and I think I'm melting in my seat.

"You have a perfect body. You have a perfect soul. And I notice when you aren't around..." He presents me with a little package of candy. And as I look closer, I realize...

It's a ring pop.

"You are so fucking special," Louis adds, and he's opening the stupid thing.

Fuck, he's such a nerd.

I love him.
"So, will you take this strawberry raspberry flavored ring, and marry the hell out of me? Please?"

It's a stretch, considering how young I am. My mom's gonna murder me.

"Um... Let me think," I say jokingly, pretending to ponder it with my fingers stroking my chin. "Of course I will, dork."

And when he slides that dumb candy on my ring finger, I barely realize I'm crying until he gets up again and hugs me, stealing me off my own seat and onto his lap in his chair.

"I'll buy a better ring when I'm not poor, I promise," he laughs out, and pecks my forehead.

But I just shake my head, blushing. "I like this one," I say before sticking it in my mouth, giggling giddily.

When I take it out, I admire it with great care, turning it and observing it at all angles. "Yes, I love it. I do."

I love him more though. I always have.

"And I love you, fiancé," he says, tossing me a wink.

I kiss his cheek in the utmost approval.

Chapter End Notes

(A/N) woopie doop!!! big surprise yes???? i hope u guys liked it :))) also, thank you for all the support on this story. you honestly have NO clue how much it means to me. i think of you guys every day, and you all make me so so happy. i can't stress that enough.

Xoxo - Amber
Harry and Louis have been happily engaged now for three months, and despite the world and Harry's disorder working against them, they've been able to stick together and grow undeniably strong because of it. When Harry returned back to school, a wondrous change had been made to the way he had been treated. Now, instead of being ridiculed and teased for his rare disorder, he had been embraced by all members of Doncaster high school. Previous bullies have moved on, and just brushed off Harry's presence all together. Needless to say, that didn't blank out Harry's current insecurities, but with the therapy he received, he had bloomed into a new phase of his life called self acceptance. Louis was very, very fond of this transition, however, because this allowed Harry to stay open and free about his emotions. (Especially in bed. Heh.)

In the middle of spring, everything was bright, and as Harry liked to put it, everything was reborn and new in it's own way.

Surprisingly enough, Louis, Harry and Eleanor became the best of friends, although sassy remarks were shared over cups of coffee at Starbucks by the two of them. Harry liked it, it made him laugh. Because who doesn't like to watch children fight? Especially when it's about fashion or who wore it best. Harry found those so amusing.

"What if I wore a dress to our wedding?" Harry asked one morning, sitting in the kitchen of Louis's new apartment. The one without Zayn's obnoxious presence. He was oddly serious, and Louis gave him a sideways glance as he poured his coffee.

"A dress?" He questioned, raising a brow. He supposed Harry had worn more... "Girly" things before. "I'd rather you walk down the aisle backwards in a pink cheerleader costume so I could get a good look at my favorite bum." Throwing in a wink for good measure, Harry scoffed in response.

"I'm sure you would. Freak," he teased before flipping through the magazine he was holding. He really wished he could wear one, if he were being honest. They're so much more beautiful than a tux.

"Harry, you could wear a trash bag to our wedding and I'd be happy as a clam, you know that. If you want a dress, baby, then I want you to have a dress. Yeah? Maybe Eleanor can take you to Ginger's Dress Gallery later this week?"

With that response, Harry had his eyes water up. What did he do to deserve Louis? Whatever he did, it must've been pretty good.

"Really? I... Well, nothing too fancy or anything," he said, clearing his throat softly. "Maybe something like this?" He holds up the page to a soft, cream colored dress that cuts off just below the knees. It's more like a silky sun dress with delicate straps made to look like blossoms. He know's it's beautiful, and by the look Louis gives him, he can tell he thinks the same.
"Princess, I think you'd look just stunning in that. Absolutely. No question in my mind about it," he then proceeds to lean down and press a loving kiss to his soon to be husband's forehead, giving a smile when he leans away.

By natural instinct, Harry closes his eyes and leans in before he realizes that Louis has walked away from him and into the living room with his coffee.

So much for that kiss, huh? Harry's gonna have to chase him for it.

"Louuuu..." Harry whines as he gets up, pouting like a toddler. He can't help it, really. Louis makes him feel so small, and he loves it. Even though he kind of towers over the boy... It's quirky. He admires that.

"Hmm?" Louis hums in response, clicking on the television and making some room for Harry to crawl into.

Giggling happens when Louis is being sprinkled with kisses, all over his cheek and his neck. But he stops when Harry nips against his jawline, kissing around it and making cute little mouth noises. He doesn't want to make a big deal out of it... But he literally melts when Harry does this. It's like his blood thins out to a cooling puffy cloud that makes him feel drowsy and safe.

"Baby, unless you want me to pass out, you gotta cut it out," Louis explains, only to be shut up as Harry leans in to clip his teeth softly onto Louis's bottom lip. For christ sake, Louis is already thinking about nailing the flirtatious boy against the couch and they've only gone a day without sex. A day.

Louis can't even begin to imagine what two days feels like. It's impossible.

"Maybe I want you to fall asleep so you won't be so annoying anymore," Harry whispers, adding on a light chuckle. It's obvious that Harry is joking around, but the comment makes Louis's eyes flick up, looking at Harry with concern.

"I'm annoying?" He asks, his cheeks flushing in embarrassment. He has been pretty clingy recently, so he's tried to back off a bit, but really he can't help it. Harry is just so kissable and touchable and it drives him insane if he's even five feet away from the kid.

He needs help. For real.

"What? No, babe, I was kidding. I don't think-" but before Harry can even finish, Louis is crying.

"I'm s-s-sorry, oh my god I'm so dumb," Louis says, sniffling now. Harry feels like such a jerk. He knows Louis has been going through a bunch lately with applying to colleges and financial aid. It's taken a toll on him, honestly.

"Baby no, come here, listen to me," Harry coos before gently grabbing Louis's arm, getting him to sit back down. Louis is breathing a little heavier now, sputtered breaths and droopy eyes.

He's having a full fledged panic attack. Out of nowhere at all. Harry's eyes widen and he keeps telling Louis to breathe, but the boy can't, and his chest his aching with the need for oxygen.

"Hang tight, okay? Please," Harry says before he springs from the couch to get his fiancé's inhaler from his room.

When he comes back, Louis's face has gone red like a cherry. "I'm s-s-s..." He hiccups out, trying to apologize again but Harry is quick to shake up the inhaler before popping it between Louis's lips,
puffing the medication into his mouth for some relief.

Louis's reaction is almost immediate, he takes a deep breath with the inhaler then breathes it out, and Harry can see the little cloud of Albuterol when he does so.

"That's it baby," Harry coos, rubbing the boys back and a little on his chest. He's still hiccuping, and his eyes are raw and red, but at least he can breathe again.

Suddenly, Louis is on top of Harry's lap, his head on his shoulder as the weight of exhaustion hits him.

Being up every night until the early morning researching colleges has caught up with him, and now he needs a well deserved rest.

With all of this, Harry just smiles and turns off the T.V, since it wasn't being watched anyway, and cradles Louis in his arms, humming a random soft tune under his breath.

"You're so beautiful," Harry whispers, brushing back Louis's silky hair, moving downwards to lightly scratch at his stubble.

By reading body language, Harry can tell Louis enjoys this. The boy has goosebumps, and he's basically purring like a kitty under Harry's feather soft touches.

Harry sits like that for about two hours straight, but he doesn't mind it, in fact he spent all that time taking care of his baby with words tucked up softly against Louis's ears. He knew it was a bit excessive to say "I love you" 87 times, but he did it anyway. It's not like Louis actually knew he said it that much, right?

"Hmm? Oh," Louis said weakly as he blinked open his weary eyes. He smiled lazily, snuggling deeper into Harry's chest as his little legs were being rubbed. Harry kneaded the muscles in Louis's thighs, which were stiff and achey from footie practice, and needless to say, Louis was enjoying it so much, he wouldn't let go of Harry's shirt for dear life.

"Oh god, that feels so nice," Louis admitted with a shy laugh and a flush to his cheeks. Until Harry got to his inner thighs, then it really wasn't a joke anymore.

"Wow," Louis sighed out, his whole body becoming putty in Harry's lap.

"You like it, huh?" Harry asked, but he knew the answer to that already. It was quite obvious because of two things; the tent in Louis's boxers, and the arch in the boys back whenever Harry got even remotely close to Louis's inner thigh. But yanno, it could be how Louis was moaning, too.

But Harry thought this was fun. He'd just make Louis wait and wait and wait until he crumbled. Maybe even cried.

Is it bad that Harry thinks he looks super duper cute when he cries?

Whatever.

After Louis's little massage was over, Harry decided that they were going to go to the mall. Simply to pick out some suitable new clothing for Harry to keep at Louis's home. Not that big of a deal, only it kinda was.

"Wait up, yeah? I can't walk as fast as you," Louis called behind Harry as they entered the mall. At first Harry didn't slow down, knowing that Louis would still be on edge after being touched for two
blissful, yet torturous hours.

Oh well, Harry figured. Maybe this could be a fun little game for them, and since Harry's medication was working so fantastically, he was more in control than ever, and it felt amazing.

"Oh! Pink! My favorite," Harry said, almost sarcastically until he actually stopped outside the store. He looked around from the outside, seeing cute little panties and night gowns... It was very interesting, and Louis knew that Harry was typically fond of these sorts of things. So when Louis finally caught up, his cock was pulsing, flat against his stomach and about ready to leak. All he needed was to look at one of those stupid fucking sheer nighties to feel a hot bead of precome pool at the tip. Shivering at the feel of it, he tried to conceal that by grabbing Harry's hand, swallowing hard. "Maybe we should come back another day, yeah? Maybe we could-" but of course, Harry was already inside the store, goggling over panties and frilly socks. It was horrid, the pain was considerably unbearable, to tell the truth.

"Harry, please-" Louis almost begged in a whisper as Harry was about to take one of the baby pink sheer nighties to the dressing room. But Harry just kind of brushed it off.

"Oh come on Lou, please? I just wanna see if it fits, then we can go!" Harry bargained before he got assigned a room.

Giggling and twirling in the mirror, Harry was very satisfied with the way the cloth clung so nicely to his hips, plus he was wearing the white booty shorts that Louis was in love with, so when Harry stepped out to show him, Louis's mouth opened in a slacked way.

"So? What do you think?" Harry asked, doing a little spin. There was a moment of silence, and a hungry stare from the opposite boy filled the space between.

"I gotta have you," Louis breathed out, barging his way into the dressing room and shutting the door carelessly.

But once Harry's hand went up to Louis's face before he tried to kiss him, it was game over.

"Look, but don't touch, yes?" Harry inquired, batting his eyes in a hypnotic way. Harry was very easy to fall into... Like a nice warm bed on a cold winter day.

Louis literally whined out loud, putting his hands behind his back before he saw Harry bend over to pick up his jeans.

This was hell on earth.

All he could imagine was spanking that perky little arse at that moment, and watching Harry squeak out a gasp. But he couldn't. He wouldn't disobey Harry. At least, not right now.

"I think I'm gonna buy it," Harry said, stripping down only to get dressed again.

Louis was so quick to grab the piece of clothing, shaking his head softly. "No, no. I'll get it for you princess, and some panties too. If you want them, yeah? Or maybe socks?" He kept rambling off things, most likely because he was so fidgety with the thing in his jeans.

At that, Harry just shrugged, covering his mouth in a giggle. "Whatever you say, baby."
(Harry's POV)

Louis is really stressed. I'm aware of that, of course.

But he's been getting mad lately. Like... Screaming and yelling over every stupid little thing.

I try to keep out of his way, until he winds down a bit, but even that isn't helping.

The sex is fine, I suppose. But it's not like I can tease him or play games with him anymore... He's just... Well, lifeless.

"Why are you still looking at wedding cakes, hun? It's literally four o'clock in the morning," I say. It's Saturday, and since I couldn't sleep anyway, I went to check on Louis. He'd been getting up randomly night after night, becoming his own wedding planner.

"My mum's handled the wedding things, you know," I add on. He doesn't respond.

I sigh, taking a seat next to him. I'm not a pretty picture in the mornings, not as pretty as Louis. Even when he hasn't got a bit of sleep; there's something about him that just glows.

"I know she does," he finally says, flipping the to the next page. "But... I wanted to look. In case I was missing something."

I quirk up a half smile. "What could you possibly be missing, a week before I get married to you?" I ask, my happy tone kind of stale.

He's been distant lately.

But I don't question it. He's just Louis. It's what Louis does.

He floats.

"I don't know..." He looks up at me finally, and I can see the dark circles inhabiting his under eye area. It looks as if he hasn't slept in weeks.

His dream is to go to medical school. I knew that already, but it costs a ton of money to send him.

Half of me doesn't want him to get accepted to that university in the states.

Half of me feels guilty for even thinking that.

"Love," I say, putting my hand to his cheek gently. "You need some rest, okay?"

"No, I don't," he says, looking down at the book again, turning a few pages ahead.

I sigh, and get up from the table.

There's nothing I can quite do anymore, is there?

I let him be, and I head back to bed, only to wake up to Louis, kneeling beside me.
He's holding a letter, and I let out a yawn, itching my scalp. "What's that, babe?" I ask, sitting up on my elbow. The look on his face is grave. Petrified with fear. "It's from Washington University," he says quietly. "I didn't want to open it without you..."

I swallow a bit hard, and nod, now sitting up fully in bed, letting him take a seat next to me. We're both silent for a moment or two. The sun through the window is shining onto the tiny blue letters of the envelope.

I feel like this letter could either be extremely bad, or exceptionally good. Since it's Louis's top college. "Open it," I whisper, holding his forearm before I press a supporting kiss to his cheek. Slowly but surely, he peels off the back with shaky hands. This is what he'd been waiting for all this time. The sleepless nights, the frequent panic attacks, the appetite loss... I worry about him. But that's the thing about love, isn't it?

He slips the paper out from the card and sets it beside him, unfolding it carefully. He takes a big breath, and I kiss his cheek again. I think he forgot I was there. "It'll be okay," I whisper. "Here, give it to me, yeah?" I coax him, and it takes him a minute or two, but he hands me the tri-folded letter.

The only sound in the entire apartment is paper being crinkled, and as I read...

I might as well kiss my wedding goodbye, right?

"Louis William Tomlinson," I read aloud, feeling his eyes boring into me. "We are happy to inform you..." Oh god. Jesus. Why am I so upset right now? I should be happy.

But I'm not. "We have read your application, and we would be honored to accept you into our medicine practices at Washington University."

It's dead silent. I stare at the letter for a few more minutes before I turn to him, giving him a smile. A smile that I know will be wiped off my face sooner or later.

"I... I got accepted?" He asks, peering at the letter in disbelief. He studies it before he yells in satisfaction. "Holy shit Haz... Haz, holy shit!"

It's the happiest I've seen him in what feels like years, so I roll with it, laughing and giggling as he picks me up and spins me around. "I'll be the best damn doctor you've ever seen, bambi!" He exclaims, hugging me so tight I can barely breathe. "I'm going to find a cure for you. I swear I will."

What if I don't want one though? My disorder is what brought us together... Will it also be the thing that tears us apart?

"Lou," I say, hugging him back, but not as tight. He pulls back to look at me, smiling before he
kisses all over my face.

"Louis," I mumble over the kisses, trying not to let this whole thing get the best of me.

Will he still love me from miles apart?

"Yeah?" He finally asks, letting me go softly. I don't want to say it. But I have to. I'm scared. I'm petrified, even.

"What about us?" I ask, looking down at him with tearful eyes. God, he has to know this is difficult for me, right?

"What do you mean what about-" he begins, but stops himself when he's caught on to what I'm thinking.

"You didn't think I was going to leave you here, did you?"

Okay, maybe I did. But what if I'm not ready to leave? My home, my friends... I'm just terrified.

"You do want to come with me, right?" He asks, almost in a stern way. I can't help but cower away, as if I said something wrong. But he can see it in me... All he needs to know.

"So you don't?"

"No, I mean- I never said that, I just... Louis, I don't know, okay?"

"Well, fuck. I'm so glad you told me, yeah? You've known for what? Months, now?" He backs away from me, and I can already feel myself beginning to cry.

"I did Louis, I knew but I thought that you were going to leave me. I have... Things here. People. Family. I don't know if I want to go to America, I don't know if-"

Before I can finish, he's grabbing his coat off the hook on his door, and I don't know why, but I follow him. I always do. I just don't know if following him to another country is my dream.

"I'm going for a walk. I need some air," he mutters, walking down the hallway.

I catch up to him and grab his arm, but he tugs it away.

"Louis, wait. You can't be serious right now," I say, and honestly the way he just leaves makes me feel like he could give a fuck less about me.

But I know he cares.

I know he does.

I hope he does...

I'm left with the door being slammed, and my rotten thoughts.

I curl up on the couch after he leaves, crying non stop.

People fight. Even people that love each other like no tomorrow. Even me and Louis.

Tissues and teardrops are all around me, and when I finally hear the door open, it's well into the night time. I have no idea what time it actually is, though. I could care less.
"Louis?" I sniffle out. It's dark and when I hear him take off his coat, I get up and meet him in the kitchen.

I'm astounded by what I see in front of me. I can't even believe that it's Louis I'm looking at.

"You reek, jesus," I hiss, wrinkling my nose at the smell of potent vodka.

"Yeah, well," he hiccups, opening the fridge. "At least I'm drunk enough to stand you right now."

Ouch.

I think I just got punched in the throat.

"Excuse me?" I ask, crossing my arms. I can't believe he's acting like such a child right now.

He closes the fridge after he's gotten another beer in his hand, and I cringe at it. How much alcohol can he ingest?

Louis was not a drinker. He never drank. At least not in front of me, he didn't. It was so weird seeing him like this... Almost, eerie.

"Is it because you don't love me?" He asks, slurred words and all, holding his beer as if it'd help him feel differently.

"I'm not discussing this with you right now," I say, shaking my head. "Unbelievable."

He takes my arm, and now it's my turn to shrug it off.

"Harry," he whines, and I have the guts to turn around and look at his sad, puppy dog face. It's drawing me in, helplessly.

I hate to see Louis sad. I hate to see Louis anything else but his chipper self... That's why it's been so hard for both of us lately.

"Please, don't go. Don't leave me," he says quietly, and automatically, I'm his again. Drunk or sober, I'll always be his.

I don't say anything. I just stand with him, hugging him under the yellow kitchen light. It's almost peaceful. Almost.

Until he gets sick all over my sweater.

"Oh, babe," I say, backing away with my arms out by my sides. "Fuck, okay. Lets make a merry trip to the porcelain throne, yeah?"

So we do, and I change my sweater.

Love is such a beautiful weird disaster.

Louis is too.

Chapter End Notes
SORRY IT TOOK SO LONG. kittens!!! i have some really happy news!! so, i've gotten accepted into college!!!! :) i start in the fall for my Substance Abuse Counseling program!!! yayayayayay. (I kind of wanted to incorporate some of that in here.) Anywho, Louis is fine, just stressed, so don't freak out!!! This story is far from over, I'm sorry that it's taking so long... but I also have some other news which I'm kind of scared to put out there. But I tell you guys everything, so. I have a boyfriend now! He's from England, and I'm from America, and it's very hard work to love at a distance like this, but we both are very very into the idea of trying to see each other over a college break of mine. :) I hope you guys understand all the delays and stuff, but I'm sure you do, cause you've been nothing but supportive of me and my writing after all this time <3 xoxo and he doesn't like 1d that much but heyyyyy i plan to brainwash him a lil tiny bit. he's also a feminist just like meee eheh. Okay I'll stop bragging now ahaahah. I love you all. Thank's for the support :)

(LOUIS' POV)

I urge my eyes open the next day, ears ringing with the pain of a hangover.

I can't remember a bloody thing, but I'm sure Harry does.

I feel terrible for putting him through the ringer lately... But now that I've gotten accepted, there's not much I can do besides give him a choice.

I mean, I'll never separate from my special fawn, but he either stays here, or I go on without him.

There's really no in between with that.

"Hey," I hear in a cracked voice beside me. I turn over and look at the boy next to me.

Bed head, rosy cheeks and a tiiiiiny bit of dried drool on the corner of his lip, I smile at him.

I've never been more in love.

I'm an ass though. I know that.

"Hey." I reply, in no rush to explain anything at all. We just calculate each other for a few seconds, unsure of how to handle all of it.

"Your eyes get grey when you're drunk Louis," he states a little later. His tone is tense and I know he's a little ticked off. "Only, I never knew that before about you. Until last night."

"Babe," I breathe out, and Harry gives me this look that just screams "please let me forgive you." Because I know he's searching for one shred of a reason to. "I fucked up. Yeah?"

"Yeah," he says simply. Looking down at the sheets with his head propped up by his hand. His long lashes are fanning over his cheeks and I almost lose my train of thought.

"But I can fix it..." I offer, cupping his cheek and stroking my thumb across it lightly.

"Lou—" Harry sighs before he shudders, and I think I can hear his heart throwing itself against his rib cage.

He pants softly, and honestly, that might have been the quickest orgasm he's ever had. But to be fair, the sex hasn't been all that great lately, and he might be a tad on edge about everything.

"Sorry," he mumbles through little breaths, and I'm realizing how impossible it is to not adore him. How does anybody pull that off?

"Hey..." I coo lightly, sliding my hand up to run it through his fringe. "You don't need to be sorry about a damn thing. I'm the one who's sorry..."

And that's true. I feel the guilt accumulating as I see him start to get up, probably to change his boxers. I don't care that much about his hygiene right now though, honestly.
But he can't get away fast enough. I grab his hand and pull him down softly.

He squeaks, but looks directly at me, eyes wide. Not in fear, just... Surprise.

"I love you. Whatever decision you make, Bambi." And that's really all I have to say to get him to blush and smile bashfully.

"I just... I need more time? To think about all of this." He admits, starting to climb back into bed with me, curling up underneath my chin so his hands are on my chest.

He's just a teeny bit taller than me, so the position is slightly awkward. But I know how he likes to feel small when he is stressed out. And I'm certainly not willing to deny him that. Especially now, when he is so frail.

"No. I understand Bambi, no need to explain," I whisper into his curls, closing my own eyes.

His presence is soft, like a lamp light. His heartbeat, as steady as the rain outside the window. And his soul is quiet.

Everything is so quiet with him.

Safe.

Chapter End Notes

The rest of this chapter will be me explaining my life again... One Direction has always been there for me. I love their music, their personalities, and I love Larry. But lately... I don't know. Things have been happening to me. I am starting to grow into a new person. Not completely, but somewhat. I can say I'm not as directly involved with the 1D fandom anymore, and that makes me sad. But I also have no idea how I lost this interest. It's like suddenly one day it flew away. I think Louis's baby may have triggered it, less Larry may have triggered it. Maybe just loss in the belief of it all. But I know one thing, I love to write. I love bringing things to you guys who have supported me through everything - and I know it is difficult for you to wait around for me to update, but you guys have always understood. So, thank you. Enjoy this short chapter, the story continues... a bit slow. But surely. Xxx

Love always,

Amber
(HARRY'S POV)

Six weeks later...

My bags are packed, passport tucked neatly into my pocket, and well...

Saying that I'm scared is a bit of an understatement.

Because I'm terrified.

"Bambi, are you sure about this?" Louis asks me, standing at the door of his apartment. "Like, absolutely sure?"

I nod, of course, pulling out the handle to my wheel around suit case and throwing my backpack over my shoulder.

I've dropped out of school currently...

But only because I'm transferring over to one of those weird schools in America.

I mean, not weird... Just foreign? But I guess that means the same thing these days.

I'll finish out school there, maybe get a job... I don't know. All I know is that Louis is going to take care of me, and we can finally be all on our own with nobody standing in the way.

All alone in our very own house...

It truly is so weird to think about.

What's even weirder is that I just have this feeling that Louis will be the best doctor known to man, so we'll have at least some money, I assume anyway.

- 

The airplane was scary at first, with it's huge intimidating wings, stretching out so long you'd start to wonder how it could lift itself off the ground.

Something to do with physics, right?

I don't know, I've never been into that sort of study.

I look to Louis, study his features, grab his hand, then look away. All in one motion.

I can feel him looking at me, but he doesn't say anything at all. It's a silent agreement that we know what we're doing. We know how this will proceed to end.

When I look back, I see my mother, his mother, and everybody we love looking at us and crying.

Then I think, why tears? What makes our bodies do such miraculous things? Like have us cry, or
feel so deeply towards something.

And like my own private wave goodbye, I shed a tear for them all and walk towards the luggage drop off with the love of my life in hand.

The future; unknown.

The past; learned from.

The present; here. Now. Forever?

Forever. That's what it feels like.

"Are you ready?"

It doesn't need a reply, only a half smile.

So I give him one.

The thing about new beginnings is that they're scary. Maybe not "monster under the bed" scary, or falling off of a cliff scary... But more like, blindfolded scary.

Behind the cloth, things are a normal, muffled and muted black.

But beyond the cloth?

An unknown journey awaits.

-

After seven and a half orgasms (one was interrupted by turbulence), 10 hours, one stop, and 34 minutes of absolute hell and two pairs of underwear later, we arrive.

The airport has been crowded for what seems like ages. I hear voices, so different from the ones I'm used to hearing.

"No, Bill. No! Listen, I said 9:00, not 9:45, you stupid-"

"Can you hold on a sec? I have another line-"

"What do you mean my flight is cancelled? Do you have any idea what this will do to my schedule?!"

All these accents I haven't heard before... Some of them are so thick I can barely make out the words they say.

"Babe? You all right?" Louis asks me, leading me ahead.

I sigh in relief.

Finally, a voice I know.

"Yeah, I'm good. I'm great," I reply softly, almost too quiet, but he hears me, waving down a taxi when we get outside.

"Give me your bag, get in the back and get comfortable, yeah? It's gonna be an hour or so."
I listen, scooting in the backseat and watching the cabby in the front give me a skeptical look.

"Where are y'all headed boy?" He asks, his voice clogged with the residue of probably 1,000 stale cigars.

So, in one big breath, I spew out the address of the home me and Louis will reside in for only God knows how long. I've memorized it, just in case things like this happen.

Things like big scary cab drivers.

When Louis gets in, we are off, and I am out.

Like a light. My head on Louis's shoulder, occasionally tipping off when we hit potholes and bumps in the road.


Memories.

New, beautiful memories.

The next thing I hear is soft and light, up against my ear. I shudder a little, peeling my eyes open to the sound of Louis's voice.

"We're home."
Epilogue

"Home" meant a lot of things for Louis and Harry over the years.

It meant hard work, dedication... It also meant loads of patience.

Sometimes, our house doesn't really feel like home... There's a lot of us out there that consider the local shop, the park, school, or even our own rooms to be our sanctioned and specific "homes."

Not a lot of us are lucky enough to say that our whole house, our mind, even our bodies are our homes...

But Louis and Harry?

They were lucky.

The healthiness and prosperity of their relationship seemed to rub off on others, almost daily. The couple remained together, even grew and thrived on the disagreements they were faced with.

They never let Harry's disease get in the way of what they loved doing.

(Each other, mostly...) Ha ha ha.

But on a serious note, this story of boy meets boy doesn't end here.

Well, technically, it does.

In a different way, though. It ends with positive.

Now, "endings" are never exactly... Good. Or at least we don't think they are, mostly because they stop something we were tragically used to.

This ending, however, is completely up to you. The reader.

Here is a basic outline though, if your mind is craving a sense of closure.

Louis went on to study medicine, mostly nervous/endocrine system research to help find a cure for Harry's disease.

Nothing prevailed - only treatments mixed with therapy, understanding and mild disappointment.

Harry, what a bright little lad he is, he turned out to be a wonderful therapist, sitting behind the desk and looking at patients with fresh eyes. Or more like; a fresh heart.

He could go six or seven hours without the episodes, successfully, letting him lead a productive work day and lifestyle.

As for Eleanor and Niall, they got married not long after.

Oh Gosh, don't worry. Not to each other.

But married and happy, nonetheless.
Let this story be a guide to trial and inevitable error...

Trust.

Love.

Acceptance.

...And Orgasms.

♡

End.
Hello everyone.

It has been a journey! Hasn't it?

I know a lot of you will have mixed feelings about the ending to this story, and that's okay, and I encourage you to be curious and let your mind wander.

As for a sequel... That is not in the cards here.

I would love to tell all of you that my inspiration for this story has been riveting and bound to explode, but nearing the end... It really was not fun for me.

I tried to think of ways to keep Larry alive personally, to try and believe in some of the things I had once before, and that is not saying I don't believe in them now, but it was much easier to... Awhile back.

Before I say thanks to any specific people, I want to let you all know, my readers as a whole, that THIS BOOK, has kept me afloat for what now... Almost two years? Yeah! That is crazy, isn't it? It has been such an amazing experience for me, getting to know all of you and reading your supportive comments <3 My oh my... I'm getting teary eyed. Xoxo

A VERY SPECIAL THANKS TO:

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protruding for the beautiful cover to match a beautiful story that I worked really hard to make. Your artistic views are very valuable to me. Xxo

And finally, to everybody that read and supported my story for as long as I can remember. You all deserved MUCH faster updates, and way more detail, but for what it's worth, you stuck around and never left me. That means so fucking much. You have no idea <3

As for works in the future, feel free to inbox, but I think I will be "retiring" in a sense, from a Larry Stylinson writer and moving on in my own path towards things I'd like to write on my own.

Things regarding body positivism, fantasy fiction, fiction, realistic fiction, poetry and maybe a short stories collection are some of my thoughts. :)

Please keep in touch, all of you, and remember that no matter what, ya girl Amber is only a click away.

BE UN-APOLOGETICALLY YOU.

- Amber xo
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!