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**another go around for all of our friends**  
by fxcknouiam

**Summary**

Teen parents Louis and Harry have a very dysfunctional relationship, featuring Zayn who dreams of a relationship with Niall.

**Notes**

ATTENTION lol I edit this when I can, my writing style has grown a fair bit since I wrote the first chapter and I know how cringey my grammar is in the first few chapters. I'm going over it to fix it, slowly but surely.
If you're a new reader, please don't give up on it because of the first chapters (lol) it gets better I promise :)

ALSO a lot of shit goes down in this it's by no means fluffy or logical basically if you aren't here for larry fist fights and Niall being the most unfair yet possessive boyfriend what are you here for lol

This is long sorry ill shut up now

See the end of the work for more notes.
My kind of crazy

Days seem to blur together to Louis, as they're all pretty much the same.

Wake up, feed Serenity, go back to sleep until she's hungry again, eat an impossibly untraditional breakfast while paying half as much attention as she should to her online lectures or boring essays, bathe Serenity, secretly harass Zayn (it's not a secret at all) until she sends play by plays of Harry's every move, play with Serenity until Harry comes over, annoy him until he leaves, eat, sleep, repeat. It's all routine, really. Today was no exception.

Louis is annoyed. Partly because Zayn was in some sort of funk all day over Niall, of all fucking people, and ignored all Louis' texts about Harry so she had no idea what he was doing or more importantly who he was talking to. But mostly because Harry was twenty minutes late and he fucking reeked as if he sweat skunk piss or whatever it is that makes them smell so fucking bad.

"Then Niall fuckin'," Harry covers Serenity's ears while Louis listens. "Punched the guy, one hit I swear he went to sleep! But basically El's pissed cause she like hates Zayn and here her boyfriend is, knockin' people out cause of her. Fuckin' legend, I swear." Harry shakes head, giddy.

"She's such a bitch." And okay, yeah Louis never liked Eleanor for no reason until Zayn accidentally let it slip she had feelings for Niall and gave Louis a reason not to like her, best friend duties and what not.

"Remember that time you tried to fight her at Liam's house and she wouldn't even look at you? You're so awesome when you're drunk."

Harry's an idiot, but she loves him and even though he's high he's still so so gentle with their daughter and maybe Louis is as irritated as she thought she was.

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It's really nice outside and Harry has to work for another four hours. Louis isn't confident she won't set her laptop on fire if she watches one more second of any lecture so she decides to remind Zayn why her best friend is so perfectly amazing.

She dresses Serenity in a cute little pink princess dress (needless to say there is a matching headband bow that is as big as her head) but doesn't really bother putting effort in her appearance. Just putting Harry's Green Bay shirt over her tank top and deciding her leggings didn't have enough crap on them for her to feel embarrassed.

And purely to prove her awesomeness, she stops at a drug store on the way and buys like thirty candy bars. When she first found out she was pregnant, Zayn brought her milkshakes and probably her entire days paycheck worth of White castles. Chocolate and cute baby kisses are just as good.

"We heard Aunty Zayn needs junk food and baby drool." Louis announces as she plops herself on the bed, putting Serenity belly to belly on Zayn.

Just as Louis assumed, Zayn can't not smile at the world's most beautiful bald headed blue eyed little girl. She only has one of her daddy's dimples but it's still as charming.

"Why doesn't she have shoes on?"

Louis rolls her eyes, unwrapping a kit Kat. "She doesn't even crawl, Zee."
"What is your mommy doing to you?" Zayn pouts at the baby, removing the gigantic headband and sling shots it at Louis. Louis stretches over head and crosses her eyes. Serenity laughs and Zayn literally coos at the little wrinkles by her eyes.

"Are you gunna tell us why you're in like, the greatest depression?"

"Great, not greatest." Zayn corrects mindlessly, ignoring the chunk of chocolate thrown at her forehead that probably landed in her hair.

"Is it pathetic to ask why he doesn't love me?" The raven haired beauty asks very much pathetically.

"Uh that depends who you ask..." Louis just doesn't really get it. Zayn's a diamond and Eleanor's a pond rock covered in fish poop. It just doesn't make sense.

"We hook up all the time, we talk, like, 24/7. He tells me not to talk to other guys... he fucking punched Shane in the face for calling me a cunt. Why won't he break up with that frizzy haired non factor ass bitch? Louis why?" They're on the same page then, good.

"Even Harry said you're hotter than her. And I'm only 75% jealous because she looks like an off brand me." Louis semi rants, not really answering any of Zayn's questions but insulting the enemy is just as acceptable.

Zayn sits up, moving Serenity into a sitting position in her lap. "I swear to god if she tricks my idiot into getting her knocked up I will swing her by her weave."

Louis barks out a laugh, rubbing her daughter's cheek when the poor baby is startled by the loud noise.

"I feel like she's on the track team specifically to run away from people who want to fight her."

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If everything went Louis' way, Harry would never leave her sight. Even though they have a baby, Harry's only seventeen and for whatever reason, much to Louis' annoyance, Harry's mother won't let him move out until he graduates. Louis was offered several times by Anne to move into their house, but no thank you. If she has to leave the comfort of her mommy's watchful eye it's not to go be under someone else's. Whatever.

Anyways. Tonight is a Friday night. Before Serenity, that meant their group of friends going out and getting into some kind of trouble. After Serenity, that means their group of friends going out and getting into some kind of trouble without Louis. This particular Friday, they all pitched in for a hotel room to chill and drink without worrying about having to clean up before someone's parents came home. And for a reason beyond Louis' belief Harry is going, even though he told Louis he "probably wouldn't".

It works out perfectly. The grapevine told her they were all meeting at the room around 8. Zayn has work until then, so she would be going home anyway to shower and change before heading to the hotel. Obviously she can pick Louis up on the way.

When the girls make it to the third floor, Zayn knocks as Louis stands off to the side to avoid being seen through the peek hole. A girl- half naked- neither of them knew answered. She was either really drunk, or really stupid. Either way she is instantly not liked by the two best friends.

A few people cheer when Zayn could be seen, she smiles politely as she holds the door open for
Louis, car seat in hand. Louis sets the seat on the nearest table, taking a very happy Serenity out of the buckles before surveying the room.

Niall's leaning against a window seal, of course his little puppy clings to his back with her branch like limbs wrapped around him. Liam's in a puffy chair, looking slightly out of it and a little uncomfortable. There's Andy and a few stray sluts and just as Louis is about to question where Harry is, he appears from the bedroom area, smiling and laughing with- surprise surprise- yet another half naked slut.

"Who's that?" Harry freezes at Louis' voice. Next to her Zayn immediately grabs Serenity and quickly makes her way to a chair on the other side of the room. Knowing their past, it's not all that dramatic.

"Louis," Behind him, the girl folds her arms and makes a bitchy looking face.

"Yeah, Louis. The mother of your child, love of your life. Queen of your world. Your girlfriend," she waves her hand insignificantly. "Who's that?"

"Katherine," the girl huffs, quietly correcting him. "Caroline, I mean."

Everyone else is suddenly silent, watching them with interest.

"And where are Caroline's pants?" Louis' unmanicured nails tap against the wooden desk next to Serenity's car seat.

Harry shrugs and honestly- Louis blacks out. When she comes to, there are girls whining, one actually crying. Liam's holding Louis' face and shaking her shoulders. On the other side of the bed, closer to the crying girls, Harry sits on the edge with his face in his hands. It wasn't until Louis looked at her own that she notices the blood on hers, smeared and speckled on her on her grey t-shirt. Oh.

"Where's Zayn?" her leg twitches and bounces, her whole body shaking. She somewhat remembers grabbing the bottomless girl's hair and punching her in her face, and she knows for a fact she slammed the girl's head into her knee, but she's not sure of anything else. She probably pushed Harry into the door before she grabbed the girl, everything else is blank. She doesn't remember.

"She's in the bathroom with the baby and Niall," Liam tells her, holding her in place by her shoulders. Though with her adrenaline it's probably useless. She's calm now, she thinks.

"Fuck you Harry!" Louis yells and nope, not calm.

"Whatever Louis," he says into hands.

"You're such a little bitch!" she yells at him, then notices a skank gaping at her behind Harry. "Fuck you too bitch you wanna go too? What the fuck are you are you looking at?" She pushes Liam out of the way the second the girl opens her mouth, ready to lunge before Liam grabs her in a bear hug, lifting her from the ground.

"Let me go Liam." She half warns half begs.

"Please, just go with them." Harry pleads with the girl, pointing to Andy and the rest of the girls surrounding the crying one as they're half out the door.

"Did you fuck her too Harry? Yeah save your girlfriend before she has to be carried outta here like the last one," Louis antagonizes over Liam's shoulder, completely ignoring his requests to calm down. "You're a piece of shit!"
Harry stands, pacing towards them with his hands in his hair. "I didn't fuck anybody!"

"Guys..." Liam tries. They don't listen.

"You think I'm gunna sit around with your kid all day while you fuck around? If you don't want me you already know who does Harry, say the word and we're gone," Louis threatens, still bracketed in Liam's gigantic arms.

"Really? Fucking Stan?!" Harry makes a face, cross between disgusted and appalled, and mostly bluffing that he wouldn't care.

Zayn and Niall come out of the bathroom, or came out, Louis isn't really sure. She just notices Zayn biting her lip to hide a smile as Niall holds Serenity and talks at her animatedly. They'll have to talk about that later.

"Least he bothers to come spend time with his daughter!" she fibs purely for the reaction it drags out of Harry.

Liam won't let go of Louis, won't stop playing human shield because unlike Niall he actually does mind when they abuse each other. So as a result, poor human shield winds up sandwiched between them when Harry pushes them both into the wall and squeezes his hand around Louis' neck best he can over Liam's shoulder. He's mostly gripping at her jaw, she makes gasping, choking sounds regardless.

"You stupid fucking cunt," he grunts venomously in her face. She digs her nails into his arm until eventually he moves it, breaking his grip and pushing poor, poor Liam in frustration.

"Stan would never treat me like this!" she sobs, sans tears. "I fucking hate you Harry!"

"I hate you too." he tells her, looking her straight in the eyes with his hands on his hips.

Finally, Zayn warns, "Liam, if you don't want to be forced into a manage a trios you'd better move."

The second he turns his head and let's out a confused, "Huh?" in her direction, Harry's mouth is on Louis', her hand reaching around Liam's neck to weave itself into into disheveled curls.

"Oh, gross guys! Let me out," Liam ducks under their arms and almost falls to his knees from the urgency of try avoid Harry's crotch on any part of his body. "What the fuck?" he says bewildered.

"That's like their foreplay or something, they seriously probably planned it out and we're all pawns in their sick sex game." Zayn explains calmly, Niall laughing softly while tapping Serenity's diaper clad bottom soothingly. He doesn't understand how someone could fall asleep like that, babies are so weird.

Liam's in proper shock, watching in strange amazement as Harry grinds into Louis like they weren't just seconds away from killing each other.

"Payno's their sex prop!" Niall and Zayn laugh, Liam unable to remove his eyes from the most dysfunctional relationship he's ever seen.

"What the fuck,"
Chapter 2

He tastes like beer and sour patches, a combination Zayn never thought would taste so good. Niall's tongue licks her own leisurely, the soft moan he lets out when she sucks it into her mouth is contagious. Before they get any further Serenity reminds them where they are, and that "Hello I am here" with drool covered fingers, grabbing at Niall's chin from where she sitting on Zayn's lap.

Niall pulls away from her with an amused grin to the baby. They're currently sitting in the lobby of the hotel while Harry and Louis "make up" in the room everybody helped pay for. Everybody, including Eleanor and Liam are no where to be seen. Zayn's okay with it.

"You want kisses too?" Niall asks the chubby little girl before kissing her all over her fat cheeks.

"Where's Eleanor?" Zayn asks over the Serenity's hysterical laughter. Her God baby is cute but if she ever wants any cousins she better pipe down so Aunty Zayn and Uncle Niall can have a moment.

"Who cares." He shrugs, taking the baby to bounce on his own lap.

Zayn snorts, laughing to disguise her smug smile. "Thats your girlfriend."

"But she's not here Zaynie, you are." Serenity babbles at him with her little eyebrows furrowed and her fist swinging. "And so is the world's cutest baby!"

/Wait till you see ours./ Zayn hates herself for thinking that way... she's only eighteen! It's just hard to not catch baby fever when you're always around a baby. Between Serenity and her little sister Safaa Zayn's gagging for a baby.

"We're the three best friends that anybody could have," Niall sings, holding Serenity up so she's bouncing on his thighs.

Friends, right. That's all they are. Best friends who occasionally fuck.

"Danny asked me to prom." Zayn lies, kind of. Danny mentioned his group of friends were all going together and she could tag along. Minor details.

At that, Niall sits the baby on his lap to bounce her with his knees instead. "Proms in like three months?"

It's their senior prom, half of the graduating class has already had their night planned since the beginning of the year.

"Guess he's just trying to lock down a date." Zayn shrugs. She feels a little bad for lying now that she's not getting the desired reaction.

"Lock down a lay, more like. Fuckin' loser, you tell him no?"

Oh, there it is.

"Said I'd let him know."

Niall plays nonchalant but the expression in his face gives him away every time. "Should tell him no."
"Why's that?"

He literally tells her not to talk to other guys when they have sex and sometimes when they're just making out in the corner of random house parties, granted he's usually drunk but Niall never lies. He says that because he wants that, wants Zayn to not talk to any boys except him. She can't even if she wanted to because she constantly compares other men to Niall.

So far nobody has been up to standards.

"He might get the wrong idea, 's all."

Serenity leans forward and lays her head on Niall's chest. Poor babies sleepy but she keeps fighting sleep, doesn't wanna miss out on hanging out with her favorite aunt and uncle who will be married, Zayn promises. Because it's what Serenity wants, who is Zayn to deny a baby's wants and needs?

"Wrong idea about what?" Zayn plays dumb, coaxing him to say what he really means. What he really feels.

She's in love with Niall, been in love with Niall and patiently waiting for him to realize it. And yeah, it'd be cool if he kinda loved her back, which she believes he does. He just doesn't realize it.

"That you want him to fuck you." Niall says like it's obvious.

Serenity's little eyes flutter, losing the fight against sleep on Uncle Niall's chest. Auntie Zayn is a little jealous.

Zayn shrugs. "Maybe I do. I been thinkin' about getting a boyfriend anyway."

There's a reason Niall has been the only boy to see her naked in months.

"Nah you don't need a boyfriend. You got me." He flashes his new perfect teeth with a weird little smile.

"I got you?" Zayn laughs lightly, knocking her shoulder into his.

"Course." He confirms, furrowing his brows.

The baby is officially knocked out, snoring and drooling on Niall's shirt. They're quiet for a few minutes, Niall checking his phone and Zayn just checking him out.

"Haz text, we can go back. You stayin' here?" He carefully stands up and adjusts his niece, who hides her face in his neck and falls back to sleep.

"Are you? I might go..."

"Stay. I'm stayin', you should too."

That's settled then, she's staying.

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"We have to be quiet." Zayn whispers against Niall's lips. The only light in the room is coming from the television.

Louis and Harry decided since there are three of them including Serenity they should have the actual bed, leaving Niall and Zayn to sleep on the pull out mattress in the sofa.
Niall nods and grinds into her again, she's so wet and she can feel how hard he is through the barriers of his boxers and her panties.

"We can't-" Zayn gasps when Niall licks and sucks her neck right above her clavicle. "wake up the baby,

She pulls his hair and shoves her hips up and into his, already feeling so close, especially when he bites her neck. She hasn't had time to masturbate lately so she isn't going to last long at all. She curls her knee around his hip, moving her own hips in circular motions.

"Right there," Zayn chants, gripping his hair tight to keep his mouth on her neck.

Her orgasm catches her off guard almost, giving no warning before she starts coming with a loud cry. Luckily Niall slips his tongue in her mouth to shut her up.

"Oh my god," she cries into his mouth mid orgasm.

Niall's nose bumps into hers, they're more or less just breathing into each other's mouths at this point.

"Shh." He reminds her.

Her nipples are hard and sensitive against his hard chest, Niall massages one of them gentle before tugging on the nub, drawing another cry out of her.

"Take your underwear off," it's more of a question 'can I take your underwear off?'. It hits her then when shes still sensitive and panting that Niall hasn't come yet.

"Yeah, yeah do it."

He's already got his boxers pushed to his knees, angry red cock springing forward as Zayn thumbs the sides of her panties, Niall yanking them down the rest of the way for her.

"Shit." Niall groans, stroking himself.

Zayn's momentarily confused when Niall crouches down but it takes her all of two seconds to realize what he's doing. His slippery tongue slides in her wet hole, humming as he licks her. He pulls away from her cunt with an opened mouth kiss that has Zayn whining after just one.

"So fucking hot." He shoves his tongue back in her mouth at the same time his cock slides in her hole. She can taste herself on his tongue, that makes her feel all floaty.

They never use condoms, and that's okay because they've kind of talked about it. Zayn's on birth control and Eleanor always makes him wear them, even for blow jobs, the priss. For a drinker who doesn't eat fruit unless it's baked in some sort of pie Niall's come actually isn't all that bad. Zayn enjoys it.

Niall's hands grip the top of zayns, his face buried in her neck as he groans, thrusting fast and hard, his hips slamming into hers relentlessly seeking his own release. Zayn's all sleepy from hers, so she lets out a few soft moans here and there because it feels good obviously but she won't come again. Her legs are locked around his waist as her nails scratch his back, knowing how much he loves that.

Niall bites her neck hard when he comes, slamming into her as far as he can. She feels his cock
pulsating so she clenches, running her nails along his back as he comes in her. They stay there like that for some time, Zayn's sleepy but she doesn't mind at all. She just runs her fingers through his sweaty hair.

He finally props himself up to look at her, about to say something when the bedroom door swings open. It's Harry with a sleepy Serenity and his hand down his pants, scratching his balls. Nice.

"Wash that hand before it touches my child." Louis' voice loud and clear, Harry just closes the door behind him and stares at Niall and Zayn with a cheeky grin.

"No shit Horan, I fucking knew it!" He takes his hand out of his pants to high five Niall, who of course high fives him back.

Zayn feels so awkward, not just because of Harry but because her poor innocent niece is looking at her with sleepy little eyes while Niall's flaccid prick is still in her.

"I told you months ago," Niall tells his stupid friend.

Zayn's eyes go wide and she slaps Niall's arm for gossiping about her.

Secretly she is thrilled but she's got to act like a lady, yeah?

"No, I knew you busted fast."

Zayn snorts and Niall squawks, offended.

"We were at it for like an hour!" The blonde defends.

Harry makes a face like "yeah okay" and goes about searching through the diaper bag on the table.

"Pull out, at least." Zayn whispers.

Niall scrunches his nose, and doesn't bother whispering back. "But you're warm."

"If there's gonna be a round two please give us roughly twenty minutes to get her to sleep." Harry says, shaking a bottle on his way back to the room.

"You said they were sleeping." Zayn groans and pushes Niall off of her, he rolls off with a pout.

"I said I thought they were sleeping." He corrects, already flipping through the channels. He lands on a boring golf show, after Zayn cleans herself up they are definitely changing that.

To get to the bathroom they have to go through the bedroom because the hotel room is set up weird, so she puts Niall's shirt on and pulls it to cover her bits. The second she opens the door Louis squints, notices it's her and immediately oooo's childishly.

When she goes back to the living room (after flipping her friends the bird on the way) Niall's scrolling through his phone, scratching his stomach on the bed. The sight is beautiful, it's definitely an image that will be stuck in Zayn's mind until she draws, paints, and tattoos it on herself. He's so carefree and relaxed, he never seems to worry or stress to the point where she doubts he even knows what negative emotions feel like.

"What are you doing?" He interrupts her staring, smiling amused. He's beautiful.

She crawls back on the mattress, to her own side and snatches the remote for something to do.

"Eleanor said if I don't go to Cara's with her tonight she's breaking up with me." He mentions
casually.

Her heart flutters, liking where this is going.

"Are you gonna go then?"

Niall sucks his teeth, tossing his phone to the edge of the bed.

"Nah, fuck that. Told her I guess it's over then. Drunk bitch."

This isn't the first time she's broken up with Niall, she usually cries until he takes her back. Maybe this will be the last time though, maybe this is Zayn's chance.
"Serenity, tell your dad he's stupid."

"Serenity," Harry mocks. "Tell your dad he's /not/ stupid."

Louis snorts at her boyfriend's epic comeback. The baby blows spit bubbles and holds up her doll to show her dad, giggling in delight when he gives it kisses.

"See, she doesn't think I'm stupid." The curly haired dad grins.

"Because she doesn't understand that we're outside because you lost your keys."

Louis walked Serenity to pick Harry up after school since he's extremely old car broke down /again/. For whatever reason him and Niall decided to wrestle around on the way home and everything must of fell out of Harry's pockets during. Fucking idiots.

"You're the one who told me not to climb through my window?" Harry points out. He'd been perfectly willing to try.

"It's on the second floor! How the hell are you supposed to get on the roof?" If it wasn't so nice out, and Anne weren't due home soon, Louis would definitely leave Harry here by himself and go home. But it's Friday and her and Serenity are meant to stay the night anyway, so. They're already here.

Luckily the purple minivan pulls in the driveway, saving them both from the pointless debate.

"What are you guys doing out front? I just set up the patio out back." Anne questions, smiling at her granddaughter on her way to the door.

"Harry lost his key!" Louis tattles, earning a betrayed squawk from her boyfriend.

Anne sighs, shaking her head as she unlocks the door with her own key. "Why didn't you use the one under the gargoyle?"

Louis snaps her head at Harry, muttering about him being an idiot as they follow Anne inside.

"Gem's room tonight girlie, you two know the rules." Anne reminds them as she takes the sleeping baby from Louis and heads to her room.

At least Gemma is away at college, so once Anne is asleep they can do whatever they want. It's not like Robin will notice, or even care.

"Homework loser. Let's go, after you finish it I'll let you massage my feet." Louis bribes, patting Harry's butt on the way up the stairs.

"You should be massaging my feet, I had a tough day."

As if Louis would ever put her hands on those disgusting things, maybe if he showers though.

For once Harry's room is actually clean, because Louis had to tell him several times she was not spending the night if it wasn't. As soon as Louis lays on the bed Harry collapses on top of her and attacks her neck by sucking kisses. She has a bone to pick with him though, so if her knee accidentally collides with his crotch, well. She'll decide later if it was actually an accident or not.
"What's going on between you and Camilla?" Louis asks as Harry grunts and groans in pain. He's lucky he already reproduced, because there might be permanent damage to his baby maker if he doesn't start explaining, like now.

"Hmm?" Louis prompts.

"What?" Harry bites back, all annoyed because his poor little pecker.

Okay, not so little. But. Still.

"You and Camilla, the junior cheerleader you sat with at lunch. You liked two of her pictures, on Facebook and Instagram." Louis refreshes his memory, since apparently getting hit in the nuts causes amnesia.

"So?" Harry actually rolls his eyes at her, kicking off his shoes.

"What do you mean so? I'm asking you why." Harry is really, truly testing her patience. She's trying not to put her hands on him but he's asking for it, with this attitude.

"They were probably good pictures? I don't even know what pictures you're talking about." He yawns, flopping back on the bed.

Louis, trying desperately to be a good girlfriend and not the stereotypical "baby mama" straddles him, reminding him what he has, so he doesn't lose it. Harry's hands settle on her hips like muscle memory.

"Do you love me, Harold?" She asks sweetly, sweet enough that he should know by now she's fucking annoyed.

"More than anything." He replies instantly.

"Then why," Louis rubs his belly with both hands, working her way up to his chest. "Do you continue to disrespect me?" Her fingers curl around his neck, not applying any pressure though. Not yet at least.

"I don't baby." Harry shakes his head, rubbing her bare thighs soothingly. "Everybody knows I'm all about you."

That makes her feel a little better. She's no fool, she knows how attractive Harry is and she just doesn't like that she's not able to be around him all day to keep an eye on him. Not that she doesn't trust him, because she does, it's just. He's obvious to flirting, it's a natural thing for him and he wouldn't notice a girl hitting on him until she's on her knees, pulling out his cock. Louis knows from experience.

"No more Camilla?" Louis subtly grinds her crotch into his, fluttering her lashes as her hands roam over his shoulders.

"No," Harry shakes his head.

"Promise?"

Harry nods, breath hitching. This boy is too easy.

"And if I hear about you sitting with her, what's going to happen?"
They're both going to be in trouble is what's going to happen. That girl is probably three years younger than Louis so she probably won't actually fight her, maybe just scare her until she pisses herself or something.

"Doesn't matter." Harry shakes his head again. "I won't sit with her."

Good boy.

Louis smiles, soft and proud of her boy. He's not as dumb as he looks.

"You just earned yourself the privilege of rubbing my back." Louis likes to reward good behavior.

Harry is amazing with his hands. After what feels like thirty seconds (realistically over ten minutes) she feels relaxed, she would have fallen asleep if it weren't for Harry's not so subtle grinding of his hard cock into Louis' butt. She knew something was up when he kicked off his jeans before getting to work. But to be fair, she is wearing his favorite pink underwear, and she did throw he shorts off the second he opened his door, so.

"Harry!" Anne calls up the stairs.

She doesn't come up anymore, especially without warning ever since she walked in on them with Louis' tits in Harry's mouth. That was awkward, but not awkward enough to kill Harry's boner, the weirdo.

"Fuck," he grumbles under his breath, moving to get off of Louis. "Just a sec!"

"No love, don't bother coming down. I'm just letting you know I'm taking serenity with me over to Karen's."

Liam's mom... it's kind of weird how all their mom's are friends, like with Niall's mom and Zayn's mom.

"Thank you!" Louis yells. She doesn't like asking people to watch her kid, but if someone offers, well. That's different.

"We'll be back around dinner." Anne tells them.

Then they hear the door slam shut, Harry grins at her, licking his lips.

It's been like, weeks since they've even able to have sex. Harry's alright with doing it while Serenity is in the room if she's sleeping, but Louis isn't. That's weird, and rude.

"I love you." Harry says, for good measure.

Louis rolls on her back, spreading her legs and wrapping them around his waist.

"If I let you fuck me are you going to think about Camilla?"

Harry rolls his eyes, too giddy on the promise of sex to actually be annoyed.

"You know what I think about when I'm having a wank?" This is probably meant to be his sexy talk. It's working though. Louis loves watching him touch himself. When he sends her pictures late at night, videos of him coming on Snapchat. She loves it.

"Hmm?" Louis smiles at him, soft and sweet. Only Harry makes her like this.
"That one night at Niall's cousins house and you broke up with me,"

Louis broke up with him a million times at least, but she knows exactly what he's talking about. She blushes at the memory.

"And you got like, really high and you tried to have hate sex with me,"

Louis laughs, embarrassed. Hate sex is pretty common with them but that night she caved and he'll never let her forget if.

"And you wouldn't let me kiss you, you kept calling me a bitch," Louis hides her face in her hands. "But then something just changed and you-" Harry pushes his boxers down just enough to pull his cock out, stroking it a few times.

"You kept telling me you love me," he moves her panties to the side, she's already soaked as he rubs the head on his prick against her hole.

"That's what I think about when just wank, your voice, the way you sounded when you were begging me to fuck you, kiss you,"

"Are you going to make me beg again?" Louis complains, digging her heel into the back of his thigh.

"Nah," Harry hisses when he pushes the tip in, she's too tight. The breathy moan from Louis encourages him to thrust in the rest of the way. "You'll be begging soon anyway."
Tonight Louis is Serenity free, and as much as she loves her baby she's really fucking excited about tonight. Currently, her and Zayn are on their way to meet up with everybody and eat before they go... where ever they want to go after. Louis doesn't give a shit as long as there's alcohol.

When the girls walk into the iHop (Niall definitely had something to do with that, always craving fucking pancakes when he's high) they immediately spot their group. Isn't hard, it's the literal gang on teenagers laughing and sitting on the booths instead of in them. What is it about youth that makes it so fun to act completely uncivilized? Louis is absolutely buzzing.

"Zayn!" Niall, Liam, Andy, fucking Josh and some other kid Louis has never seen before cheers. Why do they never cheer when they see her?

"Oi, I'm here too bastards." Louis fingers somebody's whipped cream as Zayn squeezes in beside Liam.

Eleanor is here, sitting above Niall on the booth with her stupid long legs draped over his shoulders. Louis didn't miss the way she tugged Niall's hair when he greeted Zayn. She's going to fight tonight, probably. Either Eleanor because Zayn's too... mature, or Harry because why the fuck is he missing already? Why isn't he kissing her and offering her his breakfast sausage even if it is passed dinner time?

Okay, her and Zayn may have smoked a bit on the way.

"Where's Harry?" Louis asks.

All they boys /"oooooo"/ like children.

"Not it." Liam calls quickly. Huh?

"Not it for what?" Louis asks. Nobody answers her, they all just look at each other, making nervous or amused faces. Louis feels like she's missing the joke?

And then she hears it.

Well. Josh's curious glances in a certain general direction helped point it out, but. She hears it. The flirty laugh, accompanied by that stupid voice Harry does when he thinks he's being sexy.

When she turns around, literally right behind her, Harry's leaning on a table with three girls giggling at him.

"What the fuck?" Louis breathes, in utter disbelief of what she is seeing right now. How stupid is Harry? Louis always knew he was not exactly smart but this...
"Dun dun dun!" One of the boys narrates, they all start laughing.

"Lou, it's probably not what it looks like," Zayn tries to calm her down.

She doesn't need to be calmed down though because she is surprisingly calm already.

"Or maybe it is." Eleanor pipes in, the dumb bitch.

"Or maybe it isn't." Zayn says at the same time Niall says "El, be quiet."

They had such a good day yesterday, Louis and Harry. And Anne even told Louis, not offered but told her that she's keeping Serenity tonight. There's no reason Louis shouldn't be having a good time right now. So she's going to keep it together. For now.

"I'm gonna go order a milkshake." Louis turns to Zayn. "You want one babe?"

Zayn nods, Louis doesn't wait for her order. She already knows what Zayn always gets. A medium strawberry that she never finishes because Niall or Liam or somebody always swipes it. Zayn doesn't mind as much as she pretends to.

When Louis comes back with the drinks, Harry must of just got to the table because he's still standing, laughing a little. He doesn't notice Louis beside him, despite all of his friends trying to subtly gesture to her.

Besides Andy apparently, who eggs the big idiot on.

"You get their number Harry?" He grins. Josh and Liam sigh, Niall ignores all eye contact as Eleanor watches the show like a kid on Christmas.

"Nah," he shakes his head, grinning. "Gave them mine though."

Before anybody says anything else, Louis slaps him on the back of his head.

Zayn rests her forehead on her hand, already done with her friends for the day.

"I'll fucking kill you." Louis growls, slamming the stupid shakes on the table.

"For what?" Harry holds up his arms to block the slaps. "I was just saying hi,"

"Hi?" Louis spits, glaring at him.

So much for calm. She's bipolar, and it's Harry's fault.

"You didn't fucking say hi to me but you're gonna go say hi to them? Who the fuck are they Harry? Are they going to take care of your fucking kid?" She pushes him one more time for good measure.

She ignores all the laughing and demands to leave Harry alone. She'll leave Harry alone all right.

"You know what." Louis stalks off towards the table of sluts. Realistically, she knows she can't take all of them together, but Louis isn't one for realism. And she will bite.

Annnnd if she starts losing, either Zayn or Harry had better jump in if they know what's good for them.

"Which one of you had my boyfriend's number?" Louis demands answers, glaring at the clone sluts.
"Um who are you?" A really annoying blonde squeaks.

"Louis." Harry growls.

"Who has it? Because I want it back." Louis folds her arms over her chest, shrugging away from Harry's grabby hands.

The girls stare at her for a long beat, all sad and annoyed. Scared.

"Well? I'm not leaving until I fucking get it back!"

A girl with curly brown hair squeaks, the girl with blonde hair rubs her arm like she's trying to soothe her.

"Does this mean we can't go to the party?" The blonde asks, gnawing her lip.

Louis starts to tell them that hell fuck no they can't go, but Harry wraps his arms around Louis, trapping her arms.

"You absolutely can go!" The idiot assures them. "Andy and Liam look forward to having you, if you get lost or need better directions please text me."

With that being said he literally drags Louis away. She lets him for a second too, trying to decide if she should still be mad or not.

"Let me go Harry." She decides that she's just going to be annoyed. This way Harry will kiss her ass even more and damn it she could use some ass kissing.

She's insecure, alright. She just needs the validation that he still wants her and only her and no other girl even comes close to comparing to her beautiful face, perfect figure, or award winning personality.

"No." Harry squeezes her tighter like he's trying to make a point.

While she appreciates the effort, he can do better than that.

"Nobody told you you could touch me."

"Couldn't help myself love." He fires back.

Their friends are still laughing, trying to subtly look at them and hear what they're saying. Louis notices Niall staring at Zayn talk to Liam, glaring like she's personally offending him while Eleanor plays with his stupid hair. If you think Louis and Harry have issues, well you should meet Niall.

Not Zayn though, she is perfect.

"I haven't seen you all day." Louis tells him, meaning to sound angry but it comes out more sad and pathetic. "And you didn't even see me because you were so busy flirting, I don't want you touching me."

Harry starts talking before she even finishes. "I wasn't flirting. I was inviting girls for the rest of the guys, Eleanor's friends bailed and there won't be any girls."

Is that supposed to make it better?
"I had to invite them, cause if they even think about looking at you I'll have to kill them and I'll miss you in jail."

That's better. /That/, is how she ends up perched on his lap, eating his pancakes while he tells a story about the time he caught people in the school library having sex.

Him and Louis totally had sex in there before.

***

They go to Josh's house for beers and to hang out afterwards. Eleanor is missing and oddly so is Andy, so Niall's been trying to get Zayn's attention. She's too into her conversation with Liam to notice... Or maybe she does notice?

Oh well right now. Louis has problems of her own.

"Baby," Louis slurs in Harry's ear, blatantly humping his leg.

He's talking to this new guy about some fucking video game that's not important right now. Louis is horny, damn it.

"You want cock?" He asks her, all concerned.

She feels the sofa dip, when she looks over the guy is quickly retreating to the kitchen. That makes Louis giggle.

"More cock?" He asks again.

They already snuck off to Josh's brothers room in the basement to have sex, but that was like an hour ago and it wasn't enough.

Louis nods, pouting.

Harry takes her back downstairs, ignoring the calls of "ugh again?!" and "get some, Styles!" Such children, their friends.

Across from the bed in the basement Andy and some girl are possibly hooking up, so Harry yanks the curtain to give them both some privacy.

"You're so fuckin' sexy." Harry purrs as Louis pushes down her shorts. Her pants are around here somewhere...

"I wish we had lube." Louis practically moans at the thought. Louis loves anal, when she's in the mood for it. Usually just fingers, she doesn't really let him fuck her there yet. He's too big.

"You want it in your ass baby?" Harry whispers. He's so drunk and still so caring and careful with her that her heart could explode from how much she just loves him.

"Uh huh." She nods, all sad and horny as she lays on the bed on her belly. She wants to kiss him a little but she also wants her hair pulled a little more than she wants to be kissed. Harry will know what to do, he always takes care of her.

"So fucking sexy." Harry mumbles, his hands on her butt cheeks. He slowly, carefully spreads her open and dives in tongue first.

"Oh my god!" Louis cries, pushing back against his face. He's only licked her like three times and
already she feels like the wind has been knocked out of her.

"Fuck me Harry, just fuck me," Louis begs. She needs something in her, she feels so empty and wet.

Harry kisses her hole one more time, open mouthed and wet. He bites her butt cheek when he pulls away, sucking and nibbling enough to definitely leave a mark.

She changes her mind, she wants to be fucked on her back so she flips over when Harry reaches in his pants for a condom. She spreads her legs, bending them at the knee because she just shaved this morning and Harry better appreciate that. He does, if his groan and the way he licks his lips is any indication.

"Hurry up." Louis squirms, her own fingers circling around her clit.

Harry fumbles with the condom, and Louis doesn't help at all when she slaps his hand and makes him drop it.

"Hurry up Harry!"

"Fuck it, okay," Harry grips his prick, rubbing it around her wetness before he pushes in. They just fucked, quick and hard about an hour ago and she's somehow still so fucking tight.

Her demands of "harder, harder" and "don't fucking stop" will always be met by Harry.

***

A good forty five minutes later they rejoin their friends. Louis traded her shorts for Harry's boxers just to be a shit, and because of the way Harry looks at her when she walks around in them. She can't wait until they have their own house and live together. Soon.

Louis pops a squat on Harry's lap with a fresh beer, putting it in front of him to open it. She could do it herself, but sometimes men like to feel like men. Because women are ohhhh so helpless.

She takes a long drink, watching Zayn on the other side of the room. The raven haired beauty has her hand awfully high on Liam's thigh as she whispers something in his ear. That explains why Niall's so quiet, then.

"We goin' home tonight?" Harry mumbles in Louis' shoulder. He's so sleepy, fuckin' pussy. By home Harry means his house, where their beautiful daughter is currently sleeping. Louis misses Serenity so much but if she goes home she'll end up waking the baby up to cuddle her and Anne will not appreciate the noise.

"We can stay here." She shrugs. "Or get a room." Louis suggests, pointedly wiggling her bum on his crotch. He makes a tired sound that Louis has to roll her eyes at.

"Niaaaaaall." She sings over the rim of her beer. Niall is her very best friend besides Serenity and Harry and he looks so sad. Niall should never look sad.

"Louuuuuuuuis." He lolls his head towards her where it's resting on the back of the sofa next to her.

"Why are you sad Nialler?" Louis doesn't mean to use her flirty voice, this is Niall she's talking to
after all. It just slips.

Harry lightly pats her thigh like he's trying to tell her to knock it off. That just makes her do it more whilst simultaneously fluttering her eyelashes.

Niall glances at Zayn, who's now making out with Liam. "M'not," he shakes his head.

Harry breathes all heavy and puffy through his nose. "Because Eleanor is fucking someone downstairs and Zayn is about to fuck someone upstairs and nobody is fucking Niall."

It takes him five years to finish that sentence. Him having to pull Louis' hand away from his mouth every other word probably didn't help speed things along, though.

Niall blinks at them, face unchanging. "She's downstairs with Andy?"

"Mhm." Harry's falling asleep right here on the couch. It's hardly even two in the morning.

"Shit." Niall snorts, otherwise unbothered. If Harry was even in the same room as another girl Louis would start twitching. This has been proven.

A little while later Niall falls asleep, Zayn drags Liam off somewhere and the only noise in the house is the couple of people laughing in the kitchen. But Louis doesn't like any of those people, so instead she pokes Harry's face until he opens his eyes.

"M'tired." He slurs. Louis isn't.

"Wake up."

Of course now the weirdos from the kitchen decide to come in here. It's just Josh, the kid who's name Louis doesn't remember, and two of the three girls from the pancake place. They talk amongst themselves, barely sparing Louis a glance besides to ask where Zayn is. Fucking ass holes.

"I wanna fuck." Louis whispers.

The girl across the room spits out here drink, so maybe not so much a whisper then.

"We just had sex like five times." Harry huffs.

It was twice, and Louis only came three times. She's buzzing though, she could go all night.

The new guy, or at least the currently nameless guy slides in between them and Niall, smirking at Louis.

She ignores him.

"Wake the fuck up Harry I'm wet as fuck." She complains.

Harry pouts with his eyes closed, not budging.

Louis grinds her hips on him, trying to persuade him.

"Hey, I'm Deo." The unknown weirdo says all low quiet, extending a hand to Louis.

She looks at him, then his hand and back up at him before turning her attention back to Harry.

"Stan would never do this shit. Are you gay or something?" She says purely for a reaction.
Harry makes irritated noises, like the kind his daughter makes when she doesn't want to eat her baby veggies. Louis has lost one too many brightly coloured tops to mashed carrot related incidents.

"Is that it? You're a little queer huh?" Louis keeps pushing.

Deo doesn't take a hint apparently, he just keeps watching them like they're there for his amusement.

"If I had a nice fat cock to put in your ass I bet you'd wake right up."

Josh whistles behind them. Louis is vaguely aware of the shit talking going on back there.

"If you don't wake up and fuck me I'm going to fuck Dan." Louis refers to Deo.

"It's Deo,"

"I bet he's not a fag like you. I bet he'd fuck me so-"

Harry covers her mouth with his hand, slowly opening his eyes.

"If I have sex with you will you leave me alone?" Harry slurs, sleepy and drunk.

Louis slides the straps of her tank top down, revealing her breast and pointy hard nipples.

"Holy shit." Deo's eye bug out of his head, looking at Josh or who ever else is in that direction. She hears Andy's voice, but she doubts Eleanor is up here too.

If Eleanor seen Louis' tits there's no way the house would be so quiet.

Harry's hands grab her tits, more covering them than trying to get a feel.

"What the fuck." Harry's more awake now. Good. Time for his dick to wake up too, that would be lovely.

"I've been trying to fuck you for like, half an hour now." Or longer.

Realistically, ten minutes.

"Alright. Let's go then." Harry snaps, clearly irritated.

Louis makes herself dead weight on his lap. He's too tired to find the strength to move her.

"I was going to suggest letting you watch," Louis informs Deo. Deo audibly swallows. "But you seem like the type to force yourself in and despite earlier comments made by I, my boyfriend is not a gay."

Louis hiccups through her speech. Harry pushes her a little until she gets up, groaning about hurrying up because he's fucking exhausted.

Found a second wind though, because he fucks her from the back hard enough that the headboard could be heard upstairs. It wakes Liam out of his sleep, where he's laying next to a completely dressed sleeping Zayn.
Zayn's Tuesday shift ends around eleven thirty, well after everyone in her house has gone to bed. On her way through the parking lot she checks her phone. Pictures and strings of emojis from Louis' bored ass (the usual), a text from her mother telling her goodnight and get home safe, and a text from Niall asking if they could hang out when she's off.

"Hang out." Zayn snorts to herself, already texting back that she leave the basement door open for him and he can wait for her in her room while she showers. She smells like meat and grease, which is usually an aphrodisiac for Niall but Zayn needs a hot shower. Her body is sore.

Zayn puts her usual pajamas of shorts and a sports t-shirt on, brushing out her long black hair as she makes her way through the basement to her room. As the oldest, who also pays rent, she gets the entire downstairs to herself. Sometimes her dad will have parties or hang out at the bar down there and watch sports but mostly it's all hers.

"Hey." Zayn greets the blonde lounging on her bed. He's got his hands behind his head, laying on his back on her bed. Any other day Zayn would pull down his sweats and fuck him without another word but things have been awkward between them lately.

Ever since she hooked up with Liam, actually. But they didn't have sex, they just made out until they fell asleep.

"How was work?" Niall yawns, scratching his stomach. His phone is laying on his chest, the music of that stupid burger game he always plays quietly sings from the speakers. "You bring me anything?"

Of fucking course she went back in and got him something after she read his message. He knows she did.

She grabs the plastic bag out of her backpack and tosses it at him.

"Meatball." She crinkles her nose. Niall makes happy sounds and sets the sub on the nightstand next to the bed.

"Did you wanna watch a movie or something? I'm beat, not really up for much else." Is her way of saying she's not going to touch his penis tonight, but he is more than welcome to spend the night.

Zayn's already firing up her laptop to find something on Netflix. Whether Niall stays or not she likes to watch movies to fall asleep.

"Use up all your energy on Liam?" He tries to come off like he's joking, she sees right through it. He's jealous.

"What are you talking about?" Zayn mumbles, scrolling through movie options.

Her and Liam only happened because they were drunk, and the broad from the pancake shop called him boring so he was all sad, and she was all sad because of Eleanor. They were just helping each other out, it's not like that.

"He as good as the rumors say?"

Zayn fights a grin. Niall's so cute when he's jealous. What does that say about her as a person that
she likes when he's jealous? It's nice because she's jealous twenty four seven.

"How would I know?"

"You fucked him didn't you?" His tones so bitter.

She notices him silence his phone and put it face down on the nightstand though, so that must mean he's staying. Zayn's already decided she's going in late tomorrow if she goes at all. Niall doesn't give a shit about his attendance anyway.

"You jealous?" Zayn coos. She positions the laptop so they can see the movie. Scarface.

"You told me you wouldn't fuck other guys." No a shrugs. Zayn settles in behind him, covering them with the fluffy blanket from the end of her bed so Niall doesn't have to get up.

Technically, he told her not to see other guys and she said nothing. She never agreed.

"You fuck Eleanor." She reminds him. It hurts even saying it.

Niall laughs, loud and dry. "Yeah, right."

"Why do you care if I fuck other people anyway?"

Niall huffs through his nose, avoiding eye contact despite Zayn laying on the same pillow as him. The bed is big enough that they don't have to be so close, but what's the point of that? Plus, he's warm and smells good.

"Hmm?" Zayn pushes. "You have a girlfriend, I'm not your girlfriend remember?"

Granted, she very much could be his girlfriend. Would say yes in a fraction of a heartbeat. What's Eleanor still doing with Zayn's title as Niall's girlfriend? That's what Zayn wants to know.

"But you want to be my girlfriend." He calls her out, avoiding the question to put the spotlight on her.

"But I'm not though, because you already have one." If Zayn's voice is a little bitter, well fine then. She is a little bitter.

"Do you know how hard it is to break up with her?" Niall complains, shaking his hands in the air out of frustration.

Zayn doesn't ever want to be the one that gets him here, ever. She keeps her mouth shut so she doesn't make his mood worse, letting him rant and ramble on.

"Like, she starts shit with all of my friends. She'll randomly come by my house with absolutely no warning and she's like, mates or something with my Mam because they're always chatting when I didn't even know she was over. What if when we break up and I don't take her back she tells my Mam all the shit I do?"

Niall's shaking, his entire body vibrating with irritation. He's hot too, literally. His body is getting warmer from how worked up he's getting.

"Calm down baby." Zayn says quietly, laying her head on his shoulder and rubbing his chest.

"She just weasels her way into my life. No matter how hard I try to get rid of her she finds a way back."
They've broken up a million times, Eleanor and Niall. Zayn never asks how or why when she she's them a few days later kissing or holding hands. She's a bit over it, even if she isn't over Niall.

Zayn sighs. "Do you want me to fight her? I'm not the aggressive kind, but I've learned a thing or two from Louis."

She's half joking. Zayn is not aggressive, but she has learned some things from Louis. Useful things too, like: if the person is taller than you, kick their legs until they're down to size and get them in a head lock. Or if the person is... larger, than you, jump on their back and punch the back of their head. If you're losing, scratching, biting, and hair pulling is acceptable.

Zayn has witnessed Louis doing all of this, mostly to Harry.

"She'd just bitch about you to me like she always does." Niall groans. "It's not even just you it's literally any girl I look at."

Zayn sighs again, keeping it light hearted to hopefully calm him down a little since she's too tired for angry, aggressive sex right now.

"Maybe she'll get abducted by aliens for their experiments on earth and kill her once they realize how naggy she is."

It works, the joke, because Niall laughs and laces their fingers together on his chest.

They fall asleep like that, but only after some goodnight kisses.

***

Zayn woke up sometime around four thirty (according to her iPhone) freezing. Weird, considering Niall's sweaty head was plastered to her face, snoring quietly. At least he wasn't drooling this time.

She carefully slides from underneath Niall and tip toes her way to the bathroom, grabbing an extra blanket from the closet on her way back.

When she lays back down and covers both of them up, Niall pulls her closer to him and moans a little.

What the fuck.

His very hard cock presses into her butt. He grinds on her a little, making noises that tell her he is definitely awake.

Zayn blinks a few times, trying to keep herself awake long enough for him to finish whatever he's doing.

"Don't come on my sheets." Zayn kind of begs. It's cold and late she doesn't want to deal with wet sheets right now.

"Can I fuck you?"

So he can come in her and not have to worry about a clean up. The things you do for the ones you love.

Zayn stays on her side, already thumbing the sides of her shorts to push them down. "I'm not getting on top."
Not that he ever really makes her, but he usually asks when he's too tired or drunk.

"Do you wanna come?" He asks. He lines himself up behind her, dragging his cock over her cunt. She's already getting a little wet.

Even his sour breath doesn't turn her off from him. That, or the cold or even her exhaustion.

"Yeah, I got it." Zayn picks the tips of her fingers, not wasting any time before she starts petting her clit.

Niall lets out a breathy moan when his fingers touch her hole as he guides his cock to it. Zayn lifts her leg a little higher to help him out, bending forward a little so it's easier to just jerk his hips forward.

"I'm gonna come," Zayn tells him after a few minutes.

She honestly doesn't masturbate, of course her stamina is shit. At least it does good things for Niall's ego.

"Fuck, come on my cock."

Like she has a choice.

Zayn twitches through her orgasm, stronger than she anticipated. Niall comes sometime during her orgasm. He doesn't pull out of her, just throws his leg over hers and cuddles her in with his nose in her hair.

***

When she wakes up again, she feels disgusting. There's nothing like waking up to dried come in your... cooter. To her surprise Niall is already awake, eating the sub from last night with one hand and scrolling through his phone with the other.

"Morning." He says without even looking at her, mouth full of meat and bread.

She grunts in response. Niall offers her a bite of his sandwich, which she accepts and immediately regrets. Meatballs are disgusting.

They just lay there like that for a while, silent and on their phones. Zayn forgot today was Wednesday, she told Louis she would babysit today so Louis can go to her doctors appointment and not have to worry about the baby. It's only ten now though, and Louis isn't bringing her by until a little before noon.

"You sticking around? A totally hot babes comin' over in a bit." Zayn persuades. It's probably unnecessary though. If Niall wanted to leave he would have already left.

"Is it your Nan again?" He asks, attention still on his phone.

Zayn shakes her head. "A significantly younger babe."

Niall raises his eyebrow at her. His hairs all messy and his face his red. His cocks out too. It's cute. Not just his cock, all of him.

"Serenity." Zayn verifies.
Niall nods, looking a little... off.

"You don't have to stay," she tells him, giving him an out.

He shrugs his shoulders, shoving the last of the sandwich on his mouth.

"Just kinda," he pauses to chew. "Thought I'd take you to see a film or summat."

Zayn coos, internally so she doesn't embarrass him.

"Well what are you doing later? I don't work until six and Louis will pick her up around two,"

And later on when Serenity and Niall play until they fall asleep together Zayn does not stare, and she especially doesn't tear up.
Eventually I'll be motivated and not dead tired and ill update everything else.
Hopefully. :) xoxoxo

"Don't give her too much of that, H." Louis warns quietly, all tired sounding. She loves that they're bonding, her two favorite people in the world. Sometimes Harry still needs a little guidance being a dad though. Which is understandable, he's hardly eighteen after all.

Serenity smacks her lips, staring expectantly at her daddy with chocolate covered cheeks. She likes ice cream very much, but she'll get sick if she has too much.

Gemma glares at her across the table. Louis ignores her. She's recently picked up a part time job a few days a week in a cute little boutique. It's small enough that the owner is really cool about letting Serenity roll around in her walker while Louis works. Unfortunately the baby was up sick half the night and was incredibly fussy most of the morning so Louis is drained. Hence why she is not in the mood for Harry's snobby family today.

"She looks fine to me." Gemma challenges, staring Louis directly in the eyes.

Louis sighs. "Alright. Then you can stay up with her when she's crying all night because she's constipated."

Harry nudges her foot under the table. His sister turns her attention towards him, smiling softly.

"I'm really proud of you Haz. You're a great role model for your daughter." She refers to him graduating earlier.

Louis literally walked across the stage for her diploma with Serenity in her belly. She was seven months pregnant and sweating, had to run off to vomit seconds after shaking the principles hand. Yet Gemma acts as if Louis is doing nothing with her life except dragging Harry down.

Little does she know how many times Louis fought with him about finishing school, about doing his homework and going in on time. Louis isn't going to throw Harry under the bus to his sister though. She didn't do it for kudos, she did it for her future. Soon enough her and Harry will have their own house and be able to provide for their children.

And boy, it'd better be soon.

"Thanks Gem." Harry dimples at his older twin.

The ice cream is gone and Serenity is not happy. The baby cries, loud and tear-less. Is it possible for an eight month old to be going through terrible twos? A bit of a rebellion stage perhaps?

"Oh my poor baby!" Anne coos. "Lou dear, could you wipe her down and pass her to me?"

Serenity it between Harry and Gemma, across from Louis. Louis taps Harry, nodding towards the baby. Thankfully he gets what she's saying and passes Louis the poor crying girl. Gemma looks at
Louis like she's disgusting for changing Serenity's shirt at the table, which once again Louis ignores. She kisses her daughters pouted, now clean cheeks as she walks her over to Anne.

"My sad little doll," Anne coos, spooning more ice cream in Serenity's mouth.

*

As suspected, Serenity got a tummy ache. Luckily she vomited on her daddy instead of mommy. It's his fault, after all. Gemma is home for the weekend so that means Louis has to sleep in her room. She should have just went home.

"So when are you planning on telling him?" Gem asks casually, out of no where.

Louis looks up from the snap chat Harry just sent her of Serenity sleeping with devil horns doodled in her curls.

"Tell who what?" Louis mumbles, distracted with typing a message back to Harry.

B/ put her in the bassinet im horny /B

She's normally against fucking while her daughter is in the room but. Hormones.

Gemma laughs, loud and humorless. "I noticed the way you gagged when the prawn platter was brought out."

Louis' heart pounds, hard and fast. She keeps her eyes on her phone (screen capturing a picture of Harry's nipple) to appear unaffected.

"Seafood is grody." She lies. She usually loves fish and all of their friends. Today she just wasn't feeling it.

"He doesn't already know, does he?" Gemma rolls her eyes, shaking her head all disappointed.

She herself had bought one, maybe two things for Serenity her entire life. Why is she acting like Harry and Louis' children (child, whatever) are a burden to her? She's barely even here.

"There's nothing to know Gemma." Louis keeps her eyes on her phone, shifting a little to get more comfortable on the pallet on Gemma's floor. It's actually quite comfortable, but not as comfortable as Harry's bed obviously.

Gemma and Harry have the same mattress but there is no way in hell Louis will sleep on that thing while she's here.

"I wish I believed you. He just graduated, his life is just starting. He doesn't need anything else holding him back."

Louis bites her lip, remembering Gemma is not quite as scrappy as she is but she makes up for it with her feisty remarks.

"Are you implying Serenity and I hold him back?"

Sure a kid and girlfriend you're eventually going to marry and spend the rest of your life with is a lot to handle at Harry's age but isn't that motivation to get your shit together? If it weren't for the baby, who knows if either of them would have graduated on time or at all even. Harry wouldn't of cared about his after school job at all if he just had himself to support.
Gemma smacks her lips, eyes wide like she's about to say something completely obvious.

(Louis is only a little annoyed with how much her kid looks like Gemma right now.)

"He should be going to college in a few months. A real college, to live in a dorm and experience life."

She sits up, ignoring the vibrations from the notifications on her phone. It's just Harry and Liam anyway, since Zayn is supposedly at work and Niall's been suspiciously AWOL since dinner.

"He's still going to go to college, he's just going to be living with me. Hopefully."

Anne and Jay will help them and Louis has been saving for a while now. Between the two of them (with parental help) they can afford a small two bedroom flat. They've just been waiting for Harry to graduate, which he just did.

"Whatever." Gemma snaps. "You think you've got it all figured out? Whatever Louis. You know everything, right?" Gemma mutters another "whatever" under her breath.

Screw her. Anne will understand if Gemma snitches. Louis pushes herself up, grabs her blankey and closes Gemma's door behind her.

Harry and Serenity are having a conversation of some sort, looks rather important though.

"And then uncle Niall passed it to daddy, and then daddy faked left and took it home!" Harry raises Serenity's arms to make her cheer, she giggles all sleepy and wet faced like she just got done crying.

"Your daddy's gonna play for the greatest team to ever exist one day." The father tells his daughter.

"Unfortunately The Packers are too advanced for uncle Niall, so he'll probably end up with the Detroit Lions, but that's okay. Just cause he's a loser don't mean we can't love him."

"That's what happened with us, innit?" Louis smirks, closing his door quietly behind her. "You're a loser but I love you anyway?"

Serenity smiles and swings her arms at her mommy until Louis takes her, giving her chunky baby some kisses.

"Shhh!" Harry scolds. "Don't listen to her, Ren. Daddy's a champion."

Louis rolls her eyes. This is her future, right here in Harry's childhood bedroom.

***

Instead of having some wild party and getting shit faced like they usually do, the graduates (and Louis) decide to have a chill night. Just a few beers and fewer people around a bonfire in Zayn's backyard.

Liam and Andy came with two girls who appear to be sisters, the only outsiders here. Not even Eleanor is there, which makes sense considering she hates Zayn. Works out in her favor too, because Niall is extra affectionate to her.

Harry, on the other hand is affectionate to everybody who isn't Louis. He's having a very... stupid, conversation with the girl who must be meant to be Andy's date, as Liam is currently whispering in the others ear.
"That was your first one?" The girl squeaks, touching her finger tips to Harry's bicep.

"Mhm." He nods, dimpling.

He's gonna get stabbed in that damn dimple.

When Thumbelina (as Louis has nicknamed her in her head) is distracted Louis takes that opportunity to dig her nails into Harry's opposite bicep, pulling him closer to her.

"If you smile at her one more time I'll be smiling in my mugshot later." She says, low enough for just her stupid boyfriend to hear.

"I wasn't smiling at her." He quickly denies. Good boy.

Louis doesn't say anything, just leans her head on his shoulder and rubs her hand on his thigh. Casually, at first, until her fingers are able to slip into his pants and curl around his semi interested cock.

She won't read too much into that. She's seen him get hard from talking about a really good burger he had. He's weak, his prick has a mind of its own.

"We'll see."

Meaning: if Harry's lips so much as twitch in an upward position at that bitch one more time Louis will squeeze his penis until it's blue. Or until it falls off. Whichever is first.

He shifts a little, not knowing whether to enjoy the contact or not. The girl, Daisie, eyes Louis' hand in Harry's pants then glances at Louis, who is more than eager to smile at her. After that, she shifts closer to Andy where she belongs.

"What are you boys gonna do without Daddy Niall next year?" Niall breaks out of his Zayn bubble to address the boys.

They all planned to go off to college together, years ago when they first met. Louis would of gone first, then they'd all join her a year later. Currently, only Niall, Josh, and Zayn are going away to the same school. Liam is going out of state for some construction job with Andy and his dad.

"Cry ourselves to sleep." Andy weeps. Liam's eyes squint from smiling at him.

Louis is going to miss this. Miss their friends.

"Niall's gonna be doing all the crying," Harry snorts. "Eleanor is going New York-"

Louis squeezes his prick at the mention of that bitches name, even though Zayn is still smiling, all her limbs tangled with Niall's.

"Cry cause I'll finally be a free man." The blonde comments, nudging the beautiful woman in his arms. Zayn's smile doesn't falter so Louis loosens her grip on Harry.

"I'll tell you what I won't miss," Liam sighs. "Larry fights."

Louis squawks, at the awfully ugly combination of hers and Harry's name and because they don't fight???

"We don't fight!" She defends. Everybody, including Harry, laughs.
She squeezes his dick until he whimpers.

"We don't!" She insists. They don't fight, hardly ever. Just sometimes Harry needs.... a little.... tough love. That's all.

"Twisted role play." Andy corrects Liam.

"Whatever it is, I won't miss it."

"I'll miss you guys." Zayn says mostly to Louis. "Heaps. But I'll visit as much as possible,"

The girls have already made plans for Zayn to try to come around the time Louis is set to be in labour but since that will be a few weeks before spring break she might not be able to until after.

It's almost laughable how Louis planned ahead to make sure Zayn is in the baby schedule before she's even told Harry she's knocked up again. She will, just not now.

"Make sure there's a room for Niall in your new house." Niall tells them, referring to himself in third person yet again.

He does that a lot when he's drunk. Well, when he's happy and drunk.

"I don't need my own room." Liam assures them. "I'll sleep right in the middle of your bed, you won't even know I'm there."

Louis looks at Harry to see what he's got to say about that. Of course he just smiles and shrugs. There's not one fibre of Louis' being that believes Harry wouldn't not let Liam sleep in the middle of their bed.

"Might not be any room in there," Zayn says.

Louis snaps her head back to signal for her best friend to shut the fuck up.

"They will have an actual toddler, you know." She says, not even noticing Louis.

"Noooooooo!" Harry whines. "I don't want her to grow up!" Louis kisses his bicep where her head was laying. Sometimes he can be so cute.

"Just have more, Harry." Niall says, like it's the obvious solution.

Louis and Zayn lock eyes, trying to telepathically communicate. Zayn's drunk, the connection on Louis' end is blurred. She better not have told her stupid blonde boyfriend, he's shit at keeping secrets.

"Name one after me." Liam says absently. He's drunk too and tired, laying between his dates legs staring at the fire as she scratches his head.

Louis likes when Harry does that to her right before she falls asleep. Usually he doesn't even notice when he does it. It's just a natural thing.

"Name one after all of you. Josh too." Harry promises.

"How many kids do you think I'm having?" Louis whispers, quietly enough for just him to hear. The kids talk always leads to sex. Anything involving their future leads to sex. Louis likes sex.

Harry shrugs, smirking down at her.
Later when they're in his bed, having sex as quietly as they can so they don't wake up the baby, Harry tells her.

"I know." He says between kisses to her lips and neck, rolling his hips into hers slowly.

"Know what?" She knows what he's going to say, she just has to be sure.

"The baby."

Louis wraps her legs tighter around his lips. "Are you mad?"

He shakes his head no, leaning down to slip his tongue back into her mouth.
"Hey! You made it!" Hasim from one of her classes kind of yells in her face, smiling and holding a solo cup.

He's drunk, obviously, and topless. He flirts with her sometimes and she's polite but doesn't reciprocate. He looks too much like her cousin for it to not be weird.

"I did!" Zayn answers lamely, having to yell over the music. She got to the frat house like... ten minutes ago? And she's found everyone except for Niall.

He's the one who gave her the invitation, in the official fraternity envelope. It was fancy, and that's a good enough excuse for her to keep it tucked away in her journal.

"Let me get you a drink?" Hasim smiles with his super white teeth.

They're a little mesmerizing.

Zayn shakes her head. "Thanks, but I'm looking for somebody,"

"Kyle?"

She knows for a fact he knows his name is Niall. She's heard him say it whilst talking to Niall. She also knows for a fact that Hasim knows they're kind of together, Zayn and Niall.

They aren't official but they kiss and stuff in front of people, and he has referred to her as "my girl" in front of a few of his friends so.

"Niall, yeah. Have you seen him?"

The second Hasim opens his mouth Zayn hears it. Hears the obviously drunk, very Irish, love of her life singing from behind her. When she turns around he's also topless, which seems to be a trend among college boys. He's standing on a table, snapback crooked on his sweaty head as he serenades On My Mind to her.

Okay, it's already on and he could just be singing along but. A girl can dream, okay.

She turns back to tell Hasim she'll catch up with him later but all she catches is him rolling his eyes and walking away already. Oh well.

Niall hops off the table, smiling ridiculously wide and still singing and dancing, causing whatever's in his cup to slosh over the side.

He greets her with a kiss. Zayn's never felt higher.

"You're late!" He scolds, shaking his finger in her face.

"I know!" She groans.

Truth is, Zayn didn't even feel like coming out tonight. She's got a test tomorrow and she's super tired from working this morning. The only appeal here is standing right in front of her face, reeking
of booze and smoke and yeah, it'll be worth the headache in the morning.

"You're here now though," Niall throws an arm around her shoulders, leading her towards the kitchen. "You getting drunk tonight, Zayner?"

He's not the type to pressure when someone says no. He doesn't care if he's drinking alone and he's not a dick about it.

"Yeah," it's free alcohol, she's a college student. No more explanation needed.

"My girl!" Niall cheers, kissing her cheek.

Zayn does not blush.

After an hour or so of drinking and sweaty dancing, Zayn excuses herself to use the bathroom. She pees, only noticing how drunk she is when she tries to stand up. Her hairs a little frizzy from sweat, but her make up is still mostly there so she doesn't look too bad. She does wish she didn't wear leather pants though...

"There you are." Hasim scares the shit out of her, leaning against the wall by the bathroom, crowding her space the second she opens the door.

"Oh my god!" She holds a hand over her heart, laughing at herself. "Hi,"

"Can we talk?"

Zayn looks around. It's mostly empty upstairs, just a few people talking quietly or making out by their doors.

"Sure." She shrugs. He nods and puts his hand on her lower back, leading her down the hall. To his room, apparently, since he's taking a key out of his pocket and unlocking the door.

Zayn stands by the door all awkward. "So, what's up?"

Hasim sits on the bed, rubbing his thighs. "That's what I was going to ask you."

What the-

"What do you mean?" Zayn's at the point where she's almost black out drunk, the point where she's just about to pass out. She knows her words are slurred, and she tripped three times on the way here.

"You look really good, why don't you sit down?" He smiles, gently patting the bed next to him. She wants to sit down, but she gets a bad feeling about it. Why? She doesn't know exactly right now, just that she can't.

"It'll be easier to talk if you sit down," he persuades.

"I have to-" go. She has to go. Zayn tries to open the door but it's locked. She can unlock it, she knows she can but it's harder than it looks when there are six door knobs spinning in a circle.

"You just got here, we didn't even talk yet." Hasim laughs. "Don't be rude Zayn."

"Help me." Zayn rests her head on the door, sighing to herself at the coolness of it. She feels so hot, and tired and her arms are so heavy.
"Are you on the pill, by any chance?" He asks. She hears him rummaging through things, closing drawers.

Next thing she knows she's waking up on Hasim's bed, naked. He's... on top of her. In her. She doesn't feel anything and her arms are restricted above her head.

"Oh good, you're awake again." Hasim comments, ducking his head to kiss Zayn's neck.

The alcohol in her belly is sloshing around- she's going to vomit any second now. When she tries to sit up, she can't. Hasim laughs.

"Just relax, I'll do all the work."

Zayn turns her head to the side and... pukes. All over herself, on her hair and on his bed.

"What the fuck!" Hasim yells. "You nasty fucking bitch!"

He pulls out of her and she has no idea where he's going because she's still drunk and too tired to open her eyes. Her hands are freed moments later, then she's dragged to the floor by her ankle. Her head is so foggy and she wants to puke again, probably will puke again but all she can think about is sleep.

She vaguely hears movement, doesn't focus too much on it until something is wrapped around her and she's being lifted.

"Where's I'm," she slurs, trying to ask where she's going. Where he's taking her. She sees the floor of the hallway, still upstairs at the fraternity but doesn't comprehend that is where she is.

"Ni-yulllll!" Zayn croaks, trying to yell for him. Even she notices it's scratchy and weak, no where near loud enough to even be heard a yard away let alone a completely different floor.

"You've been in his room the whole time," Hasim lies like she's some sort of idiot. "You came out to throw up," he breezes through his lies, carrying her over his shoulder to another room. "And I found you in the hallway naked, so I helped you. And I put you back in Niall's room. Right?"

Zayn just groans. The bouncing from being carried is fucking up her head, feeling like her brain is vibrating. She's never ever drinking on an empty stomach ever again.

She's laid on a bed that smells familiar and warm. After she hears the door click closed, everything is dark and she tries not to focus on the smell of puke in her hair, just on the citrusy scent of the pillow.

***

"Noooo!" Louis screeches, running to the other side of the table. She keeps slipping on the hardwood floor, she told Harry socks are pointless but he insists she wears them. "I'll pee, stop I'll pee!"

Harry smiles all extra creepy, wiggling all of his fingers as he creeps around the chairs.

"Harry, baby," the pregnant girl tries to talk him out of this madness. "We can talk this through, I'll take diaper duty! I'll fold your laundry, I'll-
"

"You'll do all of that anyway." He chirps, loving this. He's such a prick.

"We won't have sex... for a long time!" She threatens. That's more of a loss for her than it is him,
and she'd definitely cave and beg if it came down to it but Harry knows better than to comment on it.  

"Okay." He lowers his sinful digits, hanging his head in shame. Good, he should feel shame. What kind of man tickle attacks a seven months pregnant woman for eating his chips? Shameful.

"Can I hug you? No tickles, just cuddles." Harry reaches his pinky finger across the table.

Louis eyes it skeptically. Can he be trusted? She did threaten sex, but he knows that'll never last. Does he want to die? Is this a trap?

"If you tickle me I'll piss on everything you own." She warns. When he nods his head, then she locks her pinky around his.

He's true to his word, because he's not completely a dumb ass, and he just hugs her, rubbing her back as he does so.

"I love you," Louis whispers, always shy when she's the one to say it first.

"I love you more, Mrs. Styles."

That makes Louis blush, hiding her face in his chest. "Not yet."

"Soon." The confidence in his tone makes Louis feel butterflies. Or a happy baby, but probably just butterflies.

"Louis! Harry! Seren-" Daisy comes running down the stairs, screaming loudly.

"Shhhhh!" Both parents shush the little girl, dramatically pointing to their closed bedroom door despite Louis just shrieking not ten minutes ago.

"Oh," Daisy whispers. "Sorry. Mom said to tell you dinner is done."

They were going to get an apartment a month or so after Harry's graduation but when Jay found out Louis is pregnant again she gave them a stern talking to.

"You two can't afford two babies in diapers and yourselves, not to forget bills and rent!" Jay had scolded. After she'd calmed down a bit, her and Louis' step dad Dan had came up with a plan.

Harry and Louis could live in their basement, rent free, until Louis has the baby. It was a huge help to them, considering Dan got Harry a job with him making thirteen dollars an hour and Jay doesn't let them pay for anything. Between the two of them, they were able to save quite a bit of money over the past few months.

Anne was and still is bitter about her son moving out, but she'll get over it. Harry is Louis' baby now.

"Okay Dais, we'll be right up." Harry smiles at his sister in law, who smiles back shyly and runs away.

"Can I just have you for dinner?" Louis mumbles, blinking up at her fiance.

Harry sighs, then tickles her again before he too, runs away.

Chapter End Notes
HI SO i know it seems like Zayn was drugged but she wasn't, she was just really drunk. ://

Also, for the few people who actually read this. Do you guys want more ziall or larry? Or an even mix like I've been doing? I have no problem updating as much as I can but this was never supposed to go past chapter one so I gotta know what you guys want lol

Thanks for reading, I'll update again asap <3 xoxox
Zayn wakes up with cotton mouth and throbbing temples. The sun is too damn bright, despite the curtains being drawn and the cool air from the open window isn't as comforting as she'd like it to be. She feels like shit.

Niall's already awake, because apparently she's in his bed. He's sitting up, holding a mug of something and staring at her. The vomit smell in her hair ruins the moment when she gets a whiff and nearly gags.

"Did you have sex in my bed?"

Zayn winces at how fast she jerks her head to look at him. She would never have sex with someone else in his bed. Honestly, she has no desire to have sex with anyone else, period. Sex isn't a big thing for her, she can take care of her own orgasms. It's just a way for her to show she cares about the person, by helping them get off.

"I couldn't find you, so I came up and you were here but you were naked? And-" Niall shakes his head, looking... upset. "Your cunt smells like latex, so I backed off."

Zayn closes her eyes, rubbing her forehead. Everything is uncomfortable. She has to puke, has to pee. If she gets up she'll do both on Niall's floor. Plus there's this whole thing where she's pretty sure she had sex with Hasim, doesn't at all remember agreeing to it and she's unclear whether it was in Niall's room or not.

"That's kind of fucked up." Niall tries to go for casual, but Zayn knows he's mad. She's not new here. "So you can shower here or whatever, I'll give you some clothes but you should probably leave soon."

Fuck. She never, ever wanted to get Niall there, to that point. He's too nice of a guy to flat out tell her to get the fuck out, but that's basically the equivalent. Great.


"I looked for you all night. Kinda glad I didn't check in here first, right?" He laughs, humorless, getting off the bed.

"I didn't-"

"I have no idea where your shirt is but I'll give you one of mine. You know where the bathroom is."

Niall fishes through his drawers, tossing a shirt and some joggers on the bed before he leaves.

Zayn pukes twice before she gets in the shower and once in the shower. It was... gross. But worth it, because after she gets some food in her she'll feel a little better at least.

She walks through the frat in Niall's clothes with wet hair, smart enough to know better than to go
barefoot. A few of the guys are up, it's only two in the afternoon. Zayn doesn't have the energy to be upset about the test she missed. The professor will let her make it up anyway.

She finds exactly who she's looking for in the kitchen. Still topless, laughing with (surprise surprise) another topless guy. When the two boys notice her, the nameless one tries to subtly nudge Hasim. Hasim grins, pushing him playfully.

"Hey Zee. What's up?"

"Yeah, you have fun last night?" Nameless giggles like a middle schooler, nudging Hasim again. Fucking virgin.

"Can I talk to you?" She asks Hasim.

"Sure."

"In private," she clarifies.

Nameless dry dick can't seem to wipe the smile off of his face as slowly walks away. Zayn rolls her eyes and grabs Hasim by the wrist, dragging him to the other side of the kitchen.

"What's going on?"

"Did you fuck me last night?"

Hasim looks down, disguising a laugh by itching the corner of his mouth with his thumb.

"You don't remember?"

He cuts her off the second she opens her mouth.

"You were all over me, kept telling me how bad you wanted me. Said you've been thinking about it since you started here and-"

"Bull shit." Zayn yells. Kind of. She said it loudly.

Hasim startles at the sudden change of tone.

"You raped me." She whispers. This is nobody else's business, until she tells Niall.

If, she tells Niall.

"If you remember then why'd you ask?"

Zayn's face changes from angry to disgust. "I wanted to see if you'd lie, and you did. You won't get away with this, you piece of shit!"

"Hey, hey hey!" Somebody-fucking Josh comes running over, pulling Zayn back a little. "What's going on here?"

"He-"

"We fucked last night and her little boyfriend found out so she's all pissy."

Josh scrunches his nose.

"Niall?" Josh asks Zayn.
Zayn huffs and nods. "But I didn't- I didn't want to, like."

She has a hard time saying the words to somebody else. What if Josh believes Hasim over her? This isn't something to be taken lightly, and to be accused of lying would probably make her cry.

"But Zayn likes white boys..." Josh cocks his head in confusion, a but hostile.

Yes. Exactly. Good.

"I didn't want to Josh, I swear. I- I couldn't open- I was so drunk and," her lip wobbles. She doesn't start crying until Josh pulls her face to his chest, cradling her head there.

"Justin told you about doing shit like that." Josh whispers to Hasim, pissed off.

Zayn wraps her arms around Josh's middle, clinging to him because he knows. He gets it. He's keeping her safe.

"When Horan finds out..." Josh shakes his head.

"What's he gonna do? Give me dirty looks? She wanted it, she was all over-"

"I didn't!" Zayn sobs, soaking Josh's shirt with her spit and tears. Her headache is back, most definitely.

Josh shushes her, rubbing her hair soothingly.

"Walk away while you still can." He warns.

Hasim just laughs.

*

Luckily Josh sticks around until Zayn calms down. He asks her gently what she wants to do. Go to the police, the school board, does she want to tell Niall. She has to tell Niall, she decides. Doesn't care about the other options. But Niall knows she has sex, and he needs to know it wasn't her choice.

Josh agrees he'll tell Niall, but the details are up to Zayn.

Maybe he'll ask for details, maybe he won't. There are a lot of bits Zayn doesn't remember. She remembers trying to leave, and not being able to move her hands. Remembers being naked and seeing the hallway floor. That's the most of it.

But Niall doesn't need to know those bits, apparently, because all it took was "Hasim took advantage of her" for him to start flipping the fuck out.

At first, he was quiet. He couldn't look at Zayn, and he was visibly shaking.

"Is she hurt?" Niall asks Josh, avoiding Zayn who is sitting a little to his left on his bed.

Josh looks at Zayn, who's shakes her head no.

"She said no."

Niall looks... more angry than Zayn's ever seen him. There are tears in his eyes, but he's got so much adrenaline from being pissed.
"Is he here?"

"He was, but dude you can't- you'll get kicked out if you-"

"I'm gonna fuckin' kill him." Niall takes off towards the door, ignoring Zayn's squeak and pushing Josh away when he tries to stop him.

***

"Look at mommy's big girl!" Louis cheers, clapping her hands proudly. "Come on, Serenity, my big strong baby!"

"Come to daddy, Ren. Daddy has chocolate, do you want some chocolate, baby?" Harry fights dirty.

Currently, they have Serenity standing in the middle of her new room, trying to see who her favorite parent is. It started out as a joke while they unpacked her room, twenty minutes later here they are.

Serenity stands there, looking back and forth between her parents. She wants to go to mommy, but daddy promised chocolate?

"No bribing, you cheat!" The mommy scolds, throwing a stuffed bunny at the daddy.

The cats bells jingle from the hallway, grasping Serenity's attention more than her boring old parents could. The toddler runs for her best friend Dusty, abandoning the old Lame-O's.

"That settles that, then." Harry shrugs, laughing with his fiance.

She leans back against the toddlers bed, resting her arm on her super huge belly.

"Aubree has hiccups." Louis pouts, throwing her head back dramatically. This pregnancy is dragging on forever. Only two more weeks until her actual due date.

Harry crawls over to her, laying in his stomach between her legs, palms spread over her tummy.

"Hi Aubree, it's your daddy. Are you okay in there?"

Louis smiles fondly, eyes closed and head still thrown back. The baby shifts and kicks towards her dad, telling him that yeah, she's alright, Louis thinks.

"We have a nice room for you for whenever you're ready to come out."

"February fourteenth." Louis demands. Aubree has two weeks to pack her shit and vacate mommy's womb.

"Like I said," Harry raises his voice. "Whenever you're ready. Your room is cosy, but probably not as cosy as the one you have now so don't rush it, okay?"

Louis blindly pulls a lock of his curls.

"My dad! My mom!" Serenity screeches, demanding attention immediately. That's how she call a for them, for anybody really. Teaching her to share is going to be a nightmare, if she's anything like her mother.

"What?" Harry yells back.
The toddler screams some gibberish about the "kinny", who's probably hiding from her rough hugs, the poor thing. She probably gets Louis' aggressiveness too.

What a perfect baby. Looks exactly like dad, acts exactly like mom. Louis can't wait to meet Aubree. Hopefully she's as easy going as her daddy and makes an appearance February fourteenth, or sooner for the sake of Louis' back.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry the larry bit is so short and that this is short in general I'm just trying to get the ball rolling while I have time at least if I set up some plot it'll be easier to write when I go back to work :// happy holidays guys thanks for reading this <3
"Sorry I'm late! The roads are slippery as- Serenity! Hi bugga!" Zayn drops her bags in the doorway of Harry and Louis' apartment, scooping up her niece. Serenity laughs, pinching Zayn's face with drooly fingers until she sees Niall behind Aunty Zayn. Then she elbows Zayn, reaching for Niall.

"Hey jail bird." Harry greets his best friends. "Didn't know you were coming,"

"Yeh I-"

"Haz was that my mom?" Louis comes waddling in, holding her stomach while looking ridiculously cuddly and cute in Harry's sweater.

Everybody goes silent when Louis comes in. She looks so miserable and bloated.

"Mommy!" Serenity tells Niall, pointing to Louis.

"Oh, hi." Louis waves uninterested to Zayn and Niall. This is the first they've seen of each other in months, she must really be uncomfortable. Her due date was last week, so she must be. She's gripping into the fridge to keep herself up.

"Babe, I said I'd bring it to you. You can't be walking around." Harry says, gently but you can tell by his tone it's not the first time he's told her.

"I wanted to see who was here Harry. My one year old is answering the door I wanted-"

"Okay, okay. Go lay down and I'll have Zayn bring your ice cream."

"Cream?" Serenity asks Niall. Asks if she can have some, not if he would like some.

"Can you all come in there?" Louis whines, sounding so pathetic and small. "I want to see Uncle Jail Bird too,"

"Would yous two stop calling me that, fucks sake I was in there one day-"

"Language." Zayn nudges her boyfriend.

"Yeah, yeah." Harry ignores his friends in favor of his pregnant fiance. "You guys take her in the room, I'll be right there."

When nobody moves Harry sighs, clearly irritated. "She can't be on her feet guys,"

"Come on Lou, I'll cuddle you a bit." Zayn cracks.

She's supposed to stay the night with Serenity because Louis is being induced in a few hours but...
she has a feeling she'll be here more than just one night. Harry goes back to work in two days according to Louis and she can't be chasing a toddler around quite yet.

"Give me her," Louis reaches for Serenity, fueling Harry's annoyance.

"You're not even allowed to carry a gallon of milk Louis." He reminds her, scooping the damn ice cream.

"I can manage carrying my own daughter Harold, why don't you just do what I asked you and stop telling me what to do." Louis snaps.

When Harry looks like he's about to snap back, Zayn quickly passes Serenity to Louis and ushers them both to the bed room.

"You ready to go have Aubree?" Zayn asks the obvious, adjusting the pillow under Louis' feet.

"No. They said I'll probably have to have a c-section." The pregnant lady grumbles.

Harry comes in with two bowls of ice cream, one regular and one in a little pink bowl.

"Help yourself to whatever's in the fridge Zee." He comments, like she doesn't already know this. "We're going to the store babe, you want anything?"

Harry leans down to hover over Louis, face to face, kissing her before she can even reply. And again a few more times until her and Serenity both are giggling.

Zayn decides to give them some privacy, going to find her own boyfriend for her own kisses.

Niall's leaning against the kitchen sink, doing something on his phone and only looking up for a brief moment to see Zayn walk in.

"He tell you we're leaving?"

Zayn hums. "To the store, right?" Fuck his stupid phone. She wraps her arms around his neck, hiding the phone between their bellies.

"I'm gonna lose!" He complains. Fucking burger game.

"Ohhh no!" She mock gasps. "What are you going to the store for?"

Niall glances over Zayn's shoulder, making sure the coast is clear.

"Bull shit, probably. Just an excuse to go smoke."

Zayn understands. Harry looks like he could use a smoke, he probably hasn't had one in a while. They'll be smoking together after Louis has the baby, probably.

*

"You want anything? Whatever you want, I'll get it." Harry asks Louis for the third time, all up in her face while Serenity eats ice cream and watches cartoons next to them.

"I want cock." Louis whispers against Harry's lips, batting her lashes for extra persuasion.

Harry glances at his daughter. She's not paying them any attention.

"You wanna get off, or you want cock?"
Sometimes she just wants his mouth or fingers, and that's fine. He'll give her anything she wants.

"Cock."

"Are you sure?" He palms her belly. It's so hard, harder than it used to be.

"Yeah Harry, hurry up. This is the last time for while, probably."

Harry nods, scooping up Serenity who immediately whines at the loss of ice cream. Louis hands her the bowl and all is well again. Harry shakes his head fondly, quickly walking (he's not running, he's not) to the kitchen. He sets his daughter in one if the kitchen chairs.

"Listen guys, change of plans. Louis wants to talk privately-"

"Ugh!" Zayn groans, banging her on Niall's clavicle. "Just go. Spare us the details."

His soon to be wife is pregnant and needy, and right now horny so he does "just go" without a second thought.

"You're positive you're up for it?" Harry asks, closing the door with his foot and already removing his shirt.

Louis has a look of discomfort on her face, the same one she's had for months. "Yeah, just hurry up."

All of Harry's worry and doubt is quickly replaced with eagerness and content when he gets some finger in her and she squirms from just those. Squirms in a good way, the way she does when she wants more but tries to hold on out asking for it. Louis whimper when Harry licks his wet fingers, staring her directly in he eyes as he does so.

He may be a dad now, with a responsible adult job and shit but he's still a teenage boy, and his best friend is most likely listening at the door. So of course Harry positions Louis on her knees, a pillow under her stomach just in case her elbows give out. This position makes both of them come fast, and it makes Louis the loudest. Harry picked it on purpose, specifically so Niall will hear her. Is it a little sick? Maybe.

Harry does it anyway.

"Oh my god!" Louis moans, loudly as Harry expected.

Harry pulls her back by her hips as he thrusts forward, making them meet in the middle. His mouth salivates shamelessly at the way her ass cheeks jiggle against his pelvis every time he thrusts in.

He's gentle about it though. For God's sake, he's invading Aubree's home. The least he could do is be polite.

"All of it, fuck face," Louis demands. Harry debates whether he should play offended, act like he's ran out of cock and that is all of it. Wisely, he decides against it, satisfied with the way Louis chokes on her next insult.

"Oh my god," the pregnant woman prays. "Big, so big Harry I."

"You take it so good too, don't you baby?" He encourages.

"Yeah,"
That's how he knows he's doing it right and she's not faking. She's soft when she likes it, rude when she doesn't.

"Of course you do, it's yours isn't?"

"Mine." Louis agrees, face against the pillow.

Harry keeps one hand on her hip, running the other up her back along her spine.

"Is this okay on your back, Lou?" He asks gently, already slowing his pace, prepared to stop.

Louis nods. "Feels better, actually. Being off it,"

Before Harry can reply, there's a tapping at the door.

"Uh. Harry?" Niall whispers from the other side.

"Fuck off Ni, kinda busy here."

Louis reaches behind to slap Harry's leg. He's so rude. Sure Niall's been home for a few weeks now but they haven't seen him in a while and-

"Well uh, Louis' mom is here, and uh-"

"Louis, it's mom." Johannah shouts through the door. That's exactly how she starts her voicemails every time Louis doesn't answer the phone. "I know that you're... busy, but I'm here when you're ready to go. It's mom, okay love you! See you in a bit,"

"Oh my god." Louis groans, this time from embarrassment instead of pleasure. She leans forward, pulling herself off of Harry's prick and rolling to her side.

Harry looks at her, trying to subtly glance to subtly glance at his still hard cock.

"Soooo are we-

"Harry I swear to god if you ask if we're going to finish I'm going to hurt you." She massages her temples. "All I can picture is my mom's lipstick."

Harry sits back on his calves, pouting because now his balls are going to hurt from this involuntary edging.

"Can you sneak to the bathroom to get the shaving stuff? I need you to shave me, should have had you do that first probably."

She raises her eyebrow at the dirty look he gives her, then sighs when he gestures with both hands to his poor penis.

"Alright, come here."

She's only doing this because she would decapitate him if he left her hanging like this. She's still horny herself and they could finish having sex but it's weird now since her mom knows.

"I'm not deep throating." She warns, ducking her head to lick the slit. She mostly just sucks the head of his cock and uses her hand on the rest, it still has Harry twitching and whimpering regardless.
He comes in her mouth, smiling fond even when she spits it out into a tissue. He makes sure she's decent, him too, before he opens the door in attempt to sneak to the bathroom.

Johannah can be heard from the kitchen, apparently making Zayn and Niall food while lecturing Niall about his future. She must have brought food because everything they had was microwavable.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

IT'S A FLASHBACK the setting will go back to regular time where Louis has the baby in the next chapter this is a flashback <3

Chapter Notes

i can't stop laughing

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I'm gonna fuckin' kill him." Niall yanks his bedroom door open, stalking down the hall towards Hasim's room.

Zayn and Josh chase after him. It would be different if they were in a community college or something but they aren't. And even worse, this is the frat house. Fights at parties are different than just regular fights, it's hard to explain but it's different.

Niall's skin is hot when Zayn grabs his arm. He quickly yanks it away, only to have his shoulder pulled back by Josh.

"Bro, I love you to death but you need to let me go." Niall warns.

Zayn hates that she's the reason he's like this, Niall doesn't deserve to feel negativity.

"Baby stop!" Zayn begs. Niall still won't look at her, hasn't looked at her all day really. "He didn't hurt me, I'm not hurt don't-"

"The fuck you mean, he didn't hurt you?!" Spit flies from Niall's lips.

Oh, now he wants to look at her.

"He forced himself on you!" Niall's fist slams into the wall behind him, just to take some frustration out.

"I'm not hurt Niall!" Zayn squeaks back. "You can't fight him, Niall, you can't!"

"She's right, bro," Josh shakes his head, hand still on Niall's shoulder. "If he, or anybody else reports you you're out. They don't give warnings here, not on school property."

"Fuck!" The blonde screams, livid and agitated. His face, his neck all the way down to his chest is all red, less noticeable now that he's got a little tan.

(It's from a tanning bed. He went tanning with Zayn a few days ago and she's really loving the results.)
"It's okay, Niall. I'm okay," Zayn tries to calm him down, talk some sense into the boy she's stupidly in love with but he's apparently back to not looking at her, addressing Josh instead.

"Not Zayn, man." He shakes his head, Josh nodding. "When it was them other broads, I didn't say shit but this is /Zayn/, Josh, fucking Zayn!"

He's working himself up, and Zayn would be lying if she said this didn't make her so much more *infuckinglove*. Niall's fought for her a few times in high school, kind of, but he's never really been pissed about it. Even when he punched that creep Shane in the face for calling Zayn a bitch Niall wasn't mad, he was just. Normal.

So, this is different. Different because... Niall doesn't get mad. Irritated, annoyed, upset, but not mad. And now he's mad, not *at* Zayn but *for* Zayn? Fuck yes. She loves this boy.

"I know, I know bro I do that's why the second he's off campus, we're gonna rock his world-"

"Me." Niall nods his head, pointing at his own chest. He looks like a boxer getting a pep talk. "I'm gonna do it."

"And nothing or no one is gonna stop you, okay? But not here, Ni, I can't let you do it here, okay buddy?"

Niall licks his teeth, rolling his eyes before crossing his arms over his chest. "Yeah."

Zayn rubs his bicep, because she wants to but also because it comes off like she's just soothing him. She's soothing both of them.

Josh gets all up in Niall's face, looking him in the eyes and doing some kind of bro-slap on his cheeks. Zayn doesn't get it, but stays mute.

"You good? You need a beer?" Josh attempts to joke.

It works, because Niall's breathes out a laugh. "I'm good."

The boys seem to have everything under control now, since they're standing in the hallway bull shitting. Deciding to let them have a minute of boy time, Zayn rubs Niall's arm again and tells him quietly that she's going back to his room.

Zayn's literally two feet away from Niall's door when she knows, gets that feeling in her gut that shits about to go down because Hasim of all people comes from around the corner and digs his fingers into her arm.

"You're telling people I raped you?" He sneers down at her.

She has just enough time to pull her arm away, but not enough time to reply before Niall- out of no where, spears the taller boy to the ground. Zayn's first instinct is to pull Niall away, so she grabs for his arm as it's pulled back to punch Hasim but he doesn't notice her and she falls on top of them.

They don't stop on Zayn's behalf, despite her screeching. Niall's fists repeatedly collide with Hasim's face as he pathetically tries to choke Niall. Zayn tries again to pull Niall away, this time grabbing for his waist when she's yanked away by her own.

"Josh!" Zayn yells, thrashing in his arms, trying to break free to help Niall.

"Zayn stop! You can't jump in guy fights, what the fuck you doin'?"
Because that's what's important here?? He acts like Zayn makes a hobby out of getting into fights with men.

"Get him, Josh!" She shrieks, because he doesn't get it!

Hasim's face is bloodied, his hands limp on his own chest. Niall's obviously fatigued, punches visibly slowing and getting weaker but he doesn't stop.

"Josh he's killing him!" Zayn sobs, face wet with tears. Maybe she's being dramatic, but Hasim isn't moving... at all.

Finally, a bystander who was watching from the beginning pulls Niall away, muttering "alright, Horan,"

"Fuckin' cunt!" Niall spits at the definitely unconscious man on the ground.

Zayn's not saying Niall knocked him out, but Niall knocked him out. Whether it was from him hitting his head on the wall after Niall tackled him, or from being repeatedly socked in the face.

"Somebody get call an ambulance!" Justin yells, unimpressed as he kneels next to Hasim's face. "Reckon he lost a tooth?" He grins to Zayn.

She's not in the mood for jokes. She sinks the floor and leans back against Josh's legs. He puts his hand on her head, probably feeling awkward with how much she's touched him today but she doesn't care about that right now. Everything is fucked.

Justin sighs, this time addressing Niall. "You realize I have to report this, right Horan?"

Niall's panting, resting a forearm on the wall to hold himself up right. Zayn goes to get up to fetch his inhaler but stops herself. He won't use it now, not in front of everybody when he thinks he's being all macho.

"Report him too," Niall nods his head at the unconscious pervert. "For rapin' everybody."

The guy who pulled Niall away snorts, earning an annoyed look from Justin.

"That's not on me, this is!" Justin gestures to Hasim. "I have to call an ambulance for him, the dean's not just going to ignore that. I don't think I can save you here, Horan."

Zayn puts her face in her hands, leaning all her weight on Josh. She fucked everything up for Niall. She's a piece of shit.

***

Twenty minutes after Hasim was taken away on a stretcher Niall was taken away in handcuffs. Justin drive Zayn and Josh down to the police station immediately, following right behind the cop car.

They were told his bail was a couple hundred more than the three of them had (Zayn didn't call him out but she doesn't think Justin even checked his wallet). Niall kept telling Zayn to call his mom. He'd be in a shit ton of trouble but at least she'd probably have the money to get him out-probably.

Niall was already in enough trouble because of her, so instead Zayn called her dad. She made up some shit about her job promised to pay him back if he could loan her two hundred dollars. By
time they got off the phone, the money was already deposited into her bank account.

Niall wasn't allowed back on campus, not even to collect his shit. He had to stay at Zayn's apartment until the weekend, when he'd have to go home.

"You don't.. have to go home," Zayn hinted, nervous in the kitchen of her ring apartment.

Niall has his head in his hands, sitting at the table. "Yes I do, Zayn. Where the fuck I'm gonna live?"

Zayn wets her lips, mustering up the courage to say: "here." With a nonchalant shrug.

Niall looks up at her, tired blue eyes and wild bleached hair and he's just so beautiful. "I don't have any money,"

Zayn shrugs again. "You'll have plenty of free time, now."

The boy nods, looking at her socked feet. "Not permanently, like."

She glances up at him, confused as to where he's going with this? He can stay with her as long as he wants, it's her fault he was put out in the first place.

"Obviously we're like." He shrugs, making weird gestures that mean nothing with his hands. "That's. We can get into that another day, but. Me staying isn't permanent."

Zayn has... very little idea what he was talking about but he says he's staying. Whether it's for a week or a year, it's fine by her.

*

Living with Niall, even just temporarily, Zayn expected a lot of fucking, her food budget tripling, a twice as messy home, and way less sleep than she averages nightly.

She was only right about a few of those things, actually. The food budget is actually lower, because Niall's happy to eat free leftovers she brings home from work. He does clean while she's gone, and she sleeps phenomenally next to him.

Except they don't have sex as often as she'd thought. Tonight is actually the first night they've fucked since he got here, surprisingly. And it was hardly fucking at that, it was so slow and passionate, lots of kissing.

They're cuddling now, Zayn doodling with her finger on his wrist when he speaks.

"I really appreciate you lettin' me stay," his words slur. Poor babes tired. He's got a lot on his mind, between upcoming court shit and his parents. "Give my ma a few more days to chill."

Zayn answers by lolling her head to kiss the crease of his elbow. They haven't talked about what happened, which probably means it's obvious why it happened. Niall beat Hasim up (broke his nose, split his lip, there are nasty coloured bruises spotted all over his face) because he hurt Zayn. Even if he didn't hurt her, he disrespected her. If it were a mutual thing, Niall would have probably been mad and upset but he wouldn't have reacted that way.

Niall clears his throat, a little awkward sounding. This peaks Zayn's interest.

"I was thinkin',"
Zayn cuts him off with a teasing gasp. He nudges her with the arm she's laying half on.

"Like. After I go back home, we should like. I mean, you probably won't want to, cause like. You'll be here, and I'll be three and a half hours away but like,"

Zayn turns and sits up on her elbows, smiling down at him all amused.

"Help me out here."

She shakes her head. Hell no, she's not saving him this time. "I've been waiting for this for actual years. I wanna hear the words, Horan." She teases.

But seriously. They've been fucking for like, almost two years. Zayn's been in love with him for at least a year, and crushing for about three years. She needs the words, has to hear them.

"You wanna be my long distance girlfriend? Or nah?"

Zayn barks out a highly unattractive laugh. "About time!" She leans in to kiss his cute little lips.

"I didn't want you to think you were a rebound!" He defends.

Some other day, not today but some other day Zayn will ask why the fuck he stayed with Eleanor for so long. But not today. Today, she's just going to lay in bed and kiss her boyfriend until she has to get up for class.

Chapter End Notes

NIALL SPEARED HIM I CAN'T STOP LAUGHING if you need a visual google "wwe edge spear" and imagine that is Niall I'm crying from laughing
Louis groans. She hates this part, when the doctors have to check her down there. She doesn't even really like when Harry looks at it, let alone three doctors and her mother. She huffs between taking those stupid breaths, dropping her sweaty head back against the pillow.

"You're doing amazing, Louis!" One of the doctors praises.

If that were Harry, she'd of told him to shut the fuck up. She's not doing anything, not really. Her bodies doing everything involuntarily.

"I can feel her head, right here!" The old grandpa looking doctor smiles all dopey. He looks like he'd be a fun grandpa, Louis thinks.

Too bad her kids don't have a grandpa, not a real one anyway. Robin and Dan are nice enough, at least.

"Can grandma touch baby's head?" Doctor Grandpa asks.

Louis nods. Fuck it. It's really fucking weird for her mom to be putting her hand down there at all, but Johannah sobs out happy tears when she feels her second grandchild's head.

"What about dad? Can dad feel-"

"No." Louis growls. Everybody, including Harry, laughs.

Maybe it's ironic, how Harry's the one that Louis should be the most comfortable with in that area but instead she keeps him up by her head, holding his hand. She doesn't want him to see her Gina all... grody. That's embarrassing.

Her stomach lurches as she has no control over her body when she starts pushing again. She pushes so hard her ears start ringing and her jaw is sore from clenching but finally, finally, she's able to relax when she hears Aubree's cry. And Harry's cry. And her mom's cry.

Why are they crying? They've been through this before.

*

Aubree doesn't look a thing like Serenity, meaning she favors Louis a tad bit but mostly she's her own. She has like, no hair except for on the back of her head at the bottom and it's blonde. Straight, and blonde.

Harry was blonde as a child, and even though his blonde is from a bottle Louis is already thinking of what lame jokes Niall's going to say about him being the dad. His kids will be a bit tanner than Aubree's little pink self though, if Zayn has anything to do with it. (She will, otherwise Louis will kill Uncle Niall.)
"You send pictures to Zayn?" Louis asks her mom and fiance.

Harry's smiling down all sleepy at Aubree at she plumbers peacefully in nanna's arms.

Her mom speaks up first. "I sent her quite a few, she never responded though."

It's a little past one in the morning, so they definitely aren't sleeping. It's weird that Zayn wouldn't instantly text back and compliment Louis' baby.

"They haven't seen each other in weeks and they have a house to themselves. You do the math." Harry mumbles.

Johannah pretends to be oblivious to the dirty things her son in law is implying. Her oblivion is probably how she became a grandmother in the first place, but oh well.

"They aren't alone?" Louis furrows her brows in confusion. "Serenity is there."

Harry shakes his head, which makes Louis extra confused because she knows she left her child with Zayn and Niall at her house. She was sitting in her Doc Mcstuffins chair, eating a grilled cheese and rewinding the same Doc Mcstuffins episode every time it was over because she taught herself how to do that. So. What the fuck is Harry on about?

"My mom came to get her."

Louis blinks, Johannah's neck snaps up to look at her, knowing this isn't going to be pretty. Louis has bitched and moaned about this exactly for the past week every time she got on the phone with her mom.

"Your mom came to get her." Louis deadpans.

Louis asked Anne the minute she scheduled today's appointment if she could take Serenity for the night. She said no, because she had work the next day and she absolutely could not call off. That's not what irritates Louis the most though, no. What irritates her the most is that Louis specifically scheduled her appointment to be induced at night in case something came up and nobody could watch Serenity.

They left for the hospital after eight at night. Meaning Anne came to get Serenity around her bed time. The poor girl is probably over tired and refusing to sleep and Anne will complain that Louis only cares to be Serenity's friend and that a child needs structure at that age. Blah blah blah.

"Yeah. You wanted her to, didn't you?" Harry sounds defensive of his mommy. Johannah remains silent.

"Yeah at a decent time, not when I already found a sitter."

Harry sighs. "She was busy. She can't drop everything she's doing the second we ask-
"

"I asked her an entire week in advance and all week she's been telling me no. Don't act like I asked her last minute, because I didn't."

Harry shakes his head in a "what the fuck you want me to do about it now" sort of way. "She got Serenity, I can't help that it was late."

"You know, the only reason I had Zayn stay at the house was to watch Serenity and if I would have known your mother was coming to get her Zayn could of been here with me like we planned. This
shit pisses me off with her Harry, and you know it."

Anne wasn't invited to the hospital with them, not by Louis anyway and Louis is one hundred percent sure Anne wouldn't watch Serenity out of spite. Because she knew Johannah would be there. The thing is, nobody invited Johannah either. Louis told her the time and she said okay, I'll be there.

Anne needs a special invitation for everything.

"There's always the next one." Harry has the nerve joke, at least he'd better be joking.

Louis isn't in the mood for jokes right now, though.

"Get out. Get the fuck out."

"Lou," Johannah pipes in, finally.

"He's so fucking stupid mom!" Louis whines, actual tears rolling down her cheeks. She's hormonal and tired and Harry's a fucking dumb ass.

Harry takes the baby from Johannah, carefully holding her close to his face to examine her. He's completely unaffected by Louis' mood swings at this point in their relationship.

"You need to calm down, Love. He was teasing you." Johannah sits on the end of Louis' hospital bed, rubbing her leg in an attempt to comfort her.

Aubree chooses now to wake up and say hello and show off just how healthy her lungs are by screaming.

"See!" Louis throws her hand Harry's way, blaming him for waking up Aubree. "He's so stupid!"

***

It's just the three of them, Louis, Harry and Aubree when Louis tries to breastfeed for the the first time. Well, the first time with Aubree. She tried with Serenity and it felt weird and it hurt too much.

It's very intimate moment. Aubree latches on with little fuss, Louis supports her little body as Harry cradles her head. Louis wishes she was a little more mature, a bit more educated when she had Serenity because there is nothing uncomfortable or odd at all about her child feeding from her.

"Sorry for calling you stupid." Louis whispers, not taking her eyes away from her new daughter.

Blonde! She could have a blonde baby, that's so insane to her. According to Anne and Harry's baby pictures his hair changed to the chestnut color after just a few months. Louis hopes Aubree stays blonde. It will help give her and Serenity separate identities since they're so close in age.

"I love you." Harry says in lieu of accepting her apology.

Smart boy, because sometimes Louis gets even madder when he accepts her apology for snapping instead of apologizing himself for fucking up.

"Love you." Louis whispers back, suddenly shy.

* 

They argue again on the way home. Louis wants to just go home and unload everything, get
Aubree settled so she can eat and relax with Zayn. Harry pouts up because he wants to go pick up Serenity and visit with his mom for a bit, let her meet the new baby.

"No it's fine. You only want her involved when you need something." Harry snaps.

That's the furthest thing from the truth.

"Harry, I'm fucking tired and my vagina is bruised." It feels like a wrecking ball smashed into her pelvic bone. Her lower body is sore.

"I'm not asking you to fuck her?"

See, he's fucking stupid.

"Take me home before I beat your fucking ass, you fucking stupid bitch."

"We have to pick up our daughter Louis." Harry pauses a little between each word like the prick he is. "My mom did us a favor. When someone does you a favor you-"

"Shut the fuck up! I just said she can come to our house, I have a fucking guest at my house because your mother decided-"

It goes like that, then yelling at cutting each other off until the pull into the apartment building. Harry grabs the car seat, leaving Louis to grab everything else despite the fact that she can barely walk or stand proper. She literally just delivered a nine pound baby, so of course she can carry her bag and the diaper bag. It takes her ten minutes to climb the eight or so stairs to her floor. When she comes in, the house is spotless and smells like cleaner and cookies, Zayn already holding Aubree and telling her how beautiful she is.

"Niall's coming with me to get our daughter." Harry says still mad.

They both do that, claiming Serenity rather than just saying her name. She's "your daughter" when she does something bad, "my daughter" when she's funny or cute and "our daughter" when one parent wants to guilt the other into not doing something for her. That's why she's "our daughter" now, because Louis physically can't go pick her up.

Niall kisses Zayn goodbye, because he's actually a good boyfriend. He kisses Louis on the head too, which is sweet. The girls wait until the boys leave before they start talking their shit.

"Did you have sex in my bed?" Louis asks, genuinely curious. She's not at all put off by the idea. Lord knows how many times Louis has masturbated in Zayn's bed over the years.

Zayn giggles, shrugging. Yeah, she totally had sex in their bed.

"What's going on with you two? You obviously didn't have a c-section then?"

They weren't even in the hospital a whole twenty four hours. They were supposed to wait, Louis thinks, but she doesn't care. She didn't want to sit in the hospital anymore and Aubree is healthy so it would be unnecessary anyway.

"Nah, they induced me and she practically crawled out." Louis half lies. Fat baby would have probably stayed in an extra month if she let her.

"She's so much bigger than Serenity was!" Zayn strokes the baby's thigh rolls with her finger.
Louis nods. "Three pounds bigger."

Serenity was small at birth but gained weight like crazy after she was born.

"What's his problem?" Zayn asks again, nodding towards the door that Harry just left from.

Louis rolls her eyes. "He was so fucking annoying, the whole time. I didn't know his mom was coming to get her, I'm sorry for wasting your time or whatever. I was seriously pissed because you could have been there."

Zayn shrugs. "Don't fight over me. What's done is done, all that matters now is that this beautiful chunky baby is here now." She kisses the sleeping baby's soft head.

"It's just," Louis shifts so she's laying down more than sitting up, visibly uncomfortable. "This is important shit, you know? It's not something little anymore. You're their God mom. I don't want you to miss anything in their lives if you don't have to."

She must fall asleep, because when she opens her eyes again Serenity is sitting in her chair, watching t.v. and Harry and Niall can be heard from the kitchen. What woke her up, she realizes, is the soft little cries from the bouncer in front of her. She's kind of pissed that she missed Serenity meeting her sister, but Zayn was here so she most likely recorded it anyway.

Louis sits up and picks Aubree out of the comfy bouncer, wincing a little at the shooting pains in her back and groin. The sweet little girl was just hungry.

"Mommy." Serenity announces her presence.

"Hi baby! Do you see who this is?" Louis is still tired, hungry and she has to see but this is precious shit happening right now.

"Baby?" Serenity taps her mom's jiggly tummy.

Louis giggles at her silly girl. "No honey, the baby is right here now," she leans down, bringing Aubree closer to Serenity's face.

The toddler scrunches her nose, smiling her creepy smile that means she very happy, not just regular happy. "Awww."

"Yeah, awww." Louis repeats.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Homophobic slurs and probably some other offensive shit

Chapter Notes

Are you getting sick of me yet? Lol <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Niall decided he didn't want to go back to school Harry got him a job. They deliver mail, so they don't exactly work together but it's still a fairly good gig. And although he makes enough money to support himself, have his own house and what not him and Harry go half on buying, not renting but fucking buying a five bedroom house.

Louis crashed down on them like a fucking reality bulldozer when she found out. To their defense, they didn't seem too surprised when she told them they cannot rent rooms to their friends from high school. Not when there are two babies who require absolute silence at bedtime. It was stupid in Louis' opinion, for all of them to live together. She loves Niall but he hasn't got a clue what his stupid friend got him into.

When they actually did move in, there's a room directly across from Louis and Harry's room that is big enough for both of the girls to share. For now, at least. They could have their own room, but there's no point, really, since Serenity loves to crawl into her sisters crib and cuddle to fall asleep.

Before she knows it they've lived together an entire month and Niall is not so surprisingly easy to live with. He's fucking great with the girls and he makes up for being messy by bringing home household necessities without anyone asking him to. Harry doesn't even do that. Not even when Louis asks him and texts to remind him.

Coincidentally the weekend Zayn can actually make it for a visit Anne asks to take the girls. Louis does not tell her no. It's easier now that Louis isn't breastfeeding Aubree anymore. It became too big a hassle having to sit and feed her every twenty minutes on top of finding time to pump with Serenity getting into everything.

"So I get my own room then?" Zayn jokes after receiving the real tour. She's had plenty of face time and Skype tours already.

Louis tries to quickly pick up all of the toys scattered around the living room before too many people get here.

"If you want." Louis offers at the same Niall says "Fuck you need your own room for?"

"For nights I visit and you fart too much in your sleep." Zayn pats her boyfriend's cheek, kissing him so he knows she's joking.
Niall pouts, eyebrows still furrowed like he's personally offended by the idea of Zayn not wanting to sleep in his room.

"Such a caveman." Louis teases, nothing but fond of her roommate.

"You're one to talk." Harry comments offhand, shuffling through a stack of cds. Nobody helps clean around here.

"Oi!" Louis whips a stuffed hippo at the back of his head, picking it up immediately after it hits the floor. "I'm not a caveman you just literally flirt with whores in front of me face and expect me to fine with it, like, 'oh yeah, there's me fiance and father of me kids talking to half naked chicks, no biggie', fuck that."

"I'm naturally nice, Lewis." Harry leans back, looking at his baby mama upside down, fluttering his lashes. If he's expecting a kiss. Well. He's going to have to ask nicely.

"How do you live with this?" Zayn asks her pouty boyfriend, hugging him with her arms wrapped around his waist as his own hang limp.

Niall shrugs. "They're not that bad."

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People actually believe Niall when he invites them over for a last minute, spur of the moment "housewarming" party. Some guy brings like three strange girls with him but he evens it out by also bringing a plant. It literally looks like he stole it from someone's living room but it's fancy enough that Louis foster it anyway.

A few boys end up digging a fireplace in the background, far enough behind Serenity's sandbox and play area that Louis can't even complain. Niall, Josh, and some guy that came with Josh (Justin) eventually go to the store for more beer like, forty hot dogs. Everything is calm despite everybody having a fairly good buzz. That is, until Liam walks in. Three hours late and holding Eleanor's hand.

"Oh shit!" Harry is the first to laugh, clapping his hands together.

Those who don't know Eleanor pay little attention to Harry, Niall joins in laughing after he sees them.

"My eyes are playing tricks on me!" Niall is cracking up, laughing like this is the funniest thing in the world. Zayn raises an eyebrow at him from where she's sitting next to (on, they're sharing a chair that isn't meant to be shared no matter how little their butts are) him.

Normally Louis would pipe in, would kick Eleanor out in a heartbeat but if Harry and Niall are going to laugh at her and make her uncomfortable then, well maybe Eleanor can stay.

"What's funny?" Liam asks, the poor fuck genuinely confused.

"You!" Niall's just drunk enough that he doesn't have what's left of his filter, plus the added security that this is his house. He wraps his arm tighter around Zayn though.

Liam makes a confused face, Eleanor's more disgusted as they sit down next to Louis. Liam is next to Louis... Eleanor is on the other side.

"Hey, hey Payno?" Niall's still laughing, causing everybody else to laugh at how amused he is.
Even Zayn can't hold back. "When you kiss your girl-"

Harry squeaks and puts his hand over Niall's mouth. No, they're not adults with jobs and responsibilities. They're high school freshmen. Niall licks his friends palm, throwing his head back to finish. "Tell me how my dick tastes!"

It's so unlike Niall to say stuff like that, so uncharacteristic that Josh literally spits out his beer. Even Louis freezes what she was saying to Liam to look at the Irish boy. Zayn's obviously uncomfortable, by the void look on her face. Couldn't be Louis. Let Harry say some shit like that, Louis thinks.

"I never sucked your dick, alright?" Eleanor's squeaky voice tries to defend, holding up her pinky as a very inaccurate example of Niall's prick.

"It's not that long!" Harry makes a confused face, gesturing to Eleanor's pinky. People nearly piss themselves from laughing.

"I could say the same to you, you know!" Eleanor yells.

"Can we all calm down, this is ridiculous!" Liam says. They ignore him.

Louis was ready to attack, thinking Eleanor was talking to Harry about saying the same to him but she relaxes when she sees Eleanor glaring at Niall instead. Harry almost just died tonight, that was a close one.

"It tastes like shit, that's why I never went down on you," Niall laughs. "Where you goin'?" He asks quieter when Zayn gets up, nodding when she shakes her empty cup.

"Grow up, man." Liam says to Niall. Like the grown adults they are, everybody (including Louis this time) ooo's.

"So wait, I'm confused here," Justin laughs. "You're all friends, and you two used to date?" He points his finger between Niall and Eleanor.

Eleanor gives her bitch face a rest, replacing it with a soft, innocent smile and fluttery lashes. "For like, five minutes." She lies.

"This broad was obsessed with me." Niall tells his former frat brother the truth. "Kinda like he is," he nods his head at Liam.

Harry sputters out his beer.

"What are you talking about Niall? I haven't seen you in, fuck, like a year? Since graduation," Liam's obviously getting irritated. He just got here and Niall's already busting his balls before he's even finished half a beer. What the fuck?

"You try to date every girl I look at." Niall says like it's a fact. Because it sort of is.

When Zayn comes back she sits next to Louis instead of Niall. Louis raises a questioning eyebrow at the /water/ in friends cup. Not now though. She'll question it after the drama dies down, she wants to see this.

"That's fine though, you can have me sloppy leftovers Payno."

Harry's eyes are wide when he looks at Louis, they both share an amused but shocked look. Niall is
never so problematic, especially not to the sweetest man on the planet aka Liam Payne. This is crazy.

"Hey, dick!" Justin nudges Niall's arm, hard as he laughs. "Don't just call her sloppy, bro she's right there!"

"What did I miss?" Zayn asks Louis, confused.

"Shh, tell you later." Louis promises.

"Seriously, keep her 'cause my new bitch is ten times hotter than any chick you can pull Liam." Niall brags, like he's talking about how fast his car is, or how much money he makes.

But he's not. He's fucking bragging about Zayn, and this is so fucking awkward for her because she kind of hooked up with Liam? Almost everybody here knows that, too.

"I hooked up with Zayn first, so what the fuck you talkin' about?" Liam puffs out his chest and arms. This is ridiculous.

"She pity kissed you!" Niall laughs again.

He actually finds this whole thing amusing. Zayn would like to know how she got involved in this? But the look Josh gives her reminds her to stay out of it.

"I pity dated you for two years!" Eleanor says, only making herself look stupid.

Justin points and accusing finger at her. "Aha! Liar!"

"Was I three fingers deep out of pity too?" Liam raises a thick eyebrow.

This is too... too something for a bonfire.


"The fuck did you just say, Payno?" Niall stands up from the chair, snapback almost falling off of his head into the process. Despite the fluffy nickname, Niall's no longer joking.

Liam doesn't reply, just takes a swig from his bottle, cheekily wiggling three fingers as the other two support the drink.

"I'm gonna break those fucking fingers, you fucking prick!"

Harry grabs Niall by the waist, hauling him off of the ground and carrying him away.

When Liam's eyes meet Zayn's, his smug expression drops. He must not have known she was back out here already. Zayn shakes her before getting up to follow after Niall.

It's awkwardly silent around the fire after that.

"Well, thanks for coming guys." Louis says, trying to break the tension.

"You told me you actually fucked her? That's what you were supposed to say," Eleanor quietly scolds Liam.

Justin looks at Eleanor, then to Louis and Josh to see if they heard her too? They did. It's not
surprising, at all, that Eleanor would coach Liam what to say to get a rise out of Niall. Sneaky as fuck, but not surprising.

"Horan's Irish." Louis shrugs, holding her hands apart with a good ten or so inches between them like that's explanation enough for why Eleanor is crazy.

It hasn't been confirmed to her yet what the actual size of Niall's... pecker is, so she has to make an educated guess.

Josh doesn't say anything, but the look on his face as he stares at the ground tells her she's not too far off.

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"It was two years ago Niall, and I didn't fuck him!" Zayn says for the tenth time.

They're in the house now, arguing in the basement.

"I didn't say you fucked him, why's that even on your mind?" Niall accuses. He's not even that drunk for it to be an excuse for how he's acting. He's jealous. That's it.

There's no reason for him to be though. Niall's consumed every part of Zayn's heart for... the longest now.

"All I did was kiss him! Why does it even matter? I'm with you. You!"

"No. No," Niall shakes his head, backing away from her when she tries to touch him. "I need to know everything you ever did with anybody, ever. Everything, right now."

That right there, that really aggravates Zayn. Besides Niall, there was one other person she willingly had sex with. Not that that should matter? She's all about Niall.

"For what?"

"So I don't look like a fucking ass hole next time somebody decides to tell me they fucked my girlfriend!" Niall literally screams, centimeters away from Zayn's face.

"I didn't fuck him!" She protests, pushing him back a little. Definitely not as hard as she could, because unlike Louis and Harry Zayn does not get off on this shit.

"And what would it matter if I did? I'm with you now, only you. I only want you Niall."

Niall doesn't say anything. He's still red in the face and tight lipped, obviously angry but he appears to be calming down.

"I thought that was evident? That I only want you," Zayn shakes her head. "Everything I do, I do it for us, for our future/together/ and-"

She would have left school the minute Niall was kicked out if that wasn't true. She didn't want to go to that university, she only applied because of Niall. She's staying, busting her ass four hours away from her family so she can get some kind of degree to support them.

"And I don't? I bought a fucking house, Zayn,"

In Niall's brain, there's probably some logical explanation for how buying a house and sharing it with their friends family benefits them as a couple. It doesn't. It's very sweet of Niall, but it was
stupid and a waste of money in Zayn's opinion. This house isn't for her? And that's fine but this isn't Niall's house either, not technically. Louis will take over this house as long and her and Harry want to live here and Zayn loves her death which is the only reason she hasn't said this to Niall yet.

"With your friends, Niall. That's," she doesn't even know how to properly finish that sentence without starting more shit. Doesn't even know how they jumped from topic to topic. A fight between them was due, they've never fought before but this is just stupid and doesn't benefit either of them.

"I panicked! Fuck I was just... not givin' a fuck in high school and next thing I know I got like, a real job and I'm buying a fucking house- fuck, I-"

That explains a lot, actually. Niall is afraid of growing up, Zayn gets it. She won't ever hold this stupid house over his head for it either.

"I don't care, Niall, it's- it's fine." Zayn rubs his biceps. They're all cute and flexed from him squeezing his head, he's so stressed out. He's stressed and scared and Zayn feels like a fucking prick for not noticing it sooner.

"We have forever to figure this shit out, yeah? No matter what, I'm in love with you. I only want you, everything else is... we'll figure it out, okay?"

He lets her hug him for a minute until he finally hugs her back. They're good now, always good.

When they join the others back outside wrapped around each other like nothing happened only Niall's friend Bressie and the girls he brought with him look confused. Justin and Josh have put up with Ziall meltdowns before and this was nothing compared to Louis and Harry's fights.

Liam comes up to them, presumably to apologize but Niall quickly cuts him off the second he opens his mouth.

"Fuck you, fagot."

Needless to say Liam avoids them the rest of the night.

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Chapter End Notes

This chapter was probably confusing so if you have questions please ask!!
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

I tried so hard to write the fluff that was so nicely asked for but my brain only knows smut and angst with fluff my brain immediately goes "this is nice how can we fuck this up" lmao

"Morning Zayn. Niall's bun in the oven." Louis greets, taking a drink of the tea her and Harry are sharing because he drank his already Louis won't make him another one.

The kettles still on and the sugar cubes are right in front of them on the table but it's principal at this point. At least Louis is sharing, even if she is monitoring his sips.

"Aw, you made breakfast?" Niall croaks, striding over to check the literal oven.

Nobody made breakfast. Anne is dropping the girls off in half an hour so they decided to just go out to breakfast when they get here. Would have been easier to just go without them but Serenity loves restaurants. The hassle of quieting her down and stopping her from offering her food to everyone who walks passed is worth that little gapped tooth smile. Five hundred percent.

"Children." Harry tuts, shaking his head with his eyes trained on an old newspaper. It's upside down but he thinks it's still effective, making him seem sophisticated and stuff.

"I thought you made cinnamon buns?" Niall's voice is all raspy from yelling basically all night. He looks sleepy, like he's still very drunk. Zayn's already making him coffee. She herself prefers juice in the morning.

"Nope. But you made a baby." Louis accuses, feeling betrayed that she wasn't the first to know. Maybe they're keeping it a secret? They've been so sneaky, so it's possible.

Zayn looks at Niall, both of them are so confused??? Niall's expression literally reads: "what??"

Then Zayn gets it, and she starts laughing a little. "What, you heard us have sex?"

Louis has never heard Zayn have sex before last night, and it turns out she is pleasantly loud. If her moans and the sound of the headboard banging against the wall spurred on round two for her and Harry, well. She won't deny it. It was hot. She knows how Zayn felt. When your hormones are crazy and you finally get some dick. It's like being thirsty all day on a really hot and you get a big glass of ice water, not that Louis would ever drink water because yucky but it's a metaphor alright.

"Yes." Harry smiles. He's just proud of his boy. Niall is the son he never had, even if he's older than Harry.

"Yeah but, gigs up. We know you're knocked up." Louis confronts Zayn. This is perfect timing. Now Serenity and Aubree will have a cousin to beat up and bully instead of just each other.

Niall's too hungover for a proper reaction, his lips already pouted from being sleepy but he does raise one questioning eyebrow at Louis. Zayn hands him a warm mug, thrusting it a little to hard causing some of it to spill by Niall's bare feet.
"What?"

"She's on the pill?" Niall says.

Louis rolls her eyes, Harry shaking his head.

"So was I." Harry nods seriously. He's been silly all morning, in a much better mood than Louis expected him to be, which means he's going to piss her off later without a doubt.

Louis ignores him. But yeah, she was on the pill. Kind of. She took it when she remembered and whoops, that was like once a week.

"Then why didn't you drink last night? We had really good stuff and every time I seen you with a cup it had water in it?" Louis asks, mostly because water is yuck and Zayn never passes on free alcohol.

The only answer she gets from Zayn is a shrug, Niall grumbling about being hungry as fuck as he pours himself cereal.

"Because you're pregnant." Louis tells her, like it's an absolute fact.

"I just don't like being out of my head, Louis. Can we drop it now?" Zayn snaps.

Honestly, being taken advantage of when you're drunk is the scariest thing Zayn's ever experienced. She was lucky in the sense that she wasn't physically hurt but she'd take the pain in a heart beat if it meant Niall wasn't affected by her being intoxicated too. Niall still drinks, and that's totally okay but Zayn doesn't feel the desire to.

Niall looks at her with soft eyes. He won't talk about that night, or anything that resulted from that night but he listens when Zayn does. He cuts her off with reassurances of his love for her every time she apologizes for it. He never, ever blamed Zayn for what happened but she still carries so much guilt.

Harry sets down his newspaper, picking up on the serious shift in the mood of the room.

"You guys wanna go to breakfast with us when the girls get here? My treat," Harry offers, fucking himself over to change the subject.

Niall always orders two breakfasts and an extra side of whatever meat doesn't come with either meal.

"Fuck yeah." Niall literally moans, milk dribbling down his chin.

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"Hi Ren." Zayn coos at the little cutie, sitting on the sofa where she was just chatting with Aubree.

"Hiii Iaaaaall," the one year old says with exaggerated mouth movements.

"That's not Uncle Niall, silly!" Louis calls her out. Serenity giggles, proving that she's just being silly on purpose. "Who is that, Serenity?"

"Iaall?" Serenity asks her mom with a tilt of her head. Little springy curls hang over her chubby cheeks, big blue eyes twinkling.

"Nooo," Louis shakes her head.
Zayn just smiles at her adorable niece. She's gotten so big, almost two years old now! And she's fat, which adds to her cuteness. She's probably fat because she hangs out with Niall a lot, according to his texts when Zayn's at school.

"Daddy?"

Louis shakes her head again, smiling because her kid is so stinkin' cute.

"Nama?" Serenity tries to say Nana.

Serenity's best friend forever is over these broads embarrassing her like this. Serenity is no fool.

"That's Auntie Zee, innit Ren?" Niall coaxes, helping her out.

"Iaaaaall," Serenity says to Zayn, pointing at Niall as if she's introducing them.

The little girl proves Niall's her favorite when she ditches Zayn and Louis, even bypassing her dad's open arms just to offer the blonde a gummy candy she's been holding in her sticky hand for a good ten minutes now.

"Oh, gosh." Niall picks her up onto his lap, eating the snack straight from her hand. Serenity loves to feed people, which is why she's not allowed to be left alone with Aubree when she has food.

"Thanks, Ren. I was starving."

They just got back from breakfast like... two hours ago? Their bill was near sixty bucks, which is quite expensive for a small diner. Harry regretted offering to pay for everybody.

Harry takes Aubree from Zayn, putting her on the floor with him instead for some tummy time. It'll be a while before she starts crawling, but tummy time helps her learn to support her own neck and sometimes she's very strong, tries to push her body up on her little arms. Can't quite get it yet, but she definitely tries.

Louis dozes off and eventually Serenity runs out of things to feed Niall, abandoning him in favor of playing pony with her daddy. It gives Zayn and Niall the perfect opportunity to sneak off for some alone time.

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"I leave tomorrow and I barely even got to see you." Zayn pouts, cuddling Niall with her hands in his shirt on his chest. His body is warm, human heater he is. "I hate going so long without seeing you."

This is the second time Zayn's been able to come home since Aubree was born, but the other time doesn't count because it was her mother's birthday so she spent a majority of her time with her family. Niall was there too, of course, but it's impossible to have private time with him when there are that many people in the house.

"Then don't go back. Stay here." Niall's a terrible influence. It's so tempting to just stay here and kiss him but Zayn really wants a good future for them. She wants to be a surgeon like her dad, and one does not become a surgeon by fucking off in school.

Zayn whines into his neck. This conversation isn't going to go anywhere and it's not going to make her leaving in twenty four hours any less sucky. So instead she pushes him on his back, using his chest for leverage as she sits up and swings her leg over his body, sitting on his crotch.
"Yeah?" Niall grins, raising his eyebrows. He raises his hips a little too, grinding up into her with his hands behind his head. Zayn scratches her nails lightly through his little happy trial of hair under his belly button.

"I think about this the most when I'm gone." Zayn says, shy. Always shy when she's talking dirty. Sexting Niall is a different story, even when they masturbate together over face time it's different. They aren't face to face then.

"Think about what?" Niall pretends to not follow. He knows what she's talking about, what she meant. He just wants to embarrass her.

That's not true, at all. He just wants to hear the words.

"You fucking me. Your cock," her cheeks heat. The way Niall's lips twitch like he was about to moan doesn't go unnoticed either.

"You love my cock." He sounds so... cocky.

Zayn definitely appreciates Niall's cock, enjoys their sex life without a doubt. When she's left to take care of herself she gets off maybe once a week. She's interested in sex, it just doesn't come naturally to her.

They're both wearing sweat pants, Zayn's pretty sure she's already soaked through hers. Niall has too, there's a little wet spot of precum be his thigh. Niall gets Zayn off with his fingers before she rides him, torchingly slow. It takes them both by surprise when Zayn comes again from Niall pushing his thumb in her ass.

"You know you're safe with me, right?" Niall says after a while.

Zayn looks up at him, heavy lidded and smiling softly. "Yeah,"

His eyes linger on her lips before locking in with her own. "I'll never let anyone hurt you, okay? So don't be scared of like, anything."

He's talking about Hasim. She feels his heart racing under her palm. Mindlessly she kisses it.

"Or like, to do anything. Don't hold back from stuff, okay? Whatever you want to do, do it. I- I got you, okay?"

Zayn has a gut feeling he's referring to this morning when she snapped at Louis about her not drinking. She does feel safe with Niall, she doesn't depend on him to feel safe physically but she feels emotionally safe, if that makes sense. Niall's her boyfriend, not her bodyguard.

"Love you." She whispers in lieu of replying to what he's just said.

"I love you, fuck I love you so much." He says it more to himself than to her, like he's just realizing how much he cares for her. Loves her.

"What Louis said, earlier," he pauses, Adams Apple bobbing as he swallows.

Zayn was really just hoping for a nap, but. This is nice too?

"She was, like. Why did she think that? Just because you didn't drink last night, or..."

Zayn rolls her eyes. She's seriously pissed at Louis for that. Say Zayn were pregnant but she hadn't told Niall yet, Louis would of just outing her in front of everybody like that? Zayn has kept
two pregnancies a secret for months for Louis but Louis gets one hunch and calls Zayn out on it instead of asking her privately? That's fucked up.

"I think part of her wants me to be pregnant."

Zayn doesn't continue to say that Louis is jealous of Zayn. Zayn gets to experience college and freedom and only worry about herself (and Niall) and Louis can't do anything. Zayn also doesn't say that Louis is lonely as fuck because Serenity and Aubree are better company than Harry and Niall when they're fooling around. Louis doesn't have any friends except for the three of them, and Niall and Harry leave her out of almost everything. And she especially doesn't say that Louis wants Zayn to be knocked up so they can be miserable home bodies together, so that Zayn will have to leave college and move in here with them because Louis is just so fucking lonely.

Zayn feels for her, she really does. But Zayn's not in a place to have kids right now and if she can prevent it then you bet your ass she will.

"Do you...?"

Zayn raises an eyebrow at her boyfriend. Maybe they should have just taken that nap, since this talk went from cute to mortifying in two point five seconds.

"Do I want me to be pregnant?" She asks just to be clear. This isn't a conversation to have with any sort of confusion involved.

Niall nods and Zayn feels like she's dreaming. Not a dream but a nightmare. She's not even sure she wants kids ever now that she's fully educated on how expensive and annoying they are.

"No, no. No. God no, no." Zayn means to say something else, to elaborate that she's not ready for kids. They don't even live together and Niall's got a good job but Zayn's working towards a better job and it's going to take years for them to be living comfortably with just them. Instead, all that comes out is about twenty more "no's".

"Mm." Niall hums. "Sometimes I do. Like. Being around Aubree and Serenity all the time..." he shakes his head, smiling softly.

And what the fuck? Zayn's internally panicking because what? They're lucky to have a weekend with just each other every few *months*, they just started dating for fucks sake. Zayn is only twenty!

She will admit though, to herself not out loud, that when Serenity was Aubree's age, Zayn couldn't stop thinking about getting pregnant by Niall. That was before Zayn had to choose between buying herself food or toilet paper though.

When she has a kid, she wants to be stable enough that she can buy diapers and stuff and not be flat broke afterwards. Obviously.

"They're fussy and they can be pretty high maintenance but like, I feel so accomplished when it's *me* who calms Aubree down, or when Serenity throws a tantrum because she doesn't want Harry to put her to bed, she wants me to do it."

Zayn gets it, she does. Her youngest sister used to call her mom when she was a baby. It's an amazing feeling when kids like you, especially enough that they try to choose you as their parents.

"So, what? You want me to have a baby for you and come visit every couple of months?" Zayn's going for a joke, but it clearly isn't taken that way when Niall rolls his eyes and pushes her off of him.
"Forget it." He mutters, rolling to his side with his back facing her.

She wants to, so she doesn't say anything else. Niall must not be too annoyed, since he lets her out her arm around him and hold his penis to fall asleep. It's not sexual, Zayn just likes it. Finds it comforting.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

The beginning could be a little scary for some so it's important to remember that I have not ever nor will I ever write child abuse. None of my characters will ever purposely or accidentally harm a child. There is a hostile moment involving a baby in this chapter but I cannot stress enough that the child is not and will not be harmed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harry comes home Monday afternoon to... well. He doesn't exactly know, because his immediate reaction is to laugh, but that's probably not the smartest thing to do so he doesn't. Louis is sitting on the toilet, slumped over feeding Aubree in a bouncer with her hand supporting her face on her knee, Serenity laying on Louis' foot playing with a cellphone she's definitely not allowed to have.

He wants to laugh, but he also wants to kiss that miserable look off of Louis' face. He's glad Niall has a different shift, Niall would have laughed his ass off instead of watching like a creep like Harry's currently doing.

"Why's everybody in here?" Harry asks, voice soft and concerned.

Serenity snaps her head around, immediately trying to sit up so she can run to daddy but Louis' reaction is a bit delayed. She doesn't even look at Harry until Serenity's grabbing her knee for support. It's... alarming.

"Oh, I didn't hear you come in."

He usually comes home to a clean house and some sort of food made, whether it be Louis' famous baked chicken or easy Mac. Today, the house looks like it was raided.

Serenity whines and hits Harry when he doesn't pick her up. She throws her entire body on the floor, crying and banging her head on the tiles. Harry tries to hurry and pick her up before she gives herself a concussion when Aubree starts crying too, probably from the noise.

Louis throws the bottle against the wall buries her face in her hands.

Harry springs into action. He quickly takes Serenity to her room and puts her in Aubree's crib, ignoring her cries and closes the door behind him to muffle them. He goes back to the bathroom to take Aubree out of the bouncer but Louis has already done it. She's bouncing the baby on her knee and she's crying too, face soaked in tears. Her pants are pulled down like she was trying to use the bathroom, so Harry sits on the floor next to the bouncer and takes Aubree from Louis.

His fiance gives her up with no hesitation, folding her arms over her legs and just cries into them.

His gut feeling is that she's stressed out. He's heard things about postpartum depression but Louis was the opposite of depressed after Serenity was born. He hopes it's not different this time, that that's not the case.
Aubree stops crying after a few minutes, she's a little fussy still though. Harry stands up, kisses Louis on the head and closes the door behind him. The first thing he does is put Aubree in her swing. She fusses for a minute until she realizes she likes it and settles down. Then he goes to get Serenity, who has climbed out of the crib (the reason they said fuck and it bought her a big girl bed in the first place) and taken her diaper off. She's inspecting her... private area.

Harry hates when she does that while he's watching her. It's uncomfortable as hell.

"Hey Ren." He says casually, opening the wipes that are already on the floor next to a dirty diaper. He wipes her hands first, then her... genitalia, before putting a fresh diaper on her.

"It's mommy phone?" She asks, pointing at Louis' cell on the floor by the crib.

"Yeah, not yours." He reminds his daughter nicely.

They usually don't give her phones because she watches enough t.v. and she has enough toys that she doesn't need her parents phones. Plus she's clumsy and she'll break it or throw it and just no.

"Let's go play with Doc." Harry picks up the naked girl (save for the diaper) and carries her to the extremely messy living room, selecting an episode on demand of her favorite show. "Don't wake up the baby, okay?" He kisses both of his daughters foreheads.

They're young, but they can feel energy's. They need to know that nobody is mad at them, and that nothing is their fault. They're loved, so much.

When he goes back to the bathroom Louis' body is still folded forward. She's no longer crying, just staring blank at the milk splattered on the wall.

"Come on babe," he picks her up and wipes her off, less uncomfortable with her bits.

She lets him do it too, that alone shows something isn't right. He leads her to the bedroom, which is also littered with clothes that reek of baby vomit and dirty diapers. He changes her shirt for her too, putting her in the one he left on the bed this morning from last night. Then he just cuddles her, because she needs it and he doesn't know what the fuck else to do.

Louis speaks up first, after a while silence. "Sorry about the house. I started to clean it and-"

Harry squeezes her tighter, closer to him. "I don't mind a messy house." He lies.

He doesn't expect Louis to be the only one to clean and stuff. He and Niall make more mess than anybody, Serenity probably has them tied actually. Louis cleans because she feels bad for not working, but nobody expects it.

Louis doesn't say anything else after that, so Harry just asks.

"What's wrong, baby? Why are you- what can I do to take some of this stress off of you?" He swallows, nervous he's coming off wrong.

Louis inhales a shaky breath, pushing her forehead harder into his chest.

"They wouldn't stop, all day. It was, I think Aubree was just. She was crying and I couldn't hold Serenity and Aubree at the same time and-" she takes another shaky breath.

Harry had a feeling that's what it was, that both girls were crabby. He rubs her shoulders, letting her know it's okay. She's okay, and he's not mad. He's here for here.
"They were both just. Crying, Harry. Since you left, and Serenity is acting out... violently now. She keeps hitting me and head butting me, she tried to slap the baby!"

They don't spank their kids. They've discussed that and since neither of them got spankings they don't see reason for it. But Serenity just, doesn't listen. They don't want to discipline her but it's hard to /teach/ her to be nice because she doesn't care.

"And all I wanted to do was hold her but that fucking baby wouldn't stop!" Louis is full on sobbing now, so Harry can't even address the fact that Louis just referred to their newborn infant child as "that fucking baby".

***

Tomorrow is a holiday, meaning the mail doesn't run and Niall doesn't have work. He asks for Wednesday and Friday off since he already doesn't work Thursday's and his manager gives in before Niall has to start bribing, which is fucking great because it means Niall has the whole week off. His check will be shit since he'll only have three days in it but that's fine. He's been saving for a while anyway.

He still has Zayn's spare key from when he lived with her for a week so that's what he's going to go do. Even if she's busy all week, at least he can see her when she's not busy. She just left yesterday but he's already itching to see her again. So much that he doesn't even go home to grab clothes. He hops in his car and goes, eager to start driving so he can get there already. Get to his girl.

He drives and drives for hours, only stopping to piss and grab some food through a drive through. He doesn't once doubt what he's doing, the whole time knowing that Zayn will love the surprise. He's so romantic. Whipped and clingy and romantic.

Zayn's the first chick he's ever been like this about. He never even thought about Eleanor in his free time when they were dating let alone go out of his way to see her. Go out of his way to avoid her, maybe but never to see her.

He gets to Zayn's apartment around six. As he's climbing the stairs it occurs to him that he doesn't even know her schedule at all. It's going to fucking suck if she's working until like eleven or something tonight.

She's not home, he discovers. He also discovers a picture of himself and Serenity on Zayn's fridge taken almost a year ago. It's printed on paper instead of... picture paper and that alone makes him smile, thinking about Zayn taking the time to print his photos, cut them and hang them on her fridge. She's a cutie, his girlfriend.

He texts Harry that he won't be home until Saturday while he waits, and boy does he wait. Realistically, two hours. Impatient boyfriend time, six hundred years.

He hears the door being unlocked a little after eight, startling him on the sofa where he was about to fall asleep. He's halfway to the door when Zayn comes in, his heart racing when he sees she isn't alone.

She looks... so fucking good too, white shirt with her nipples poking through, leather coat and tight black jeans. That makes his blood boil even more now since her company is fucking guy.

Niall's glaring at the guy when Zayn squeaks.

"Oh my god! Baby!" She squeals, running to wrap her arms around Niall's neck. Except she jumps, wrapping her legs around his waist too.
That's a good sign, at least.

"What are you doing here? Oh my god!" Zayn sounds so happy, bending her neck to kiss his lips before he can answer.

You'd think they didn't just see each other. He'd be lying if he said he's not buzzing off her reaction though. Better than he pictured it in the forty different scenarios in his head on the way over.

"How long are you staying? Fuck, you smell so good," Zayn purrs, practically moaning as her fingernails scratch the hair on the back of his head.

"All week, till Saturday." Niall's trying to be mad until he finds out if this dudes gay or something but he's so fucking happy, he couldn't stop cheesing if you paid him to.

"As sweet as this is," the guy says. Oh, is he still here? (Niall knows good and well he's still here, he's been glaring at him the whole time Zayn's been kissing him) (But he's so happy that this guy probably doesn't understand it's a glare because Niall's smiling) "could you stop sucking face and introduce us?"

Zayn makes a playful annoyed sound, unwrapping her legs to stand up. Niall doesn't let go of her butt though. She looks fucking amazing in like, real clothes. He only ever sees her in comfortable clothes which she's obviously still sexy in but fuck. He's half hard.

"Chris this is my boyfriend Niall, Niall this is Chris."

It's assuring that Zayn introduces Niall as boyfriend but who the fucks Chris? Why is he handsome? With more tattoos than Zayn has. He's one of those typical light skinned guys girls craze over. Why's he here?

"Hey man, how's it goin'?" Niall says first, extending his hand for a handshake to portray an alpha male sort of vibe.

When they fuck did Niall start caring about how macho he is? Zayn's turned him into a right caveman.

Zayn kisses the corner of Niall's mouth again at the same time Chris grabs his hand, telling them shell be right back.

"Good, good. Thanks, didn't mean to ruin the moment or anything, sorry about that."

you should be, fuck face

"Nah, don't worry about it bro. You guys have plans or something?" Niall keeps his voice nonchalant. Light and breezy. Like he won't snap this cunts neck if he so much as looks at his girl the wrong way.

"Actually-"

Chris is cut off by Zayn coming back. She ditched the jacket and put her hair up, her belt and button on her jeans is undone too. Niall can see the smallest speck of her blue underwear above the zipper.

She's also carrying an easel, which she hands to Chris.

"Take care of her, yeah?" Zayn teases, tongue behind her teeth. She bumps into Niall's arm,
wrapping her own around his waist and laying her cheek on his shoulders.

Chris rolls his eyes, smiling. "She's in good hands, boss."

He shows himself to the door, telling Niall it was nice to meet him before closing it behind him. How does she know him? Why are they borrowing things from each other? Why was she dressed so sexy? All these things he wants to know but won't ask because he doesn't need to. He needs to stop this jealousy shit. Zayn's a good girl. She loves him.

As soon as the doors closed Zayn goes over to lock it, rolling her pants down her legs as she does. They're skin tight and make Niall's mouth water in a way that only his mother's Sunday roast used to.

"Never wear jeans to the library. The one day I decide to not look like a slob and you show up," she tosses her jeans on the back of the kitchen chair. "So it wasn't all bad, I guess."

Then she's kissing him again, this time in just her panties and a shirt so thin and transparent it should be illegal.

"You looked sexy, so fucking sexy." He keeps his voice low and his hands on her butt.

Zayn licks his bottom lip, teasing her tongue it. "I wasn't even wearing a bra,"

Bad girl, he thinks. Such a bad girl.

He groans instead of saying that shit though, picking her back up by the tops her thighs so he can bite her nipple through the shirt.

Niall mostly came her because they were either hostile to each other or fucking and that's not how he wanted to end a weekend with his girlfriend.

Also to smooth over the whole, awkward situation where Niall wants to get Zayn pregnant and she acted like he suggested killing puppies for sport. He just. He wants to take care of her, he makes twenty four dollars an hour and that's only going to go up over the years. Getting her pregnant is like, the ultimate claim over her. Nobody gives a fuck if she's in a relationship or even married, but when she's all bloated with his spawn... Nobody will try to fuck her then.

It's insane and he knows it but she makes him this way. She makes him want things he's never even thought of. He bought a god damn house. He's fucking twenty buying houses... who does that?

He doesn't even realize he set her on the table and got to his knees to lick her out until she's pulling his hair, trying to get his mouth away from her clit. Did she already come? That's how gone she makes him.

Chapter End Notes

Everything will be ok just trust me <3
Chapter 15

Over the next two days after Louis' Monday Meltdown Harry becomes so helpful it's annoying. He doesn't let Louis do anything whether it be taking care of the girls or cleaning the house, he's always hot on her heels insisting he'll do it and she should just go sit down.

It would have been endearing had he not been so obviously nervous Louis was going to flip out again. He went back to work today and he's been stopping by between deliveries to check in. It's not only annoying but he could get fired for that. There's a tracking system in his truck, his manager can see everywhere Harry goes.

_Coincidentally_ (as Harry would like Louis to believe (she doesn't, she's not a dumb ass)) both of their mothers stopped by for a "visit" shortly after Harry got home from work. Whatever he's doing, Louis ignores it. She doesn't like it but she ignores it.

"I got her, babe I got her." Harry rushes, practically sprinting across the living room to take Aubree from Louis the literal second Louis gets her hands on her.

"Harry," Louis warns.

Both parents have their hands on Aubree, who's making distressed little whimpers. She's just woke up and would like some attention and a bottle.

"I got her Louis, don't worry about it."

"Harry. Let. Go."

Harry hesitates, giving in a few seconds later.

"Stop doing that." She mutters. Their mothers are staring at them, watching them from just a few feet away otherwise Louis would have probably snapped. Her patience is wearing thin with him.

"Mommy," Serenity says politely, after pushing Harry out of her way so she can put her hand on Louis' knee.

"What do you need baby?" Harry crouches down before Louis can talk.

"Not daddy!" The almost two year old slaps her dad's face.

Apparently Louis isn't the only one sick of Harry taking over.

"Hey!" As much as Louis should high five her daughter, unfortunately they can't just let her hit people. It's bad enough her favorite thing to say is "shut up."

"Oh boy, that's a naughty girl." Anne tuts, pulling Serenity to her and giving her cuddles.

"Oh, no. She has to go in time out," Louis tells her mother in law, Aubree sucking loudly from the bottle on Louis' lap. The first time she's been able to feed her since Monday, fucking Harry.

"Oh, she didn't mean it. Did you, pretty girl? Don't hit daddy, Love, 's not nice."

Louis looks at Harry expectantly. _it's your mother you deal with that_ but no he fucking sighs and takes a seat next to Louis. He tries to take Aubree again, and this time Louis does snap.
"Fuck off Harry."

Johannah and Anne's head whip in their direction, mouths hanging open. Oh for God's sake, with the dramatics around here.

"I'm just trying to help you Louis."

"I don't fucking need help Harry. I can feed my kid just fine, alright?"

Johannah sighs, speaking up before Anne does.

"Louis, Love. He's just trying to help you, we know you're stressed. Two babies is a fair bit to handle, and nobody is judging you if you can't. Everybody needs help honey."

"Stop talking to me like that!" Louis yells, startling Aubree. She shifts her baby so she can kiss her in apology without taking the bottle away.

"Like what?" Johannah asks, firmer this time. "Like I care about your health?"

Is this some kind of intervention? Why are they acting like Louis beat and neglected her babies? Harry reaches for Aubree again and Louis literally pops him in the mouth.

"Excuse me!" Anne spits. On her lap, Serenity mocks her. "Do not put your hands on my son! He only wants to help you,"

There goes that word again: help. Help help help Louis doesn't fucking need help, what she needs is for everybody to fuck off.

"I'm not asking for help!" Louis screams. Serenity babbles mommy be quiet, Aubree startles again so Louis scoots herself to the edge of the sofa so she can leave the fucking room.

"Knock it off!" Johannah scolds. "This isn't how this was supposed to go, Anne! We're here to support Louis, not gang up on her. And Louis God damn it, keep your hands to yourself."

"Support me for what? I don't need support I need him to stop acting like I'm a danger to my kids because I had a bad day," Louis yells at her mom.

She's not angry with her mom, she's just emotional and overwhelmed at the unsaid accusations and well. Mom's are good at making stuff better.

"You react violently," Anne points out, bitter and livid.

She can fuck off. She wants to act like she cares now? What about when Louis was pregnant with Serenity and Anne offered to pay for abortions every time she saw Louis. Or all the times Anne wasn't working but claimed to not have time to take Louis to Serenity's appointments. Or the fact that she wouldn't come see Aubree and they had to bring a two week old baby out in the cold. Anne's a grandma when it's convenient for her, when she can show them off and act like grandma of the year.

"Anne, that's between them. He's your son but he's also an adult," Johannah attempts to mediate.

Louis is too aggravated to just not say something back, and since she can't exactly tell Harry's mom to go fuck herself she'll settle for just being a bitch.

"Well you know what, sometimes Harry needs to be slapped around."
Louis doesn't like, beat him or anything. They only fist fight when they're actually fighting, and he may let her win but Harry makes sure to get his licks in too.

"Yeah, but mystery why your three year old hits people." Anne sets Serenity on the sofa next to her, standing to collect her bag and jacket from the table behind it.

"She's two! Not even two," Louis laughs almost maniacally.

"Harry, Love, call me later. I'm sorry but I can't stick around for this... Whatever you want to call it. She needs professional help."

"Mom-

"Go with her Harry." Louis snaps. She wants him out of her fucking face. He's such a dumb ass, a fucking loser like his piece of shit mom.

"Boo, Harry's got good intentions. Don't be upset with him," Johannah says softly. She's sitting on her knees in front of Louis, rubbing Louis' arm. Probably so wouldn't get up to hit Anne.

"He can take his intentions and shove it."

"Shut up," Serenity mutters when Anne tells her goodbye. Anne shakes her head, giving Harry a pointed look before heading for the door.

Gemma's probably going to text Louis some lovely things later.

"Go Harry, go with your mommy." Aubree is now leaning over with Louis' hand supporting under her little drooly chin, patting her back to coax a burp.

Oh, look at that. Louis fed her for a whole twenty minutes and Aubree didn't die. Shocking.

"That was- that wasn't supposed to happen, baby and I'm sorry she said those things,"

Louis just rolls her eyes.

Johannah knows when to mind her business and when to butt in, so she takes Serenity and asks her if she'd like to play in her room with her. Of course Serenity agrees. She leaves Aubree though, whether it's because she knows the baby is in good hands or she doesn't want to strike a nerve Louis doesn't care.

"Can I explain?" Harry asks, instead of just explaining. He probably knows Louis will cut him off.

"I don't think you're 'dangerous'... I know you aren't, Louis. I just, I didn't know what else to do. I thought you were having like, postpartum depression and I just wanted you to know that we're here for you. Whatever you need, whenever. We're here for you."

Louis keeps patting Aubree's back, the little baby slowly drifting back to sleep. Louis keeps her eyes focused on her daughter, face void.

Honestly. She's mad at Anne but she feels like a twat kind of. Harry was concerned. He went about it stupidly but. He did a nice thing. He could have talked to her about it first, but then again he knows her and that would have probably ended as good as this did.

"I love you, baby. You're an amazing mom to my girls, I'm so grateful for you. Depression isn't like, something to be ashamed about. You can't control it, I just. I want to make you happy."
Louis rolls her eyes again, this time because she's fucking crying. She doesn't... She doesn't want to say she's depressed, but she's not happy. It sounds selfish and ungrateful because Harry has really turned his life around to be a responsible dad which lets be real here Louis never seen coming.

She has an amazing fiance, two beautiful kids, a beautiful house. That's why she feels ashamed for not being happy.

Harry takes Aubree, and this time she lets him. Then he hugs her, and she cries. And cries. And cries.

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Zayn's giddy, high on how fucking wonderful it is to come home to her boy instead of an empty, cold apartment. There's also the fact that they've spent like, give days up each other's asses and they're still getting alone swimmingly. It's fucking great.

She gets dick before class, and more dick with dinner after work. She's not complaining. They probably wouldn't be fucking so much if Niall actually brought clothes to wear but again, not complaining. Her shorts are about the size of boxers on him anyway, so he's not *totally* naked all the time.

Her shift ends in thirty minutes. She should probably stop thinking about Niall's birthday suit for at least twenty of those thirty.

"There's a special today, if your total is over ten dollars you get half a dozen free cookies." Zayn smiles at the older lady who's ordering literally one muffin.

The manager makes them say the daily "specials" to every single costumer. Mostly they want to get rid of these day old cookies. Nobody wants to take them home and it'd be a waste to just toss them.

The woman's muttering about "no thanks, dear", Zayn already wrapping her order when Dinah nudges her. "Dibs."

Zayn looks up and giggles at the only other costumer in the shop. She finishes up with the old lady and comes over by Dinah, who's too flirty looking to be selling pastries.

Neither of them notice Zayn leaning on the counter, watching in amusement. Zayn herself does how ever notice Niall wearing her Adidas sweats and one of her very thin white shirts. The clothes are a little form fitting on him, she wants him to turn around so she can see his cute butt in the tight pants.

Niall laughs the way he does when he's surprised, hands in his pockets, face red and eyes squinting.

"No, no. Just the chocolate chip muffin, the one right there in the case. Ah fuck,"

Dinah hasn't even got gloves on yet, and Zayn's seen enough of her boy uncomfortable for the day so she gloves up, knocking Dinah with her hip.

"Just this one, sir? Is there a girlfriend at home who you'd like to purchase some cookies for?" Zayn asks in her fake costumer service voice. Dinah mutters "shit" behind her.

Niall smiles then, and Zayn can't be blamed when she stands on her tip toes and leans over the counter to kiss him.
"This is Niall then." Dinah says in a knowing, flat tone.

"Nice to meet you," Niall offers the unimpressed girl a hand shake, which she returns in a dead fish fashion.

Zayn's already putting the yucky cookies (Niall will like them) and a few of the good ones in Niall's bag.

"Forgive Dinah. You're the youngest person she's seen all day."

"Dear the cutest"

"You could have said he was your boyfriend before I embarrassed myself."

Niall smiles friendly and shakes his head. "No worries."

Zayn's not jealous. A little flirting is nothing. She watched this boy dry hump his actual girlfriend (only to end up in Zayn's bed) for years.

Zayn takes the money for Niall's order out of her own pocket and staples his receipt to the bag. "I got like ten minutes left if you want to wait."

It doesn't matter anyway since they both probably drove their own cars here. It's only a few blocks from Zayn's apartment but she was tired this morning.

"Yeah, and I'm buying you dinner because nobody told you you could pay for my snacks." He's actually annoyed, which is why Zayn did it.

They had a serious talk about him giving her money, since she makes less than half of what he makes and she turned him down. She gets by just fine and if there's something she absolutely needs her father will send her money. So Niall's been buying food and throwing his credit at cashiers whenever Zayn makes even the smallest purchase.

Niall didn't offer up his money when Zayn picked up her birth control though, and that didn't go unnoticed.

"Love you." Zayn says instead of acknowledging his attitude.

He doesn't say it back, just grabs his bag and goes to sit down.

"Sorry about that. I swear I didn't even think about him being your- Niall, I totally forgot you said he's in town and."

"Don't worry about it," Zayn insists when Dinah tries to apologize. "You didn't know he's my boyfriend, but he did. You know what I'm saying?"

Zayn considers Dinah a friend, sure. But she's not one of those girls to blame the other woman if her man cheats with them. If Niall were to flirt back, Zayn would be annoyed with Niall. Not Dinah, Dinah can flirt with who ever she wants.

"Is he like that too? When people hit on you he's like, just cool with it?" Dinah seems impressed by how calm Zayn is.

She doesn't want their relationship to be like Louis and Harry's. That's Zayn's main relationship goal, to be the opposite of them.
Zayn snorts. "No." And she doesn't elaborate or give examples because that's nobody's business unless they're there to see it themselves.

She clocks out two minutes early. They're dead anyway, and they're all caught up in the back.

"Hey cute butt." Zayn kisses Niall's ear, wrapping her arms around his shoulders.

He pushes her face away from his ear, concentrating on that game on his phone again.

"What do you want for dinner?" He asks, fingers swiping over cartoon burgers. He's the cutest.

"Let's go out to eat," they've only left her apartment to run to the drug store or the grocery store. She's getting bored of sitting in the house.

"We could," Niall hums, pausing his game. "But I think you're the only one who enjoys me in my uniform,"

When he came over Zayn didn't notice he was wearing his work clothes because he took off the button up and he was only wearing the shorts and his white undershirt. When she discovered the button up on the sofa... well. That lead to some very interesting, very funny and hardly sexy role play.

( "Come in," Zayn says in a seductive housewife voice.

Niall opens the bedroom door with a box of cereal tucked under his arm, meant to pose as a package. His shirt is unbuttoned save for the last two buttons and his semi erect cock is hanging out of the zipper of his shorts.

"Oh, do you have a package for me Mr. Mailman?"

Niall bends his knee a little with his fists folded on his hips, sticking his crotch out to emphasize his prick.

Before he can say his line Zayn breaks again, bursting out laughing. It feels too much like a generic pornography. )

"Oh yeah, baby." Zayn plays along. "But we can stop somewhere and get you some clothes."
Super short and uneventful sorry :/

"I'm sorry." Louis mumbles in Harry's neck.

They're laying in bed watching tv, both girls knocked out in their own room, Harry fighting sleep himself with his eyes squinted at the screen. He's watching some survival show, learning tricks and techniques he'll never be in a position to need.

"S okay."

Louis rolls her eyes fondly. He's sleepy and just wants to watch his show but, she's sorry. Like, really really sorry. For everything.

"Not gonna ask what for?" She shifts her knee into his crotch, humming when bucks up the tiniest bit to chase the friction.

"Doesn't matter."

That's the thing with Harry. He lets her get away with everything, it's just who he is and sometimes Louis just takes advantage of that. All she's apologizing for now though is hitting him in front of his mom. She was pissed but that's no excuse. Anne already didn't like Louis and now she's got more of a reason to talk shit about her to Harry, which annoys Harry to no end.

Louis kisses his neck, then his clavicle.

"Yeah?" Louis asks, tone lower. Her sexy voice, hasn't had an opportunity to use it in a while.

They're always tired, or the kids are around, or Louis is on her period (which doesn't stop Harry but ew) so lately they just want it quick. No foreplay, so seduction. Just kissing and fast fucking so they can go to sleep. God when did they get so old?

"Course," he looks her in the eyes, his own heavy. His smirking, like he knows what's coming next. He deserves it, honest. Louis isn't easy to put up with and he's still here.

She rubs her hand on his cock over his boxers, smiling up at him. Slowly, maintaining eye contact, she shifts to her knees, straddling his thighs. She lowers her head to kiss the butterfly tattoo on his sternum, dipping her tongue in his belly button and dragging it through the little hairs above the waistband.

With her fingers hooked into the side of his boxers, she looks up again to find him already watching her. Good. It's not often she blows him but when she does she expects his full attention. Anything less is just rude.

"Can I give you a blow job?" He probably doesn't understand that she's making fun of him from the very first time they hooked up.
Harry was so young and virginal then, so clumsy and eager.

He's still clumsy and eager, just now he's more sure of himself. More confident. Louis appreciates the shift of power in their sex life, as she prefers to do zero work.

"Fuck off." Harry grins. Oh, so he does get it then. At least he didn't whine and imitate her moans again. Smart boy.

She gets his boxers down enough for his cock to spring free. If parent life has taught her anything, it's that you never have as much alone time as you think you do. With that being said, Louis wastes no time sinking her mouth down his shaft.

She hollows her cheeks, sucking hard with her eyes closed. Harry thighs start to twitch under her hands, when she opens her eyes he's watching her again. Louis pulls up to flick her tongue over the wet slit, precome blurring all over it.

"Fuck, again, Louis again- I'm - I'm close,"

She doesn't listen, just does what she wants as always. She spits in her palm for lubrication, swirling her tongue around the head of his cock as she slowly works her hand over the rest of him.

He's tense and damn near silent when he comes in Louis' mouth. If it were any other day, under any other circumstances she would have spit it out on his stomach and complained. But it's not, so she makes a show of swallowing it all, even licking his sensitive slit in case she missed some.

"God you're incredible," Harry's voice is raspy and sleep heavy.

Louis kisses his cock one more time, it's only half soft again when she tucks him back in his boxers. Wiping her hand over her lips, she gives him a closed mouth kiss (which he grimaces through) before going to brush her teeth again. When she's fine she double checks the locks on the door, then the kids.

It's not worth risking waking Serenity up to move her out of Aubree's crib so Louis moves Aubree instead. She's actually not tired, so she takes the baby into the living room with her for now. She's going to wake up again before Louis lays down anyway, no point in putting her in the room having her wake Harry up.

The exact second she successfully puts Aubree in her swing her phone vibrates. It's a face time from Zayn...

If course she answers. Hasn't talked to her bestest friend in the whole world (second bestest friend, Ren is number one) in like, three days.

"Hey babe, what's up?"

***

"Going to get clothes from Josh" turned into attending a party at the frat house. Zayn was less than thrilled when he came back to get her and told her where they were going. At least he came back though, and didn't just stay there and ditch Zayn, even though he was gone for like three hours.

"Please don't get super drunk tonight." Zayn sighs on the way there.

Niall was patient while waiting for her to get ready. Originally she was in a nice dress, but when he called her and told her it was someone's birthday at the frat house she didn't even bother zipping it.
She straightened out her curls and wiped off the lipstick too. She's irritated, but not exactly mad.

"I'll probably have like, a few beers. If you're not drinking I don't want to be drunk," Niall squeezes her thigh where his hand was resting, the other on the wheel.

Zayn's not calling him a liar, but she doesn't believe a word of what he just said.

"Okaaaaay babe."

"I'm serious! And I want you by me, within my sight. We won't stay long, I promise."

Zayn doesn't answer. She's pretty annoyed that he expects her to get pregnant now but his idea of a date is a frat party. At a house that he will go to jail if he's caught at. Zayn's a little anxious about Hasim's friends too. Like, he's not allowed here either supposedly but his friends are still here. What if they're mad at her or talk shit all night.

She already deals with whispers behind her back in class. Whether it be about her and Niall, or her and Hasim. Niall just doesn't get it. It's not his fault though, Zayn's a big girl and doesn't run to tell her boyfriend every time someone bothers her. His temper is too short for that.

Niall parks a few house down, across from the frat house. There's already a million cars here as usual.

"You ready, babe?" Niall leans across the consol to kiss her when he takes off his safety belt.

Zayn forces herself to smile at him, undoing her own belt.

"Yeah, yeah. I'll meet you in there? I'm gonna call Louis real quick,"

Niall hesitates, but nods and kisses her again. "Call me and I'll come out and get you?"

Zayn nods, giggling when Niall kisses her six more times before finally getting out of the car.

"Hey babe, what's up?" Louis' face comes into focus a second later. She looks tired.

"Fucking dark, where are you?"

"Shit, hold on," Zayn turns on the light, seeing her own picture in the corner brighten a little.

"We're at the frat." She keeps her tone flat.

As expected, Louis' face scrunches. "Are you in your car? Drive home and leave his ass there, that's what I'd do to Harry,"

/i know/ Zayn thinks. She totally would, probably, but it's Niall's car actually. She's not that rude.

"Nah. I just wanted to say hi. I miss you,"

Louis sighs. "I miss you too. Here, say hi to Aubs,"

The camera focuses a second later on a sleeping baby with pouted lips and a little hand covering one of her eyes and the other one on the side of her head. She never grew out of the frog pose all newborns seem to sleep in. Fucking adorable.


"Listen babes, if you're not comfortable there just go home, alright? Don't hesitate to call me. I'm
not pregnant anymore,"

Zayn smiles, appreciative and fond. Louis was livid when she was told about Hasim. She called Niall and demanded details ("how many times did you hit him?" "How long's he in the hospital for?" "Let me cut him").

"I will, I promise. I'm gonna go look for my boy. Love you, and you Aubree!"

Louis drags out blowing her kisses (Zayn /has to/ take screen shots, obviously) until Zayn just hangs up.

She doesn't bother calling Niall, he's outside on the porch with a few people smoking anyways. He's watching the area his car was in like a hawk, hard eyes following Zayn as she walks towards him. He meets her half way, with a cigarette in his mouth.

"Thought I told you to call me?"

Zayn raises an eyebrow but doesn't comment on it. They literally locked eyes, he watched her watch him watch her approach him. She knows when to speak up and when to keep her mouth shut though.

"Sorry." She wraps one arm around his waist, looking up at him for a second before giving him a quick peck on the mouth.

He wasn't like this with Eleanor, and that alone is flattering. He gives a shit. They're relationship has always been different since the beginning, he just doesn't know how to express himself now that he's actually supposed to. Zayn gets it.

The boys Niall was with whistle and cheer like children at the Ziall PDA.

"We were waiting on you actually. Smoke?"

Cigarette smoke shouldn't smell so good on someone's breath. It's ridiculous really, how normally gross things are sexy on Niall.
Niall gets a second job. He's a bartender a couple of nights a week. It's easy and he makes great tips because the people there love him. After just a few weeks, between both jobs and nothing to spend his money on, his bank account grows by almost a grand.

When he tells Harry this, Harry asks if he can start bartending with him. (That makes Niall feel kind of bad, so he offers to take over one of the bills Harry's supposed to pay every month).

"What are you saving all that for anyway?" Harry asks.

Ren is sitting on his feet on the floor, watching cartoons in her diaper while she eats a sandwich. Harry's pretty sure Louis just told him to do something with Ren a few minutes ago, but he doesn't remember what.

Niall shrugs, the look on his face giving away at he's hiding something. Before Harry can ask what, Louis come barging in, yelling at him.

"What the fuck, Harry." She sets Aubree on his lap and picks up Serenity, who immediately tries to cling to Harry's leg when she sees mom has clothes.

"What?" Harry asks, focusing more on bouncing Aubree. She always smiles and giggles at her daddy. She's dressed in little leggings and a sweater instead of her usual pajamas, of course Harry thinks nothing of it.

"I asked you to get her dressed ten minutes ago." Serenity thrashes and kicks Louis the entire Louis tries to put clothes on her, which is exactly why she told Harry to do it.

"For what? Where are you going?" He notices Louis is dressed in actual clothes too, her hair looks nice and she's even wearing make up. Why?

Louis glares at Harry, then looks at Niall to see if he understands why Louis is so snappy with Harry. Harry doesn't fucking listen. All he cares about is play time, leaves all the hard shit up to Louis.

"I'm taking them with me to the baby shower I've told you about four times this week." If she didn't already promise her cousins she'd bring the girls she fucking leave them both here with Harry. But then the house would be twice the mess it is now and Serenity will have eaten nothing but sugar. Not that Louis doesn't give her sugar, it's just that Harry only gives her what she asks for and Louis acknowledges a toddler cannot have four cookies for lunch.

"Did you already pick up a gift?"

The gift is literally on the table in front of Harry's face, wrapped in yellow paper with ducks on it. Right. In front of. His face.

"No Harry, why. Are you going to give me money for one?"

Niall snorts, nudging his friend and pointing out the present on the table.

"Oh. I didn't know what that was, do you need money anyway?"

Louis accepts the whole twenty dollars Harry hands her. She makes Harry put Serenity in the car,
since she's still trying to beat Louis up. When she leaves, Niall orders a pizza and of course neither of the boys think to clean up.

"Never have kids, man." Harry mutters, half joking when he steps on Serenity's action figures.

She makes them fight the barbies. The toddler may be picking up on mommy and daddy's behavior.

"Well," Niall stretches, that slick smile back on his face. "I'm not saying anything, but one of Zayn's birth control pills may or may not have been an old tic tac."

Harry spits out his drink, cursing to himself because Louis will bitch about the stain on the couch. He uses one of the shirts left on the back of the sofa to soak it up. Good enough.

"What do you mean? How do you know,"

geez he really is an airhead Niall thinks. "I dunno man. Just a hunch."

He can't go blabbing all the details to Harry in case he tells Louis, which is a greater possibility than him keeping it a secret. Zayn will murder him, or can the cops on him or probably even call his mom if she found out Niall was rigging her birth control.

He's desperate, alright. Desperate and in love.

"Listen man, if you want kids, just pick one of mine." Harry says, scrolling through his phone.

"Not Serenity though, she's my favorite. And Aubree too, she's so cute and fat." He's staring all fond at his wallpaper. It's a picture of Serenity smiling (without a top on, as usual) next to Aubree who looks two seconds away from crying, her bottom lip all jutted out.

"Then which one can I have, bro? You're all out of kids,"

Harry looks up, realization on his face. "Oh yeah. Sorry man. You can have Louis though. Her hobbies include yelling, hitting you when you won't argue, stabbing you for dinner and walks on the beach."

Niall laughs, Harry doesn't.

"I'm just kidding man. She fucking hates walking on the beach. Just had to make it sound nice, you know?"

*

Louis comes home tired, with more pizza. Aubree is sleeping so she leaves her in the car seat, obeying Serenity's demands of "give me my zeezza mommy".

"Hey babe." Harry kisses her on her temple.

She's not really in a good mood, but she's also not in a bad mood so she doesn't go off on him. He was just talking all that shit about helping her out and she leaves for four hours and comes back to the house exactly the way it was when she left.

She knows by now that if she wants Harry to do something, she has to just say it. You can't drop hints with Harry, so she's not mad.

"You should of told me you guys had pizza, I would of got something else,"
Louis doesn't change her clothes, because she's in comfortable leggings already so she just puts her hair up and takes off her bra. She moves the pizza boxes, new and old, to the stove and starts on the sink full of dishes.

"Didn't know you were getting food. How was the party?"

Party? It was hardly a party. It was a bunch of over dressed women oooo-ing and awww- ing at baby shit.

"It was fine. Ren wouldn't let anybody kiss or hug her but we'll be washing lipstick off of Aubree for days."

"Mommy!" It's Niall's voice that whines for Louis as he runs in the kitchen, Serenity hot on his heels.

"What the fuck," Louis giggles, looking at Harry.

"Serenity's being mean to me!"

Serenity does her evil smile and hits Niall again.

"What are you doing?" Louis asks Serenity. All the commotion woke Aubree up so Harry's on that.

"I punching him!" Serenity waves her fist around, smiling all evil with her little eyebrows furrowed.

"Why are you punching him? I thought he was your friend?"

Serenity jumps up to punch Niall in the belly, but she's too small so she hits him in the crotch.

"Cause he's stupid!"

"That's it!" Niall play tackles the toddler, flipping her upside down and shaking her. Good, the little shit deserves it.

She laughs like a mad man, loud and echoing through the house. This is what Niall wants. He wants this with Zayn.

*

A few hours later Serenity falls asleep with Niall downstairs watching movies in his bed. When she's knocked out, he moves over to his desk to Skype Zayn. He doesn't even feel bad that he's watching tv more than he's paying attention to her, because she's not really paying attention to him. They just keep the camera on sometimes while they focus on other shit.

Zayn looks so fucking cute though. Her hairs pulled back away from her face and her make-up is all smudged, she keeps squinting at the screen because she said she left her glasses at work.

"Babe," Niall tries to get her attention. They've been on the call for half an hour and haven't spoken for half of it.

"Yeah baby?" She's only half paying attention, now typing something.

"Take your shirt off."

He's got her attention now. He can tell by the way she's looking at the screen she's looking at his
"Niall," she warns, but she's smiling so he'll probably get her to show some tits at the very least. "I'm trying to study."

"So study me." Niall wags his eyebrows. Very convincing, he thinks.

Zayn groans, massaging her forehead. "God I miss you. I miss you a lot."

It's been a month since Niall left from her apartment. The only reason he got the second job was to keep him busy, keep his mind off of Zayn because she's always busy. It feels like he doesn't even have a girlfriend sometimes, but he won't ever tell her that because she doesn't need the stress and he's not going to break up with her for having a life. He's damn sure not going to let her break up with him either. A girl as hot as Zayn doesn't need to be single and around college boys.

He'd end up in jail for real for real.

Niall sighs, leaning back with his hands behind his head. "Them quit and let me take care of you. I can be your sugar daddy."

Zayn snorts. "Yeah, my dad will love that. 'hey pop i quit school to be a sugar baby, aren't you proud of me?' That would go super smoothly."

"Then maybe I should look for a job there, and move by you." with you He means. Obviously Zayn would be moving in with him.

"Babe, no. You have a great job where you are and-"

Niall shuts his laptop down, cutting her off. If she's just going to reject him and say no to all his ideas then fuck her. He doesn't need to hear that shit right now. He silences his phone too, setting his alarm on the actual alarm clock he never uses by his bed.
It's only been three days of shutting Zayn out and honestly he's surprised this didn't happen sooner. Louis has an odd look on her face, avoiding contact with everybody as she walks in the living room to sit by Niall. He's got Aubree snoozing on his belly, she's probably keeping him safe right now.

"Soooo. What's up, guys?" Louis asks, eyes trained on the television.

Harry knows that tone. He mentally goes over everything he's done today, this week even, that could get him in trouble. There's nothing worse than usual, but he's still on his toes.

"Nothin'," Niall shrugs. He's still pissed at Zayn, the only reason he's even up here is because he wanted to chill with Serenity.

She smacked him in the face when he tried to give her a kiss because she said his breath smelled like cheese and she "hates" cheese. (She asks for a cheese sandwich literally everyday for lunch).

So he had to settle for Aubree. Just as cute but not as fun.

"Why are you avoiding Zayn?"

Serenity's head snaps up to look out the window at the mention of her aunt's name. Such a smart girl.

"I'm not." Niall lies. He isn't even opening any messages from her and he set all of her calls to go to voicemail.

"Okay, well. She can't get a hold of you, and she has something pretty fucking serious to tell you."

It's probably something stupid just to trick him into talking to her again so everything will blow over and stay the same. Fuck that.

"Okay."

"Niall..."

He sighs, peeling Aubree's sweaty body off of him and gently buckling her in the bouncer. He ignores Harry and Louis calling his name the whole way down the stairs.


* * *

Niall doesn't come up for dinner so Louis has Harry help Serenity take him down a plate. She's the only one he won't snap at, and if he does that's all the excuse Louis needs to beat his ass.

"Listen, man." Harry drags his hand over his face, tired.
Niall and Serenity are eating dinner together, cause she's picking off of his plate so cute and sneakily that Niall won't stop her.

"You know Louis has a tape recorder hidden in my fillings?"

Huh? Harry's never even had a cavity. He reminded Niall of that for months after Niall got his braces.

"Okay..."

"I told her about the tic tac thing, because I thought it was funny and I think that's why you're in trouble." Harry confesses.

The fork clatters against the plate. Serenity pays no mind, gently picking it up and setting it to the side so she can continue using her fingers.

"You know what, Harry. I don't even care. I think me and Zayn are breaking up anyway." Niall's actually so fucking irritated because Harry is supposed to be his friend but he runs and tells his girlfriend all of Niall's secrets. All the time. Anything Niall tells Harry always gets to Louis. Every time.

And not because Louis hides recorders around the house (though one time when she was pregnant with Ren and she pulled up all crazy to start beating Harry's ass they did make jokes about Louis having a tracking device in his ass) but because he fucking tells her. Whipped ass bitch.

"Yeah, you see. The thing about that is, you can't. I'm not allowed to say anything else. Except like, call Zayn."

"Can you play with me Niaaaaaall?" Serenity asks, potatoes smeared across her cheek. There's also a brown substance by her eyebrow, Niall suspects there's some sort of cake nobody is telling him about up there.

"Yeah Ren. Go get your toys."

"Call her, man. You both need it." Harry nods at himself like what he said was wise before going over to the baby gate where Ren is struggling to lift it. That gate is to keep her from free roaming around Niall's room when he doesn't want her to but sometimes she gets clever and brings down her stool to climb over. She's so smart.

***

"I'm going to despise you for a long time." Zayn sniffles, eyes red and face wet through the screen. She won't even look at the camera, or at Niall's picture on the camera.

There's still a possibility of the test she took being wrong, but as of now she's pregnant. The last time they had sex was almost two months ago when Niall was down there last, so he's been trying to count how many weeks that would make her. She said when she missed her first period she didn't even notice, but the second one definitely caught her attention.

Niall just nods. He's happy about the baby, he wants nothing more than he wants this baby. The next step is convincing Zayn to move in with him so they can get married. It's a lot at twenty one but Niall's ready. No use waiting any more when he's ready now.

"It's like, you took away my say so in this and if I don't have it I'm the bad guy here. You get your way even though I told you I wasn't ready and it's not fair."
All this crying is dampening Niall's good mood. He's gonna be a dad! Zayn won't stop fucking crying though.

"I don't think we should- we need to-" Zayn searches for words. That catches Niall's attention.

"I need to not talk to you," she shakes her head, biting her lip. Fresh tears steadily leak down her cheeks. "For a while. But when I'm ready to talk to you again I need to know that you'll answer this time."

**you're carrying my child of fucking course ill answer**

"Yeah baby, of course. I'm sorry I didn't before, I was mad. It was stupid, but. I was just embarrassed I guess."

Nobody wants to be rejected by their girlfriend. He put himself out there and she swatted him down like he was nothing.

"Why did you do this to me?" Zayn does look at him this time. She doesn't look mad, she just looks hurt and confused. "I told you so many times that I wanted to wait and finish school. This isn't a now or never sort of thing Niall."

There's nothing you can do about it now, Niall thinks. He doesn't say anything, because what the fucks he supposed to say? What's done is done.

"Right. I was expecting an answer but I guess you don't have one." Zayn rolls her eyes, shaking her head.

She's so different from Eleanor when she's mad. Eleanor used to yell and cry and try to fuck Niall's friends. Zayn's just crying. She never really yells at Niall. It's nice but it's kind of annoying, he'd take yelling over crying right now.

"I have to go, Niall." She's fucking sobbing again. "I don't know when I'll be able to talk to you again. Probably not for a really long time."

Is this her way of breaking up with him? Is that what she's trying to do here.

Niall snorts, unamused. "You're fuckin' nuts."

"Excuse me?"

"You're not gonna talk to me for what? Who you gonna talk to then, if you're not gonna talk to me?" He's still laughing, because now he actually is amused. She thinks he's going to allow her to talk to other guys, to replace him? Hah. Hell no.

She rolls her eyes again, visibly frustrated. "I have to go. I shouldn't of called you." Then she just hangs up.

He's tasted his own medicine and it's bitter.

He shoves his feet in his shoes, collecting his phone, wallet and keys and leaves from the side door to avoid Louis.

***

Serenity is laying in their bed watching tv, she'll probably sleep in there so Aubree can finally sleep alone in her crib. Harry doesn't work tomorrow either, and he's pleasantly annoying the whole time.
Louis attempts to clean the living room.

She's missed being silly with him without little eyes or fucking Niall around though, so she's definitely not complaining.

"Harry!" She squeaks, laughing when he grabs her hips when she bends over and fucking dry humps her like a rabbit.

"Oh yeah, say my name."

She's being crushed into the sofa with trucks and plastic food smashing into her chest.

"There's a fire truck in my clavicle Harry,"

He eases off of her then, helping her up and everything. Good boy.

"What's a clavicle?"

Louis tosses the toys back on the floor and hooks her fingers in the collar of his shirt. She sucks a harsh, quick love bite on his collar bone, making him hiss and try to push her away.

"That's your clavicle, love."

"Ah," Harry smiles, big and dopey. "Forgot I'm dating a college girl."

She hasn't done any of her classes in a while, she feels like a loser. Harry thinks she's smart though, so that's all she really cares about anyway.

"Engaged." Louis corrects. They haven't even talked about the wedding yet, let alone start planning. She doesn't like Harry's family and they kind of have to be there so wedding plans are on the backburner for now.

"Of course. How could I forget?" Harry starts picking up the toys Louis abandoned, and it's then that she's reminded she's really really fucking in love with this kid.

Their playful mood lasts through most of the night. Even when they're laying together watching television in the living room when Harry gropes her butt.

"When are we gonna make another baby?"

"Like practice?" She could go for some sex.

"That too. But I've been thinking, if Zayn's knocked up you should be too, so she's not like, alone?"

Louis coos. Harry's so sweet and thoughtful, that was so nice of him to consider Zayn's feelings.

"Aww, baby." Louis smooshes his cheeks together so she can give him a sweet kiss.

"She's probably nervous, like you were and like." He shrugs. "She would probably feel better if you were too, so she's not scared or whatever."

"Baby," Louis can't stop cooing at her stupid but super cute fiance. "She'll be alright, she knows I had two babies. She can always ask me anything, she knows that. Don't worry about her, okay? She's alright. Plus her mom had a million kids."

Harry doesn't look convinced, but he nods anyway.
"Yeah, okay. When she comes to live here, we should give them out room. Me, you, and the girls can move upstairs."

Hell the fuck no, Louis thinks. Instead she just smiles, patting his cheek because no. He's trying, but no. That will be two floors she's responsible for cleaning. No.

"Love you, baby cakes."

Harry dimples. "You too, sweet cheeks." He tries to wink, but he fails. Still cute though.
Chapter 19

Niall let's himself in Zayn's apartment around one thirty in the morning. It's all dark and he can hear her throwing up, he's sort of hoping it's because of morning sickness and not anxiety. At least morning sickness would confirm his fetus is in there.

"Zayn," Niall calls quietly so he doesn't scare her too much. He should probably stop just taking trips up here without telling anybody... but then again he's a dad now, so.

God he loves that.

"Zayn, it's me," he taps his knuckles against the door a couple of times. It sways open a little, just enough for him to see her with her head in the toilet.

"Aww, baby." He coos, sitting beside her on the floor. She jumps when his hand settles on her back but she starts puking again before she can look at him.

"It's me, babe. Niall,"

Zayn just groans. She sounds so miserable. He sadistically loves this, hopes she stays like this all nine months. Who's going to even look at her when she's all pukey and fat from Niall's baby? Nobody. Niall's such a genius. He doesn't know why he didn't just get her pregnant sooner? That guy Chris, no longer a threat. No guy is a threat anymore, because Niall locked that shit down.

It seems crazy but really it's strategic.

"What are you doing here," Zayn moans into the toilet bowl. She's only in Niall's tank top and a pair of underwear. She must not be too mad then, if she's wearing his shit to bed.

"I came to see you," he states the obvious.

And if he can convince her to come home with him to live for forever so he can take care of her well then he came for that too.

"It's the middle of the night, you have work in the morning."

Niall rolls his eyes. Can't she just enjoy that he's already here? Work and shit can wait, his girlfriend just told him she's pregnant. Isn't a baby more important than literally anything else? Plus, the boss may or may not want Niall's dick. Niall gets away with a lot there. He can call in with some bull shit excuse and he'll still get half a days pay.

"But I miss you, and you're pregnant and you just tried to break up with me..." He points out.

They're both too trigger happy with the ignore button for them to settle anything over the phone. If they're going to break up (never gonna happen) she's going to do it to Niall's face (impossible, she can't say no to him).

"No," Zayn shakes her head, forehead against the cool rim of the toilet. "I'm mad, not breaking up with you."

Every time Zayn tells Niall no, or that she can't talk or hang out with him, what he must hear is
"I'm going to fuck every other guy I see". He's been this way for years. He used to not even like her talking to guys, still doesn't really.

"You said you didn't want to talk to me for a long time. We already hardly talk, barely see each other." He points out.

He hears her voice for maybe two or three hours a week. And that's suddenly too much for her? Nah, fuck that.

"You can be mad at me, I get that." He shifts around to flush the toilet for her before leaning back against the wall by the door. "But don't like, stop talking to me because you're mad. If you're mad, yell at me. Don't cut me out."

Zayn sighs. She's quiet for a long time, what feels like forever.

"I don't want a baby, Niall."

Irritation flares through him. "But do you want me?" That's why he's here, isn't it? To find that out.

"I don't know right now," she shakes her head, lip wobbling.

Niall rolls his eyes. How the fuck do you not know if you want to be with somebody or not?

"What the fuck does that mean, then? You love me or you don't it's as simple as that."

"It's not!" Zayn screams. So fucking dramatic. "How could you do this to me? Do you realize my father will disown me? They already disapprove of me and our relationship because you- because we're-"

Because you're white, or Irish or not Muslim or whatever the fuck else it could be. How typical. Niall doesn't give a shit about any of that and neither does Zayn, she's just over thinking it all.

"That's not what I'm asking, Zayn. Do you want me? Yes or no."

"Since when do you give a shit what I want?" She yells, pushing herself up. She snatches mouthwash off of the sink and storms off.

Of course Niall follows her. "Hey, hey! What the fuck does that mean?"

Zayn spits in the kitchen sink, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. "You didn't care what I wanted when you hijacked my birth control,"

Niall scoffs with his head thrown back childishly. "Are we still on that? How long are you going to be mad about that?"

She stares at him, blank faced. "Get out." Zayn points towards them door. "Give me my key and get out."

Niall folds his arms over his chest, leaning against her fridge. His pictures are still on it there, with the little heart magnets. "No."

Zayn puts a hand over her eyes like she can't bare to look at him anymore. Or she's tired, Niall's going with the tired thing. "You have work in the morning. How are you going to support a child if you don't go to work?"

Something about that makes her start crying again, not that she ever stopped really but her voice is
a little heavier when she speaks. This is a good thing, them having a baby. Why doesn't she see that?

"I don't go in till noon, why can't I stay here?" He'd have to leave in a few hours to get home and change but it'd be worth it. He's romantic, this is proof. This is shit that happens in movies. Zayn should be grateful to have a boyfriend as thoughtful as Niall.

"Why won't you just leave?!" Zayn starts pulling her hair, kicking the cabinet behind her. "I don't want to be around you right now! Just leave Niall."

"I drove all the way up here to see you and-"

"I didn't ask you to! I asked you to do the exact opposite of that and fucking leave me alone!"

"This is how you act when your boyfriend drives four hours in the middle of the night just to see you? All I want to know is are we done? Is this you breaking up with me, Zayn? Just say it, fucking say it if it is you coward-"

"Yeah, Niall." Zayn answers, voice raw and croaky but she looks so confident. Niall kind of wishes he didn't ask.

"Yeah what?" He stupidly pushes, already knowing.

"Yeah, I guess this is me breaking up with you."

They stare at each other, Zayn's face blank and Niall's shocked. He's the first to look away, pulling his keys out of his pocket. Zayn looks away after she notices him taking the key to her apartment off of his chain. He tosses it on the table, feet still stuck in place.

Fuck, this sucks.

"I love you." He shrugs, saying it like it's an excuse for his behavior. An apology.

He doesn't think he owes one though, but. He loves Zayn.

"I thought you loved me too."

Zayn literally rolls her eyes, wiping her cheeks and looking anywhere but at Niall.

"Right, my mistake. Call me when you're ready to... talk. I guess."

He goes slowly, lingers in the hallway after he shuts the door. He's totally expecting Zayn to chase after him, but instead all he hears is the deadbolt lock.

***

Louis pouts, sitting on the edge of the bathtub where Serenity is playing while Harry brushes his teeth.

"Why are you giving me that look?" Harry laughs, wiping his mouth. He leans down to kiss the pout off of her mouth, she melts a little but doesn't kiss back.

"I don't want you to go." She confesses. She's feeling clingy today, she needs attention. "Stay home and love me."

"Babe, you said I could go. Liam's already on his way there, I'll be gone an hour. Not even." He
promises.

She's not having it. She pouts all extra sad, like that's going to convince him to cancel having
drinks with Liam. He doesn't even like Liam. Or, well. He shouldn't, because Niall doesn't. Where
is Harry's loyalty? He's such a ho.

"When I come back, I'll give you the best whiskey dick of your life."

That however catches her attention. Louis has never been one to turn down a good whiskey
dicking, whether she's drunk or not. Even if she's mad. Harry's penis is like... magical. She only
tells him that on special occasions or after she's come twice and he's still going.

"You promise?"

Harry grins, wiggling his eyebrows like a weirdo, nodding.

"What if I'm sleeping?" She tests.

He runs his hand up the inside of her thigh, sneaking two fingers in the crotch of the boxers she's
wearing as shorts. She squeaks but spreads her legs a little wider. Serenity is distracted behind her,
she's not paying attention to her parents. She just got a new dinosaur, why would she? (Mean while
the tea cups and doll float alone on the opposite end of the tub.)

"You won't be." He says confidently, fucking two fingers in and out of her. Just the mention of
whiskey dick moistened her right up.

Louis juts out her bottom lip, leaning forward to wrap her arms around Harry's neck.

"Gonna get me all worked up and just leave me?"

Harry makes a face like he hadn't thought of that, like he didn't even realize what he was doing.

"That's mean, isn't it?"

She nods, urgent.

She was totally fine with him going out to have a drink with his friends tonight until she
remembered that meant him not staying home with her. She already misses him and he's right in
front of her. Right inside of her.

"You used to do that to me quite a lot, you know? And you didn't even come back,"

Louis totally did that on purpose. Used to rub her butt on his crotch before she had to go home so
that he'd text her pictures of him taking care of it. And because she lives to make his life difficult.

"Nooo, Harry," she whines.

She can tell where this is going. Harry's good at waiting, patient little thing he is. Louis doesn't not
have the restraint he does. And after years of regular (really satisfying) sex with Harry masturbation
doesn't cut it anymore. She just gets frustrated because it takes too long and she actually has to
work for it.

"What, baby?" He asks, like he doesn't know exactly what she's thinking. She really hopes he
doesn't and it's not just an act, because she doesn't like being all worked up for nothing. That's
Harry's thing. (Maybe? He complains but seems to enjoy it?)
"Tell Liam you have to reschedule," Louis says instead.

"Liam's probably already there though. That's rude."

"This," she humps her hips forward, referring to the fingers in her cunt. "Is what's rude! I need you, not stupid Liam."

"Stupid!" Serenity repeats around some of her gibberish. She has her own language, mixed with a little English. She's a very smart girl.

"See, Ren's on my side."

Harry laughs, shaking his head. He /rudely/ takes his fingers out and wipes them on her thigh. Fucking ass hole.

"Ren, who do you love more? Mommy or daddy?" Harry asks.

Louis scoffs. "That's not fair to put that sort of pressure on her!"

"Mommy?" Serenity asks Harry. She has no idea what the fuck daddy's talking about now.

"Oh, well. Maybe she-" Louis tries to find an excuse for her daughter but comes up short. Oh well, she tried.

"Your favorite is mommy and not daddy?" Harry kneels between Louis' legs, leaning around her with his big head under her arm to pout and make sad faces at the poor toddler. He's trying to distract Louis from the real issue here, it's only half working.

"Niall and rex?" Serenity asks, summing up her sentence. She either wants to show Niall her t-rex or she wants to play with Niall and the t-rex? Who knows, she was too vague. Ren works smart, not hard. Louis definitely admires that quality.

"Yeah but, who do you love more Ren? Daddy bought you that dinosaur, didn't he?"

Louis swats him on the back of the head.

"You shut up daddy!" Serenity huffs. She has limited play time in the bathtub and he's wasting it! Pretty soon mommy will make her get out and go night night. She would like to play in peace, please.

"Ha!" Louis gloats. Ren tells her to shut up an average of seven hundred times a day, but this one's the one that counted.

"Alright, whatever. Daddy has to go!" Harry almost pushes Louis in the tub so he can kiss the little mermaid on her head, then he kisses her and sprints away before Louis can talk him out of going.

"Daddy's a butt hole." Louis mutters to her daughter.

"No, mommy! No I don't want to!" Serenity screeches, shaking her head and clinging to the side of the tub when Louis grabs her little yellow and pink towel.

"You have to get out now, babes. You've been in there over an hour, your water isn't even warm!"

Serenity throws one of her doll heads (she ripped it off because bodies are so overrated) at Louis' face, splashing and kicking because damn it if she's going down it won't be without a fight. That's Louis' girl.
"Uh, babe?" Harry calls from the kitchen, like Louis has time to deal with his non problems right now. She's finally got Serenity out of the tub but it's kind of impossible to dry her off and avoid being bitten at the same time.

"Harry, you're going to have to find your own shoes right now," he only has five hundred pairs. Some how he always loses the ones he wants to wear.

Louis manages to carry Serenity to the sofa where he nighttime pull up and jammies are with minimal injuries. As expected, the toddler allows mommy to put her diaper on (probably so she can pee in it right away, because she's Louis' kid and that makes her genetically and ass hole) but kicks only a little when Louis puts her shorts on. If it were pants, Ren would have aimed for Louis' face. She doesn't like pants.

"Zee!" Serenity smiles, calm now.

"See what?" Louis asks, sitting her up to put her top on and run a brush through her springy little curls.

Serenity huffs and smacks the brush away from her. "Zee!"

"Oh. We can call auntie Zee tomorrow, okay? It's bed time for you missy."

When Louis picks a giggling Serenity up and twirls her around, kissing her chubby cheeks, then she notices Zayn. She's standing there behind the sofa with a sad smile, Harry looks really worried behind her. She looks like she's been crying, frankly she looks like shit.

"Are you alright? Is it the baby?" Louis asks, setting her own baby down to go over and comfort her friend.

The second Louis' hand touches Zayn's shoulder Zayn starts sobbing. Louis pulls her in for a hug, patting her head. Poor girl, probably so stressed out.

"You're alright, Love." Louis coos, hoping it's true.

Chapter End Notes

There's a comment in there about Zayn's parents not approving because Niall's "white or not Muslim" just remember that's Niall's thinking and that's not confirmed
Chapter Notes

I'm aware that I'm a fucking ass hole for updating this twice today and none of my other stuff in over a week but I kind of have writers block for the other stories and this one is just flowing so easy now xoxox

When Harry comes home from having drinks with Liam (Louis actually insisted he go after Zayn's meltdown) Louis is in the kitchen, bent over looking for something in the fridge. She's only in underwear and her night shirt, so Harry can't be blamed when he rubs her butt a little.

"Sorry baby, not tonight. You're on the couch or in with Ren." Louis doesn't even flinch at the hands on her perfect butt.

"What? No, I- we had plans!" He pouts. He's been hard since he left the bar and he's been waiting to poke his fiancee.

"Change of plans." Louis hands him a water bottle, her arms filled with snacks. "Zayn's sleeping in our bed. You can sleep in there with us but no funny business, she's upset."

His pout stays but he softens a little. "Quickie in the bathroom? Is Niall in our bed too?"

That could be interesting, Harry thinks.

Louis goes on her tippy toes to kiss Harry on the lips, too fast and not enough if you ask him.

"No, he's actually at the frat." She rolls her eyes. Zayn doesn't know he's there, at least Louis doesn't think she knows.

"How do you know?" Harry asks, confused. He starts unbuttoning his pants right there in the kitchen and Louis has to physically turn herself around to resist watching. They don't have time to fuck, not while Zayn's an emotional wreck.

"Justin tagged him in something on Facebook-"

"Why do you have Justin as a friend on Facebook?"

She doesn't. She was checking Harry's shit to make sure there's nothing going on that she doesn't know about behind her back. Obviously she's not going to say that though. Jealous Harry is a nice change.

"Baby. Zayn's professor hit on her, and she wants to quit school now," Louis pouts. She sets the snacks on the counter behind her so she has enough arms to wrap around Harry's waist.

"Wait what? This is so much to process, I had like four appletinis earlier,"

Louis just blinks at him. "Why do you drink appletinis when you're out with your guy friends,"

Should she keep her eye out for girls /and/ guys trying to get in Harry's pants? Those cute drinks
might give someone the wrong impression and Harry's too nice and really fucking dumb to realize a guy hitting on him. He just thinks every one is friendly until his dicks in their mouth and-

"Why is your eyebrows doing that thing?" Harry smashes his thumb between her furrowed brows, doing something weird with his own.

"Anyway. Zayn- knocked up, dumped Niall, hit on by professor. We need to coddle her, and pay attention to her. Okay?" Louis coaches.

"Got it!"

Harry gets to the room before Louis. She walks in to see her baby daddy wrapped around her best friend, who looks like she's trying to escape. Harry looks ridiculous, all long limbs and what not. And he's still in his silky shit with just his boxers and socks on. Ridiculous.

"Uh, no. Harry if you're sleeping in here I'm in the middle." /bitch/ Louis doesn't add because Zayn's fragile.

"But Zaynie bear needs cuddles."

"Harry, you're squishing me," Zayn protests.

"I'll cuddle her. Now get your big ass up and get on the other side of this bed before I beat your ass." She says it casually, very much meaning it.

After they're settled Zayn goes to get Aubree, because she's crying anyway and Zayn's missed her. The four of them fall asleep, cuddled up together watching movies.

***

"What the fuck you mean he made a pass at you?" Niall spits. It's eight in the morning, him and Harry are in the kitchen getting ready for work.

Zayn didn't really mean to tell Niall about her pervy professor before he had to work, hadn't really meant to even see him at all today actually. But he seen her car, and she was up puking anyway. She's just so emotional and she just kind of... blurted it all out. It was a long, slurred and rushed sentence of: "i-love-you-imsorry-i-had-such-a-bad-day-imesouncyousomuch-my-professor-made-a-pass-at-me-for-a-grade-and-iloveyousomuch."

"He touched you? What did he say? Christ it's like a fucking college of creeps," his hairs all disheveled from sleep but his eyes kind of tell her he didn't actually get very much of it.

"He, he did. Yeah." Zayn nods, biting her lip. She just wants him to make her feel safe and okay. To just hold her and love her and tell her she's going to be alright even though she isn't.

"Where? I'll fucking kill the son of a bitch-"

"Language." Louis mutters all sleepy, filling a sippy cup with milk. Serenity is on her hip, pouty with her cheek laying on Louis' shoulder. She looks like she'll go back to sleep, but who knows with that little trickster.

"My thigh." Zayn squeaks, getting emotional again.

She asked for help and the teacher offered a very different kind of help. A very suggestive kind of help, with his hand very high on her leg and the other pushing her hair away from her neck. She
was already having a bad day, what with no sleep and no boyfriend, hence the reason for no sleep. And there's also the bastard fetus sucking the life out of her.

"And my hair,"

Niall pulls her to him, letting her cry on his shoulder as he pats her head. "Are you gonna go back there?"

Zayn shakes her head. She doesn't want to now. She feels so uncomfortable, especially since that would be the second person she reported this year for sexual harassment only this time it's a teacher. The Dean barely believed her about Hasim. Her word against a professors... yeah right.

"Okay, okay." Niall coos, kissing the top of her head. "This is what you're going to do for me, okay baby? You're going to go in my room, and lay down. I want you to sleep until you can't anymore, and when I get home I'm going to bring you food. Good food, okay?"

Zayn nods. Her head is killing her, the only reason she didn't stay up all night to cry is because Aubree was laying on her. She's so stressed with everything. She had to turn her phone off because her mom called and it freaked her out, even though she probably just wanted to say hi or something. Zayn can't face her parents right now.

"And we're going to cuddle and sleep some more. Then, if you're ready, we can talk. We have a lot to talk about."

Zayn buries her face deeper in Niall's neck. She likes the part where they pretend everything is still good between them, especially since she missed him so much before she took the stupid pregnancy test. It's the talking that she's not thrilled about.

"Or. I can stay home," he offers.

With her being a dropout loser who's also knocked up, they probably can't afford him to be a dropout loser who's also jobless. As nice as a cuddle with her boy sounds, they can't afford it.

"Can I stay home?" Harry groans, pouring the entire pot of coffee in his thermos. Louis will surely bitch about that in about ten or so minutes when she's ready for a cup.

"That's what you get for having appletinis instead of regular beer you donut." Louis yawns, taking the thermos from him long enough to pour some of the coffee in her mug.

"I'll survive," Zayn assures her boyfriend (?? they're probably still together???) "I'll text you when I wake up?"

Niall nods, holding her face for a kiss. Yeah, they're definitely probably back together. Zayn's still mad about the baby but she needs support, she's not as strong and independent as she thought.

Harry puckers his lips to his fiancee for a kiss too.

"Harry, your breath is disgusting and I'm mad at you." Louis sighs. "Don't ask me why either. It's just how I'm feeling right now, alright."

Translation: Louis is in a crabby mood and by default that's Harry's fault. The usual.

"Okay. Sorry." Harry grabs his keys, pecking Louis on the side of the head anyway.

Why can't Zayn be that simple, Niall wonders. She always has feelings and reasons for feelings.
You don't always need a reason to feel the way you feel.
"Alright, I'm riding with him. I gotta go, text me later." Niall kisses Zayn's forehead before he follows Harry out the door.

"Why you mad at him?" Zayn asks. Louis told Harry not to ask, that didn't apply to Zayn. Plus, Louis is less likely to snap at Zayn.

"He breathes loud." Louis replies. "We're supposed to have dinner with his mom tonight. If he thinks I'm already mad he'll cancel and not make me feel like shit about it."

Smart. Manipulative as fuck, but smart.

***

"I don't want to be like Harry and Louis." Zayn says straight up.

Her bellies all full from the Chinese food Niall brought home and now they're cuddling so Zayn can hide her face in his chest while they talk.

"What do you mean?" Niall thinks his friends have a very admirable relationship. Sure it's not traditional or whatever but it works.

"The fighting. That's not okay, I don't want to fight with you. We have to talk stuff out. It's not productive to scream at each other the way I yelled at you the other night."

If screaming and yelling makes you feel better, relieves tension and helps you get through your anger then yeah, it is productive. Maybe if Niall's parents would have yelled and beat each other the way Harry and Louis do when they're mad they would of worked through their shit instead ending in cold, silent divorce and acting like nothing happened.

But Zayn's parents are still together, and they're obviously relationship goals for Zayn. Niall doesn't care. His only goal is to end up old and dead next to Zayn, no matter how they get there.

Of course he has other goals too, like spoiling her and their little of children. One step at a time though.

"And, I'm sorry for that. I shouldn't of raised my voice at you. You were so calm too, ugh. I feel like such a dick," Zayn apologizes, squeezing Niall closer.

"You were mad. I don't expect you to be calm and rational when you're mad." Lord knows he isn't.

"What did you do at the frat?" She asks next, changing the subject completely.

They were technically broken up. They both know Zayn actually means /who/ did he do at the frat.

Niall swallows audibly, closing his eyes, thankful Zayn can't see his face. He sort of fucked up, but not really. They weren't official then. It doesn't count.

"Ni?"

"Nothing!" He answers immediately before she can ask again. "Nothing,"

Zayn seems satisfied with the answer, or at least like she believes it. And that's a good thing, a real fucking relief.

They don't talk about the baby that night. It says enough whenever Niall tries to touch her still flat
stomach and Zayn moves his hand up on her tits instead.
"You going to anywhere after your parents?" Louis asks, running a straightener through Zayn's hair for her. Serenity is also helping by putting butterfly clips on the side that's already done. Soooo pretty.

"I dunno. Maybe, 'm nervous."

Niall's nervous too, to say the least. Him and Harry have been going through Harry's button up shirts for the last thirty minutes. Niall keeps trying them on and ripping them off with loud huffs and whines because "me nipples are poking through this one" and "you get this shirt from your gran Haz it's ugly as shit". Needless to say Harry's growing rather impatient himself.

"Doniya said mom was talking about filing a missing persons report if I didn't call her back. I literally just talked to her yesterday morning."

Louis snorts. Zayn's mom has always been a worrier. She doesn't give a shit if Zayn calls her piss drunk as long as she calls her hears her voice. If they don't talk at least once a day Trish thinks it's because Zayn's in a ditch somewhere. Zayn's mother has literally called Louis in tears because Zayn's phone was on silent and she didn't see her calling.

"You think they're going to be mad?"

Zayn shrugs. "Probably. Dunno if I'm going to tell them about school yet. Dunno what I'm even going to do about school to be honest. I hate being alone out there."

All of her friends are guys with an exception of Dinah, who only wants to go out when she wants to pull. Zayn has a Niall and no need to pull. She doesn't exactly like having to steer conversations away from flirty zones all night.

"You know Niall would move up there with you. I think he'd probably move anywhere for you."

"But that's not fair to him. He's got a good job here, and a house. He kept saying he bought this house for us-"

"Harry bought this house too, though."

The whole house thing is a touchy subject with Louis still. Probably because the boys are so shady and secretive on who paid what, or how much they even paid. Neither of them had a lot of money. Some. But not a lot.

"Plus. It wasn't fair that you took precautions and he fucked them up and got you pregnant. He'll find another job." The confidence in Louis' voice relaxes Zayn's nerves a tiny bit. "Does he even need to wear something that nice?"

Zayn sighs, watching as Harry and Niall fidget with Harry's prom tuxedo that Niall has on.

"No. I have a dress shirt and khakis laid out for him downstairs."

Louis sort of zones out, thinking about the time her and Harry had to go to that church dinner with
Anne and Harry wore khakis. She couldn't stop staring at his cock, which was always almost half hard at the time. It was beautiful. Plus the pants were a size too small. She masturbated to that image for like, three months after that.

"Wish me luck, then?" Zayn asks, snapping Louis out of her... sex haze, or whatever.

"Yeah, yeah. You'll be fine babe."

*

"You nervous?" Zayn asks in the car, fixing her lipstick in the mirror.

Niall looks really nice in the outfit Zayn picked out for him. His hair is even combed and waxed to the side. He looks like one of the rich senior frat boys instead of the ones who only care about partying. That's what Zayn needs right now, for her parents to think Niall's still in college.

"Does your dad own any guns? He was in the civil war right?" Niall asks, dead serious.

Zayn just blinks at him. "No weapons, or wars. Just be respectful and follow my lead."

She's nervous as shit too. This isn't the first time her parents have met Niall, or even the tenth or twentieth time. It's just the first time he got Zayn pregnant and oh god she has to tell them.

"Have you told your parents yet?"

"Nope. It's been like, two days since I found out, and I've spent a majority of that time trying to remind you you love me."

Zayn rolls her eyes, fond. "I didn't need to be reminded. I know I love you, 's the only reason I didn't have Louis kill you in your sleep after all."

Niall doesn't doubt a single word of what she's just said, either.

Zayn's parents and the siblings that are home are all happy to see them, Niall mostly. Zayn helps her mom in the kitchen while her dad questions Niall about school (he swiftly changes the topic) and his parents. All just polite curiosity though, for now.

"Mommy, daddy," Zayn takes a deep breath, grabbing Niall's hand for support.

Dinner will be finished in thirty minutes, so they joined the men in the living room with some snacks.

Niall side eyes Zayn, the whole mommy-daddy thing is kinda weird. She's twenty one.

"What is it, love? What's got you pale?" Trish asks, concerned next to her husband who leisurely sips his drink.

"Are you ill? We have the same blood type, for the record. I've known that since the time you six and we had to rush you to the hospital."

"Mom, no I don't need any organs, I."

"Oh, you mean the time you called the whole family and told them Zayn had cancer but it turned out she was just constipated?" Yaser cuts in with a smirk, teasing his wife. It's clear as day the way he admires her though, it shows every time he looks at her.
Trish slaps his arm.

Zayn closes her eyes, shaking her head. She squeezes Niall's hand in a silent way of telling him to shut the fuck up when he starts laughing.

"Thanks so much for that, dad-"

"She felt warm! You seen her, like a ghost she was. What else was I to do?" Trish argues to her husband.

What the hell.

"I'm pregnant." Zayn blurts.

"She was fine!" Yaser yells at the same time. In a delayed reaction, he turns his head to glare at Zayn. "What did you just say?"

"Oh no," Trish shakes her head, tears already wetting her eyes.

This makes Niall sit up straight. Truthfully, he's ready to throw Zayn over his shoulder and book it to the car any second now.

"Only ten weeks!" Zayn squeaks.

Niall raises his eyebrow. He counted nine on his calendar. She's probably right, though.

"Ten weeks!" Yaser yells, sitting on the edge of his chair.

"I'm sorry, okay? I- I can still finish school, I'm passing all of my classes!" Zayn defends.

Yeah, if was probably a good idea for them not to mention that Niall was kicked out, if the way Yaser's nostrils are flaring is any indication.

"You have to calm down, honey," Trish has both of her arms wrapped around one of Yaser's.

All Niall can think is Zayn better not be pissed at me if I beat his ass because he looks so angry, like he's ready to choke Zayn. Niall's the only one who can choke her, or hit her. Only during sex, of course.

"I'm not asking you for money, Niall has a job and I do too," Zayn assures her parents.

"I'm not concerned with finances." Yaser has not blinked in at least two minutes, unless he's blinking at the same exact time Niall is.

"You have two choices." Yaser flicks his dilated pupils between Zayn and Niall. "You get married and take care of this baby the right way, or you abort it."

Trish sobs at that. She's very religious, Zayn's mother. It breaks her heart that her husband would even suggest that as an option.

Zayn stares at her dad, jaw dropped.

"Well, sir. I was actually going to ask you if I have your blessing to propose marriage to your daughter," Niall lies.

He'd marry Zayn tomorrow if she wanted, with or without a fucking blessing. Who gives a shit
what her parents think. Niall can support Zayn, and he will for the rest of his life. Their opinions
don't mean shit.

"No! You do not." Yaser snaps. "But you'll do it anyway, because no daughter of mine is going to
run around with a baby inside of her and no ring to show for it."

Everybody is silent, Niall's eyes don't move from Yaser's face and vise versa. Niall's blood boils
and his ears are ringing, he imagines his cheeks are splotchy red now. He only looks away from
the older man when Zayn squeezes his hand.

"Now if you'll excuse me, I'm not very hungry anymore." Yaser dismisses himself, heading for the
basement. Probably to the bar down there, that's where Niall would go too if Yaser didn't beat him
to it.

"Excuse me," Trish nods politely, face wet with tears as she runs off in a completely different
direction than her husband.

"Are you alright?" Niall asks the second her mom's out of the room.

"Are you? Was that- was that true, or,"

Niall just shrugs, saved by Trish running back to them. She sits on the table, directly in front of
Niall and presents a ring. It's simple, an average sized diamond with a gold band. Not really his
taste, to be honest.

"This was Zayn's great grandmothers ring, my grandmother's. It would make me so happy if this
were to be the ring you give her on your wedding day," Trish kisses the ring before grabbing
Niall's hand, placing it in his palm. She doesn't let go of his hand, instead holding it to her heart
with both of her own.

This is so fucking strange.

"Of course, thank you so much." Niall nods.

"If you already had one in mind, please don't feel obligated,"

"No, this. This is perfect."

He hasn't even gotten a chance to look at the damn thing properly yet.

***

"Do you think I should be a bitch and make our wedding for when Zayn's super pregnant, so she's
fat in all the pictures?" Louis asks mindlessly.

She's laying on top of Harry in an attempt to get some damn attention while the girls play on the
floor. Aubree's sitting in this little baby chair and Serenity keeps handing her toys, then deciding
she wants it so she takes it back and finds her sister a new one. She's sharing, kind of, and Aubree
is fine with it.

"No? Why would you do that?" Harry pushes her a little so he can roll to his side. He turns up the
volume on the damn cartoon that he's more into than the kids.

"She's better looking than I am, if she's fat she won't steal my thunder."

Louis is mostly joking. She needs Zayn to not be handicapped when she finally decides to get
hitched because she'll probably be a bridezilla and need Zayn to help her.

Harry hums in a way that tells her he isn't listening. It never used to be this hard to get his attention. It used to be hard to get his attention on anything but her... what changed?

"I need a new boyfriend." Louis pouts, cheek smushed against Harry's bicep.

"Will you watch the girls while I go on a date?" She asks him, just to be annoying. "Huh? Will you? Can you watch them so I can find a new boyfriend?"

Harry huffs and literally pauses the fucking show.

"What do you want?"

"Attention!" Louis whines. "I want you to rub my butt and tell me I'm pretty, and kiss me and talk to me and not watch stupid Bubble Guppies."

Harry scrunches his nose like it's a fucking chore to love her.

"How about you give me a blow job?"

Louis blinks at him. "Why, so you can close your eyes and picture somebody else again? Forget it, Harry."

She makes sure to put all her weight on him when she pushes herself up so it hurts.

"Where you goin'?" Harry asks when she starts walking towards their bedroom.

Originally, she was just going to lay in there and sulk. That would make Harry cuddle her, if she's sad. But she shouldn't have to be sad for affection, she doesn't want pity affection from her fiancee.

Instead she gets dressed. In jeggings and a shirt that shows enough cleavage and hides the baby fat she'll probably never get rid off. She actually brushed her hair when she got out of the shower, so it's decent. She puts on a little eyeliner and makes it a point to take off the engagement ring and leave it on Harry's bedside table. He still probably won't even notice it.

"You leavin'?" Harry asks when Louis sits on the couch to put her boots on. They're actually Zayn's, but they're cute and Zayn won't mind.

"Nooooo!" Serenity gives Aubree the toy she was playing with and runs over to Louis.

"If you'll let me put clothes on you, you can come with me. If you kick me, you stay here with daddy."

"Okay." Serenity nods.

Louis actually has no idea where she's gonna go. She wanted to look kind of cute so Harry would be extra annoyed when she left him with both kids, but she can't say no to Ren. Since Ren actually let's mommy dress her, Louis takes advantage and puts her in the cutest little outfit she has.

"Louis?" Harry comes in Ren's room holding Aubree.

"What." Louis snaps, putting socks on her toddler.

"Where are you going?"
Oh, now he cares.

"Out."

"Where? If you're going out around guys you're not taking Serenity."

Who the fuck does he think he is.

"I'll take my kid where even the fuck I want. Don't you have cartoons to go watch?"

"Come on, Ren. You're not going with mom."

Serenity slaps Harry's hand when he tries to grab her arm, attempting to bite him.

"Get the fuck away from me Harry." Louis picks up Serenity, carrying her out the to kitchen to put their coats on.

It's a shame Louis has to go to this extent to get Harry to notice her. She's probably just going to go hang out at her mom's for a few hours and dodge Harry's calls. Not too late though, she hates driving in the dark with the kiddies.

"Where are you taking my daughter?" Aubree watches her parents with wide blue eyes, chewing on her little fingers.

"Might meet up with an old friend again, not sure yet."

Louis absolutely buzzes when she hears Harry growl: "Stan?!"

She hasn't talked to Stan in over a year. Last she heard he's in Canada where his girlfriend goes to school while he works. No where good either, he's a twenty three year old who bags groceries part time.

"Don't wait up." Louis mutters, grabbing her bag from the coat rack.

Harry's hand brushes against her arm and she stills. Both of them are holding a baby, they can't physically fight with babies in the same room let alone between them.

"If you touch me, I won't come back."

That part she means, only she'll also take Aubree and a majority of their shit. Putting the kids in danger is not something she'll tolerate.

"Can you just-" his hand is still on her arm, he's not grabbing it though. Just touching it. "Give me a kiss? Before you go,"

That's what she's been waiting for, been wanting this whole time. It used to be like the world stopped turning when he looked at her, now she has to start a fight for him to want to kiss her. What's happening with them?

She opens the door and doesn't turn around to kiss him goodbye. It's chilly out and Aubree is only in a onesie so he won't follow her out. If she gave in and kissed him, he won't worry while she's gone. He won't try to call, he won't pace the house wondering when she's coming back.

She's going to make him feel the way he makes her feel.
what do you guys thinks gonna happen? is Zayn going to get an abortion or are they getting married ;}
"Oh my god! Fuck, fuck, yesss!" Zayn squeals, fucking herself back on Niall's dick hard.

He's going to have a bruised pelvis, probably, but he grabs a hand full of her hair for leverage and meets her thrusts regardless.

"Harder, harder!" She whines.

He's not a machine, he's already going as hard as he can. His trucks rocking ridiculously behind a fucking dumpster in a McDonald's parking lot. For some reason when they left Zayn's parents house she was really worked up. She kept rubbing on him and licking his ear while he was driving. He pulled into the first place he could. Okay, the second place. The first was some Asian church and while Zayn didn't give a shit Niall sure as hell did. Too weird.

Niall pushes through the aching pain in his stupid knee and keeps fucking her. It's a work out for sure, sweat dripping everywhere but the noises she's making are so hot he can't stop.

Zayn wails out a crazy loud moan, choking on her own breath because she isn't doing anything but inhaling. He's fucked her a couple hundred times, but this is new. Zayn's loud but it usually sounds at least half fake and she's never this eager.

All of Zayn's... gyrating, makes Niall come unexpectedly, grunting involuntarily.

"Holy fuck." He pants, dick still spurting out come.

She moans, much softer now with her face smashed into the leather seat. The whole truck smells like hot, sweaty sex. He's definitely going to have to clean the seats again.

"I just came, so hard." Zayn laughs.

Niall collapses back against the seat next to her, slapping a hand on her butt and cracking the door to let some air in. It's broad daylight but his windows are tinted, the doors only open a little.

"Yeah," Niall says, trying to catch his breath. "What was that all about?"

Zayn tilts her head to to look at him, smiling all soft and sleepy. "You complainin'?"

"Hell no."

It's not that Zayn had an ulterior motive here, because she didn't. He just looked so hot and fuck he smells amazing. She kind of just wanted to thank him too, for the way he kept his cool when Zayn's dad was childishly rude through dinner.

Also.
"I want to go out tonight, if Louis will."

Niall squeezes her butt, shaking like her little butt is supposed to jiggle. "Where?"

She shifts around so she's laying on her back instead, much more comfortable than with her ass half in the air and her neck all twisted.

"Dancing, so a club probably. I just want to dance while I still can. I haven't gone out in forever," all of her nights off are always chill nights. She's not much of a dancer but she can bump and grind with the best of them.

No, actually she can't. But she's cute and just the right amount of carefree.

"Are you kidding me?"

Zayn sucks her lips into her mouth, shaking her head no. She wants to cut loose while she can.

"No, fuck that. You can dance at home all you want. You're not going out to dance in front of a bunch of guys. That's not fuckin happening."

The thing is, Zayn wasn't really asking permission. She just wants a night out with her best friend, which is well overdue for the both of them. And she's not really in the mood to take any shit for it, either.

"Well, actually Niall. If Louis is up for it, that is fuckin happening."

"The hell it is,"

Niall doesn't even blink when Zayn uses one of his gym shirts to wipe her crotch with. Or when she swipes his boxers and puts them on instead of her pants. She doesn't bother putting her bra back on, either. As a matter of fact, she'll probably leave that in here. On accident, of course.

"Did you forget the part where we're not together?"

That's mean, and she knows it's fucked up to say right now especially since it very much seemed like they were back together. In her mind, they are five hundred percent together. But they haven't officially talked about it, so Niall doesn't know that.

"What?" He sounds taken aback, shocked and a little desperate.

Zayn rolls her eyes, kissing him on his cheek before climbing back up front. Niall's still naked, with just basketball shorts on his lap that Zayn dug out of his gym bag.

"I'm single right now, remember baby?" She purposely doesn't look at him when she starts the truck so she can mess with the radio.

Niall huffs, moving around back there. He climbs up in the driver seat with the shorts on, wearing only that and some socks.

"No, you're not."

Zayn hums, slapping her hand on his thigh and leaving it there.

"I don't recall anyone asking me to be their girlfriend after I broke up with you, so I think I kinda am."
She's not malicious with it. Her tone is light and playful and Niall's proper annoyed. It's cute, which is probably why she keeps doing it.

"Will you be my girlfriend?" He asks absent minded, rolling down the back windows as he pulls onto the highway.

"Hmmm," Zayn taps her chin, pretending to be deep in thought. "Ask me tomorrow. I might find a better offer when I go out tonight."

Niall peels her hand off of his leg, tossing it on her own lap as he picks up speed. His truck his loud and intimidating to the drivers with smaller cars around them. It sort of turns Zayn on.

"I'm kidding!" She puts her hand back, rubbing his thigh because now she feels bad for taking it too far. It's just, if she's going be a prisoner in Niall's basement with a screaming poop machine for the next however many years she'd like to have some fun before her freedom is completely stripped.

"Baby," Zayn coos when Niall doesn't say anything. "Can I have a kiss?"

"I'm driving." He grumbles.

Zayn leans over the console to smack a wet kiss on his cheek anyway.

*

Both boys are absolutely silent while the girls get ready in the bathroom. Niall's more visibly pissed off, Harry's just indifferent. Neither Zayn nor Louis give a shit though, both couples having their own problems. Zayn and Louis have never had a proper girls night out, Harry and Niall get into shit at least three nights a week.

"Don't wait up bitches." Louis waves in spirit finger fashion as she walks past them.

She's probably too geeked for tonight.

Zayn's knocked up, and driving. She literally just wants to slutty dance with her best friend, get nasty greasy food and come home. That's it. They'll probably be gone an hour or two tops.

"Oh, for fucks sake. Are you fucking kidding me?" Niall throws his arms in Zayn's direction.

She kind of wishes she could of seen his reaction before her and Louis coordinated outfits. This was as sexy as Louis would take it, and Zayn's proud considering Louis' insecurities on her tummy. She looks hot with her belly showing though.

"I just love that my fiance disappears all fucking day and only comes home to put whore clothes on." Harry says loud enough that Louis was obviously meant to hear it in the kitchen.

All day? She was gone for like, not even two hours.

"Who the fuck are you trying to impress?" Niall accuses, knee bouncing.

Zayn doesn't take the bait. This isn't about Niall, not about any guy at all honestly.

Her heels click on the hardwood floor as she swaggers over to kiss Niall goodbye. He moves his head before her lips connect to any part of his face.
"Okay crybaby. I'll be back in a little bit." Zayn says, like Niall isn't genuinely pissed.

"Yeah, don't expect me to be here." Niall grumbles.

Harry gives him a sad look, one that says *please don't leave me here all by myself.*

* The club is packed full of sweaty, drunk, half naked girls and pretentious looking guys. When they first get there Louis orders two cokes, one with Jack and one plain. The music must of been too loud, causing some sort of confusion because there's definitely more whiskey in Zayn's glass than soda. She doesn't not drink it.

Louis gives her a look when she notices the surprised, puckered face when Zayn takes her first sip. She leans in to sniff her drink, throwing her head in a loud cackle after Zayn pointedly takes another drink. It's been forever since she's had alcohol. Somewhat regrets it now that she's not got the option anymore.

They grind on each other practically all night and it's the most fun Zayn's had in so long, Louis too. Louis runs her hands all over Zayn's waist as their hips roll into each other, giggling and laughing as the music vibrates around them.

"Can I buy you a drink?" Some wanna be two thousand ten Pauly D looking guy asks Zayn.

They're sitting at the bar to cool off for a minute, wearing pants was a dumb idea. Louis is just glad she stuck with vans instead of heels. Stupid Zayn.

"If you buy her a drink you have to buy me one too." Louis says, like that's an actual rule she has to enforce.

It is. Harry only had thirty dollars in his wallet when she was snooping for money earlier.

Wally (Wannabe Pauly, they don't care to learn his real name) checks them out, not subtle. His entire head moves as his eyes rake their bodies, and while Louis is flattered she rolls her eyes, exasperated. She's not even tall enough for all that.

"What are we drinking ladies?" He asks, apparently deciding Louis is hot enough to purchase over priced beverages for.

"Shots!" She screams, piercing Zayn's ear. Shots are the same price if not more expensive than a full drink. She hates paying for them herself.

Zayn nods, smiling wide and crinkly eyed.

Four shots of tequila later (Wally picked it) and their filter is gone. They're no longer humoring Wally. Louis flat out tells him he smells like beets and Zayn accidentally spits her drink out when Louis pokes his hair and acts like it cut her finger.

They basically laugh at him straight to his face and yet he keeps buying them drinks?

"You're so nice for buying us drinks," Louis slurs. "Now how about you buy us some cheese fries?"

Zayn makes the most unattractive face she's probably ever made, wheezing and snorting because
Louis is so stupid. "What the fucks a cheese fries? It's chilli cheese fries!"

"Better yet, Walls. Just give us the money and we'll go get them ourselves, and then we'll hang out
and shit." It's so obvious Louis is lying. She may be batting her eyes all pretty at him but he's
looking right at her elbowing Zayn. He literally seen it.

"Like us three?" He confirms. Poor guy actually thinks he's going to get a three some out of this.
They're literally mom's.

"Sure, sure."

Zayn and Louis end up walking with him to a drive through Coney Island. They make Wally order
through the speaker while they yell over him, adding in milkshakes and pita wraps.

In the back of her mind, where sober thoughts are clouded Zayn knows it's probably stupid as fuck
to leave her car parked at the bar overnight. But. She's drunk, and they're in walking distance of the
house. Kind of.

Louis digs in the huge paper bag when they get it through the window, grabbing out random items
to eat.

"Hold this, I wanna drink." Louis swaps the bag for one of the milkshakes in Zayn's hand. Both of
them make it a point to not let Wally within reaching distance of the food.

"Hey, oh my god! What's that?" Louis points to something behind Wally, when he turns around she
fucking takes off running.

Zayn's in God damn three inch heels.

"Bitch!" Zayn screams, taking off after her.

They laugh as they run away, even harder when Wally starts chasing them.

"Hey! I thought we were hanging out?" He yells.

Louis turns around long enough to throw the milkshake at him, which at some point she must of
taken the lid off because pink ice cream splashes all over his face. Zayn almost pees herself from
trying to laugh at run at the same time.

Thankfully he gives up after that. Well. More like after he throws a rock at Zayn's back because
she's significantly slower than Louis and calls them "fat cunts".

After they're a little closer to the house they stop behind a garbage bin (or maybe a clothes
donation bin???) to piss. That's where Zayn decides to ditch the shoes, carrying them instead.
They've both eaten most of the food by then too, and they didn't save any for Harry or Niall so they
get rid of the evidence by leaving it on someone's lawn.

"I'm a punk rock prom queen," Louis sings, swinging open the front door.

"Hotter than you've ever seen." Zayn backs her up, missing a few words in between.

"It took six whole hours," Louis mock sobs, kicking off her shoes. "And five long days,"

Zayn's just add on to their Josie and the Pussycats duet when they hear voices from the kitchen?The windows open, the sounds are from outback.
"What the- Harry!" Louis yells, Zayn's already walking out there in search of Niall.

They aren't alone, Niall and Harry. The losers are around another hobo bonfire with people. Zayn spots Niall first and doesn't care to look at anyone else. He looks so cute, with the fire lighting up his face.

It's cuter than it sounds, at least. Zayn's not exactly Shakespeare when she's drunk, do forgive.

"Hi baby." She climbs on his lap, nuzzling his cheek. His mouth smells like beer.

"You been drinkin'?" He asks, low and casual. Not as mad as he was when she left then.

"I been drinkin', I been drinkin'." She's in a very singy mood tonight.

Louis startles them, making both of them jump when she comes out side yelling. Zayn snorts into Niall's neck when she sees Louis took her pants off and is now outside in her little belly tank top and underwear.

"Who the fuck is this Harry?"

It's then that Zayn decides to look around. Harry and Niall's company are all girls. Oh.

"Why's she sitting next to you?" Louis stomps over in front of her fiance, one hand on her hip and the other just kind of dangling there, ready to start swinging if need be.

With or without, actually. Louis may be a happy drunk when she's with Zayn but seeing Harry around females makes her go hulk. Louis angry.

"Well, Louis. Unlike some people, these people actually want to be around me and not leave me for no reason." Harry answers stupidly. Literally, stupidly.

Zayn can't look away, so she blindly covers Niall's eyes in case he's looking at Louis' butt cheeks hang out of her underwear too.

"What the fuck you sayin' Harry? You fucked her?" Louis turns to the girl on Harry's right, gesturing between her and the chick on his left. "Which one of you fucked my husband?"

Oh, they're married now.

Niall moves her hand away from his eyes so she wraps her arms around his neck instead. He's not really touching her back but she's too drunk to piece that together.

"You're married?" One of the girls squeaks.

What a stupid move.

Louis attacks fists first, rolling around with hand fulls of the girls hair hair naked in the grass.

"Can we go to bed?" Zayn slurs, trying to whisper in Niall's ear. Trying to be sexy. Her lips are on his cheek, closer to his nose than his ear.

"Go ahead." He shrugs.

"Come with me,"

Louis is now fighting the second girl, who tried to pull her off of her friend. Harry's just sitting
there watching, taking long, slow sips of his beer.

There was two other girls too but they left. They seemed more like a couple anyway.

"Not tired."

Zayn pats around his lap, looking for his cock.

"Me either," she's not really horny either, just wants some attention.

"Those two chicks that just left," Niall says slowly, watching the girls fight like it's a tv show. "Just sucked me off like, an hour ago."

What?

"Harry too?" She asks, because that seems important. Louis will want to know, mostly likely.

"Nah."

She sits back a little, still on his lap but not so close to his face now. Processing.

Niall just. He cheated on her.

"Okay. Okay," she gets off of his lap and kind of stands there for a minute, unsure of what the fuck to do now.

Chapter End Notes

I know drinking while pregnant is dangerous and stupid but Zayn's way of thinking is that there isn't actually a baby in her yet and she doesn't feel pregnant so she's not taking the whole pregnancy thing serious

Don't be too mad at her yet ok <3
Zayn sleeps in Louis and Harry's room for the night, passing out not long after her head hits the pillow. She remembers bits of being woken by the bed rocking, but when she opened her eyes the sun peeking through the curtains burned them and it was too early so she just ignored it.

It's not until she wakes up around eleven in the morning that she realizes they were having sex literally right next to her. Fucking gross.

"I have to go get my car." Zayn's throat is all raspy and scratchy. Her temples throb but it's mild, and there's so urge to puke so her hangover isn't too bad.

Serenity is laying on the same pillow as her, sucking on a passy and watching some singing bee on Louis' phone.

"Niall got it this morning." Louis sounds as tired as she looks, propping her head on her hand and holding Aubree's bottle with the other.

Aubree is old enough and capable enough to hold it herself by now. When she doesn't hold it herself, Louis' theory is because she wants attention. Whoever's feeding her usually talks to her or stares at her while she eats.

"Is he here?" It takes Zayn a minute to remember why she woke up here instead of naked with her personal heater crushing her back.

Actually, she kind of does want to barf now.

"I think so."

Zayn groans, holding her forehead as she sits up. It's probably weird that she fell asleep in the same shirt she wore to the club and her underwear in their bed. Why she thought it was okay to crawl into her best friends bed with nothing on but panties and a half shirt she doesn't know.

"You and Harry made up, then?" Zayn asks, referring to them fucking while she was unconscious next to them.

"No." Louis groans. "We had hate sex, except this time it was him calling me names and telling me not to kiss him. I almost cried."

Harry didn't even stay to cuddle her after they had sex. He just went to sleep on the sofa. The only reason he fucked her last night was because sex is the only thing that will make Louis leave him alone. She gets relentless and dick is the only thing that tames her.

Harry's dick, of course.

"I have to go back to my apartment. Ugh I'm pretty sure I lost my job too. They've been calling me for two days and I've been blowing them off."

Speaking of blowing.

All Zayn can picture when she says that is two girls on their knees in front of Niall. It's a worse
feeling than when they were in high school and Niall would spend the night at her house, walk to school with her and then go kiss Eleanor right in front of Zayn's face. At least then Niall didn't really have a commitment to Zayn.

He claims to love her and want to marry her but just a few hours later he hooks up with not one but two different girls.

"You can stay here, long as you want." Louis offers, not yet ready to let her best friend go.

With Harry being mad at her instead of the other way around, it's going to get pretty lonely around here.

"No, I can't. I can't be around Niall anymore." He's so different lately. Things have changed so much over the last few months. He's not himself, he's not nice and easy going. He's so snappy and petty now.

Louis rolls her eyes, playful. It's clear to her that won't last long. They'll be back together, all annoying and cute in no time. Just like her and Harry will. It's just, it sucks for the meantime. Louis lives for Harry's attention, he's her best friend. A different kind of best friend than Zayn, obviously. Louis goes to Harry when she's hurt or scared or just a little sad and needs a cuddle. She goes to Zayn when she wants to talk shit about people. There's a difference.

Zayn drags herself out of bed and shuffles to the bathroom to wash herself up, not bothering to find her pants before going to the kitchen. Of course Niall's in there. She doesn't say anything as she tries to pass him up to go to the basement and collect her shit from his room.

"Can I talk to you?" He asks.

"No." Zayn says, clipped.

He follows her down the stairs anyway.

The first thing she does is take her shirt off, then her bra. She's fucking sore as shit from sleeping in a wired bra.

"I got your car back." Niall says, collapsing on his bed. He's not even hiding the fact that he's staring at her tits.

Get a good look buddy, cause this is the last you'll be seeing of them for a while.

"Thanks. How'd you know I left it?" It's more annoying than anything that all of the comfortable clothes she packed are Niall's. In her defense, she didn't come here anticipating another break up.

"You said it a hundred times last night."

She doesn't recall that, is the thing. She doesn't remember much after pulling Louis off of the girl and sticking by Harry when Louis was surprisingly cooperative and pliant in her lap. She thinks she made out with Louis?? But she also thinks she dreamt that?

She finally just picks a shirt, not caring whose it is and puts it on. It's getting colder out so she puts on sweats instead of shorts and shoves everything else into her bag.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm gonna head home." That place is not her home. She kind of felt like this was her home, here
with Niall. Now she just feels kinda lost.


"Right now?" He looks at his phone, checking the time. It's too early for anything after the night they had. She doesn't even know why he's up. Harry himself was snoring on the couch.

"I was lying, you know. About the lesbians," Niall says when Zayn doesn't elaborate that yes she is leaving now.

"What lesbians?" She definitely doesn't remember anything about lesbians. Hopefully he's not confirming her and Louis possibly making out, because Zayn only vaguely remembers that and it's still unclear whether that was real or not.

"About them sucking me off... they're together. Nothing like that happened. We were all just chilling out back, they didn't even come inside." Niall explains.

Zayn isn't convinced. "Yeah. I bet."

Why is her clothes all over his fucking room? (There's a possibility she's not ready to leave yet, so she's packing extra slow.)

"You think I'd tell you like that if I cheated on you?" He snorts, like that's at all going to help his case.

"Fuck you!" She spits, angry now. Whatever's left of her shit, he can just have. Or throw it away himself. She grabs her bag and storms upstairs, collecting her purse from last night that has her phone, keys, and money.

"Zayn, Zayn!" Niall yells, running after her.

She unlocks her car and drives away without even letting it warm up.

***

Sometime around three in the afternoon after Louis has showered and cleaned the house /and/ successfully got both girls down for a nap, she goes to find Harry. He's not hard to find, he's just in the living room watching television. She goes over to him slowly, less sure of herself knowing he's mad at her now.

"Harry," she shuffles closer, standing almost in front of him.

When he only offers a single, quick and disinterested glance in her direction, well. It fucking hurts. She gets on her knees between his spread legs, staring up at him with wet eyes.

"Harry," her voice sounds so pathetic and desperate but she doesn't even care. She is pathetic and desperate.

And she can't find her engagement ring anywhere. Every time she goes to mindlessly touch it and doesn't find it she panics.

"What?"

"I'm sorry." She says immediately, burying her face in the curve of his hip.

He doesn't say anything for long time, so she clings to him. Wrapping her arms around his waist as
much as she can with the way he's sitting.

Finally, he sighs. He cards his fingers through her hair, giving in. The thing is, he already forgave her. Probably forgave her before she even pissed him off. She was such a brat yesterday that she's not even sure what exactly got him to this point, where he's just so aggravated with her.

"Come on, come up here."

Louis doesn't need to be told twice.

"I'm sorry." She tells him again, in case he forgot. "I love you,"

"I know, I love you too."

It still feels off between them, it's unsettling.

"I miss you, so much. I see you all day but it's like you don't see me,"

He sees her as much as she see him. But he isn't as... affectionate. That's weird for Harry.

"Baby," Harry says, sounding pained. Almost as if he didn't realize him vaguely ignoring her was hurting her. "Of course I see you!"

She pouts when he cuddles her closer, so that he won't stop. It's an instant cure for all of her sadness to be this close to him, to have all of his attention. Every single fibre of it.

He sighs, rubbing her back. "I can't lie to you," he says, mostly to himself. "I've been kinda... distant or whatever because I'm hiding something from you,"

Louis tenses. That doesn't sound like a "I have a surprise for you" kind of thing. It sounds fucking bad. Her first thought is that he cheated. Highly unlikely, but it seems to be a trend with his best friend Niall. According to Harry the kid hasn't had a girlfriend that he hasn't cheated on, until Zayn. Until last night.

"It's just, it's not my secret to tell, you know? And I'm shit at keeping secrets from you. I tell you everything! But I can't this time." He explains.

That clears nothing up other than the fact that he's not cheated on her then.

"Then don't tell me," Louis is totally going to convince him to spill the beans later. Louis /loves/ gossip, how dare Harry hold out on her. "But still pay attention to me. You don't even kiss me anymore."

Lies. He tries to kiss her every single morning and she fights it, he mostly wins though. And he kisses her goodnight, and almost every time one of them leaves the house.

But. When they first started living together, Harry wouldn't leave a room without kissing her. She pretended to be annoyed but, she wasn't. She isn't. She wants the kisses.

Harry answers her by puckering his lips for a quick kiss. Not enough.

"No, lots of kisses." She whines, aware she sounds so damn childish but completely unbothered.

Instead of kisses, Harry smacks her on the butt. It fucking stings.

"Do you even know why I was pissy yesterday?"
Last night, when Louis left without asking him and then came home and proceeded to fight his friends. It's kinda obvious.

But, in Louis' defense. She did take Ren with her, and she made sure both kids were sleeping with bottles in case they woke up before she left.

"Because I'm gross and possessive." She shrugs.

That's a fact that isn't going to change. There's something about Harry that brings out the cave woman in her. She doesn't want to share him and she wants him to only ever love her. It's honestly not that much to ask for.

"No. Well, yeah. Not gross though, but,"

Louis just blinks, waiting for a point to be made.

"You said I picture other girls while we make love!" Harry accuses, eyebrows pinched together.

While Louis herself actually feels sick picturing anyone other than Harry during sexy time, whether it be solo or with Harry, she doubts he's the same. She's had her claim on him since he was sixteen years old. Sure, he was pretty fixated on her at the time too but he was still a teenage boy. He had to, fucking /had to/ at least picture someone else in the four, almost five years they've been together.

"It's fine, I guess. I don't wanna know about it." Louis begrudgingly decides, hiding her face in his shoulder. It's not exactly like she can fight a girl because her fiance thought about her while they were fucking. She can't do anything about that.

"But I don't, how can I?" He sounds so... mad. Like the very idea of him doing such a thing is just... insane? "Why? Would I, when you're... you! I mean, fuck,"

Harry shakes his head, both hands spreading over her ass, getting himself a good feel. Louis giggles, pushing her butt into hands.

This is all she wanted. Cuddles, butt rubs and compliments. Attention. Love.

"You're the hottest woman I've ever seen in my life, and the stuff you let me do to you, God."

She peeks up at him. The face he's making is extra frog like and she loves it so much.

Chapter End Notes

This wasn't as lit as I planned for But WAIT cause it will be lol <3 I had to reveal that Niall was lying (to get a rise out of Zayn, which didn't work) and I had to fix larry <3
"So," Louis' fingers dance over the bird tattoos on Harry's chest during a commercial.

She'd bitch about him always watching so much television if she didn't watch it just as much. What the fuck else are they supposed to do with all their free time.

"If you're going to ask for money I'm broke." Harry sighs.

She already knows this, because she had to put back the stupid coffee cake he wanted from the grocery store so she could buy actual good food without over withdrawing his bank card earlier. She hasn't mentioned it to him yet, because he'll either get all macho and claim he can support them just fine or he'll get pouty about missing her, but she's been looking for a night job. Not actively, because she wants one but doesn't quite need one. Extra income would help.

Louis scoffs though, like it's a preposterous ideal for her to ever ask him for money. "I never ask for money,"

Harry snorts, lolling his head to look at her, all amused. "Because you just take it, don't you?"

He's not mad or annoyed, because Louis doesn't make stupid purchases ever. She's a mom, a responsible one too. It's been actual years since she's bought something name brand because the diapers Serenity needs are rare and expensive. Her skin is very sensitive, the poor baby's.

"Is it your money or our money?" She asks, getting a little sidetracked because that's kind of offensive?

Harry rolls his eyes. Louis' point is made then. "*Our* money, your money. Not even *ours* or *yours*, it's the bill collectors money and the diaper companies money and the-"

He could probably go on for days. Louis won't let him, she gets it. They're poor. Nobody told him to buy an expensive house and financially burden himself with monthly payments twice the amount of normal renting rates.

"Everybody's money but yours babe, I know." She pats his chest, shutting him up. "All I wanted was to know where my ring is,"

It's been like, two days since she had her temper tantrum (adults get cranky too, okay) and she's ready for it back now. Any time now, Harry.

"Oh, darn. You see, what had happened was, I had to give it to my other girlfriend. The one who will rub my feet while I eat chocolate cake." Fucking idiot.

She just blinks at him, unimpressed. "If she put her hands on those things she deserves a much bigger diamond, Love."

He actually has pretty feet for a barbarian. Pretty may be pushing it but they aren't as horrid as Louis acts, with the way she gags whenever he puts them in her lap while they lay around watching movies. It's just, Louis gets foot rubs, she doesn't give them, is the thing.
Harry makes grunting noises when he stretches, reaching over to his bedside table to rustle through the drawers.

That's right, bitch.

"My big, gigantic, massively huge cock makes up for it, though." Harry mutters. He comes back to the middle of the bed (the spot they both try to claim and end up just cuddling), presenting her ring.

The ring is actually perfect. It's got sentimental value, that's what's important. Harry bought it with one of his first paychecks and he was so nervous because it probably wasn't big enough, or shiny enough. Or some other stupid thing.

It could be made out of tinfoil and Louis would still wear it everyday, long as it held up of course.

She slips it back on, back to the place it belongs. She gets over the top sometimes when she's mad, she's got to remember to at least hide the ring herself next time. That's a bad idea. It'll get lost and Harry will have to look for it, and he won't be able to find it because Louis is the best at hiding things she doesn't want to be found. Then Louis will end up looking for it herself and insist Aubree swallowed it until they finally find it not where Louis put it.

"Thanks, bud."

Harry snorts. "No problem dude."

What the hell. "Dude?"

Harry just shrugs, leaving Louis with no other option but to swing her leg over his hips and show him how much of a dude she is.

*

Niall's been holed up in the basement since Zayn left, only leaving to go to work and come directly back. That's confirmed, because he carpools with Harry. He's not talking to Zayn, because Zayn changed her number straight from leaving and texted Louis specifically asking her not to give it to Niall.

Louis suspects Niall's been blocked on Facebook too, because he may be sulking in real life but his last post was "u can unfollow but u cant unswallow".

...Anyways.

Louis knocks before just opening Niall's door, respecting his privacy and shit. Who knows what the hell he does in there all day.

"Come in." He calls, so she does.

He's probably expecting it to be Harry, because when he notices it's Louis he minimizes the screen that had pictures of Zayn on it. He's so cute.

Now isn't the time to be thinking he's cute, though.

"Where's Zayn's grandmothers ring?"

Niall stares at her for a long minute, finally cracking and giving in to reach for the box on his desk because Louis always wins, obviously. He doesn't hand it to her, just slides it, indicating it's alright that she takes it. You're God damn right it's alright.
"And her house key,"

"Nope."

Louis sniffs, leaning against the wall. Neither of them are looking at each other now, fucking awkward.

"I wasn't asking."

She hates being all tough with Niall, little sweet, baby faced Niall. But she has to, cause they baby face is the reason her best friend has been a sloppy, snotty, depressed mess for the last few days.

"You have her new number?" He asks, trying to sound casual.

Her heart breaks a little for the kid. He's snappy and jealous just like Louis is, but Zayn isn't tolerant and forgiving like Harry is. Purposely hurting her pushes her away, because she's sane and Harry probably isn't. Either way, those kind of things don't work for Zayn.

"Yeah," she crosses her fingers behind her back, wishing he doesn't ask for it. This, collecting Zayn's stuff, is hard enough.

Niall looks at his computer screen as he pushes his keys next to the ring box.

"The one that's painted."

This is what sucks about having your friends date when they aren't as compatible as her and Harry are.

Okay, no. Niall and Zayn are very much compatible. They were perfect. Niall's just in a slump and Zayn's emotionally weak.

Louis touches his shoulder, sympathetic. She takes the key and the ring and doesn't leave before she drops a lingering kiss to the top of Niall's head.

*

When Louis meets up with Zayn she freezes and absolutely has to stare for at least five minutes. The whole time Serenity bangs on the stroller, yelling "hurry up mom!"

Zayn's fucking blonde.

She looks hot.

"Blonde?" Louis shrieks, because what is she if not dramatic?

"Uggghhh!" Zayn groans. "I wanted a change, I didn't realize I'd end up looking exactly like my mother."

Trish has had blonde streaks in her black hair for as long as Louis can remember. Zayn's aren't as white, and the entire bottom is blonde too. It's cute. She probably went to a professional because the Malik's can afford luxury salon appointments, so Louis doesn't say anything about dying your hair while you're pregnant.

She's done much worse shit when she was pregnant with Ren and look at how perfect her little angel turned out anyway.
"Who's idea was it?"

"My mother's." Zayn deadpans.

Louis cackles. That's some shit her mom would do too, trick her into matching with her.

"What exactly are we doing here again?"

"Oh, I just." Zayn shrugs.

They're standing in front of a Planned Parenthood, and Louis isn't exactly sure what the plan is. Serenity gets impatient in the stroller when it's not moving, she's on the verge on a breakdown now because Louis won't "gooo!"

At least Aubree's chill.

"I guess I just wanted some support?"

Louis' mouth goes a little dry. "Oh,"

Zayn shakes her head, frantic. "Oh my god, no. No, I just realized, no! I'm getting an STD test!"

Louis relaxes a little. She'd never, ever judge Zayn for her decisions even if Louis didn't agree with them.

"Just, I've never had to before. And I don't know if he's cheated on me, you know? I probably should of, like. Done this sooner? Because I knew he hooked up with girls at the frat and other still let him put it in me. Raw."

This is probably make or break for Zayn and Niall. If she's clean, Zayn will probably cave and give him a chance but if she has something, Louis just knows Zayn would never talk to him again. Zayn would probably actually get an abortion then too.

"Aw, babe." She wraps her arms around her best friend, offering the needed support. "I'll stay out here."

Zayn looks panicked for a quick second, so Louis explains. "I can't sit in a clinic with two babies,"

"That makes sense,"

Zayn kisses Serenity, who tries to push her away because she's annoyed, then Aubree.

"Wish me luck." She tells Louis.

"Of course, babe."

If Louis snaps a picture of Zayn walking in with the Planned Parenthood sign above the door and sends it to Niall, well. Oops.

*

The girls celebrate Zayn's clean test with too much McDonald's, mostly so Ren can play but also because Zayn's been craving it.

Louis' phones been going off like crazy, it's all Niall. He keeps texting and calling and while it seemed like a good idea earlier she's kind of scared to check her phone now.
"Who keeps calling you?" Zayn asks, curious with potato in her mouth as Louis rejects another call.

"I think he knows I'm with you,"

Zayn rolls her eyes and shakes her head. She wants nothing to do with it.

*

Niall isn't home when Louis gets there. His ridiculous, gigantic truck that's not at all practical when you have a fucking baby is missing from its usual spot: a very large sliver of the front lawn next to the driveway. Harry's home though.

The three of them are sitting down eating dinner, Aubree in her bouncer, when Niall comes storming in. Slamming shit and stomping everywhere.

"He's loud!" Serenity tells her dad, pasta sauce all over her mouth.

"Who the fuck do you think you are?" Niall glares at Louis. "Don't you ever send me some shit like that bitch!"

"Hey!" Harry jumps up while Louis sits there in shock. "Downstairs, now!" He pushes Niall, pointing at the stairs like Niall's some kind of dog in trouble.

"Fuck you!" Niall pushes Harry significantly harder than Harry pushed him. "And fuck you too," he says to Louis.

"And fuck you Iall!" Serenity joins in on the fun game, pointing her plastic fork at her uncle.

"You don't give a fuck, because you have your kids right? So fuck me, right?" Niall yells.

"Enough!" Harry screams. Serenity covers her ears and Aubree starts crying at all the angry noise.

"If you have a problem with her, you take it up with /me/, and I'll deal with it," Harry tells his best friend, pissed off at the disrespect his woman is receiving.

Harry doesn't give a shit what Louis did, nobody is going to talk to her like that. He does however acknowledge that if /Niall/ is angry, Louis probably did something really shitty. But who knows? Because Niall's not Niall when he takes those fucking pain pills.

"Yeah," Niall laughs, dry. "Because you have a backbone and don't ask how high when she fucking says jump."

What?

"Downstairs, now Horan. Let's go. We're not doing this in front of my kids."

Harry's stern about that, for which Louis is grateful.

She doesn't feel bad about what she did, honestly. She was looking for this reaction. Of course her plan is to reveal it was an STD test and not an abortion after Niall blew up so he can feel like shit for fucking other people.

Maybe it is fucked up, that she purposely worked him up and ignored his calls for hours. But you know what else is fucked up? Breaking Zayn's heart.

***
Zayn goes back to her apartment after two weeks of hiding out at her parents. She was right, she had indeed lost her job. It's fucking hard trying to find another one in the area, and it's even more stressful because she's going to lose her apartment.

The person who helps her out though, and gives her a place to stay insisting he doesn't want rent was what she really didn't see coming. She's too grateful to question it.

"My mom usually brings food over on Sundays, and like, other stuff. So is there anything particular you want? She's gonna ask anyway, so." Justin asks while unpacks her clothes.

It's obvious Justin's a little trust fund baby. Nobody else in college has their own house. Justin doesn't even have questions job. He doesn't really even stay here? He has a room at frat... one that he doesn't have to share with anybody which is rare.

"Will she be okay with me staying here?" Zayn asks instead. Staying with Justin is not exactly Zayn's first choice, but they're friends. He offered.

Besides, this is temporary. Zayn's looking for a job so she can afford her old apartment again.

"Oh, yeah. Definitely. Especially if you compliment her cooking and let her do your laundry. Mom stuff."

Zayn doesn't ever see herself being the type of mother to willingly do her full grown child's laundry, much less her full grown child's full grown friends laundry.

"Well. Small price to pay then, huh?"

Chapter End Notes

from what ive ///heard/// planned parenthoods are pro choice (true) but supposedly the almost try to talk girls into having abortions... that's just what ive heard though and that's why Louis didn't want to take her kids in there
"I- fuck, Louis." Niall pinches the bridge of his nose.

He's significantly calmer now, after an hour of screaming at Harry and another hour alone. By the sounds of it the basement is probably fucked from the hour alone, but oh well. That's his room anyway.

"Aw fuck, Louis!" Serenity backs up her best friend.

The more time she spends around Niall, the nastier her little mouth gets.

"I'm only sorry about calling you a bitch," Niall decides. "That was a really fucking bitchy thing to do, but I shouldn't of called you that."

"A stupid bitch, mommy." Serenity agrees, nodding her head.

"Ren, stop." Harry warns. It would have been different if Serenity just said bitch, but her adding the "stupid" just shows she knows what she's saying. Little bad ass.

"Don't shoot the messenger, yeah?" Louis tries weakly.

Technically, all she did actually do was relay the message. It was the way she did it that was wrong, especially because it was a false message and Louis has yet to tell Niall what Zayn was actually doing there.

She feels guilty. But if she doesn't give Niall a reality check, to get his fucking emotions in check, then who will? Louis isn't going to wait around and watch him keep fucking up. This is her pushing him along until he does something to fix his mess.

"Water under the bridge, little brother." Louis assures him.

After all, she really is a bitch. That is not news here.

"It's just, Zayn. You know? And- fuck," Niall starts getting choked up half way through, looking at the ceiling and blinking hard.

It's probably the most heart breaking thing Louis has ever witnessed, seeing Louis cry. Aside from when Harry broke down after a really intense fight with Anne, where she threatened to send him to go live with his real dad. This is different though. Niall's having a really tough time. Everybody else buys into his fake smiles and shrugs and believes him when he says he's okay but he isn't. Louis gets it.

"Oh crap, Niall crying," Serenity informs her parents, all huffy.

She's not even two yet, what the fuck.

***

They say when it happens, it happens overnight. One day you're you, the next day your stomach looks like it's filled with water balloons. According to the app on her phone, Zayn's about fifteen weeks, give or take a week. When she put on her jeans this morning, her gut literally hung over the waistband. It never used to do that in these pants, these are her good pants.
She snaps a sideways picture in the mirror, sending it to Louis with the caption "is this normal?????"

Zayn's never even been bloated during her periods. It doesn't feel different, just feels like gas to be honest.

"Whoa, morning fatty." Justin greets when she goes to the kitchen.

Her work shirt is a size small, there's no hiding the little pudge even if she wanted to. She's an idiot for ordering a small, but it's habit.

"Charming as ever." Zayn chirps, pouring herself some juice.

He doesn't know she's pregnant, nobody does. That makes the fatty comment even sweeter.

"You know me." He smiles all pretty, flashing his perfect teeth. "Oh, by the way. I didn't know you and Horan broke up?"

She's been here a month, over a month. Every time Niall is brought up, she changes the subject. Niall hasn't been here, she doesn't willingly talk about him. It wasn't obvious?

"Or at least, I hope you did?"

Justin is just so sugary sweet in the mornings.

A bleach blonde chick in just her underwear and slippers shuffles passed her, looking like a zombie. She pours herself a cup of coffee and leaves. Zayn's immune to seeing random tits by now.

"Oh?" Zayn asks, twisting her face all up. She busies herself with checking her phone. Louis replied with an all caps "YES" and too many heart related emojis for one message.

"Well, Eleanor posted some pretty interesting pictures of them this morning," Justin turns his phone around to show her Eleanor's Facebook.

Her hearts already racing, since the word Eleanor even came out of his mouth. Louis hasn't mentioned Niall hanging around Eleanor? Maybe she doesn't know. She does take some comfort in knowing that without a doubt Louis wouldn't put up with Eleanor around her kids, which means she can't stay there, at their house.

It's just one picture, of Eleanor smiling and Niall sleeping on a bed behind her. Without a shirt. It's captioned "waiting on sleepy head to wake up!!"

Fucking bitch.

"Cute." Zayn nods. She's shaking, unreasonably angry and hurt and fuck her heart feels so heavy.

"Yeah. You gonna be around tonight?"

She can't think, can't comprehend anything other than Niall slept with Eleanor.

"Probably, I dunno." She wants to drive off a bridge. Take a nap in traffic. Drink a bleach smoothie, all of those sound like excellent options.

"Well, I'm having a little get together tonight. Just warning you, in case you expected a quiet night or something. It is gonna be quiet, just some chill people. But, you know." He shrugs.
She pulls herself together, not keen on the idea of looking like the weak little bitch she is.

"You can't do that at the frat?"

Justin snorts. "No. If you do anything involving alcohol at the frat, which there will be alcohol here by the way, everyone thinks they're invited. When everybody is invited, nobody puts in on drinks because they figure it's already supplied, then I end up explaining to my mom why I needed three hundred dollars worth of a beer I don't even like when she gets my credit card bill."


Zayn has her own problems to deal with.

"Okay..." She also doesn't have time for his ranting. Doesn't have the mental stability to listen to problems that aren't problems, and she knows what real life problems are. "I'm gonna be late for work. I'll try to bring home some pizza for your party."

"Not a party!" Justin yells as she walks out the door.

* 

On her way home, Zayn gets a text from Louis, warning her that Niall is on his way to a party up there literal seconds before Justin's name flashes across the top of the screen "ur boys on his way."

As if being fat and sweating in the winter wasn't bad enough. At least she has time to figure out where she can hide for the night.

She picks herself up a fruit smoothie for dinner. She feels disgusting and tired and the very idea of chewing food and swallowing it makes her want to lay down and die. And Niall is going to be all up in her face, with Eleanor. Fuck.

"I brought pizza, dunno what's on it." Zayn tells Justin, setting the boxes on the counter.

The perks of working in a pizza shop is whatever pizza gets fucked up or nobody comes to get it, they get to take home. That's probably why Justin thinks she's fat.

"Sweet, thanks." He's playing Just Dance on his Xbox in the middle of the living with just a pair of boxers on. There are books on the couch though, so there was some productivity today.

"Hey, so," Justin doesn't pause the game he just keeps dancing. He's the only person Zayn has ever met that actually wants to play this game solo. "A few people are going to end up crashing here, and one of them might be Niall."

Zayn laughs, huffing through her nose. There's nothing she can do, she has no say in who comes here and who doesn't because she doesn't pay rent. She's literally here because Justin likes to be around people all the time and it just so happened Zayn needed a place to stay.

"You're really laying a lot on me today, huh."

"Yeah. Sorry." He says, not sounding sorry at all.

It's still early in the day, barely after six so she decides to shower and let her hair dry while she takes a nice long nap. She wakes up again at eleven at night, only because there's a bang on her window.

She jerks up and looks at it. There's a fucking bearded weirdos hand against it. He's peeing outside
of her window. Nice.

That alone proves this isn't a little get together and it is a party and Justin is a God damn liar.

She probably looks like death and her hair dried wavy because she brushed out the curls. Her plan is to run to the bathroom and back without getting caught. That obviously doesn't happen.

"Zaynie!" Josh cheers the second she opens the door, like he didn't just bother her for the entire lecture yesterday.

It was during Mr. Creepy's class though, so it was welcome. She doesn't have a legitimate reason to drop his class other than he made her uncomfortable that one time when she was already vulnerable.

"Hey!" She smiles politely, all sleepy.

He opens his arms for a hug and she won't admit it out loud but the only reason she goes other than obviously not wanting to make him look stupid is to see if Niall's there. She's been strong on ignoring him and avoiding him for over a month. She just. She has to see if he's here with her.

"You look so comfy and cuddly." Josh smiles, rocking her back and forth.

Everybody is dressed all hot, in tight pants and sexy shirts and she's literally in baggy plaid pajamas. The shirt buttons up though, so that's kind of cool at least.

"I'm tired." She mumbles.

She was wrong though, because despite the peeing hipster there really aren't that many people here. At least not in the kitchen.

When she turns around though, that's when she sees him. He's already staring at her with his beer half raised like he was about to take a drink and froze. He actually looks sad, scared even.

"You're gonna come have a few with us though, yeah?" Josh asks.

"Yes, that's not even a question Josh!" Ed decides. "I haven't seen you in a while, Zayner. You owe me a beer."

When Zayn catches Justin's eye he's already watching, beyond amused. Nothing is funny.

Except the mustache drawn on over his real mustache and the cute little girl in front of him taking selfies with him in the background. That's kind of funny.

"I'll hang out, I'll hang out!" She says, so everybody will stop ganging up on her already. Plus, she thinks she may have heard Dinah laughing in the other room. She misses Dinah.

She should also hook Dinah up with Justin.

"But I'm not changing, and I'm not drinking your lite beer! It's shit," she says the last part to Ed, because what kind of respectable man drinks lite beer?

Niall hasn't stopped staring at her though. His expression is a lot softer now too. He always used to like that she was popular with his friends.

Because they're her friends too, but.
She does change, not her pants but just her top. She's purposely braless, in a white shirt. Because she's pathetic and trying to lure Niall into making a move so she can strike. And yell at him. He deserves to be yelled at.

Currently, Ed's in the middle of telling Zayn about him hitch hiking when he was drunk (what?) while she nurses a wine cooler. She doesn't want it, doesn't want anything really. If Niall weren't here she would of went back to bed.

"Jesus fuckin' Christ Horan you gonna stare at her all night or you gonna say something?" Justin instigates.

Zayn's moving out.

No, she's not. Justin can probably read her like an open book.

"It was the real deal, like, beans and ketchup over a fire," Ed laughs. Ed usually has good stories, this was probably one of them but she's not really listening. At all, actually.

"Uh, Edwardo. As interesting as this homosexual erotica is, I need to steal Zayn for a moment," Justin looks so mischievous and he isn't even sneaky.

"I'm good." Zayn says, keeping her eyes trained on Ed. Ed is so nice, that if he keeps talking nobody will have the heart to cut him off twice.

God, she's such a pussy. She literally wanted Niall's attention and now that she's most likely about to get it she's nervous. She just wanted him to try, is the thing. Just to see if he's still interested, and how interested he is.

"How come you're being mean to him?" Dinah plops herself on the seat next to Zayn. Zayn's actually sitting on a foot rest sort of thing, but her butt is little even if Dinah's isn't.

"I'm never mean to Justin. Do you two know each other? Who'd you come here with?"

Dinah rolls her eyes and points to beardy. He's all drunk and sleeping on the comfy chair. Zayn doesn't blame him, she falls asleep there all the time.

"Oh. Did you know Justin before tonight?"

Zayn doesn't normally play match maker, but they would probably be great together. Dinah's a little shy but Justin is totally sweet, he'd treat her nice.

Plus. She seen him walk from the shower to his room directly from the shower. He's blessed.

"No! That's so weird, that your ex boyfriend is here! You and these white boys, I can't with you." Dinah shakes her head.

Rude. Dinah loves white boys as much as Zayn does.

More, probably. Because Zayn only loves one white boy. It's currently a love hate thing but it's only Niall.

"They're really good friends," Zayn shrugs.

"That's so weird."
What the hell?

"How?" Zayn asks, confused. She looks up and immediately hates herself that the first person she always looks for in a room full of people is Niall.

She finds him instantly too. He's holding a beer, standing by Justin and Josh but he's not listening to whatever they're saying.

"Your boyfriend is friends with your ex, and they're in the same room. Niall keeps looking at you, too. It's so weird,"

Oh, that makes sense. She's confused.

"Justin's not my boyfriend," Zayn makes a face. Ever since Niall, almost all of her guy friends just seem like brothers to her. Niall's it for her. But he's a fuck boy, so she's just going to have to live life single.

Single, with Niall's baby. It's so easy for her to forget she's pregnant...

"Oh? You guys are just hooking up?" Dinah says it like she actually believes it, which is just gross.

"No! I don't "hook up" Dee," this isn't how this was supposed to go! "You should talk to him though. You're his type."

Justin's type: girl, skinny, big butt, nice teeth. Dinah fits the quota perfectly.

"This is actually the loudest whispering conversation I've ever heard, just saying." Liam says.

Holy fuck? She didn't even see him here at all, much less right next to her. Who does he even know here? Are him and Niall friends again? What the fuck.

"Oh my god! Hi!" Zayn's genuinely excited to see him, all but sitting in his lap by time she jumps up to hug him. She's over the whole thing about him lying and saying they hooked up, Niall was an ass hole that night and Liam's just. Liam.

She introduces him and Dinah. They hit it off right away, so Zayn sneaks away so she doesn't distract them.

Also because she's noticed Niall's in the kitchen and he hasn't looked at her for probably like, five minutes.

At least three.

It turns out they're actually not in the kitchen, though. Rather, they're in her room. Sitting in a fucking circle, passing around blunts and bowls.

"Oh, sorry Zayn. Someone was in my room. The floor is nicer in here than in the kitchen." Justin shrugs, unapologetic again.

He smiles and wiggles over, patting the spot next to him. The spot between him and Niall. The look on everybody's face gives away that this was planned, and Zayn is probably falling into all of their traps.
"Everybody good and high now?" Justin asks the circle, already putting everything back in his special box anyway.

Zayn only had like, two hits just to take the edge off. Every time her fingers touched Niall's when they were passing the blunt she kept almost dropping it because she kept jerking away. It's odd how the littlest touch can make you feel so much.

"Good." Nobody even answered Justin. "Come on, let's give them some privacy guys."

Josh and Niall are having a silent conversation, full of questioning eyebrow raising and nodding. When Josh gets up, he squats back down in front of Zayn, grabbing her face and kissing her forehead. It makes her giggle, because it's so platonic and people who don't know them probably don't understand that.

Zayn's friends are practically all guys. She's heard the things girls say about her because of it.

"Just listen to him, okay? Give him a little chance."

Zayn rolls her eyes and pushes his hands away from her face. She'll give him all the chances in the world, probably.

Her and Niall not talking isn't as easy as everybody thinks it is for her. She's blocked her number and called his phone private just to hear him say hello more times than she'd like to admit. One time, he sounded pretty drunk and she didn't even say anything but she swore he knew it was her because he stayed on the line and just, didn't say anything but he didn't hang up until eventually she had to. He was there too, on the phone, because she could hear him breathing and sighing and swallowing whatever he was drinking.

It was pathetic but she had a shit day and age just, she needed him.

Justin's the last one out. He wiggles his eyebrows like something sexual is about to go down after he closes the door. Man child, he is.

It's awkward now, now that everybody has called attention to the fact that they need to talk. Even more so because Niall isn't talking. It hasn't even been a full minute of silence but it's already driving her crazy.

"Well? Are you going to talk?" Zayn snaps.

Then, he decides to finally peel his eyes away from the carpet and fucking look at her. "You-

"Eleanor? Are you fucking serious?" The words come out before she can even process them, her mouth just saying words her brain didn't give it permission to.
'What?'

"You sat in front of my Fathers face and talked about marrying me, and then you go fuck Eleanor?"

Zayn's hurt that it's specifically Eleanor because her and Niall have a history. A long one. The girls Niall lied about, and the one he didn't mention but Zayn heard about in the library, they're just a warm mouth, a place to put his dick. But Eleanor? Really?

Niall sighs and groans and makes all kinds of frustrated noises. "I knew you'd see that,"

"...okay? Congratulations?" What the fuck.

"I didn't, that's an old picture. She's crazy! You know she's fucking crazy,"

Zayn laughs at his nerve to lie to her face again. There's no point in him lying to her other than just to do it. They aren't together.

"Yeah, but you gave her a reason to be crazy. She didn't just post it for no reason, she posted it because you were talking to her. Whether it's old or new you fucking talked to her,"

She doesn't mean the casual "how have you been it's good to see you again hope you're doing alright" kind of talking either. There had to of been some reminiscing of the good times they had together and that pisses Zayn off so much because here she is, crying herself to sleep and feeling so lonely in a room full of people while he's out flirting with his ex, and who ever else he entertained.

"No! She wanted to, yes, but I shot her down! The picture is old, I swear to you Zayn,"

"Prove it. Prove to me that it's old." He has no obligation to prove anything to her, but he actually kind of does if he wants them to work shit out any time soon.

Niall digs his phone out of his back pocket and starts scrolling. He doesn't look annoyed either, that same nervous look is still on his face. Good. Zayn has no idea what she would of done if he just said fuck it and actually gave up right then and there.

"I will, I swear." He shakes his head.

"Why are you shaking your head? You did this. You did all that unnecessary stuff to get me pregnant and all the sudden your ex pops back into the picture,"

"I don't know why you would bring that up," Niall shrugs, growing agitated at the mention of the baby.

It's not even a baby yet. It doesn't move or try to kick her, all it does is make her sweaty and emotional and not let her eat stuff without puking it up. She doesn't even bother with food anymore unless she's super starving.

"That's a big deal Niall. Did you expect me to be okay with being stuck with your kid while you do whatever and whoever you please?"

"Doesn't matter though, does it? Because it's not gonna happen. Here," he shows her his phone, the same picture Justin showed her this morning on Eleanor's Facebook. This one's on her Facebook too, posted two years ago.

Oh.
"That was at my ma's house too, probably one of the times I didn't even know she was there."

"It's not just the picture I'm bothered by, there's a reason she posted it again."

Niall sighs, tossing his phone down in front of her. It almost seems like he's giving it to her, telling her to feel free to go through it... She really doesn't want to. But that's a step in the right direction for him.

"She wants you to think that." Niall nods. "She's crazy."

There's probably a lot of truth to that, actually.

"I wouldn't go back to her anyway, she fucked a lot of my friends."

"You fucked a lot of my friends too." Fucking whore.

Actually, the girls Niall hooked up with weren't exactly Zayn's friends but she knew them.

"You keep fucking with people I have to go to school with. Do you know how embarrassing that is for me?"

Everybody knows Zayn was all hung up on Niall, they seen it the whole time Niall was still going here. Both of them got pretty popular pretty fast and college kids love gossip. It wasn't really a big deal until Niall left and they gossip was all about how stupid Zayn is.

"We weren't even together then! You've got no right to judge who I've slept with before we even got together."

"So you didn't leave my apartment two months ago and meet up with Ellie?"

She heard about that the very next day and yeah, it bothered her (obviously it still bothers her) but she didn't say anything about it. Not even when he lied about doing "nothing" at the frat.

"You broke up with me then," Niall tries to defend. But it's not fair. He's not fair.

"That's how we're doing it, then? Funny how the title didn't mean shit when I kissed Liam while you had another girlfriend, right? Because you can stick your dick anywhere as I long as I don't even look at somebody else, right?"

Niall wipes his hand over his forehead, pulling at the front of his hair in frustration. "You just don't get it,"

No, she doesn't. She doesn't understand why rules only apply to her, why he is the way he is to her. She loves him so much and sometimes it feels like he accepts her love, wants all of the love she has to give but he doesn't return it.

"Get what?" She says instead. If anybody doesn't "get it", it's fucking him.

"That I fucking love you!" He screams, red in the face.

Zayn has had five weeks, thirty eight days in total to think about everything that's gone on between them, to decide what she wants and what she needs, what she has to do. She used to never want to be the reason he's angry, even if he was the reason she was angry.

She no longer feels that way.
"And you think I don't? I've wanted you since I was fifteen! Do you know what the first words you said to me are?" Zayn's so angry and none of this even matters right now but she's been thinking about it for weeks.

The confused look on Niall's face only makes her angrier.

"You said: "cool shirt, is it tater tot day?", the first time you kissed me was a fucking joke, because I had pop rocks on my tongue and you were mad that I didn't share,"

She's crying now, and it's probably so awkward for Niall but he had this coming. He signed up for this. And if he ever says anything about it she'll blame it on hormones even though it's one hundred percent her.

"The first time you fucked me," she laughs, because that's exactly what it was. Fucking. "Was at Liam's house in the bathroom. And the first time you ever said you loved me was the third time that night I almost let Danny take me home. And a week later when you got back together with Eleanor was the first time I ever cried myself to sleep over you,"

Niall doesn't say anything, he just keeps staring at her all bug eyed and suddenly she just wants him to leave. She wants her mom, she wants to go back to the first day Niall ever talked to her and tell him to fuck off.

There's a fluttering in her abdomen that she's pretty sure is the baby and yeah, she regrets that too.

"And the last time was yesterday, so maybe I don't get it but you don't either."

"Can I kiss you?"

Like they're in some kind of romance film or something, some parallel universe where Niall asks for what he wants and doesn't just take it.

Zayn uses the bottom of her shirt to wipe her wet cheeks, not caring if he sees the little rolls she gets now every time she sits down. Those rolls are his fault.

"No." Zayn decides.

He gets to his knees and leans over anyway. He grabs her chin, so gentle and soft as his eyes flicker from hers to her lips. She could push him away, that's probably what he's waiting for. When she doesn't, he touches his lips to hers and it's not much, not at all but it's still so much. Zayn doesn't want him to stop, doesn't want it to be over so soon so she twists her fingers in his hair and pushes their faces together harder.

It's not sexy. There's no tongue and it borderline hurts but it's what they both need right now. At least, Zayn does.

Niall puts his arm around her lower back, pulling her on his lap and it's not that she lets him, but she doesn't exactly stop him. He puts his hand on her belly, she lets him do that too. It's kind of hard now, not when she's sitting but when she's standing or laying down the little bump feels hard.

"Did it hurt?"

Despite the tears and emotions, he first instinct is to joke. "When I fell from heaven?"

"No, the-" he wiggles his fingertips gently on her tummy.
"No," Zayn shakes her head. "Feels kinda weird, but it doesn't hurt."

"I'm so sorry," Niall says against her lips. "I'm so, so sorry Zayn. I'll pay you back, I-" he shimmies around, trying to get his wallet out of his back pocket without her moving off of his lap.

Pay her back for what? She hasn't bought anything yet, besides a cute little striped hat that nobody knows about that she keeps in the bottom of her drawer.

"What are you doing? I don't want money, Niall,"

"No, no. It was my fault. How much was it?" There are a bunch of hundreds and fifties in the literal stack he tries to give her.

One of the many conversations her and Louis have over and over again are where Niall gets his money from. Zayn has suspicions about him selling his prescription from when he hurt his knee... but even then it just doesn't add up. Especially since sometimes she actually witnesses him taking them. There's something shady going on there, too.

"How much was what, Niall?" Zayn takes the money and neatly tucks it back in his wallet, ignoring his protests.

"The... operation,"

Zayn's not following. "What are you talking about?"

"Three hundred? Four hundred?" Niall keeps going, offering no information.

"What?" She snaps.

"The... abortion,"

What the hell? Zayn sits up straight, leaning back to get a better look at his whole face. "You want me to get an abortion?"

Niall blinks. "I thought you did?"

"Why the hell-" would he touch her stomach if he thought nothing was in there? "No. I didn't."

Did he want her to? She's doesn't really know how to feel about the thing. Some days she despises it, others she's kind of excited about it. Not about like, being a mom and having to raise it and stuff because that's really scary. But their kid is probably going to be so cute, and if motherhood came naturally to Louis maybe it will for Zayn too.

He smiles, bright and genuine for the first time since she's seen him. Which, it's only been about two or so hours. But Niall smiles more often that not usually.

"The baby's still there?" He puts his hand heavier on her stomach, flipping them so she's on her back and he's hovering over her.

"You really want this baby, huh?"

"And you,"

And if Zayn let's him kiss her some more, distract her a little longer, well. She can be mad later.
Chapter 27

"So nice of you guys to rejoin the party," Justin says as Zayn walks into the kitchen.

She didn't even know Niall was following her, honestly.

"But unfortunately it's over because you missed the entire thing."

Out of habit Zayn grabs a mug for Niall's coffee. When she realizes what she's doing, she shakes her head and pours juice in it instead.

"It's Serenity's birthday." Zayn reminds Niall.

She has to work for just an hour today because she's covering the beginning of someone's shift. She's not even going to get dressed in real clothes, and she's staying on the register. Her plans are to do as little work as possible at work. Then she's going to come home, nap for no more than two hours and drive down to Louis and Harry's. And Niall's...

"I took her on a date yesterday before I got here," Niall tells her.

Liam's asleep on the couch, sans Dinah. Zayn tried.

"Wait, are you guys back together?" Justin looks completely thrown off. Niall staying in Zayn's room probably confused a lot of people, Niall included.

"No." Zayn answers sternly.

She doesn't see Niall's reaction because he's too busy digging around in his backpack. He must put a lot of trust into these people not to steal or fuck with his shit if his bag was out here all night. He hands Zayn a picture, a little wrinkled from being in the bag.

It's Serenity at Chuck E. Cheese. The little baby looks so happy. And Niall's not in the picture, which Zayn decides is a good thing so she doesn't have to ruin it next to Niall pisses her off.

"I'm keeping this." Zayn tells him.

He just shrugs.

"So, who's Serenity? I thought it was just Eleanor..."

Poor, poor confused little Justin.

"What are you on about? Serenity is two," Zayn says, amused.

"Bro, why are you taking two year olds on dates?" Justin just doesn't get it.

"She's my best friend," Niall says, like that makes it sound any better to an outsider.

Zayn comes back with her work shirt on and a pair of sweats, not even bothering with jeans today. Or makeup. She's tired.

"I have to go. When are you leaving? Tell Liam if he isn't ready to go when you leave he can ride with me in a few hours."

Having someone ride with her would probably make the drive less boring. Especially since Liam's a responsible driver and she actually trusts him to drive her car while she naps.
"You want us to just wait and you can ride with us?" Niall offers.

She doesn't exactly want to give in and admit she very much like to spend four hours in a car with Niall (and Liam) but she doesn't not want to...

"How am I supposed to get home if I do that?"

Niall takes a big gulp of his coffee, raising his eyebrows as if it were a stupid question. "When did you want to come back? Tonight or tomorrow?"

She was just going to go and give Serenity her present and say hi to Louis for a bit and drive back tonight. But. If she stays, that's more Niall time. And if he drives her home tomorrow late enough, he'll probably try to stay the night and drive home the following day.

Zayn likes that idea, actually.

"Tomorrow,"

As expected, Niall nods. "Okay, I'll bring you back."

Justin starts making whipping noises, earning a middle finger from Niall.

"Alright, cool. I really have to go now, so. Don't wank in my bed." Is her way of telling him he can go back to sleep in her bed.

Justin jokingly puckers his lips for a goodbye kiss, just like he does almost every morning. Usually it's when he says it feels like Zayn's his wife because she made him breakfast, or reminded him about a class he asked her to remind him about. Almost always she pushes his face away, but Niall's watching today. This could be interesting.

Zayn makes kissy noises the whole way in. At the last second, when there's barely a centimeter between their lips, Zayn changes direction and kisses his forehead.

"Fucking weirdo."

"Aw, you're gonna do it one day!" Justin laughs as Zayn's on her way out.

Niall raises his eyebrow, completely unimpressed with his supposed friend. Supposed brother.

"Really,"

"Don't get your panties in a bunch, bro. That's Zayn."

"Yeah, I know who the fuck that is."

There's no bite to it, no hostility. Honestly, he's just put out that Zayn won't immediately get back together with him. It was really hard being basically on top of her last night, seeing how much she wanted to fuck but she wouldn't let him. He's not used to this.

"No, like. She's like one of the guys you know? Except she's not a guy. She's a hot chick,"

"What the fuck, bro,"

*

When Zayn comes home Liam's still knocked out on the couch. Niall's sleeping so peacefully in her bed, cuddled up with her favorite blanket by his face. He looks so soft and cuddly... all too
inviting. Zayn just wants to wrap herself up in him and sleep.

So she does.

She strips out of her bra and pants and climbs in next to him. She lifts his arm carefully so she doesn't wake him and sets it on her waist, pressing a soft kiss to the underside of his chin before burying her face in his neck.

She's missed him so much. Sleeping alone is okay sometimes, but she gets cold at night and Niall is always so, so warm.

"Felt that." Niall mutters.

Zayn just squeezes him closer.

"Missed you," he says, voice sleep heavy.

She doesn't say it back, doesn't plan to say anything else either. She's been done pretty good at resisting him so far, not giving in to him the entire ten hours they've been in each other's presence.

They didn't have sex last night, not from lacking of trying on Niall's part either. Zayn doesn't want to, either. Like, obviously she wants it, but not until things between them change. He didn't cheat on her, but why would he say he did if he didn't? It's stupid.

"Love you." Niall mumbles, kissing the top of her head.

Liam wakes them up again a few hours later by laying on top of them, trying to wiggle his way in the middle for a cuddle.

"What the fuck," Niall groans.

Liam's weight is mostly on Niall, so Zayn doesn't really care. She wraps her arm around his shoulder and pats his head, slapping Niall in the face in the process.

"Let me under the blankets," Liam suggests, already shifting around like that's at all a possibility in this position.

"Get the fuck out fat ass."

"Niall!" Zayn scolds, trying not to laugh in case Liam is actually offended.

She can't lie, she calls Niall a fat ass every time he used to sit on her. He may be thin but he is heavy.

"He's like six hundred pounds and he's squishing my dick!"

Liam moves a little, more on Zayn now. "Oh, sorry bro,"

Zayn wonders when and how they made up enough that Liam is suddenly so comfortable to full on jump into bed with them. Obviously they're over if it Liam's even here at all.

"Oh, God!" Liam shrieks. He's blocking her view so Zayn has no idea what the fuss is about. "Where the fuck is your pants? That was bare dick I was squishing, oh my god!"

Liam rolls over Zayn, running out of the room childishly yelling out how scandalized his innocent eyes are. When Zayn looks over at Niall, he's completely smug, stretching his arms over his head.
Butt ass naked on Zayn's sheets. The disrespect has never been more real.

"When did you get naked?" He had pants and a t-shirt on when they fell asleep, so. What the hell.

She's glad Liam doesn't know she's only in her underwear, or else he'd get the wrong impression. The wrong impression being that her and Niall had sex recently. It wouldn't be a big deal at all if he did, but it feels like a big deal that they didn't.

"Like what you see?" He counters.

yes, a hundred times yes.

"I have to pack." For one night. That's one, maybe two pairs of clothes. Niall doesn't call her out on it though.

"Mm, you wanna go to dinner with me tonight?" Niall makes no move to cover himself. If anything he's purposely drawing attention to that area by scratching the hair under his belly button.

"Like a date?" Sounds like a date. They've never been on a date, not really. It's always parties or hanging out.

Niall nods, smug when he notices Zayn's eyes lingering on his chest. Has he been working out? Mother fucker.

"Yeah, a real one. Proper wine and dine."

Both of those things- wine and food, especially together, sound like a set up for Zayn to puke on herself. Makes her queasy just thinking about it.

"Do I get to wear something nice?" Watch him say yes and take her to a self serve buffet.

"Might get some looks if you didn't," he hints.

Oh. Okay then. Good.

*

"Should of get Serenity a gift?" Liam asks from the backseat.

Zayn can't really concentrate, not when Niall's fingers are where they are. How did they get there? He's a sneaky little bastard, that's how. That, and when he put his hand on her leg like he always does when he drives Zayn definitely did not squirm until it shifted higher. She would never do such a thing.

"I wasn't invited to a party, but I'll be kinda crashing it when I pick up my car? What do you even get a three year old?" Liam wonders, tapping his fingers to the beat of the music on the back of Zayn's chair.

Zayn coughs to cover the little whimpers she can't control. She's not going to come from this, and Niall knows that. He's just playing with it. Literally.

"She's two." Niall answers, easy and relaxed as he drives with one hand on the wheel.

"I'm in town till Wednesday. You think if I pick up Andy Harry will want to have a couple beers later?"
Zayn can't take it anymore. The barely there petting, the way he purposely avoids her clit. It's just rude how he started off with two fingers /in/ her and now he's just holding it. Fuck that.

Zayn grabs his hand, holding it in place so she can move her hips against it.

"I don't see why not. Too bad we didn't lug Josh with us, huh babe?"

*Babe. They aren't even together. Babe.*

"Fuck off," she mutters, breathless.

"What'd she say?" Liam asks.

Oh god, can he just shut up for five seconds? Zayn's so close. And yeah, she knows it's rude to do... this, while Liam's stuck in the backseat but Niall started it. They're still a good two hours away, that's too long to be worked up and not come.

Niall laughs, the fucking ass hole. He starts moving his fingers, circling them directly on her clit. She's going to come, and it's going to be so good.

"Uh, fuck," Zayn breathes, light headed and involuntary. Her hips buck into his hand, back arching with her head thrown back. Her nipples noticeably poke through her shirt.

"Seriously guys." Liam's unimpressed.

Zayn pants, blinking as she comes down. Niall's laughing, proud of himself.

"I need new friends. I knew it smelled like pussy in here," Liam continues to complain.

When they stop at a red light, Niall makes a show of turning around and licking his fingers. Zayn blushes and Liam gags.

*

Zayn ignores Niall purely because his smug face only makes her more embarrassed. She distracts herself by helping Louis in the kitchen until it's time to sing to Serenity. Harry's out getting the cake when Serenity comes in, offering something to her mom.

"Sorry." The little girl says.

"Happy birthday, baby!" Zayn says, ignored.

"I'm sorry mommy,"

Louis turns around, looking down at her daughter.

"What are you sorry for? What's in your- oh my god again?" Louis yells, groaning.

"What? What's she got?" Zayn asks. Again, ignored.

"Is this yours or your sisters?"

That's when Zayn smells it. Serenity is literally trying to hand her mom shit. Kids are so fucking gross.

"I'm sorry," Serenity repeats. She doesn't look like she cares, she probably just doesn't want to be yelled at.
"I got it, I got it." Niall steps in, picking up the birthday girl and holding her away from his body. "Finish dinner, I got it," he tells Louis, already running towards the bathroom.

What the fuck.

Louis paces to the living room, coming back with a drooly, fat, blonde baby. In a few months it'll be her birthday too.

"I don't know why that girl is obsessed with digging in her diaper." Louis shakes her head, passing Aubree to Zayn so she can finish cooking.

"Do all kids do that?"

Louis shrugs, apparently not picking up on how uneasy Zayn is. Babies are cool or whatever but if her kid ever tried to hand her shit she'll probably puke on the kid.

"My mom said it's more common with boys, because supposedly girls are already potty trained by her age." She rolls her eyes, stirring something in a big pan.

Her kid will probably be changing its own diapers by time she figures out how to potty train it. Hopefully Niall's picking up some of this knowledge otherwise this things fucked.

"By two?" She swore they wear diapers until they're like six? What the fuck was she doing when she was six? Zayn doesn't remember.

"Yeah, Ren will go on her potty if you ask her if she has to go but she won't do it on her own."

You have to ask her to use the bathroom? Zayn's not cut out for this. Maybe she can drop it off in a basket somewhere and tell Niall someone stole it? He'll be sad but at least he won't be mad at her.

Harry comes back with cake a few minutes after Niall's done cleaning up Serenity. He's barely got time to set the cake on the table and kiss Zayn's forehead before Louis is pouting and whining for his attention.

"Your daughter keeps digging in her ass Harry," Louis pouts, like that's a normal sentence to say to your fiance.

"Aw, she offer you poop again?" Harry kissing her pouted lips, taking over at the stove.

It actually makes sense that he was the one cooking and Louis was just watching it while he ran to the store.

"She gets that from you." Louis blames Harry and his nasty genes.

After they eat (Zayn nibbles so she doesn't seem rude) it's time to sing happy birthday to Serenity, who is much cuter now than she was earlier. Cleaner too.

"Happy birthday, Ren!" Louis coos.

"Yeah!" Serenity nods, smiling big. Zayn's able to snap a picture of her little dimple.

"Look at the cake mommy made for you!"

Everybody laughs, but Serenity seems to buy it. She's so cute and excited from all of the attention. And she knows she gets to open presents after she eats cake. All in all, this is a good day for her.
"Wow!" Serenity praises her mom.

Aubree's in on the fun too, laughing as Niall bounces her on his lap.

"Wow!" Harry copies his daughter, making excited faces. She's having so much fun! "Mommy is really good at drawing kitty's, huh?"

"Thank you daddy!" Louis smiles, keeping up the happy voice for Serenity.

"Yeah, daddy!"

The whole time Zayn can't help but notice the look on Niall's face as he watches Serenity with Aubree on his lap. It's almost scary how bad he wants this.
When Niall said they were going somewhere nice, he wasn't fucking around.

"Reservations for Horan," he's wearing a God damn suit.

The fancy blonde bitch makes a face and pretends to check her book. Well, Zayn doesn't know if she's pretending or not. She just doesn't like her attitude.

"Unfortunately Mr. Horan we were unable to hold your table." She pushing her bottom lip out, making the fakest apology face Zayn has ever seen. "It was given to a higher priority guest,"

"Higher priority? I made these reservations a week ago!" Niall's not yelling, he's just a little panicked.

Zayn wasn't talking to him last week. Who the fuck was he planning on coming here with?

"Fuck this place," Zayn grabs Niall's arm, flipping Blondie the bird with her other hand. "It smells like dead fish and I'm about to start puking in these plants, let's just go."

That's how they end up in some hole in the wall bar, sharing a platter of fried foods.

"I'm sorry, we can go somewhere else? What are you in the mood for?"

Zayn sips her ginger ale, which is doing nothing for her stomach. One of the doctors told her a while ago that when she's feeling like this she should eat something light and that eating every few hours would help. The thing is, there's nothing that doesn't make Zayn want to puke anyways.

"Here is fine." She shrugs.

Maybe later someone will smoke with her and she'll feel better.

"You look really good, by the way." She adds, in case he didn't already know by the way she's been staring at him since he came up stairs.

He obviously put some thought into this, but it doesn't feel like it was for her. She doesn't want to be upset about it but she can't help it. She's on somebody else's date.

"Thank you." Niall grins. "You look like shit, obviously."

Other than her pudgy stomach Zayn looks amazing in her dress and she knows it. Niall's been staring at her too, and so has everybody else.

"Obviously."

Of all the things that she thinks could be an issue between them, like communication and trust, she thinks the distance is probably the main one. If she wasn't hours away and they could see each other a few times a week, maybe they wouldn't go weeks at a time without talking to each other after stupid fights.
It would never work though. Even if she did leave school, she can't exactly afford a place down here and she does not want to move back in with her parents. They were suspicious enough when she was there for just a couple of days last month. Her and Niall aren't ready to live together, either. Or more like, Zayn isn't ready to live with Niall. And Louis and Harry and their kids.

"You feeling alright?" Niall asks after a few minutes of silence between them.

Zayn sniffles. She's tired and sad now, because everything just sucks. Add a baby in the mix and she's never gonna be happy. It's not fair.

"Just kinda feel sick." She answers truthfully. "I wanna lay down,"

Niall nods, swallowing the last of his beer. He puts some money on the table for the bill before they leave, though Zayn isn't sure that's how you pay at a place like that. Oh well.

"I'm sorry tonight was bust, I really didn't think they'd just give away our table," Niall apologizes again when they're in the car.

Zayn tries to blink away the tears in her eyes, there's no reason for crying right now. It makes her seem ungrateful.

"Nah, you tried. Thanks for taking me out." She means that too, even if part of her can't stop thinking about who was meant to be here instead.

By the time they get back home Liam's car is already parked out front. It's too cold to deal with bonfires anymore, so they're probably hanging out in the basement. Good. With any luck Zayn can at least avoid Liam and probably Niall for some of the night.

"Where you goin?" Niall asks, pulling Zayn's arm when she passes the stairs and heads for Louis' room instead.

If it were anybody else other than Louis and Harry, it would probably be rude to just assume she could lay in their bed. But, it is Louis and Harry. It's almost alarming how much they seem to enjoy having company sleep in their bed. Well. Company as in Zayn. And it's probably because Zayn is Louis' best friend in the entire world to the point where they're more family than friends.

Zayn literally calls Louis' grandma Gran, so.

"Lay down for a little," Zayn shrugs. "Go hang out. I'll come down in a little bit?"

Niall hesitates. "Up here?"

Zayn nods. If she lays in his bed now, she'll most likely sleep there. If she sleeps there, there's no way they aren't going to fuck. After they fuck, everything will be the same again because Niall will assume as much and Zayn will get caught up in the attention and affection and they won't talk about anything.

What does she even want to talk about? She's not quite sure, but a talk needs to be had. Probably.

"An hour." Niall decides. "I'm going to wake you up in an hour,"

Zayn nods, tearing her arm away when Niall tries to keep her there longer. If he looked at her like that, while he looks like that, any longer, Zayn might of ended up doing something stupid. Like kissing him. Profess her undying love for him. Yada yada.
Serenity is laying in the middle of her parents bed watching what looks like Madagascar. She offers her aunt one glance while she changes her clothes. Zayn lays down next to her.

"Bear." Serenity rolls so she's closer to Zayn, sharing the same pillow.

Zayn looks at the t.v. and shakes her head. "Zebra."

"Ba-ear!" The birthday baby yells, because auntie Zayn obviously didn't hear her.

Zayn snorts, closing her eyes and cuddling her niece. "Okay. Please don't put poop on me."

Niall wakes Zayn up not one but three hours later.

"Babe, come on baby. Get up," Niall shakes her arm gently.

When she opens her eyes Serenity isn't there, and Louis is laying across the bed whimpering. What the hell.

"Are you okay?" Zayn asks, slightly worried and mostly confused. Niall keeps pulling at her arm, trying to get her to sit up. He smells like beer and fruity candies, it's so familiar she could cry.

Louis grips the blanket with both hands, hiding her face in the crook of her elbow.

"What happened?" Zayn asks Niall. He looks so drunk and tired, but not like super drunk? He's definitely got a good buzz going.

"They're fucking." He answers, laughing.

She's even more confused now, because she doesn't see Harry. Did Niall mean fighting? And that's why Louis is crying? Zayn let's Niall drag her out of the room, and that's when she sees Harry. On his knees. With his face shoved between Louis' ass cheeks.

They were doing weird butt stuff while she was sleeping in their bed. Again.

"It's not weird," Niall shrugs, smirking. She hadn't realized she said that out loud...

But it is very much weird. Niall's the only guy who's ever eaten her out, like properly, and he's never... put his tongue... there? But now he's grinning like that's something he likes.

Why is she so jealous today?

"Where you goin?" Niall laughs, pulling her back to him. She was going to go sleep on the sofa, or at least lay there and pretend to sleep.

"Come sleep with me," the big blonde baby pouts.

Blonde. He's a fake blonde. Their kid won't be blonde. Zayn's features will probably over take the beautiful blue eyes too.

"You know what I been through these past weeks? Hell. So much hell." He shakes his head.

Oh, because it was so easy for her, right? Knowing first hand how perfectly okay he is with fucking other people, even after he knocked her up without permission. She's ruined- he ruined her. A long time ago, actually. Probably. Now she's not only ruined but she's fucked too. She never
stood a chance.

"You were very social, so it couldn't of been too bad."

_Eleanor_ is her first thought. And then her brain clicks on and it's one in the morning and Niall's drunk, so if he comments on it she's going to mention Liam. Say something about how good it is that they're friends again, because another petty fight; another _month_ apart isn't going to solve anything. It isn't going to get them anywhere.

"But not with you, my sexy baby girl." Niall's literally frowning. He's probably more drunk than Zayn thought...

"Because you blocked me, and moved and I couldn't even call you because stupid Louis wouldn't give me your number because you don't wanna talk to me."

All of that does sound quite dramatic when it's slurred at her. I'm her defense, she only changed her number and blocked him because she was trying to get over him. The moving thing was not her choice. She loves it at Justin's (it's rent free and his mom sends a lot of meals that just need microwaved) but she misses her apartment. Kind of.

"And I thought-"

Niall collapses back on the chair, luckily it's cushioned, and pulls Zayn with him. She lands awkwardly with her hip more on his belly than his lap. He doesn't seem to mind, holds her anyway.

"I thought you killed our baby." Niall confesses, face against her belly.

Oh.

That- she feels for him there, because he was in the dark about what was going on with his- the baby. But. He had no reason to think that? If she was to abort it, she would have done so before telling her parents. He could of just asked Louis, too. Zayn's not posting on social media about it but she's probably sent Louis a billion pictures of her little belly (as per Louis' request).

Zayn doesn't say any of that though. Instead, she cards her fingers through his hair and let's him have his drunken emotional breakdown.

It's a lot to deal with on a full bladder and empty stomach, in the middle of the night when she's just woken up, but. It's her fault, innit.

***

"Harry, I'm a wizard."

The hand Harry's using to stir his coffee freezes as he stop to stare at his fiance.

"Bit backwards, but alright."

"Like, futures. I read people's futures." Louis elaborates, spooning a bite of her soggy cereal in Aubree's mouth.

Fat baby has some teeth now and she likes to use them on cocoa pops.

"Fortune teller." Zayn supplies, sleepy.

Niall didn't calm down until after four in the morning. Zayn was able to get him downstairs, but
she was not able to get him to shut up and sleep. The only reason they're even up now is because Zayn has to pee and it's impossible to sleep when Louis' and spawn are up.

"I predicted this, you know." Louis boasts.

"What are you on about? You do talk some shit in the mornings," Harry semi mocks his future wife.

Technically speaking, after last night, Harry is the one "talking shit" this morning. Serenity has impressionable ears though, and Zayn does not want details so she keeps that joke to herself.

"Shit." Serenity nods, agreeing with daddy even though she's not got a clue what he's talking about.

"Zayn and Niall having a baby. I totally predicted that." Louis continues with the boasting, talking as if Zayn and Niall aren't sitting across from her.

"If anything you put the idea in Niall's head." Zayn will never get over that. What Louis said, yeah. But Niall tampering with her shit, that's so insane. It's mental and crazy and absolutely not okay. Louis scoffs. "Oh please! This one's had baby fever for a bazillion years,"

Niall doesn't deny it, and Zayn doesn't pointedly mention that there are things she wants but doesn't force him to give her.

Sometimes Zayn can convince herself she's over it, what happened happened and she can't change it. But most of the time, she's just hurt. He doesn't respect her wishes at all.

*

"When are we going to stop pretending everything's okay and like we're ready to have a baby in five months?" Zayn spits.

They're laying in an odd position on Niall's bed. Niall's on his side, and her body is the opposite way with her legs draped over Niall's hip. His hand leisurely rubbing her belly.

It feels weird and maybe that's what makes her moody. Maybe it will feel different when it's bigger and moves and stuff, but right now it's just like he's petting her likes she's a fucking cat or something.

Dusty is upstairs. He can go rub her belly.

"We are ready to have a baby in five months." Niall sounds so sure of himself, like this is an absolute fact.

It's not. It's the opposite of a fact. It's a false. Fiction? It's a god damn lie is what it is.

"God, five months. It's so far away. What do you want? Boy or girl?"

It's not far away. A month without Niall felt like everyday was an entire lifetime. Five months until she's shooting kids out her cooter is just too soon. Approaching too quickly.

"We don't live together, we aren't married. I'm still in school and barely make enough to support myself. We aren't even together! What's the plan, like. Are you gonna keep it during the week while I'm at school and I'll visit on weekends? I don't,"

She vaguely remembers herself making a joke about this before she was even pregnant and Niall
getting pissy. Oh well. This is reality. If he comes up with a better idea that isn't a fucking fairytale, where everything is so perfect and humans don't have feelings, then let's fucking hear it.

"No." Niall snaps, irritated. "We can move in together. I work days, and a few nights a week. I work too much odd hours for her to stay with me permanently,"

_Her?_ If he wanted a daughter so bad, there are two upstairs whose parents probably wouldn't miss them for a good forty eight hours while Niall plays daddy.

"How does that work? We meet in the middle, and I drive two hours to school and two hours back everyday and you do the same for work?"

"You can do online school or take a year off or something. There are other options."

Zayn laughs, incredulous. "All of the options seem to be me quitting school and becoming your housewife."

There are nothing wrong with housewives. Louis is kind of one, Zayn's mom definitely was. If Niall was in school, working towards the promise of a steady _career_, maybe Zayn wouldn't be so resistant. It's not all on Niall's shoulders to be the bread winner, but it's unlikely he will be, so Zayn has to be. And that's fine. The baby would be fine too if it were Niall who was carrying it and Niall who was sacrificing everything at risk of becoming a single, jobless parent.

Zayn is just so fucking scared.

"Is that so bad, though? Like. This was always going to happen. So it happens a little sooner? So what? We're gonna be fine. I have money, we're in love. Why wait?"

He just. He doesn't get it.

Chapter End Notes

This story lost a subscriber :'( sad.

Anyways.

Since I have a billion and two ideas for this and it literally relaxes me to write this I don't see it having an end. Obviously, there will be one, but not for a very long time probably. Even if nobody reads this, I'll still update it because a majority of what I write is stuff I want to read. (Who asked? Stfu Autumn!!!)

With that being said, to those of you little cuties who do read this. Is there anything you want to happen/something you want incorporated in here?

I have ideas, heaps of them. This isn't me asking because I have writers block or anything. (I'm a people pleaser lol)

Ps sorry for the lack of larry lately! Nothing is happening with them right now, they're getting along :D for now ;)

Okay this is long hope you guys like the update thanks for reading !! <3
"Why exactly are you doing this again?" Zayn asks, watching as Louis uploads Harry's pictures to the app.

Fucking grindr. They're terrible people. Zayn's to blame for this as much as Louis is, for laughing instead of convincing her it's a bad idea. It's not like Louis would have listened anyway.

"Because I'm going to catch this bitch, I know he's cheating. Or at least tempted to cheat."

The fact that Louis doesn't seem even a little mad tells Zayn Louis is doing this for entertainment purposes. Louis choked Harry one time for double looking at a girl in a bikini. If she had actual suspicions, she would confront him head on. Not make a fake account of him and put his real number on it.

"You do know this is a gay site, right?"

"Okay? He's fucking gay." As if to prove her point, Louis smiles as she uploads a picture of Harry with a popsicle in his mouth.

"How is this going to catch him cheating?" Zayn is so confused, doesn't get Louis' logic here. Because Louis has none. Louis just thinks it will be funny for men to call Harry for sex.

"What is this, twenty questions?" Louis mutters, typing a status about Harry's penis. Zayn snorts. "Okay, who's going to believe it goes up to his nipples?"

Louis gives Zayn a look, smirking with her eyebrow raised. "Oh? Niall's doesn't?"

Louis has been piecing together clues on Niall's junk for actual years. Is it super huge? Does he have a micropenis? Is it a boring, average size? She doesn't know, because nobody will confirm or deny.

Not that she really cares. She's just curious, is all.

"Nobodies does!"

"Oh yeah? Harry!" Louis yells for her fiance.

"No! Louis no!" Zayn tries to cover her best friends mouth before she starts demanding Harry to flash his junk or something.

Harry appears in the doorway, topless and curious.

"Harry." Louis pouts. "Zayn doesn't believe your cock goes up to your nipples. The original two." She clarifies.

Harry grins, making the froggy face he thinks is sexy. Louis tucks her phone under her leg when he starts walking towards them.
"Is that what you told her?" He tackles Louis, laying on top of her as he bites her neck.

Louis yelps, giggling as she wraps one of her legs around his hip.

"Should I go? Or," Zayn appreciates the thought but she doesn't want to stick around for a show. It's bad enough they keep doing it next to her while she's sleeping.

They ignore her, but it doesn't look like they're going to be doing anything nasty so that's probably a no.

Louis puts her hands on Harry's face, looking him in the eyes. "I made you something."

Harry's phone pings in his back pocket. And pings. And pings, and pings.

"Is it cake?" He asks, clueless.

Zayn stifles a laugh, pulling out her phone in an attempt to appear distracted.

"Even sweeter."

"Lava cake?"

"That's technically still cake, so no."

"Is it this?" Harry whispers, grabbing two handfuls of Louis' butt.

"Alright, I'm outta here." Zayn all but sprints out of the room, closing the door behind her for good measure.

"Didn't get enough last night?" Louis asks, nipping his bottom lip. His phone keeps going off in his back pocket, she doesn't know if she should be annoyed or flattered that he doesn't check it.

"Never get enough of you." He answers, grinding their crotches together.

"I think-" she clears her throat, cheeks heating a little.

It's been a million years that they've been having sex now but sometimes she can't help that she gets a little shy. It's Harry. But at the same time, it's Harry.

"What baby?" Harry pushes when it's obvious Louis doesn't want to continue.

"Last night, with your fingers. It-" Louis closes her eyes, embarrassed and shy now.

Harry's grinning, she knows that without even looking at him, the big oaf. But, it's not necessarily a compliment, what she's about to say. And she has to tell him, otherwise he won't know. Obviously.

"I don't know what happened. But it hurts, and not like. Not good hurt. It kind of hurt when we had sex too, but I wanted you to come so I just. Took it." Louis shrugs.

Harry's face turns from smug to worried in a flash. "What do you mean? Like, what hurt? Did I like, rip something?"

She honestly has no idea. Something up there just hurts, in her belly area. Too high up to be menstrual cramps, especially since she definitely felt it every time he thrusted. She's never felt something like this before. Every time she moves a certain way, she gets a sharp pain from her belly button down to her crotch.
She tells Harry this much, and naturally the doctor in him comes out.

"Are we pregnant? Do you think it's just constipation? When's the last time you went?" He questions, rubbing her belly where she said it hurts.

Great questions for someone who just dove tongue first in her ass like he was digging for fucking gold. God, he's so embarrassing.

"No, to all of those things." She bats his hand away from her belly even though she doesn't want him to stop. She likes the attention, okay.

"Are you sure?" He's so nonchalant about everything that she doesn't know which thing he's specifically asking about. "Maybe I was just too rough? We've been doing it a lot, you're probably just sore."

She's been sore from their sex marathons plenty of times. It's never hurt in her stomach though. But, he's probably right.

Louis sighs, patting his cheek. "This means you have to be really nice to me, because you hurt me. I'm here by pronounced: handicapped."

Harry shrugs, kissing her nose. "Okay."

Her first order is hot tea and a cuddle. Cute babies included.

* 

"Can I have your number now?" Niall asks, shaking Zayn's foot.

She put her feet on his lap for a massage. Not to be man handled.

"If I say no will you make me hitchhike home?" She's already texting him so he can save her new number.

"No. I'll drive you." He checks his phone, scrunching his nose at the middle finger emoji Zayn sent him.

He texts back "who is this?"

"Oh." He realizes after Zayn starts laughing. "That was rude,"

Zayn just shrugs, brushing her toes over his crotch. It's also rude that she's going to wiggle her foot in his lap until he's hard and then not do anything about it.

"Should let me take you out again, for that."

Smooth, so silky smooth.

Zayn laughs a little, rolling her eyes. "Why? Did someone else back out again?"

His hips shift, cock getting hard in his sweats. Who gets turned on by feet? What a weirdo.

"What are you-" he shakes his head, moving her foot back to his thigh. Oh, sure. It's all fun and games when he does it in front of Liam but God forbid she does it back. "What are you talking about?"
"You had reservations, at the restaurant." Zayn points out, smiling so she doesn't come off as jealous as she is.

It's so stupid that she even gets jealous over him. There are plenty of guys that would jump at the opportunity to take her out and treat her right. But she doesn't want them. It's stupid.

"Made a week ago, we weren't even talking a week ago."

The look on Niall's face says he sees right through her. He sees that she's at least a little jealous. Whatever.

"Ohhh, you think I had a date lined up, huh?" He sits up, moving forward and without even thinking about it Zayn spreads her legs to make room for him. Wow, ho much?

If he notices, he doesn't take the bait and lays next to her instead, on his belly with his face close to hers.

"Yeah, because you'd make reservations for yourself." She rolls her eyes.

While she hates the idea of him taking girls on dates more than she hates the idea of him just hooking up with girls, she kind of wishes he would have taken a different girl there so he would be embarrassed about them not holding his table. Serves him right. And it probably would if decreased his chances of getting laid.

"Actually, I made them for Louis and Harry. What a waste of fifty fuckin' bucks that was, too. You know they charge an upfront fee to hold your table? They didn't even hold it. I should sue."

She's disgustingly fond of this boy.

"Why did you go then, if it was supposed to be for them?"

Niall shrugs, gnawing his bottom lip. "They didn't know about it, and I wanted to spend time with you. Even though you don't love me anymore."

He pouts like he's joking, like he wants her to tell him he's wrong. They have more stuff to talk about before she says that though. Important stuff.

"If I didn't we wouldn't be where we are right now." That's as close as it's going to get until they come up with some sort of plan, at least an outline of a plan. *Something*

"What, broken up?"

Smart ass.

"Together, in your bed, talking it out. Pregnant. Definitely wouldn't be pregnant if I didn't. Probably have me a nice college boyfriend, who plays sports and does charity work,"

"I play sports and do charity work." Niall lies.

Zayn smiles. Since when are mini golf and Fifa considering sports? And what exactly is Niall's definition of charity? Since he does so much of it, apparently. Zayn doesn't care about either of those things, she's just talking shit. There are actual flaws about Niall that she could have used instead, flaws that actually matter. She's not the type to put people down though, to purposely hurt someone's feelings. *Niall.*

"I might even be a lesbian, but we'll never know now cause you got to me first." That could be true.
Zayn finds more girls attractive than guys.

"We could have a three some to find out?" Niall offers. /Offers/, because two lesbians fighting over him isn't his wet dream or anything.

Zayn's pretty sure it wouldn't end well. She's watched Niall kiss and touch enough girls to be immune to it, but to actually watch him fuck them would be something different. She definitely doesn't like that idea, she decides.

"Nah, you slept with enough girls for the both of us honey."

Niall flinches. "Ouch?" Yeah, ouch. "But you're the prettiest one? And the only one I want to keep sleeping with, if that counts."

How flattering.

"Of course it counts that I'm the prettiest. Doesn't say much though, you say yes to anything." More shit talking, because all of the girls Niall hooks up with are fucking gorgeous. Super easy and very experienced, but gorgeous.

"So is this your way of saying no to me taking you out, then?"

No.

"Are you only doing it to get lucky after?"

Niall groans, knowing she's being difficult on purpose. The only real response Zayn has is to climb on his back and put him in the walls of Jericho until he taps.

**

"This place is so fancy." Louis says, sipping a glass of wine.

It's really not. But anything that serves wine and breadsticks is fancy to Louis.

Across from her Harry beams, happy she's happy. "Only the best for you, baby."

"Aww! Now hush. You're not my date."

Louis thought it would be funny if she sat next to Zayn and Harry say next to Niall so people think she's here with Zayn and Niall and Harry are here together. She's really obsessed with Harry being gay lately, Zayn's starting to get worried.

"If you guys are together will you be paying for yourselves then?" Niall asks, eyes on the menu.

He's got an attitude because Zayn invited Louis and Harry on their date. How tonight goes depends on if Zayn's going have Niall drive her home or not. She kind of wants to stay, call into work and chill with Louis for the day tomorrow while the guys are at work.

"Sure." Zayn shrugs, only for the look Niall gives her when she tries to spend her own money while they're out together.

She loops her feet around his under the table, willing him not to be too crabby.

"You're a really good date." Louis sighs, laying her head on Zayn's shoulder.
This must be some good wine, then.

"The best date. You're definitely getting lucky tonight."

Harry peeks over the menu, staring like a peeping Tom. "Yessss." 

Niall doesn't look up as he takes a glass of water and sets it in front of Harry.

"Thanks boo. Why don't you try some of that bread?" Zayn suggests. They haven't even ordered dinner yet and Louis' cheeks are already a rosey pink.

When they order Zayn is actually able to eat. Whether she'll hold it down or not she doesn't know yet though so she doesn't even fuss when Niall starts picking off her plate.

"I can't believe you're having a baby. My baby is having a baby. Harry, Harry. Our babies are having a baby!" Louis is on her third glass of wine. Nobody is stopping her though, because it's rare that she gets to go out without the kids.

"I know, isn't it great?" Harry grins, squeezing Niall's shoulder fondly.

"We're going to be grandparents!" Louis cheers, earning dirty looks and scowls from other diners.

"Zayn doesn't want to have a baby." Niall mentions, shovelling more food into his mouth.

Wow, way to throw her under the bus. Zayn glares at him, silently telling him to shut the fuck up. They're in public, and Louis is drunk. Telling her something private is going to end up being yelled through the entire restaurant.

Luckily, Louis waves him off like he's an idiot.

"She's been talking about having your baby since-" she hiccups. "Since high school."

Is it happy hour or embarrass Zayn hour? Zayn can't tell the difference.

Niall looks at Zayn all confused, waiting for her to deny it. She won't though, because that's true. She had mad baby fever when Louis was knocked up.

"I was young." Zayn shrugs.

Maybe now Niall will believe her when she says she's been all about him since she met him.

"Aww, they're like a love story." Harry coos.

He's not drunk, in fact Louis is the only one even drinking. Harry's not old enough to order alcohol yet but if he wanted it one of them would have ordered it for him.

"No, we're the love story." Louis pouts.

Will Harry ever be anything less than fond when he looks at Louis?

"There can be more than one love story, baby." If Louis didn't need to be coddled by Harry when she's drunk he would have probably called her Lewis or Louise. But she gets sad when she's drunk and Harry isn't affectionate.

She only gets mad when she's drunk and Harry is around females instead of paying attention to her.
"I wish you lived with us." Louis turns her pout to Zayn, resting her chin on Zayn's shoulder to stare at her.

Zayn avoids looking at Niall, has been since Louis let her secret slip. "I miss you too, babe but I always call, don't I?"

Louis sighs and nods, chin digging in Zayn's shoulder bone uncomfortably.

"Are you going to switch to online classes when the baby comes?" Harry asks.

This is a conversation she'd like to have with Niall before her friends. They haven't even figured anything out yet for themselves. This isn't a discussion Zayn wants outside opinions on, either.

"Maybe." Zayn answers vaguely, eyes on her plate. If it comes down to it and she has to take online classes she absolutely will. But she'll also work part time or something because she didn't ask to have to stay home with a baby all day.

It's not fair to the baby, and Zayn has to keep reminding herself that this is her baby too, not just Niall's. And that this baby didn't ask to be here now and ruin everything. It was Niall who ruined everything, not the baby.

"How long does your mom have the girls for?" Niall asks Louis, steering the conversation away from Zayn. Which she appreciates, so much.

"We said we'd pick them up by eight at the latest, but she said it's alright if they stay the night." Harry answers for Louis, who was too busy chugging more wine.

"She has a zoo over there already, I don't want her to get overwhelmed." Louis adds. Aw.

"Your sisters help with the girls, they love them."

They talk about how everybody loves Serenity and Aubree for the rest of dinner, only making one or two jokes about Niall and Zayn's baby being a girl too.

They don't pick up the girls on the way home, because Louis is sloppy drunk and needs to be carried in the house.

"Do you wanna head back now?" Niall asks while they're still outside.

"Oh, I um-"

He kisses her. Holds her face and backs her up against his truck and kisses her. He puts one hand on her butt, and that's all Zayn needs to wrap her legs around Niall's waist.

It's too cold outside, and she hit her head too hard on his truck for this to be as romantic as Niall probably intended it to be. She opens her mouths for him regardless, fingers twisted in his hair as he pushes his hips harder against hers, molding their bodies together.

"I love you," Zayn pants when the kiss stops, Niall's hot breath puffing on her neck. "I love you."

So much for holding back. No wonder they never have plans for anything.
next chapters a time jump can I get a hell yeah for pregnant af Zayn

HELL YEAH
"Is that your seduction moves, then?" Louis laughs, laying on the couch while she watches Zayn and the girls dance.

Zayn's been doing this weird thing with her hands, rolling her hips to some Usher song for the last few minutes. Serenity is trying to copy her, Aubree is still a little shaky on her feet so she's just hanging on to the couch and bouncing her butt.

"Oh yeah, this is how I'm gonna seduce uncle Niall later." Zayn's a little breathless from dancing with such a big belly but she's been in a silly mood all day.

"You're gonna have that baby now if you don't settle down," Louis jokes. She loves living with her best friend even if it means her kids no longer take naps when they're supposed to because they're too busy playing.

"Woo. I need a break Ren," Zayn pants, sitting on the couch and puts Aubree on her lap.

"I can't believe she's still blonde," Zayn shakes her head, playing with Aubree's piggy tails. Her hair is still short and super blonde, but it's at an awkward length where Louis can put the top in ponytails but the bottom won't reach. She's adorable.

"I know, like. Who did Harry sleep with for her to be blonde?" Louis makes a face.

Her humor is odd.

"I don't think it matters who Harry slept with," Zayn feels obligated to inform Louis that's not how it works, because at this point she isn't sure if she's joking?

"We don't know how DNA works." She shrugs. Oh god, have mercy on her soul.

"Maybe he slept with Niall?" Zayn joins in because why the hell not. If Louis can be an idiot so can she.

Louis shakes her head, clicking her tongue. "And here we are babysitting their kid all day. Do you think I could sue Niall for child support?"

"It's not Niall!" Serenity blindly defends her best friend by throwing a baby doll head at her mother. The body is around here somewhere.

Serenity has no idea what they're saying. She heard Niall's name and he isn't here, so she got angry.

"Please don't?" Zayn snorts.

With her not working anymore after the world's greatest meltdown in the history of meltdowns a
Pizza Hut has ever seen they can't afford a lawsuit. Almost had one too, after Zayn threw a frozen pizza dough ball the back of her managers head.

That was a bad day all around for her. She was already sweating her ass off, exhausted from staying up all night to finish homework that was past due. Then she was alone in the store for over three hours, which was fine until the manager showed up to "help" and was more in the way than anything. After the manager told Zayn she needed to hurry up for the third time Zayn kind of snapped.
She was only twenty two weeks then, so she blames it on the hormones.

"I'll split the wages?" Louis tries.

The fact that they're talking about suing Niall like they actually have a case on their hands just shows how bored they are.

"Okay. Deal. Jeez, I hope this baby is mine or I might have to sue Harry," Zayn makes a sad face, rubbing her belly. (Aubree babbles and rubs it too).

Louis cackles. "Maybe Serenity is ours, and that's why she's so spunky."

They both look at Serenity, watching with fond eyes as she cuddles a headless baby doll body while she watches t.v. on the floor. Yeah, spunky is the right word for it. Her hair is also in piggy tails today, only on the top. The little curls sticking up look like horns.

"What would you have done if she was actually triplets?" Zayn wonders.

Early on in Zayn's ultrasounds the doctor said it looked like twins, two heart beats. When Zayn called Louis crying, Louis told her about how when she was pregnant with Ren there were three heart beats but Serenity's sack (????? They aren't doctors okay) absorbed her siblings because they were weaker.

The same thing happened to Zayn's "twins", thank Allah.

"Three of her..." Louis thinks. "I would be bald with like, one grey hair."

That's probably true. Even now Serenity is still more demanding than Aubree. Aubree is just so chill, content to watch everything around her. Serenity is more like a storm. You give her what she wants or she bite, or kicks, or slaps, or whatever she's in the mood to do that day. That can't be Zayn's kid, Zayn will give herself up for adoption.

"You know she's like that because you used to fight Harry while you were pregnant," Zayn's pretty sure Louis fought him everyday up until the day she went into labor.

Louis scoffs. "How else was I supposed to train him? A firm hand combined with a little tough and look at him now. Fucking perfect, he is. My man."

"I can't imagine hitting Niall," Zayn shakes her head. There's been a few times she's definitely wanted to squeeze him or shake him until he got smarter but never actually hit him.

"Nah," Louis waves her hand. "It's fucked up but it worked for Harry because he doesn't like knowing he's in trouble and he does whatever he has to do for him to get out of trouble. Niall- Niall just kind of pretend's everything is okay until it is. You know?"

Yeah, that about sums it up. Zayn still doesn't agree with it though. All in all she's just thankful Louis doesn't hit her kids, surprised as hell but thankful. They probably wouldn't still be friends is
Louis’ views on discipline were any different.

Louis doesn’t even have views on discipline period. Serenity has been put in time out a whole four times in her entire life, for no more than two minutes total for all the times added together. Spoiled.

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None of Zayn’s clothes fit her anymore. Sad, because all of her clothes were so cute and expensive. But the time has come, and her belly hangs out of all of her shirts. She's been wearing Niall's, but he's pretty thin too and they aren't as big as she needs them to be.

So they go shopping. Nowhere fancy, considering it's eleven at night. Niall had apparently had enough of her crying, telling her to put her fucking shoes on and let's go.

Zayn's minding her own business, eating Pringles while she peruses through the clothes when someone touches her arm.

At first, she assumes it's Niall.

"Baby look- oh,” she's embarrassed, naturally, but the guy doesn't seem to notice.

"Hi, my name's Steve. I was just walking by and I had to stop and say hello to you.”

Zayn blinks, wondering what the hell this guy wants?

"You're very beautiful, maybe we could hang out sometime?” Steve offers, smiling.

"Hang out”, please. He's like forty, grown ass men don't "hang out”.

"Thank you, but no." Zayn doesn't bother coming up with an excuse. She politely declines and pushes the cart forward.

Steve follows.

"How come? I just want to get to know you, maybe I can even take you shopping somewhere nicer one day?”

Zayn's a cocktail of relieved and panicked when she sees Niall walking her way. He looks confused, and he's walking pretty fast.

"That's nice of you, but my fiance and father of my child is literally right there." She nods towards Niall, still a fair ways away.

"Oh! I apologize, sorry about that. I thought you were just chubby, and I like that in a woman,” Steve rambles on.

Niall's getting closer, within hearing distance now and it'd be smart of Steve to just walk away before he gets both of them in trouble.

"Who the fuck are you?” Niall spits, glaring at Steve.

Oh, God. So dramatic.

"I'm Steve.” Steve answers dumbly.

Zayn thinks Niall's going to hit him, or push her or something but instead Niall grabs her face with both hands and kisses her, then her huge belly. Well, it's not the scene she thought he was going to
cause but people are still staring.

"Bye." Niall snaps, waving his middle finger at the strange man as he leads Zayn and her cart away.

"Jeez, why don't you just pee on me?" Zayn mumbles, leaning over to kiss him proper.

"I might just have to, since apparently the ring on your finger and the baby in your belly don't mean shit to people!" Niall turns around to yell the last half of the sentence in the direction Steve was in.

Zayn just laughs. At least he's not mad at her.

"Come on, let's go pick some stuff out for Julio before we leave."

"We are not naming him that!" Zayn tells her boyfriend (technically fiance, but Zayn doesn't want them to have to get married just because they have a kid) for the millionth time since finding out they're having a boy.

The second Niall saw a little penis on the screen he started spouting off names like Julio, Carlos, Thor, Enrique, Bobbie Flay. It's a no to all of those, except possibly Bobbie can be a middle name if he wants to name him after his dad. Other than that, no. None of those are good names.

"Juan Don?" Niall suggests.

"Why do you think our son is Latino?"

"Hispanic," Niall corrects.

Zayn slaps his hand away from her belly. He's touched enough today.

"Okay, but it doesn't matter because he is neither of those things." She points out.

Niall snaps his fingers, like he's been waiting on her to say something along those lines. "Great conversation starter! 'hey white boy, why is your name JuanPablo Fernando Ramiro Sergio?' - 'because my dad's a freakin' boss at naming babies, that's why!'"

Zayn just stares. There are many, many things wrong with what he's just said.

"Please stop talking." She pats his cheek, giving him an earnest look.

Niall nods. "Okay."

For now.

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"What do we even really need for a wedding?" Harry is more into this than Louis. He's probably going to plan the whole thing himself.

"Food, music, color themes, the location obviously, someone licensed to marry you; which you'll also have to get marriage license from the court, and."

"Ahhhhhh!" Louis slams her head on the table. She just wants to show up to a nice wedding and get married and have everyone tell her how beautiful she is so she can say "yeah I know". Why is it so hard?
"Babe, what the heck. You're going to give yourself a headache," Harry wiggles his hand under Louis' forehead for some cushioning. That's why she's marrying him. He always looks out for her.

"There's a lot that goes into having a wedding." Anne says, tone all judgemental. Coincidentally, the same tone she used when she lectured Louis (because she didn't even look at Harry) about the responsibilities of being parents.

"Well we've been saving for a wedding for like, a year?"

"Two years." Louis supplies quietly, head still on Harry's hand.

"Two years. We just want to get an idea of what we need because neither of us know where to start."

Anne nods. Louis doesn't even know why Harry's talking about this with her, Anne doesn't want Louis to be a Styles just as much and Louis doesn't want Anne to be a Styles.

What. Louis loves Harry. She's earned his last name.

"I've only planned one wedding, love, and that was before you or Gemma was born."

Oh, Louis was almost disappointed by the lack of jabs in this conversation.

"When are you thinking about having it?"

Harry hums, considering. He doesn't bother asking Louis, because when she says she doesn't know she literally does not fucking know.

"Definitely the summer, maybe an outdoors ceremony? If I could I'd make it for tomorrow, but I'd like to save more so it can be really nice. Within the next... three-ish years we'll be married." Harry nods.

Louis lifts her head long enough to kiss his hand. If his mother weren't here, she'd snog his face off.

"That's great dear. You know Gemma is seeing someone now? He's so sweet. We had dinner with him the other night." Anne brags about her eldest child.

It's super annoying that she so obviously doesn't want Harry to be with Louis. The bitch won't even help Harry with the basics for a wedding, which means they're going to have to ask Louis' mom for help and Harry will get mopey because his mom could have helped and so on and so on. Louis wishes Harry was adopted. Or that Anne was abducted.

Louis will have to browse CraigsList later. See what the price range is for someone to just shake her up. They don't have to kill Anne, just slap her around a little.

"She told me she would let me know when she was introducing him to the family so I could meet him too!" Harry whines.

He loves his sister and his mother so much and it's so sad that they are britches to him because he won't leave the mother of his children. Louis really isn't that bad, it's starting to hurt her feelings.

"Ah, you didn't miss out on much Hon. I just cooked at home,"

"I love the smell of home cooking," Louis sighs. She's hungry, maybe they'll have to stop and grab some food on the way to the girls gymnastics practice.
"Really? You know there's a way to get that in your own home?" Anne sounds so genuine, like she's really about to drop some knowledge on Louis.

Louis doesn't cook everyday exactly, but at least three days out of the week.

"Oh, Louis is an excellent cook." Harry chirps, nodding.

Louis gets up before Anne can say something else smart.

"I have to get the girls ready," she kisses him on the lips out of habit, and then again when she remembers Anne is there.

Hah. Bitch.

"Do you want me to go with you?" Harry asks.

"If you want." She answers honestly.

"Go, go. I'm just getting ready to head out anyway,"

Louis doesn't say goodbye to Anne, doesn't stick around to watch Harry say it either.

Gymnastics goes great. It's always so funny to see Harry chase Serenity around in his sports shorts, because he's technically supposed to sit on the sidelines and just watch. Instead he's proactive, helping the all of the girls- not just his but all of them, do flips and they get a good laugh out of him trying to do them too.

Louis focuses more on Aubree. The baby can hardly walk, resembles a baby dear at just fourteen months. She likes jumping though, loves the attention she gets no matter what she does.

"You look ridiculous in those shorts." They are so short there's a possibility they were actually hers at one point. The head band is semi ridiculous too.

Why is her future husband prettier than her?

"You love my legs." Harry scoffs.

Both kids are knocked out in the backseat so they're just kind of driving around eating until they've had enough nap time.

"I'm surprised a ball didn't pop out, if we're honest." The shorts are that short.

Harry glares, but he totally wants to laugh. "I'm all tucked, thank you very much."

Louis will have to investigate this mangina situation when they get home.
Chapter 31

When the girls fall asleep (Ren cried until her parents agreed to let her sleep in their room and well, they can't just leave Aubs out) Harry rolls over, half on top of Louis and nuzzles in her neck. Obviously they won't do anything with the little ones in here, but maybe they can go to a different room for like, five, maybe ten minutes?

"Smell so good," Harry purrs like the gigantic kitty he is.

"You should think so, used your soap."

Harry's got this minty body wash that makes her skin feel all tingly and clean. Him and Niall get attitudes when the girls use their soap (Niall can start showering in his own bathroom if it's an issue) but they'll just have to get over it.

"Mmm," he hums, kissing her neck. Louis swallows, baring her neck a little to let him at it.

"I have to pick up milk in the morning," Louis remembers.

She's got a lot to do tomorrow. Take Aubree to get her shots, pay a couple bills, take the car for an oil change, lunch with a friend, get the girls to gymnastics. Not to mention the paper she has to find time to write for literally the only class she has. Louis isn't even going to ask Zayn to watch Serenity while she does her running around, either. Pregnancy is really taking its toll on Zaynie and she's kind of a bitch lately.

"Mm, love it when you talk dirty to me." He's joking, but he's not. His heart gets a boner when Louis takes care of domestic stuff.

His kisses travel lower, down her breasts and ribs. Louis' fingers tangle in his hair. As much as she'd love some head before bed that can't happen when there are guests next to them. These guests being babies- if it were just Zayn Louis would be getting her giddy-up on by now.

Then the big loser fucking blows the loudest, wettest raspberry on her belly. Before Louis can even push him away Serenity sits up, hair wild and lip quivering.

"Shut up!" The poor, sleepy baby yells, high pitched enough to probably wake up her sister. Great.

"Okay, shhhh. We're sorry baby, it's okay," Louis assures the distressed babe.

Louis hates having to wake her up. Whether the toddler has had thirty minutes of sleep or twelve hours, she almost always wakes up emotional. Unless she wakes herself up, then she's her usual lively and vibrant self.

Serenity collapses back on the bed, rolling with her back to them. She twists her back just a little to look at Harry.

"Daddy you rub my back?"

Louis snorts. Even if Harry didn't feel bad for waking her up he'd still do it.

**

"Are you serious?" Louis yells. She picks Aubree up and takes the marker away from her, blue all over her body and the beige wall.
Harry and Zayn could see her from where they're sitting, neither of them pay any attention to her though. Aubree makes a fuss in her arms, she goes to smack Louis and the stern look Louis gives her makes her rethink her decision. Instead, the little girl pouts and slams her forehead on Louis' shoulder, hiding.

Why does the look work on the one year old and not the two year old? Serenity would have slapped her anyway.

"What?" Harry asks, eyes still on the television.

"You didn't think to maybe glance at your daughter drawing all over your house?" Louis also notices the blue scribbles on Harry's shin and the side of the sectional.

The kid literally drew on him and he didn't think to take away the marker? Really?

"She said she would just draw on the paper," Harry says, like he actually believes that.

The open coloring book on the floor is totally blank. Nice. Louis gives Aubree over to her dad, tossing the pack of wipes at him before going to get a rag to clean the fucking wall and couch and oh look, the floor too. Great.

"Harry." Louis is annoyed she even has to say this. "Clean her before you start playing with her, there is marker on her face."

Harry and Serenity have the same pout, only Serenity's is way cuter. Aubree let's herself be cleaned, even tries to clean daddy's face too.

"Where's Ni, Zayn?" Louis asks after she sits down to start scrubbing the wall.

If the paint starts peeling off Harry's painting the entire house on his next day off.

"I don't know." Zayn's all dressed up, hair and makeup done and everything.

"What do you mean you don't know? Why are you all fancy?"

"We're supposed to go get dinner but he's been texting me every twenty minutes saying he'll be here in twenty minutes for three hours."

Zayn doesn't sound sad or mad, just a hint of annoyed. Wouldn't be Louis. If Harry was even five minutes late she'd make him spend the next three days kissing her ass. One time when she actually cried because he was late (she was super pregnant and she missed him, okay) he actually brought her breakfast everyday before school and made himself late to walk her to her classes. It was nice.

"Are you serious?" Louis turns around to glare at Harry. He has nothing to do with that, but Niall's his friend and Niall isn't here right now.

Louis' glare makes Harry jump up to help Zayn off the couch without having to be asked though.

How does the look work on her one year old /and/ her husband but not her two year old? The look even works on Niall and Liam for fucks sake.

"Yeah, but fuck him." Zayn mumbles, waddling down to the basement.

Poor babe.

"Should we take her to go get food?"
Louis feels bad. She knows her friends been in a lot of pain and can't sleep for more than a few hours at a time. And everything, well. Most things, make Zayn weep even though she usually runs off to try to hide it. The other day, tears splashed down her cheeks over a flea commercial. She didn't even find it funny after she was done crying, so Louis had to sit there and not laugh while he friend cried over a singing dog.

"Depends where she wants to go. If it's somewhere the girls can eat then yeah, if it isn't you two just go."

Aww. Harry's so sweet. He tries, and Louis isn't even going to pretend that's good enough but he really is sweet.

It doesn't matter though, because Zayn comes waddling back in wearing her pajamas and eating a bowl of cereal. Poor babe. Who does Niall think he is to keep a hungry pregnant woman waiting for so long?

The second Zayn sits down Aubree is leaning over her lap to see what she's eating. The toddler opens her mouth for a bite and before Louis can tell her no Zayn's spooning some in her mouth. If she's half as good at being a mom as she is at being an aunt, she was worried for nothing. Seriously.

"Awwwww!" Harry coos at his baby girl.

At that exact moment Serenity comes flying through the room with a light saber and stabs him in the chest with it.

"Ow what the-"

"Hi Ya!" She doesn't even take karate, where does she learn this stuff.

"Hey! What are you doing to daddy?" Louis squawks.

The little girls grin is devilish and rebellious. "I died him!"

She killed him. How sweet.

Niall comes in, earning a well deserved stab from a light saber too. Zayn doesn't even look at him, definitely knows he's there though. He's always so loud, which Louis can't complain because she makes quite a ruckus herself but sheesh.

"Why are you eating that? We're going out."

Zayn raises her eyebrows, shoveling another bite in her mouth with her eyes on the tv. She doesn't even have to look to notice Aubree wants another bite. How was Louis blessed with a friend who's totally awesome with her kids? All she's doing is sharing food, but still.

"She's been hungry for three hours, Nialler." Louis pipes in, hinting that he's in trouble and should tread lightly.

"I was busy! Caught up at work, there was nothing I could do about it."

That's a lie, the work thing. And everybody in the room knows it.

Their fights are weird, Louis decides. Pregnant or not Louis would been beating Harry's ass by now.
"Do you still wanna go? I left my truck running,"

/why don't you get in it and drive off a bridge?/ Louis thinks that's probably what she would have said if she were in Zayn's position. She's so glad Harry's training was a success. She's getting too old to be fighting like that.

"Are you ignoring me? Can you hear me? Hello??" Niall waves, walking in front of Zayn.

Oh hell no.

"Do you want to go? I'll wait for you to get dressed," Harry sends Louis a look, silently telling her even he thinks Niall is a dumb ass right now.

Zayn just hands him her bowl, now empty. Doesn't make any moves to get up either. "Can you take that to the sink for me?"

Niall falters, probably confused why she's so calm.

"Yeah, do you need help getting up?"

"I don't need your help doing anything."

*there's my girl, Louis thinks. make me proud.*

Harry clears his throat, grabbing Aubree off the couch. "Come on Lou,"

Modest bitch. Always wanting to give someone their privacy. Louis wanted to see this.

**

"So you are mad, then?" There's his stupid question of the day, then.

"Nope." Zayn's irritated to the point where she wants nothing to do with him for at least five hundred years.

Or until she tries to sleep in a few hours and needs his body heat against her back, but that's neither here nor there.

"Can I have a kiss, then?"

"You can kiss my ass, how about that?" Zayn snaps.

Louis' loud "hah" echoes through the house, followed by Harry's shushing.

Zayn didn't sign up for this, any of it. Especially not for her boyfriend to miraculously disappear when his ex girlfriend is in town again. And she really, really hates to think like that but what else is she supposed to think? He's already lied about being at work. Him and Harry have the same job and Harry's been home for hours. Niall wasn't in uniform when he came in. None of it adds up.

"I'm with you all the time, I go out for a few hours by myself and suddenly you're pissed off?"

Zayn hates him. She hates him even more when Zaidan (the baby's name is between Zaidan and Leo, today Zayn's feeling the Z names) kicks her. Especially hates him now that she's crying, which, why? She cries about everything these days. It just kind of hurt her feelings that he doesn't want to be around her all the time, apparently. He is the one who made such a fuss about her moving in.
"I don't care if you want some alone time but you lied to me!" Zayn's not even going to blame this one on hormones.

She feels depressed and stuck. Sometimes she's happy about the baby, might as well be since he's coming regardless but it hits her that this is it for the rest of her life. It's all about the baby now.

"How did I lie, Zayn?" Niall snaps, irritated.

Zayn wipes under her eyes with her palms, crying harder when she sees the makeup all over them. Great. Now she looks ridiculous and it's going to piss her off if she gets up and Niall tries to help her. Only because she's mad at him. She'll accept someone else's help, though.

"Twenty minutes, twenty minutes, twenty minutes, it's nine o'clock Niall!" She hasn't seen him since this morning. It was his idea to go out to eat, told her "be ready I'll be home in an hour". Then twenty minutes, and another one, and another one.

"You strung me along all day!"

"I had shit to do! What do you want me to do Zayn? I'm here now, we can still go."

Zayn tries to push herself up, frustrated when she has to scoot to the edge and try again. The second her butt lifts off the cushion Niall pushes her back down, clearly not done with this conversation.

"Stop doing that!" Zayn cries even though he's only done it once.

He thought it was funny the first time they discovered how hard it was for her to get up on her own and he did it quite a bit then, which was funny to everyone. Zayn's over it now.

"Where are you trying to go?"

God. She really is a prisoner.

"I wanna leave." Zayn whines. She doesn't want to be here anymore. Suddenly she just wants her mom. She's not in the mood for her dad's speeches but she wants her mom to hug her and kiss her and tell her she's alright and bake her cookies.

"Okay, we'll leave. You're not going by yourself. It's raining and it's too close to your due date-"

"It's like four months away," she argues. Who is he to tell her she can't drive her own car?

"Yeah, try one and a half."

What? When she asked Louis how long you're supposed to be pregnant Louis said yes when Zayn said eleven months? Fucking lying bitch.

That makes her sob again. Not because the baby will be here sooner but because why is everybody in this house a liar? What did she do to deserve this?

"Come on babe," Niall sighs, wiping her face with tissues. "I'm sorry, okay? I love you."

Zayn just sits there, pouting pathetically while Niall cleans her up. She feels like a child. Weak and fragile and helpless.

"Let's go get food, okay? In your jammies and everything, don't even change."

Zayn sniffls, considering.
"I'm getting two appetizers." She decides, letting Niall help her up.

"I know babe. And a take home dessert." That's pretty much her usual.

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"Who are you so smiley about?" Zayn asks, eating her leftover dessert from last night's dinner.

Her nieces are napping so she actually gets to eat a meal to herself. She's kinda glad it's the dessert.

"You, of course." Louis lies, giggling and typing away on her phone.

Zayn rolls her eyes. "Tell Harry to tell Niall to text me back."

Harry and Niall have the same job and they don't exactly work together because mailmen don't work in teams but they talk all day. Louis is probably right about them being in a secret relationship.

Louis clears her throat. "It's um. It's actually not Harry that I'm texting."

Since when did Louis get friends. "Then who?"

Louis shrugs, as if she's actually going to keep a secret from Zayn.

"Is it a guy?"

She just laughs. What the fuck?

"I was supposed to have lunch with him today, but I don't know." Don't know what? This is crazy to Zayn.

"Is this like. Do you like him?" Louis isn't the cheating type... She's been obsessed with Harry for years? Zayn genuinely hopes she's misreading this situation.

"No, but he likes me. He's funny,"

"Does Harry know about him?" Zayn doesn't mean to like, pry or anything. She's just trying to figure this out.

"No, don't look at me like that either. I'm not doing anything wrong."

"If Harry had a "friend" he didn't tell you about what would happen Louis?" Zayn asks rhetorically. Everybody knows what would happen. They've seen it happen a million times over the years.

Louis scrunches her nose, digging through the fridge for what Zayn hopes is something for dinner. It's still early but she could eat. Again.

"That's different. Harry doesn't know how to have female friends that he doesn't fuck. You're different. If I didn't tell him you were hooking up with Niall he would have probably tried to fuck you at some point."

She pulls out some sort of raw chicken, the only thing she actually knows how to cook. Zayn's excited.

What she said is probably true though. The beginning of Louis and Harry's relationship involved a
lot of cheating and a lot more fighting. Harry pursued Louis while she was with Stan, who she'd be on and off with for a few months. Harry caught her at a weak moment and they hooked up. The next day Harry was telling people at school that they were dating and it made Stan look bad for losing his girl to a younger woman so Louis kind of went with it.

Louis was Harry's first relationship though, first probably girlfriend since probably elementary school (if relationships can even be considered proper when you're eight). He fucked up a lot in the beginning, and Louis being the hot head that she is wasn't going to sit around and make some year ten make her look like a fool. Zayn wishes she could say they settled down when Louis got pregnant or even after Serenity was born but that'd be a lie. They're somewhat settled now though, at least.

And that's why Zayn doesn't get why Louis would fuck up everything she worked so hard to build by entertaining some random?

"Like," Louis startles Zayn out of her thoughts. "I know I'm probably a bitch for talking to this guy and leading him on or whatever but I'm not doing anything wrong. He talks to me and gives me attention when Harry can't and that's all it will ever be."

Her and Zayn are so different in that aspect. Everybody loves affection, sure, but Zayn gets uncomfortable when someone who isn't Niall hits on her. Louis gets flattered... Maybe it has something to do with Hasim and the fact that Zayn thinks men she doesn't already know are all pigs because of what he did. That night fucked her up more than she thought it did.

"How long have you been talking to him? Where did you even meet him? Who is he?" The pregnant woman doesn't have a clue where Louis could possibly meet someone when the only places she goes without Harry is the grocery store and doctors offices.

"His names Nick, he's kind of older but he's a lot like Harry. All indie and quirky or whatever." She either forgets or ignores the other questions as she focuses on cutting the chicken, and as much as doesn't want to distract her and delay dinner she needs answers bitch.

"Where and when did you meet him?"

Louis hesitates. This isn't even Zayn's relationship and she's got her nervous. "I met him in high school. We've always kind of kept in touch on Facebook or whatever."

Nick, older, quirky, met in high school... holy shit.

"This wouldn't happen to be the twenty four year old who you gave your virginity to so he would drive us around, would it?" Zayn fucking knows it is.

Nick was okay but he was really creepy with Louis. Probably because he was nine years older than her. Zayn used to get so crepeped out in the backseat when he put this hand too high on her best friends thigh. Not that it makes much of a difference, but he did think Louis was two years older than she really was.


"That guys still single?" Zayn squawks. "That should be a fucking flashing sign right there,"

"He was in love with me thank you very much!" Louis defends creepy whilst making herself look even worse. Good job, Lou. Fantastic. "Once you get a piece of this there's no moving on, okay? So don't do that."
Louis has always been kind of conceited but there's no doubt a lot of her confidence now comes from Harry geeking her up.

"Just promise me you're not going to cheat on Harry, please." Zayn somewhat begs, making her voice all sad so Louis can't say no.

"Of course I'm not going to cheat on Harry! I'm going to be with Harry for the rest of my life. It's just, I am going to be with Harry for the rest of my life, you know?" Louis starts cooking the chicken. Zayn thinks she's going to make that casserole with the potato chips again.

Whoa. Zayn may have either peed herself or just got a little wet from thinking about how delicious it was.

"Yeah, that's kind of the point,"

"I guess I just, I dunno. I want to talk to other guys and see what it would be like to be with someone else. Not physically," Louis explains.

"Having kids was a big deal, don't get me wrong but being married seals the deal, you know? I just want to know one hundred percent before I get married that Harry is the only man I have feelings for and the only way to do that is by talking to other guys."

The logic with this one is the definition of unique. She always goes the hard way, makes everything difficult for herself.

Zayn gets Niall's leftover dessert from last night and starts shamelessly eating. She's hungry, okay. This casserole is going to take five hundred years.

"If he asks, he ate this and forgot."

Louis snorts, shrugging.

"You know, a probably way easier idea to see if Harry is it for you is maybe spending more time with Harry himself. Like, going on dates and stuff." Makes sense to Zayn. Just because Nick and ten other guys aren't the one doesn't mean Harry is.

Louis huffs and sighs so long she sounds almost like a dragon. "I know what I'm doing. I'm not doing anything wrong. I don't want to be made to feel like I'm doing something wrong."

"Okay, okay. I trust you." It's true, Zayn does trust her.

But trust doesn't mean Louis isn't an idiot and will probably end up doing something idiot on accident.
"I'm having a fucking baby, guys." Niall slurs for the hundredth time.

Justin and Josh drove down to so generously bring the stuff Zayn forgot at Justin's and naturally beer was involved. Niall is very, very drunk.

"I never even knew Zayn was pregnant to be honest. Until like, two days before she left," Justin laughs, so does everybody else.

Her belly wasn't like super huge when she lived with him but she was noticeably pregnant. He seen her literally every day, how could he not know? He was the first one to comment on her weight gain, too.

"My boy. My baby boy!" Niall rubs Zayn's belly before leaning down to drool sloppy kisses all over her shirt. It's important to him for everybody to know Zayn's having his baby, he's going to be a dad.

"Enough." Zayn appreciates the affection, always loves a clingy Niall. She's not necessarily jealous of the baby, but it's like that's all she is anymore. Just a belly. Nobody asks about her or wants to love on her. And that would be fine, if everybody (especially Niall) would stop only acknowledging her stomach.

"M bonding with my boy, babe," he pouts, laying his head on her chest.

"Okay, I'm getting hot. Can you lay somewhere else?" Zayn doesn't wait for an answer before she pushes him off.

"Alright guys, we're going to bed," Louis announces, standing to give Zayn a goodnight kiss.

With the way her and Harry have been whispering for at least ten minutes, they aren't going to bed.

"After we have sex." Harry verifies.

"Night, love you." Louis hugs Zayn, kissing her cheek.

"I never have sex." Niall claims, half asleep on the couch cushion.

He has lots of sex. He had sex last night and this morning.

"I don't know why he thinks he's having sex," Louis shrugs, waving her hands.

Josh and Justin watch. Just watch, there's nothing else for them to do. What are they supposed to say? It's awkward.

"Cos I'm gonna eat that butt,"

"Oh my god, go!" Zayn yells, second hand embarrassed. Butt stuff still makes her blush and she's positive that's why Harry and Louis still talk about it.

"Fucking nasty," she complains, waddling to the kitchen to get Niall some water. He'll probably fight her when she makes him drink it. She giggles when she thinks about putting it in one of the bottles they bought and feeding it to him that way.
"Hey,"

Zayn hits her head on the inside of the fridge, startled.

"You scared the shit out of me! I almost pissed myself," Zayn laughs, trying to catch her breath with a hand over her heart.

Justin scrunches his nose. "Sorry about that,"

"No, no you're fine. What's up? You hungry or something?" Zayn's not in the mood to cook but she'll find him something. There's plenty of shit that can be reheated.

He laughs, light and bashful. "Nah, nah."

Okay?

"You and me, we could've had something you know?"

If Zayn's not mistaken, Justin's fucking drunk. At least he'd better be, because he's coming on to her?

"What?"

He comes closer, crowding her space. It's a little intimidating the way he studies her face and doesn't look away. "I thought we kind of did, to be honest."

In what world? Zayn's never, ever done anything to make any guy other than Niall feel like she wanted them.

"You're drunk," Zayn gives him an out, an excuse.

She's having his best friends baby... She literally lives with his best friend and sleeps in the same bed as him every single night.

Justin tongues his cheek, eyes still on hers. It's intense... intensely uncomfortable. "Am I?"

Zayn looks at him and something non baby related pangs in her stomach. She's seen drunk Justin enough to know that the Justin in front of her is completely sober.

Poor Niall, is her first thought. He's been nothing but loyal to this kid. Niall adores Justin. They were brothers, fraternity brothers but still brothers.

"Yeah." Zayn decides, knocking her shoulder into his on her way back to the living room. To Niall.

She's so dumbfounded by what just happened in the kitchen that she pays no mind to Josh drawing dicks on Niall's face.

"Are you guys staying here?" She asks Josh, voice shaking as she sits Niall's hardly conscious self up up.

"The fuck you draw on my face cunt?" Niall slurs.

"Yeah, probably. Too late to drive, we both been drinkin'," Josh shrugs, writing "cock sucker" on Niall's arm.

"I'll bring you guys up some blankets," the couch is a sectional. It's big enough for the both of them
and pretty comfortable too. Zayn always falls asleep when she lays on it to watch television.

"Aw, you mean I can't cuddle in bed with you guys?"

Justin snorts. Zayn didn't even hear him come back in but there he is. Staring at her from Josh's abandoned chair.

"Yeah, Niall will love that."

Why make a move now? They lived together for months. There's a person inside of her. Why is he deciding to be weird now when she could literally be a mom any second now?

It's just. Not that Zayn necessarily would have wanted or welcomed Justin making a move on her a few months ago, but what makes him think now is a good time? She doesn't understand.

"Come on babe," Zayn focuses on Niall. Her boyfriend. The father of her child. "Let's go to bed,"

Niall groans. He's not going to make this easy, getting him down the stairs will probably induce early labor.

"If you don't get up you're gonna sleep on the couch by yourself," she warns.

Actually, his best friend and supposed best friend will be joining him. If they were smart they'd put him on the floor and say he got there himself, the sectional isn't big enough for all three of them.

"You sleepin' with me." Niall slurs, half asleep. He's holding Zayn's hand though so at least he's somewhat coherent.

"I can't sleep on the couch baby. Come downstairs so we can go to bed,"

Zayn can't sleep period, but when she does she almost always ends up naked because she gets hot flashes and then she ends up freezing, which is where Niall comes in because he's a human heater. And she needs her fluffy body pillow for her belly and leg because Niall moves too much and she gets irritated. He's only allowed to cuddle her back when she's cold. He's allowed to put his hand on her butt while he falls asleep though, so it's not all bad for him.

When Niall makes no effort to move, Josh sighs longingly.

"He's fucked up, so let me tell you this so nobody forgets." He says to Zayn. Josh pulls Niall up by his arm, flopping him over his shoulder like he weighs nothing.

"I want pancakes for breakfast." Josh informs, already walking towards the stairs.

"Goodnight." Zayn mumbles to Justin, following Josh.

She would like to forget about the kitchen situation and move on. She's not going to tell Niall, just gonna pretend it didn't happen.

"Fat ass pancakes from Denny's, with butter and syrup and a side of breakfast sausages. Links, not patties." Josh's voice travels from the kitchen.

"Night," Justin nods.

Zayn assumes he wants to forget about it too.

"And,"
Josh tosses Niall on the bed once they're downstairs. He even drags Niall by his arms so he's laying the right way.

"I'd probably like some eggs with that too. Just sayin'." He pats Niall's belly and gives Zayn a wink. He hugs her goodnight and doesn't let go until she repeated his entire breakfast order.

***

"Oh my god- no, Harry," Louis is positively wrecked, in the best way.

Harry's like machine tonight, all these different positions and steady strokes. All hail whiskey dick, Louis' one true love.

He stares down at her with hooded eyes and his bottom lip sucked in his mouth, arms curled around her legs to hold them up while he slams into her. She said no because he was moving her again. They were in the middle, now their on the edge of the bed. It's so much- Louis' so sensitive from three (?) orgasms and Harry's cock just keeps hitting the right spits. It's madness, the sex.

"You like that?" He grunts for the thirtieth time.

Louis whines, throwing her arm over her eyes because fuck it's just too much. He's so hot. They have kids together for fuck's sake, you'd think she'd of gotten used to it by now. Harry's thumb presses down on her clit, she's over stimulated to the point where it hurts so she tries to push his hand away.

"Too much?" His thrusts slow down, pulling out completely. "I been mean to it, huh?"

Without any warning his mouth his back down there, all tongue and wet kisses. He's going to be the death of her, she's going to die right here probably.

"I can't Harry I can't," Louis repeats, digging her heals in his shoulders. Her attempt to kick him away is weak, she is weak.

"Yes you can baby," he says against her crotch. His tongue slips in her hole, but at least he's leaving her clitoris alone.

"Harry," her voice is desperate and raw.

She vaguely wonders if Niall's weird friends can hear them. Oh well.

"Please, Harry please," please hurry up and come already.

This is her fault though, she created this monster. She's the one who always talks shit and pesters him when he comes before she's done. Not before she comes- before she's done. He made the mistake of spoiling her with multiple orgasms and now, when she's really worked up, she expects more than three.

Why can't Harry be like this when she wants him to be? She honestly wanted some nice romantic banging and a cuddle. The bed is probably going to collapse any second now from how hard Harry's been shaking it.

"One more baby," his finger slips in next to his tongue. Ridiculous.

"In, on your cock. Get in," she doesn't really make sense but Harry must get it anyway because he gives her cunt a few goodbye kisses before pushing his dick back in.
When he leans down to kiss her, Louis wraps her legs around his waist tighter and keeps his mouth on hers by tangling her fingers in his hair. He always busts faster like this. She's starting to wonder if he's ever going to come, she can't exactly tap out now. Not after all he just did for her.

Plus. That would give him the grounds to talk shit for years. Talking shit is Louis' thing, thanks.

"Did you come?" Harry asks. He's about to come...

He must be really drunk then, if he hasn't noticed.

"Yeah, yeah Harry," she lies.

Harry pushes in deeper, his entire body locking up as he groans and comes in her. He's beautiful. And sleep is near. Lou could cry.

"Oh my god," he lays his forehead on her chest. She agrees. "You're incredible." She agrees with that too.

She scratches her nails along his scalp, already dreaming of a hot shower and fresh sheets and actual dreams. Sleepy time. "You're alright or whatever."

He gives a half assed grunt for a response. Sounds like he's about to fall asleep...

"Harry, your kids will be up in four hours." That's right. When she's running on anything less than six hours sleep and Harry has the day off, they're his kids.

"No." Like he's got any authority in this house. Unfortunately this residence is ran by toddlers.

"Yeah, so get up and change the sheets while I'm in the shower." He needs one too but as long as he changes the sheets it's not a big deal. The girls lay in their bed in the mornings and watch cartoons and Louis will not have them laying in dried come.

After a few groans and loaded threats Louis is able to push him off of her so she can get dressed. The house is dark except for the television in the living room and it looks like Josh and Justin are sleeping on the couch. Good. Maybe they didn't hear them then.

Harry joins her in the shower long enough to rinse off and pee almost on her foot, which definitely deserved the slap it earned him.

"I love you," she reminds him after they're all clean and snuggled up in fresh sheets.

Naturally the dirty ones are right next to the hamper. Not in it, next to it.

"Same." Harry yawns.

Louis is too tired and clingy to really react to that, so she lets him off easy by just biting that stupid dimple on his cheek. Hopefully it leaves a mark.

***

"Are you serious?" Louis asks, matching the appalled look on Zayn's face.

Zayn nods, sipping the coffee she just made for Niall. She's not allowed to have coffee and caffeine- blah blah blah she doesn't even like coffee.

"One step closer and the baby could have kicked him."
Zayn really did want to forget about Justin hitting on her until she spent the entire night tossing and turning because of it. Part of her kept thinking what if he got to her first, before her and Niall made it official. If she was with Justin she wouldn't be pregnant and she'd still be in school. But the part she wondered the most about was if she'd be happy. Would Justin be good to her or would she end up with ten STD's before he dumped her?

It doesn't matter now though, and she's kind of basking on Louis' reaction to confirm it.

"Are you sure you guys didn't hook up?" Louis whispers. "You had so many opportunities-"

"What the fuck, no! It felt like we were brother and sister, his mom knew what brand of yogurt I liked for fucks sake," which, doesn't really mean anything. Maybe Justin's mom did think they were together, Zayn never got that vibe. She always felt like family when his mom was there.

"Louis!" Serenity scolds. When the adults turn to look at her she's pouting, all sleepy faced with her hand on her forehead. "You just talking and not getting it!"

What? ... Oh. Louis quickly finishes buttering Serenity and Aubree's pancakes and walks their plates over to them. Serenity only calls Louis by her name when she's really irritated with her.

"Sorry Princess. Blonde princess." The mommy kisses both grumpy babies in their heads.

Well. Ren is grumpy, Aubree is copying her sister.

Zayn let's them be, have a little family moment or whatever. She walks to living room, shaking Josh awake to tell him to wake up Justin and come sleep on the couches downstairs. When Louis and the kids are up, everybody is up.

When she gets back downstairs Niall is sitting up, fucking around on his laptop. He looks just as dead but less miserable.

"Good morning," she hands him his coffee and presses a kiss to his cheek.

"Josh still here?"

She nods, laying down on her side so she can wrap her arm around his waist. They aren't close enough and he's still sitting up so her arm is more just laying on his lap but whatever.

"Thanks for the coffee."

Zayn just nods and kisses his side. She's still sleepy but she knew he was waking up and had to of felt like shit. It says a lot that she still thinks he's cute even when there are faded dicks drawn on his cheek made to look like they're coming in his mouth.

"Who did this?" He asks, holding up his arm. He's a mess.

As if on cue Josh busts in, followed by a shirtless Justin which is rude. It's even more rude when they think it's cute to climb in bed with her and Niall. Josh lays on Niall's side and Zayn tries not to read too much into it when Justin is on hers, spooning her.

"How do you know she wasn't gonna suck my dick just now, and yous just barged in and ruined it?" Niall grumbles. The roughness of his voice makes him sound like he's actually irritated.

If it were anybody but Justin or Josh he actually might be.

"Why do I have to be the one sucking your dick?" Zayn also plays offended. But... still. "Why
"Because I don't feel good and you love me." He answers, sincere and breezy.

"My tummy is a watermelon, I don't feel good either." She counters.

The baby kicks exactly where Justin's hand is on her stomach. And again, more rowdy when Justin presses in lightly. It's awkward, but she lets him because Josh was feeling it yesterday and it would probably be more awkward if she pushed him away.

"Not my fault Zorro's a chunker." He waves her off.

Fucking ass hole.

Josh giggles from where he's copying Zayn on Niall's other side.

"You're naming it Zorro?"

"No." Zayn says at the same time Niall says "Yeh,"

"No." Zayn repeats, sterner.

Niall's not allowed to have a say in the name because he's ignorant with it.

("I like the name Javed," Zayn says, highlighting it in the baby name book her mom bought her. Why did she have to give her a boy name? Zayn would totally name her baby Zayn but. Kinda can't now.

"Like David?" Niall asks, thoughtful.

"No. Like Javed."

"I like it. We can pronounce the J like an H-"

"Alright Niall, that's enough." She says, in lieu of "shut the fuck up.")

"They're naming it Justin. Or was it Justina?" Justin says behind her, rubbing circles on her belly.

It's getting too weird now, so she actually does push him away this time.

"It's a boy, idiot. Ni only said sixteen times last night he's having a son." Josh tells his friend. He sounds as close to sleep as Zayn was.

Was. She won't be able to fall asleep when all she can think about is Justin's boner accidentally digging in her back. Not that he has one, she doesn't know. But what if he gets one. Ew.

Zayn scoots out of the bed, dragging her body pillow and Niall's little blanket with her.

"Where you goin' babe?"

"Sleep on the couch. Too crowded in here."

When she's settling on the sofa a few feet away from Niall's room she hears him tell his friends they're dicks for running her out of the bed. That's nice of him.
"Can you stop eating it?" Louis huffs.

Her hairs all crazy and her face and hands are just as messy as the kitchen.

"I'm testing it!" Zayn lies. She's been eating ingredients. "What are you even making? That doesn't look like cookies,"

There's a big, sticky, blob of oats and nuts stuck on a pan. Louis stops trying to scrape it off with a spatula so she can glare at her best friend.

"For the last time, I am trying to make my husband granola." What a crab ass.

Aubree comes running in for some more nuts, which Zayn doesn't even think twice before putting a few almonds in her little hand. Louis mutters and huffs, so dramatic.

Serenity comes swaggering in, wearing only her big girl underwear (she's been doing alright on the big girl potty) with her light saber tucked in the side. She refers to it as her blue sword.

"Mommy," Serenity grabs the back of Louis' legs and literally hides her face in Louis' butt. Kids are so fucking weird.

"Mommy?" Aubree asks Zayn.

Oh, hell no. Zayn points to Louis, reminding the little girl that's her mommy.

Serenity demands her daily cheese sandwich, which is how they all end up in the living room watching tv while they eat lunch.

"You know there's a baby in there?" Louis whispers to Serenity, like it's a secret that that's why aunt Zee is fat.

There's not going to be a baby in there for long. She's been cramping a lot and when she went to the bathroom she seen what Louis must of been talking about when she told her about "the bloody show". Zayn's pretty nervous about it so she hasn't told anybody. She's just acting like everything is fine.

Serenity looks all confused, poking at her own belly.

"Not yours, Zee's. That's your cousin in there."

The toddler must think her mom is tricking her, because she rolls her eyes and tells her to "shut up mommy".

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"If I rub your feet will you have sex with me?

What the fuck kind of persuasion is that?
"I'll think about it." Zayn lies so Niall won't stop rubbing.

She's cramping and gassy. She's not having sex with him.

"Yeah," Niall squeezes her foot. He sounds irritated. "You look like you're two seconds away from falling asleep."

Which reminds her.

"We need to move before the baby's born."

Every single morning Zayn is woken up by stomping and yelling from upstairs. They could just move upstairs but the floors up there are wood and it probably echoes all the same. If Zayn's not getting any sleep now she's definitely not going to get any sleep when her loud ass nieces wake her baby up.

"Move like, to a different house? Or upstairs?"

"Apartment or something, I don't care. It's too loud and crowded here." When Zayn lived with her parents and sisters she slept in the basement for over a year and she couldn't hear anything down there.

Zayn loves Louis and the girls and Harry but she's tired to the point where she might actually move back in with her mom. God knows Trisha would love that.

"Well gee thanks for springing this on me a month before he's supposed to be here." Niall rolls his eyes, setting her foot back on the bed.

"Well I mean, is this really what you have in mind for a permanent living situation?"

This house belongs to Louis and Harry, it doesn't matter who bought it. Louis runs this house. Zayn can't even make Niall dinner without having to make enough for four extra people because it's rude if she doesn't. It wouldn't be a big deal if there weren't kids involved, but there are.

"Yeah. It's why I bought the house."

"You bought the house to live in the basement with your son and girlfriend while your friends and their kids take over the whole upstairs?" That's exactly what happened.

It's not that she doesn't absolutely love and adore the kids either. She just feels like a guest here.

"We can go up there any time we want, don't act like we're trapped down here because we're not. We can move, I don't give a shit. Harry can't afford to live here by himself."

And that's what Zayn's been biting her tongue on. If Harry can't afford this house by himself he shouldn't of moved here period. Friends help friends, whatever, but it's not Niall's responsibility to take care of Harry.

Zayn laughs, covering her top half with one of the five hundred blankets on the bed. "Why did you even bother getting me pregnant when you already have a family to support?"

"Wow, okay. Don't act like you love him when he's born then, because you clearly don't."

Zayn hates when Niall's like this. He gets in these moods where he's only snappy towards her and he says really mean things. One time he said "how can you love him when you didn't even want him?" And that's not fair. Of course she loves her son.
"That's the attitude you just asked me to have sex with you with?" Zayn starts to push herself up and grab her pillows. It's still early, not even close to bed time but she wants a nap. Since Niall's being an ass she'll take one somewhere else.

"Because you say stupid shit and act like I'm the ass hole for reacting to it,"

What the fuck. "What did I say that was stupid? That I want us to have our own space?"

Maybe they should have talked about how permanent this arrangement was because if Niall plans to live in this basement for the rest of his life it's not going to work out. They might as well end it now.

"We have our own space."

Niall doesn't get it. He never gets it.

"We never have alone time! It's never just us. How can we move forward when the only time I can be alone with you is in this room?"

Zayn's got this feeling, this really, really depressing feeling that her and Niall rushed into a relationship. It sounds stupid because they've basically been dating for years already but not really. The entire time they've been dating they've either been hours apart or fighting. And pregnant, which helps nothing.

She just doesn't know if she loves Niall, or if she thought she loved Niall, basically.

Every time they fought, the first thing Zayn thought was "I put too much time into this boy for this to be what ends us", so maybe she's convincing herself she loves him so her time wasn't wasted.

The Justin situation doesn't help either, cause it's got her thinking. Zayn just needs a vacation.

"We're alone right now, what's the big deal if it's in here?" Niall's being stubborn on purpose now, like the big child he is.

"And then what? We raise our kid down here? That's not fair to him. Do you think I'm going to marry you and come home to sit in our basement all day?" If he says something about her being allowed to go upstairs, she's leaving.

She loves her friends, but it's time to grow up. It's ridiculous that she has to explain to him that living with your friends while starting a family just doesn't work.

"Frankly I don't really care if you marry me," Niall laughs, running his fingers through his hair.

Wow, really? That wasn't even the point, but really?

"What are we doing here then?" Why did he force her to have his kid if he doesn't want to marry her? "If marriage isn't what we're working towards what are we doing?"

"I'm not gonna fucking beg you to marry me," Niall spits.

He could literally just suggest it and Zayn would say yeah. Nobody ever said he had to "beg". She's never made him beg for anything.

"I don't expect you to!" Zayn yells, getting worked up now. Zaidan must agree with her, because he's been moving a lot since they started talking. Sharp, mean kicks. It's like he's head butting her
"Should we just end it, then? If you wanna end it we can end it." Zayn doesn't even care, honestly. (When she's done being mad, she'll probably (definitely) cry and regret it but right now... no.)

"If that's what you want. I don't care anymore, just want my kid."

Okay, then when it's born she'll drop him off and Niall can sit in this basement all day with it.

Zayn gets up and starts shoving her clothes from the basket into her backpack. She'll be back when he's at work to get the rest of it, maybe.

"I don't know why you're so fucking mean to me." She mutters, throwing her shit on the dresser in her purse.

"I'm not, you just act like a bitch when you don't get your way."

That's. That's not at all true. In fact, that's how he acts.

"You just told me I'm stupid, that I don't love my baby, and that you don't care if we get married because I want us to have our own house. It doesn't even have to be now, just soon. But whatever."

Running away every time they fight doesn't solve anything, Zayn's aware of that. Doesn't care though. She doesn't want to be around Niall when she's this fragile and he's this mean.

"Okay, okay! Fuck, I'll get us a fucking apartment or something. Fuck. Just, can you stop packing? Please?" Niall starts taking the clothes out of her backpack, tossing them back in the basket on the floor.

"No. You're just saying that, and fuck you by the way, for saying I don't love him, again."

Of course she loves him. Does she want him right now? No. That doesn't mean she doesn't love him. She's going to take care of him, isn't she?

"You love him, I know. I know, okay? I'm sorry. I'm wrong you're right. I'm an ass hole. I'm sorry." He doesn't even sound sorry, he just sounds like he wants to stop talking about it.

Zayn kinda doesn't want to explain to her mom why she needs to stay there again so soon anyway.

"No. No. You don't want to marry me, you're not going to get us an apartment. We're going to stay here until I get mad again and leave, and then who knows what will happen because you don't care about this relationship."

Zayn's like, two seconds from crying. Not because of Niall, fuck Niall. She keeps getting these cramps and pains in her crotch. She feels like his head is like, right there.

"Ahhhg, fuck!" Niall pulls his hair with both hands, flinging himself back on the bed. He sits up again and Zayn's so fucking jealous of how easy moving around like that is for him. Fucking ass hole.

"I do, alright Zayn? We can find an apartment together, we'll get married. I was just mad,"

She doesn't believe him, which shows showing she trusts him. Whatever.

"When?"
"When are we getting married?"

"When are we moving?"

There's a crib that's still in the box, along with a bunch of other baby shit that still needs to be put together in the corner of the basement. It's been there since her mom took her shopping a few weeks ago. Why is it just sitting there? Because Zayn doesn't know where to set it up. Because as of now, the baby would be sharing a room with them. That's not fair when half of this house is Niall's.

"Harry really can't afford this place by himself," Niall pays half the bills and half the mortgage. Way too much in Zayn's opinion.

"Well, I'm not going to live here after I have the baby." And she means it, damn it.

He rubs his hand over his face, clearly stressed and irritated. "Fuck. Alright. I can't just up and leave him with the bills,"

Yes you can, Zayn thinks. Truthfully, she wouldn't do that to them either but. It's probably wise for the boys to see about renting this house out or something so they can both live somewhere smaller. Zayn's not going to suggest that though, because if it happens and Louis doesn't like it she'll blame Zayn.

It hits her that she has no idea how much money Niall actually has. She knows for a fact he doesn't make honest money, at least not all of it is honest. He does something shady, but she hasn't gotten enough evidence or clues to piece together before actually asking him.

"You can keep paying what you're paying here, and I can ask my dad for help with an apartment?" She suggests.

Niall will probably refuse the offer, but if he doesn't there's not a doubt in her mind her father would give her money for anything she asks for. He bought her a fucking Charger for going to college.

As expected, Niall rolls his eyes. "I can afford it."

Two houses, a baby, and his truck payment on a mailman's salary? He's got a little side thing going, he has to.

"I can find a night job after I have the baby." That's her plan anyway. School and baby during the day, work at night. "That will help."

Not like it's even going to happen. Zayn already knows Niall's bull shitting her.

"I don't want you to."

But he knows she's going to anyway.

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Louis whines, on the verge of real tears as Harry rubs her belly. It's actually helping a little, not much but a little.

"You make it worse," she complains.

Harry's hand stills, thinking she's referring to him rubbing her. Louis puts her hand on his wrist,
controlling it back to the circular motions.

"Not now, but sex." That was confirmed by her doctor. Louis isn't on her period, but her stomach fucking hurts because Harry's dick is too big.

"What were you saying on the phone earlier? I couldn't really understand and other people were talking to me,"

Louis feeds him some of the granola (that she made all by herself bitches) from the bowl sitting on her ribs. She's so happy he likes it, or is at least pretending to like it. He was so cute when he came home and seen it too. Like, he was just so happy that Louis tried to do something just for him. Dork.

"I don't remember the professional words or whatever, but basically you go too deep and it pokes my uterus." Or something like that. Which is dumb, because she's been taking that dick for years. Why is it betraying her now?

"So, we can't have sex anymore? That sucks but, I rather you not be in pain," Harry shrugs.

Pretty romantic for Peppa Pig to be playing in the background. Louis has been watching this same episode all day for the past three days because Serenity keeps rewinding it. Aubree is saying some of the words that the characters are saying at the same time they say them because she's watched it so many times.

"Maybe just soft, boring sex?" They're too young to not be having sex. Louis needs the closeness.

Who is she kidding? Once you get dicked like that you get addicted to it. And, she doesn't want Harry to go looking for it somewhere else. Even porn. She's too jealous.

"Really soft." Harry agrees.

Aubree comes over and looks at Harry, raising her arms expecting to be picked up. She's a daddy's girl, sometimes they both are. Ren has her moments. Harry kisses Louis' belly before sitting up to pull the little blonde tot on his lap.

"How was your day, Bree?" He kisses her little cheek.

"Yeah," she nods. Okay then.

"Good. Daddy is very glad to hear that." Harry praises. They clearly have a very deep connection, their communication is perfect.

"Mommy!" Oh, now Ren wants to call her mommy? She's been Louis all day.

"Mommy's sleeping."

The little girl is quickly irritated, too much like her mother to deal with shenanigans. "No! Mommy listen to me right now!"

She hasn't hit yet, or spit which lately she thinks is hilarious to do. So that's got to be some kind of progress with her behavior.

"Say: "mommy will you please listen to me?"," Louis coaxes, trying to get Serenity comfortable with saying the word please.

Serenity groans. "Ugh! Just do it Mommy!"
"Yeah Mommy!" Harry encourages the bad behavior. Naughty naughty.

"Okay. What do you want butt head?" Louis gives in. Her belly hurts and if they're going to gang up on her it's pointless to even try.

"A butt!" Aubree gasps at her dad, flabbergasted by what mommy just said to her sister.

Serenity herself is less than impressed, proving as much with an animated eye roll. "I'm not a butt, mommy."

"Oh, sorry. Of course not, I was talking to daddy." Louis lies to cover her ass. She sees the way Ren's little fingers twitch on her light saber. Not today, thanks.

"I need to go play with Niall." Serenity says it like it's a chore, like it's her job that she has to play with Niall or else she'll be in deep shit.

"My daddy!" Aubree gasps again, more outraged at the accusations against her dad being a butt head.

Louis is pretty sure the little girls just being silly. Then again, she's half Tomlinson and everybody knows Tomlinson's brains develop much faster than an average person's brain.

"No Bree Niall is my friend." Serenity informs baby sister proudly.

Silly baby looks at her daddy and gasps again, and one more time when Harry copies her.

"You're not going downstairs right now." If Niall comes up here, well then that's a different story but for now the girls need to leave Niall alone. He just got home, he's got a pregnant girlfriend to do weird stuff to.

"Niall said!" Harry's little twin is as bad at lying as he is.

"But I said no."

Apparently done with using her words, the little girl throws herself on the floor and starts screaming and kicking. She does at least twice a day, the novelty has worn off. It no longer affects Louis. (Except when she does it in the kitchen and her head slams against the tile, that scares the shit out of Louis.)

"Is this a bad time to ask if I should ask Fiz if she wants to make some money tomorrow?" Harry kinda yells over the big crybaby.

She looks like Tarzan, Louis thinks. Wild curls, a little chubby, only wears her big girl underwear. Who even taught her to stick her light saber in the side? What the fuck is Louis' child and why's she so cool?

"Why Fiz?" Louis asks. "Where are we going? A date?" Aww. That's so nice.

She feels less bad now about blowing Nick off on lunch plans again today. She just likes the conversation she thinks, it might be too weird in person. What if he kisses her? Then she'll have to hit him and it will be a whole big thing.

"Because Lottie apparently doubled her rates and Fiz still offers to do it for free,"

Polar opposites, Louis' sisters. Yet somehow they're both a bit like her. Lottie is a lite scam artist and Fizzy just wants to help everybody. Louis likes helping people, just because it's not often
doesn't mean she doesn't okay.

"How long will we be out? Where are we going?" Louis is really excited about going out. Hopefully it's not just dinner or something. Louis wants to go out out, which is kinda hard since her partner in crime is handicapped.

Figures Zayn would finally live close enough (pretty damn close) and be legal to go out and do stupid shit but of course she can't because Zayn's knocked up. After she has that baby, it's on. Louis loves having Zayn so close.

"I was thinking like, a date or something. Don't really know yet to be honest. We can see a movie or something?"

Boring.

Louis literally yawns. "We watch movies here all the time. Let's get drunk."

They used to get drunk together all the time. It always ended up in clingy sex or a break up followed by "break up" sex. She'll probably be healed enough by tomorrow for some break up sex.

"Should we get a hotel? Do you think Fiz would be okay here by herself?"

She wouldn't technically be alone, because of Niall and Zayn so Louis says yes. Fiz is great with the girls, Niall and Zayn is just in case there's a fire or a burglar or some shit.

"I don't like Figs!" Serenity cries harder, emotional because Louis won't give in and give her her way.

"But Figs loves her Serenity!" Louis talks to her the way she's acting: like a baby.

Serenity loves Aunt Fizzy, she's just being a poop.

Chapter End Notes

Hi!!!! So someone commented on the last chapter and told me someone posted one of my stories on wattpad and then deleted it lol that's very flattering :)

If anybody wants to post my works on wattpad that's fine, please just credit me (fxcknouiam on ao3) and tell me :) if wattpad is more convenient to read for you guys and you want me to make a wattpad and update there too I will. Just let me know (ps I should probably mention I have no idea how to use wattpad lmao)
"Why did we even come here?" Harry groans, dragging his feet as he follows Louis through the store.

"Because all of Mommy's babies cry whenever mommy tries to do something by herself," Louis says, using her baby voice and pinching Aubree's cheeks together. Aubree just gives her a big, pretty smile.

Serenity loves the store, any store really. She didn't want to sit upfront with her sister, she prefers the back so she can grab stuff and throw it in the cart when nobody is looking.

"No like, what do you need to get here?"

Nobody even told Harry he had to come. He just seen that all of the girls were dressed and decided he wanted to feel apart of whatever they're doing. He probably thought they were doing something much more interesting than shopping for house supplies because they're all matching, but really it was the only way she could get Serenity dressed, if mommy wore the same thing.

So that's Louis ended up leaving the house in Christmas thigh high socks pulled up over her leggings months after Christmas. They're just white though, with fur at the top. Her mom bought them all matching socks for Christmas as a joke. Louis isn't even ashamed.

"I have a list," Louis mutters, aimlessly pushing the cart so Serenity doesn't start screaming for her to "gooooo" while she digs around in her purse.

"Ah, here it is. Okay, toilet paper, dish soap, garbage bags-"

Harry cuts her off with a loud groan. "That's all boring!"

"Well, darling. Nobody told you to go rush to put on my jeans and hop in the car as we're literally backing out of the driveway."

She honestly figured he'd take advantage of the alone time. She took both of the kids, Niall's at work and Zayn's off with her mom. That house is never empty, Louis would kill for that kind of alone time. Harry's a fool for passing it up.

Harry doesn't even deny it, because if he does Louis will embarrass him and tell the full story of how he chased the car, waving his hands and everything.

"These aren't your jeans." Is all he says to defend himself.

Louis rolls her eyes and sticks her finger in the hole at the top of the thigh.

"Oh, maybe they are. They fit really well though,"
Those are the same jeans she threw and made a mental note to burn before giving up and putting leggings on because they were too fucking tight. They made her ass feel like it was in a vacuum sealed Ziploc bag. Of course they fit Harry.

"Yeah." Louis sighs. "They do."

After getting two things on Louis' list (an actual planned out list, her mother would be so proud) Harry became insufferable so Louis told him to take Serenity and go look at toys. Aubree was an amazing helper though, as usual.

Louis is so relieved that at least one of her kids is chill. And yes, in this setting Harry is considered one of her children. Crybaby ass.

"Look Aubs, who is that?" Louis points to where Harry and Serenity are looking at posters.

"My daddy!" Little blonde baby giggles. So smart and cute.

When they get a little closer, it doesn't surprise Louis that Serenity is clutching a dinosaur like she's afraid someone might take it from her. Depending on the price, /somebody/ (correction: mommy) might.

"I think this one will look nice in your room, don't you?" Harry asks his little twin in reference to a Barbie poster.

Oh, honey.

"No." She tells him, shaking her little head.

Aubree's little hairs are in pigtails, because she'll actually let mommy or daddy do her hair. With Serenity it's considered a win that she hasn't ripped her headband off yet.

Ren points to a poster of Harley Quinn, giving her dad a questioning look. She wants that one. That's Louis' girl.

But...

"Okay, are you guys ready to go?"

Louis really doesn't want to buy that poster. Not because they can't afford it, but because they don't need it. The girls get toys and crap everywhere they go. This poster will end up being target practice for Ren's (Niall's, she stole it) nerf gun.

"Yeah, Ren wants this dino and she picked this out for Aubree," Harry holds up one of those sticky little hand things.

Aubree doesn't like those, in fact she's scared of them so essentially it's two toys for Serenity. Whatever, she's already spent half an hour convincing her dad she's good and deserve the toys so Louis isn't even going to bother.

"Yes to the dinosaur, put that thing on a shelf when she's not looking. Let's go."

They end up waiting in line behind some old bitch who's literally counting coins one by one despite the bills in her hand. Luckily Serenity is distracted by making the dinosaur eat her sister, who's giggling it up even though it looks like it fucking hurts. If she cries, then Louis will cut in.

Harry crowds behind her, pulling her into him by her hips. "These are sexy," his thumbs snap the
elastice on her socks.

They come up just above her knee and they're actually pretty uncomfortable over her pants. The things she does for her kids.

But. She's noticed the way Harry (and a few other people) have been looking at her. Pigs, all of them. Especially Harry.

"You're so weird." Louis wiggles her butt on the semi in their jeans.

She's gonna fit them again one day, but until then Harry can wear them. Lord knows she wears all of his stuff (there are actual period stains in some of his boxers). He can borrow these jeans.

"I want you," he breathes in her ear. It's not sexy, and someone really needs to tell Louis' crotch that. "In just these."

"Yeah," Louis tilts her head, exposing her neck to let him nose it like a weirdo in the middle of Wal-Mart.

Her eyes fly open when one of the kids bite her arm hard enough it'll probably bleed. Big surprise that it was Serenity... not.

"Ow, you little turd!" Louis has to push her head away or else she'd keep biting until there's a chunk of skin missing. "Why did you bite me?"

"We're eating you, mommy!" She laughs.

Mood: killed.

**

The thing about porn is that it gives people unrealistic ideas on how sex is or should be. When someone watches it they always want to try to recreate that scene with their partner, and it's never as good as the porn and it's always so awkward.

Louis is that person.

Not Harry, Louis.

Harry sits on the (rather gross) cheap motel bed looking like a nervous little virgin. He was probably right, Louis probably shouldn't have drunk all that cheap liquor so fast but she did. No going back now.

"But I want it." Louis whines, stubborn as ever. The woman on the porn comes again for the millionth time and that could be Louis but Harry's playin.

"Babe. Its not going to be like that, they're used to taking it. You haven't done that yet," Harry tries to explain.

Blah blah blah. Harry's fucking gay. He should be jumping at the opportunity to stick it in her ass.

"Don't tell me what I haven't done pal, okay, because that's your fucking fault." And that's the truth. He's the only dick in her life, isn't he?

Except it's also kind of her fault because she likes a couple fingers in there while she's getting head but the one time his dick slipped out and went against the wrong hole Louis flipped the fuck out.
Not really... she punched him in the throat but they did finish so it wasn't really a big deal.

"You're drunk. We're not putting anything in your ass while we're drunk, except my tongue maybe."

Reasonable bitch.

Harry's hesitant to have sex period, let alone anal because Louis had to take a pain pill earlier for her stomach. Pretty fucking stupid of him to get a room then, if he's going to act like a pussy.

"If I got a sex change would you be more attracted to me?" She knows he's gay, and this is how she's going to trick him into admitting it.

Harry twists his body around quick as lightning, giving her the most amused yet bewildered look. "What?!"

"Would you?"

He scoots up a little, putting his hand on her knee when he's close enough. "I'm already ridiculously attracted to you. You're very sexy."

That's not really the answer she was looking for, but she's drunk and fond enough to let it distract her.

"Yeah?" Louis coaxes, coy. She likes compliments. Especially from Harry.

"Course."

"Then why won't you anal bang me?" She doesn't ask for much. The girl in the movie just got her ass pounded and she squirted everywhere. Louis can do that, she wants that.

"Anal bang." Harry repeats, obviously not thrilled which doesn't really support her gay theory.

"Yeah,"

He groans, rolling over so his face is smooshed into the comforter that probably has dried baby gravy all over it. This hotel really isn't nice, it's one star at best.

"You make it sound so gross."

Generally anything involving genitals is gross period...

"Why can't we ever be romantic? I wanted this to be a romantic night and you say things like anal bang," his face is buried in the nasty blanket but even in her drunken state she can tell he's pouting.

"We have our whole lives to be romantic," Louis shrugs. It doesn't really make any sense though. And now she feels bad, because she did laugh when Harry tried to choose a wine at the store and Louis told him to put it back.

He turns his head to the side, facing her but not looking at her. "We have our whole lives to anal bang."

Well. He doesn't have to be a fucking crybaby about it.

"Okay." Louis caves.
It's just... there's no spice in their life anymore. It sounds pathetic and maybe it makes Louis an awful person but she misses fighting with him. They've been getting along so good now because Harry hasn't been fucking up and that's nice, really nice. But every now and then she'd like a reason to yell at him or slap him and fight with him. Obviously so they can make up, but.

"Romance isn't really our thing, huh?" Harry sighs.

No, it's absolutely not.

"It's your thing,"

Harry reaches out to squeeze her thigh. "You're my thing." He says, proving her point.

"....Aw."

He sees right through her. "Say it." He sighs.

Louis giggles and tugs one of his curls that's splayed above his head. It's getting longer, his hair. He usually keeps it up in a cute little bun but Louis is happy it's down now.

"Dunno what you're talking about." She lies.

He squeezes her thigh tighter. "Say it." He growls.

He may be big but he's as intimidating as a baby kitten.

"You fucking sap!" Louis gives in, laughing.

That's exactly what he was waiting for. He nods his head, flipping over so he's flat on his back before he starts unbuttoning his jeans.

"Yup. Just for that, if you wanna come you're gonna work for it yourself." Harry's jeans are halfway down his thighs when he gives up, tucking his hands under his head.

They both know he's not gonna make Louis do all the work, he already half way got his jeans down for her.

"Show you a sap." He mutters, talking shit while Louis takes off his boots. Honestly he's so ridiculous.

***

"I think he's got hiccups," Zayn tells her mom, looking down at her belly. It's visibly moving, which is the point here.

Her mom showed her this really cool video about unborn babies painting pictures with their movements when the moms tape paint brushes to their bellies. Naturally Zayn was totally on board. Zaidan must like the idea too, because there's all kinds of squiggles on the paper.

"He's an artist like his Mama." Trish smiles.

Zayn's hardly an artist but telling that to her mother is a waste of breath. Zayn let's Zaidan paint for as long as she can before she has to pee and when she comes back everything is all cleaned up.

"You staying here tonight, Love?" Trish asks when Zayn joins her in the kitchen.
Her sisters are off doing their own thing and her dad's out of town for business so it's been pretty nice to just chill with her mom for a while.

Zayn ignores yet another one of Niall's calls as she answers her mother. "Yeah, is that okay?"

"Of course it is." She replies immediately, as expected. "You gonna answer him?"

She must have noticed Zayn's phone vibrating all fucking day. Niall's been calling and texting her but after the messages she got today she needed some time to clear her head.

"I don't know." She answers truthfully. She knows herself. She's strong and independent and confident as hell but when it comes to Niall she's weak. It sucks.

"Just tell me one thing, babe," Trish puts a plate of cake in front of Zayn (did she pull that out of her ass? Six hours Zayn's been here and she didn't see her bake a fucking cake...) and places her hand over Zayn's. "Is he hurting you?"

What a loaded question. On one hand, she doesn't want to bad mouth Niall to her mother because he's most likely going to be around for a while. Whether they stay together or not, he is Zaidan's dad. On the other hand, she needs advice from someone in a sane, functional relationship. Obviously Louis isn't the person to go to for that.

"No. Not physically," Zayn shrugs. She's so, so broken hearted. It feels like everything was a lie.

Of course, the messages she read earlier could be a lie, but there was a lot of convincing shit in there. A lot of similarities.

"You know, your father- bless his soul, I love that man to death, but he wasn't always the noble and kind man he is today."

Zayn's never thought to ask about this stuff, about how her parents met or fell in love. Her entire life she's seen them treat each other like royalty and by time she stopped being disgusted by it she never thought to question it. That's just the way things were. Her parents have always been in love, a perfect love story at that. It never occurred to her that she doesn't actually know the story until now.

"We got together very young, younger than you and Niall and being a young man he's certainly made some mistakes. He roughed me up a bit, called me names, sold my things. But he's changed, and he's sorry for that. People do change Zayn, you've just got to give them the chance to."

She would have never, ever predicted her father to be anything less than a gentleman to her mother. This is news.

"You won't speak a word of that to your sisters, and especially not your father." Trish demands in a way that's all too familiar. Zayn's got deja vu of all the times she was scolded to finish her vegetables or stop drawing on her homework.

"How did you get him to change, mom?" She's not asking so she can attempt to change Niall or anything. She's just curious about their situation. There's no changing Niall. No fixing that mess.

Her mom laughs, suddenly shy. "I found another man, told your father if he didn't get his act together I was going to marry the new guy instead."

Yeah, that won't work with Niall. Ever since they made it official with the titles and everything he's
more violent and vocal when men are around Zayn. She'll just have to find someone who doesn't give a shit about Niall's temper tantrums....

An hour or so later after Zayn's mom has gone to bed Zayn actually does give in and answer Niall's call.

Shocker.

"Hello?"

"Oh, so you're not fucking dead? Good to know."

Zayn hangs up. She's not in the mood for his attitudes right now. He's technically in trouble.

Niall calls again, like Zayn knew he would and she answers again.

"Hello." She says, more bored this time. Honestly, it's a little amusing when he's mad. He deserves to feel like this, she thinks. He leaves all the time and doesn't tell her where he's going, not even after he gets home.

"Where are you?"

"Why do you care?" She retorts.

She's in her old room in the basement so she puts him on speaker and goes on Facebook to re-read the message. She's probably read it a dozen times since she got it and it's been left on seen. She doesn't even know how to reply to this.

"Because you're my girlfriend? I come home from work and you're just gone, you haven't answered your phone all day-"

"I don't think I'm your girlfriend anymore." get a fucking backbone Louis' voice rings in her head. God, she's so weak she can't even properly break up with him.

"Yes you are." Niall decides. "We'll talk about it when you come home, okay? Where are you,"

Zayn sighs. She doesn't want to cry, she'll give herself a headache and she needs sleep. Right now she's exhausted enough that she thinks she might actually get some sleep, too. Without Niall.

"I'm not coming back." She purposely doesn't call it "home" because that's not what it is. "I'll call you when I'm in labor, okay?" Or probably after he's born.

"Why are you doing this?" It sounds like Niall's about to cry, so Zayn hangs up before he does. Then she shuts her phone off so she doesn't have to see his picture pop up when he calls and texts all night.
"Oh yeah, Daddy's looking so pretty." Louis tells her daughter's as she finishes twisting the ties in Harry's hair. He let her put his hair in pigtails because he thinks he's going to get a blow job out of it.

He thinks he's getting a blow job out of everything, no matter what he does. It may or may not be because Louis literally bribes him with blow jobs, but. He's not getting a blow job.

"Don't you think Daddy's looking pretty?" The mommy asks.

The girls are busy doing his makeup. Ren has been giggling maniacally for a good two minutes and Aubree's been focused on his forehead so. It's got to be beautiful.

"No!" Serenity squeals gleefully.

Louis' just thinking how many blow jobs it would take for Harry to put a dress on too for the full makeover affect when Zayn walks in. Aubree gasps and runs over to her, Serenity following after her with a smashed up lipstick that's bound to end up staining Zayn's shirt. Good. Louis is mad at her. And not speaking to her.

"Is Niall home?" Zayn asks, a little out of breath from picking Aubree up. If Louis were talking to her right now, she'd tell her she's not supposed to be picking anything up and to put that fat baby down. But she's not talking to her. Not.

"Pregnancy messing with your vision, Zee?" Harry asks. "His truck takes up half the front yard."

Louis keeps her eyes on Harry's hair, playing distracted by smoothing over the stray hairs until she hears Zayn walk away.

"You still mad at her, huh?" Harry observes like the genius he is.

"Yup."

Zayn just disappears for two days and Louis has to learn from Niall that Zayn's moving out. Zayn couldn't even be bothered to tell Louis this herself. Some best friend she is. Not to mention Niall's been moping around again depressed as all hell over her because she won't even tell him why she's mad.

"She's ready to pop any day now." Harry reminds her gently.

Like she doesn't already fucking know this. This is her first nephew after all. If he plays his cards right he could even be Aubree's husband. Not Serenity. Serenity's mate is going to have to be a lot tougher than whatever Malik/Horan genes can cook up.

"She'll probably need your support when she does."
Louis groans, plopping back against the sofa dramatically. She doesn't want to hear this shit from Harry. The fuck is the point of marrying him if he isn't going to take her side on everything?

"I'm not saying I'm not going to help her, okay? But just because she's about to give birth doesn't mean what she did wasn't fucked up."

Harry doesn't say anything after that. Because obviously Louis is always right.

When he stands up she sees his face and almost pisses herself laughing before Harry starts chasing her, attempting to kiss her with his waxy red mouth.

**

"You're not leaving." Niall crosses his arms over his chest, leaning all his weight against his bedroom door.

Zayn rolls her eyes, putting more of her stuff in a bag. "I am leaving, and when I do you're going to help me carry Zaidan's stuff to my car."

She's trying to remain calm and not stress herself out, but it's kind of hard not to be stressed when you're about to have a baby by yourself and you have nothing set up for it. Her dad is working on that though.

"No." No a says stubbornly. "His stuff is staying here. And so is yours."

Zayn is already out of breath and has to sit down on Niall's bed so she doesn't pass out or something. She's getting these cramps that have to be contractions or else real contractions are going to fucking kill her. They started last night.

"Do you realize you're literally keeping us hostage in the basement? This is exactly what I told you I didn't want," is Zayn sweating? Fuck, probably.

Zaidan is surprisingly calm through all of this. Little bugger must be sleeping.

"One month, just give me one month Zayn. Please. I'll find us a place, I swear I will I-"

"Don't bother Niall. If you want a place for yourself that's fine but we can't live together." She doesn't want to get into all of this right now, doesn't even know how to bring up what Eleanor sent her.

Yeah, Eleanor is not a reliable source but what she said Niall said to her is the exact same stuff Niall said to Zayn in private. Stuff not even Louis knows about. And like, yeah, the things Eleanor said happened years ago but they still happened and Niall never told Zayn. He never told her about the two times he got Eleanor pregnant, proposed to keep her pregnant and proceeded to break up with her when she got an abortion.

That's probably why Eleanor was crazy, because Niall kept promising to marry her and kept breaking up with her right after. That's kind of a big deal and it makes Zayn and Niall's relationship feel less genuine.

"But why?" Niall whines. There are tears in his eyes, and while they affect Zayn she reminds herself Eleanor said he cried to keep her too, so.

"We were fine and now you're just done? I don't even know what I did, Zayn."
Fuck it, Zayn thinks. She gets her phone out of her jacket pocket and pulls up the stupid Facebook messenger. She hands her phone to Niall once it's opened to Eleanor's message and he takes one look at the name on the top and sighs.

"Really? You're letting anything she said get to you?"

"Read it." Zayn says quietly, rubbing her huge belly. It's really hard, harder than usual. She wants him out but at the same time she kind of needs him to stay in there for a few more days until she gets her life together.

"Shit." Niall mutters after few minutes of reading. That's how long the message is, it takes fucking plural minutes to read.

At the end Eleanor says she sent it as an explanation because she "knows" Niall made her seem like a psycho and a liar and as Niall's new girlfriend she felt Zayn deserved to know. Bull shit. If Eleanor had Zayn's best interest in mind and was really trying to help her out she would have told her months ago. Not coincidentally an hour after Zayn posts a status asking how to tell if she's in labor.

"I would of ignored it, but there are a lot of similarities."

She mentions him taking her on nice dates to get her back and then after she came back he'd turn into an ass hole again. Zayn kind of believes it but some of that has to be bull shit. Niall's parents have money, sure, but Niall didn't have a car when he was dating Eleanor to take her on nice dates. And it was a big joke amongst all the guys in their group that Eleanor literally stalked Niall down.

"There's also a lot of bull shit. I never said I would marry her, I was like sixteen! Marriage wasn't even on my mind, especially not with her. And she was supposedly pregnant once, but she acted like she had a miscarriage. She wouldn't even suck my dick without a condom, Zayn. You think I fucked her raw?"

It's all so nauseating. Bad timing too, this stupid message, because Niall's been crabby as hell to her and they've already been fighting before this.

"I don't know. I don't even have time to think about that right now. I've been having contractions all day and I couldn't even sleep last night. Right now I just need you to help me get his stuff in my car."

If she has to drag anything more than her bag of clothes up the stairs because Niall's stubborn he can forget about them ever working it out.

"If you're having contractions you shouldn't be driving." Niall mutters. Zayn doesn't protest when he puts his hand on her stomach.

"I'm just going to my mom's." She doesn't need to explain herself to him at all but it's just easier if she does. If he didn't know where she was going he would probably try to block the door again.

"Oh, another basement."

That's her cue to go, then.

"Alright, can you put the crib box in my car? I can try to grab everything else," she's not taking all of it now, obviously. Just some of it, she'll have to come back for the rest.

"And then what? You don't want to talk about what she said but it's frustrating that you're mad at
me over it. I don't even talk to her,"

It wasn't just what Eleanor said, it was everything. That was just the tip of the iceberg, or whatever. Maybe she's just bitter but she can't help the way she feels.

Zayn sighs down at her belly, most of the pressure is relived now that she's sitting down. She wets her bottom lip and leans over to kiss Niall. He eagerly kisses her back, wasting no time to cup her chin.

"I'm gonna go," she says quietly, barely pulling away from his mouth. "I need sleep." She doesn't know for sure but she thinks Zaidan is coming tonight. She's never felt this before.

And nasty clumps of what her mom said was her mucus plug have been coming out all day since last night.

"Sleep here," he tries to kiss her again but she moves her head, staring at the ceiling where loud stomps and bangs can be heard.

It's like that all the time. Harry's heavy footed and nobody else gives a shit.

"I can ask them to quiet down?" Niall offers.

Zayn shakes her head. "They're kids, you can't expect them to sit still all day."

"Then let me come with you. Please. I miss you, I love you. Let me-"

"I'll call you if I go in," Zayn really doesn't want to be around him. She does but at the same time she doesn't. She feels bad for rejecting him, is the thing.

"No! I want to be there, not here by myself, waiting around by the phone. I want to be there. I want to be the one to drive you in, and when we take him home we can take him to your parents until I find an apartment. Please."

No. No times five hundred thousand.

"My parents are finding us a place literally right now," Zayn says before she realizes the phrasing may be confusing. "For me and Zaidan." She clarifies.

"No!" Niall objects again, face and eyes all red like he's about to start crying. Is he the baby or is Zaidan?

If he keeps this up, Zayn's not going to want him around while she's giving birth.

"Yes. Take the crib to my car, please. I'm going to go say goodbye to Louis."

Niall doesn't stop her this time, doesn't even try to block the door as she leaves, carrying her bag and two of Zaidan's.

Louis is in her room with Harry when Zayn finds her, huffing and puffing from just walking around the house. Ridiculous.

"Hey," she says, getting the couple's attention from the doorway.

Louis eyes the bags by her feet. "You goin' somewhere?"

"I'm gonna go find the girls. They're quiet," Harry excuses himself. He kisses Louis on her
forehead and Zayn on her cheek before leaving them be.

"I'm going to my mom's, yeah. Are you gonna be there when I'm in labor? It might happen tonight," as if Zaidan's agreeing with her, another contraction comes. She has to brace herself on the wall, doubling over in pain.

"Come sit down," Louis ushers her to the bed. Walking while having a contraction is near impossible at this point. "Tonight? When was your due date?"

"I don't remember," Zayn admits, clutching her stomach. Does it really matter what her due date was? It's obviously today.

"Do you want me to drive you? You shouldn't be driving like this,"

She waves her off, fine now. It's passed. "No, I'll be fine. You'll be there though, right? If you can't come until after that's fine too."

Zayn doesn't give a shit who's there as long as her mommy is.

"Where are you going after? Niall said something about you moving out,"

God. Why is everybody questioning her about this right now.

"Yeah, my dad's getting me an apartment until I can start working again."

Of course she could live with her parents, but three of her sisters still live there and the house is usually full of their friends or cousins. Zayn likes her alone time sometimes.

"So Niall will be moving out soon too, then. Great." Louis sounds less than thrilled, she actually sounds mad and irritated.

"No. And if he does it won't be to live with me." Having a roommate was one thing but sharing a room and a bed with someone who's so mean to you and has lied to you for so long just isn't for her anymore.

"Yeah. We'll see." Louis rolls her eyes, scrolling through her phone now.

Wow, bitchy much?

"Okay? What's that supposed to mean?"

Louis licks her bottom lip, tossing her phone on the other side of the mattress. "He's going to end up living with you... once your temporary backbone wares off."

Why is everyone in this house so fucking rude and childish today?

"Temporary backbone." Zayn repeats. She doesn't have time for this, she decides. Fuck everybody.

She leaves without saying goodbye, and nobody even tries to say goodbye to her so it doesn't really matter anyway. By time she's lugged herself and the three bag of crap with her out to her car, she's fucking thrilled to see Zaidan's crib out of the box, all smashed up. Naturally, Niall's car is gone.

Fucking piece of shit.

***
"Louis!" Nick cheers from his seat.

He stands up to help her, which would have been more helpful had he helped her get out of the car rather than getting in the booth, but whatever.

"Nicky!" Louis matches his enthusiasm.

Nick reaches out to grab Serenity, changing his mind when she hisses at him and goes for Aubree instead.

"Ren, can you be nice to mommy's friend?" Louis asks extra nice, hoping today will be the one day Serenity listens to her.

"No." Serenity shakes her head as Louis settles her into the booth next to her. Of course.

She's a little put out because not only is she wearing clothes, but her hair is brushed and mommy wouldn't even let her bring her blue sword. She made her keep it in the car, how is she supposed to hurt this beaver man if her sword is in the car? Mommy doesn't think these things through, she would even let Serenity explain!

"Hey Ren, I'm Nick." Nick introduces himself, offering his gigantic hand across the table for her to shake.

Serenity looks at Louis in confusion. What is this? What's he signaling?

"Can you give him a high five?"

High fives are Ren's excuse to slap people, so she does give Nick a high five, swinging her arm all the way back to put all of her strength in it.

The toddler pouts when Nick smiles instead of cries. That was not the desired affect.

"She looks just like you," he tells Louis.

That's. That's false. Apart from the brown hair she looks more like Harry than she does Louis. Aubree favors Louis way more than Serenity.

"Really? I think she looks more like her dad," Louis scrunches her nose, pulling up one of their shows on her Netflix app so the girls don't get restless.

"She's gorgeous. I can't believe you have kids now, wow!"

She won't call him out on it. But he's been her friend on Facebook for years. He liked pictures of Harry and Serenity when she was a baby.

"Right. They're a handful but all that cliche crap about it being worth it is pretty much true." Her kiddies are her life. There's not telling if she would even still be with Harry if they didn't have the girls.

(She would be. In what world would she ever let another woman even breath by Harry? Not one that she lives in, that's for sure.)

"I bet. I've always wanted kids but, couldn't find anybody worth settling down with after, well. You know."

Aw. It's been over four? maybe five? years since they hooked up last. She lied to him about
practically everything. He was just the older guy who would drive her places and buy her alcohol and yeah, from what she remembers the sex was nice too.

He's very well endowed, there's no denying that. But she remembers laughing to herself after she seen Harry's for the first time (he just showed it to her, they didn't do anything at that point), Harry who's like, ten years younger than Nick actually has a bigger cock than Nick.

Harry's a freak of nature though.

"So you're not seeing anyone now, then?" She asks.

Nick sighs, smiley all dopey as he stares into her eyes. "Nope. I'm single."

Louis smiles and nods politely. Maybe she can set him up with Eleanor. Wow. She literally has no friends, if Eleanor is the first single girl she can think of.

They carry on a casual conversation throughout lunch, a little flirty on Nick's side. Louis didn't flirt back, at least she doesn't think she did.

Nick helps her carry the girls back to her car. They were good during lunch, only a little bored towards the end.

"We should do this again sometime," Nick lingers by the driver door.

"Yeah, definitely." She actually means it too. He paid for all three of their meals. Hell yeah they can do it again.

"Alright,"

And the next thing she knows he's fucking leaning in, all puckered lips and closed eyes. Louis pushes him back by his chest.

"What are you doing?" She squawks.

Nick's face contorts, obviously confused. "Is that- I'm sorry?"


Soon to be Styles.

She sighs, standing on her tip toes to give him a /friendly/ kiss on the cheek.

"Ah. Quite the lady, you are." Nick nods.

That's the furthest thing from the truth. Louis breathes out a laugh anyway. "Yeah,"

When she drives away, she decides that will probably be the last time she talks to Nick. At least she got lunch out of it.
Chapter Notes

There's no smut in this chapter sorry but look at this gif I just seen like an hour ago it looks like Zayn and Niall :)

"Oh my goodness!" Harry coos gently at Zaidan, who's sleeping peacefully on Harry's lap. "He's so small, I don't think ours were this small, babe,"

Louis shakes her head, agreeing. Zaidan is quite small, only four days old now. Lots of soft, dark hair too. Ren and Aubs were three strands short of being bald.

"We've had two of these, Love. He's not gonna break him, you can blink." Louis jokes to the new mom.

Niall shakes his head, rolling his eyes in the chair beside Zayn. "She's like that with everyone, even me."

*Especially* him.

"You almost dropped him," Zayn spits, tired of defending her protective behavior over her son.

She tried to enforce a strict rule that Niall is to be sitting down from now on if he wants to hold Zaidan but he doesn't listen to her. Shocker.

"I sneezed!" Niall also defends, turning to Louis to explain.

"I'm getting him warmer pajamas because she swore he was shivering even though he was wrapped in a blanket,"

Zayn glares at her stupid baby daddy the whole time he talks. It's either glare at him, or watch Harry's every move while he handles Zaidan. Zayn can't help it, alright. He's so small, she's
"He's in this arm," Niall jerks his right arm for emphasis. "And I sneeze in this one," and now the left one. "And she flips the fuck out! You've never seen her move so fast,"

He's being dramatic... but he's not exactly lying. She was already following behind him though, so it's not like she had a long way to go or anything.

"Louis wasn't like that, with either of the girls actually." Harry giggles. Louis doesn't deny it.

"I was pretty adamant on making people wash their hands to hold Ren, but after the first couple months I'm like here! You take her!" Louis laughs.

Niall reaches over to put his hand on Zayn's knee. She didn't give him permission to do that though, so she moves her knee until he can't reach it.

"I don't see her letting up, maybe but," Niall shrugs. "She's got this thing, it's like a wrap around sling- ow! What'd you do that for?" He rubs his cheek where she slapped him.

The sling is really embarrassing actually, but Zayn's watched a million videos on how skin to skin contact is important for the baby. You can wear the sling with clothes obviously, but she's just getting used to everything. She doesn't want to fuck anything up.

"Because! Don't tell people about that, Niall!" She didn't even slap him hard, she was aiming to cover his mouth and her hand slipped. She's not sorry or disappointed that it did, though.

"I thought it was cute," Niall shrugs.

"Are they turning into us?" Harry faux mumbles to Louis.

"We aren't together." Zayn says at the same time Niall says "Probably."

"No." Zayn snaps at Niall. There's no "probably", and he fucking knows it.

"Alright, alright. Calm down, we have guests," he waves her off, not at all taking her serious.

"I have guests. You're a guest." She's obviously still very sore and he is quite helpful around here, and that is the only reason he's allowed to stay here.

"Alright, hand him over." Louis interrupts, taking Zaidan from her fiance. He fusses a little, which gets Zayn's nerves going even after he's settled back down.

"You wanna go get the girls so we can get some pictures of the cousins together?" Louis asks Harry.

"Make sure you take them-" Zayn starts, cut off by Niall.

"To wash their hands first. He knows babe," Zayn probably doesn't breath the entire three minutes it takes to get pictures of the kids together.

"Hold him, Ren. Just like this," Louis props her little arm up under Zaidan's head.

"She's pooping on me!" Serenity giggles when the baby farts. So weird.
"He, buddy. That's a boy," Niall reminds his little BFF.

"Yeah!" She nods, laughing.

They're really quite cute together, Zayn hopes they can all grow up to be best friends. She's still a little panicked though, and as much as she hates him right now the only thing keeping her from having a panic attack is Niall's arm around her shoulders.

"Baby." Aubree tells her daddy, pointing at Zaidan.

"That's right Aubs, that's a baby. His name is Zaidan, can you say Zaidan?" He coaxes.

Zayn is five hundred times more relaxed when Louis takes Zaidan from Ren. Bump that down to fifty when Louis sets him on Aubree's lap. She's holding him up though instead of letting Aubree do it herself, so it's not all bad.

"Aben." Aubree nods, confident.

The adults laugh, fond of little fat baby.

"Close enough." Harry shrugs, the most fond. Aubree is a daddy's girl, Serenity is a Niall's girl, and Louis is chopped liver. Just a womb donor, basically.

"You coming home tonight, Horan?"

He stayed at the hospital with Zayn (she almost didn't even call him) the entire time she was there, and then he's been here at Zayn's new apartment. Another reason Zayn let him stay. She doesn't know this place. It's a nice area and a nice building but what if some psycho neighbor comes in and tries to steal the baby? How's Zayn going to fight him if she can hardly get off the sofa by herself?

"I dunno," he turns to Zayn who's still tucked under his arm, actually leaning into him a little. "Can I stay again?"

Zayn rolls her eyes. "I guess, but don't touch me. If you try to cuddle again you're sleeping on the couch." And she means it.

Except, they're cuddling right now and Zayn literally pouted and pulled him closer to cuddle her last night, too. If he calls her out on it he'll regret it.

"Yeah yeah," he sighs, kissing the top of her head.

"Aw. Just wait a few days until she starts getting horny. She might not be nice to you but at least you'll get sex out of it." Louis shrugs while Harry lets his kids beat him up.

Actually, it's Ren slapping him and staring at Aubree until Aubree kisses it better. Aubree would never hurt her dad. Or anyone, probably. It's still a mystery to Louis why Ren enjoys hurting people so much.

"We can't have sex for like, eight weeks. I already asked."

Zayn slaps his leg. She's been doing that a lot these last few days, that's how you know Niall's pissing her off. Zayn is not a violent person.

"What makes you think it's going to be you I'm having sex with in eight weeks?" Zayn is furious at the audacity. Who does he think he is asking doctors things like that about her?
"Zaidan needs a sister, babe." Niall answers casually.

"You better propose to Eleanor again." Zayn snorts.

She's not having no more babies for a long ass time, especially not by Niall. He broke her child's crib because he didn't get his way. Just because he bought a new one doesn't mean it's okay.

"That's... a weird thing to randomly say," Louis notices, suspicious.

Zayn reaches for Zaidan until Louis takes the hint and hands him to her. She hasn't held him in like, an hour and she really misses him.

"Oh, yeah." Niall waves his hand like this is just a normal, casual conversation. "Eleanor's talking her shit again and that's why she's like this." He squeezes Zayn's shoulder, shaking it a little.

Louis sighs. She has no idea where to even start...

"We set a date for the wedding." Harry chimes in.

"Yes!" Louis is relived at the change of topic. That's her fucking future husband right there, always has her back.

"Really? When is it?" Niall asks while Zayn lays the baby on his lap to check his diaper.

It's clean, so she lays him back on her belly. She likes having him there, she's used to the weight and it feels odd that it's gone now. Empty.

"August seventh." Louis grins. Beside her, Serenity is playing a game on her phone while Aubree watches. Aubree doesn't really get it and she thinks it's a movie so they don't even have to take turns yet.

"Five months." Zayn deadpans. "Less than five months... you guys are dicks."

"You'll look great." Niall says quietly at the same time Harry asks why.

"She's worried about baby weight," Niall answers. "Your tits are ace now though, so if they're still like this you got nothing to worry about."

Zayn blushes at the compliment and the fact that he said it in front of people.

"You're so naturally thin you'll be back to normal in a month, two tops. I still have baby weight from Serenity on my ass," Louis shakes her head.

Harry makes that damn frog face at his fiance. "Yeah you do."

"We're tired of waiting. I don't want to wait another two years to be married and I figured out that if we go to this church a few towns over every now and then, you know, to make it look like we're members, we can have the wedding there for free." Louis sounds so proud of herself, Harry even looks proud.

They're ripping off a church...

"Sweet! Where's the reception? Our house?" Niall asks.

"Probably," Harry confirms. "We aren't inviting that many people and with what we have saved now that's plenty for our clothes and food,"
How grown up are they? Just yesterday they were all in high school skipping class to pile into Zayn's car and get fast food to go hang out somewhere. Now they've got jobs and houses, kids. Louis and Harry are fucking getting married. It's insane.

"Why are you crying, Love?" Louis is the first to notice Zayn's quivering lip.

Niall sighs and pulls her face into his chest, cooing at her. He's taking advantage of her weakness with all this touching. She literally just told him about not cuddling her, he doesn't fucking listen. She stays there anyway though, because you know. Temporary weakness.

"Been a long week for her," Niall answers for Zayn.

"Aw, well. We'll get going, okay? Let you rest up while Zai's sleeping." Louis is already grabbing the girls coats.

"You don't have to go," Zayn sniffles. She didn't mean to make anyone uncomfortable... She was just about to ask Niall to order pizza for everybody.

"Eh, we have to go get them ready for gymnastics anyways." Harry shrugs.

When Aubree hears the word gymnastics she hangs on to her dad's shoulder and starts bouncing on the couch. Zayn assumes that's what she does at gymnastics, then.

"Zai... I like that." Zayn mumbles, petting her fingers over his little head. Her baby is so small and soft. She's obsessed with him, loves touching him and staring at him.

"Zee and Zai." Niall says all gross and fond.

"And Ni," Louis chirps, zipping up Serenity's coat.

"And Lou and H," Harry likes to be included.

"And Bree and Ren?" Serenity asks, nodding her head so mommy will say yes.

"And Bree and Ren." Louis confirms.

Her girls are so smart and cute. She loves their bond. Literally nobody but Serenity calls Aubree Bree, everyone has always called her Aubree or Aubs. Serenity is so sweet.

* *

"Hey sunshine," Zayn whispers to her little boy. He's just waking up... Probably because mom keeps touching his face.

Niall sits across from her at the opposite end of the sofa, watching them all fond and sleepy.

"There's those pretty eyes I missed so much," she picks him up, careful to support his neck so she can kiss his tiny fat cheeks.

They aren't even really fat. They're just cheeks. He's too small to be considered a chubby baby. He wasn't a pre me either. According to Niall he was born on the exact due date. He could of been lying but he's pretty on top of that stuff. Good at remembering shit.

"Is it alright if Liam and Justin come by later?" Niall asks.
What? Surely he's confused.

"Josh and Justin?"

Liam and Justin met like twice. What the fuck are they doing hanging out? Justin's graduated now and Zayn is pretty sure Liam found a job around here via Facebook, but still. They barely know each other.

"Josh is at school, he's gonna come see him next weekend."

Huh. Interesting.

Zayn's in the shower when the guys arrive. If she'd of known they'd be here so soon she'd of put on better clothes, instead of just shorts and thin t-shirt. It feels good to be able to shave again, she won't miss that struggle.

She tries to creep passed to the bedroom to put more clothes on when Niall catches her.

"Babe, come say hi."

Aw hell. "Stop calling me babe." Zayn mutters, trudging over to them.

Liam and Justin are on either side of Niall, poking and tickling Zaidan who's sleeping in his dad's lap.

"Hi guys, thanks for coming to see him." Zayn crouches in front of baby daddy so she can kiss Zaidan's little head.

"Looks like you lost weight!" Justin jokes.

Zayn's definitely still got a belly (and an ass and thighs) but it's significantly smaller.

"Yeah," Zayn breathes out a laugh. "About seven pounds,"

"Seven pounds five ounces." Niall nods.

"And only forty pounds of blood."

Liam cringes, earning a laugh from Niall. Truthfully, there wasn't that much blood but there was a lot more than Zayn expected. To be honest, she didn't expect any. How stupid of her.

"What's his name again?" Justin asks.

Zayn goes to go get dressed while Niall proudly tells his friends about his son. When she rejoins them (now in sweat pants and a sweat jacket) Liam is holding Zaidan. He looks nervous as all hell. Exactly how Zayn has felt Zaidan's entire life. With the way the guys have moved around she can either sit by Justin or Niall. She's had enough of Niall, so she chooses Justin.

"You gettin' hungry babe? Me and Li are gonna run to get something to eat," Niall asks.

Zayn sighs at the pet name. She is hungry though. "What are you gonna get?"

"Chinese!" Liam says in a baby voice, raising Zaidan's hands in the air like he's cheering.

"Will you pick me up some chocolate or something?" She's been wanting snacks lately and all Niall ever buys is chips. She needs sweets.
Niall yawns, picking his hat up off of his head to ruffle his hair. "Only if you give me a kiss."

He kisses her just this morning, when she first woke up and her guard was down. It was really sweet little kisses though, so whatever.

"Will you pick me up some chocolate or something?" Zayn asks Liam instead. Niall laughs, kissing the side of her head on his way to her room.

"Are you guys fighting or something?" Justin asks.

Zayn shakes her head. "He just likes to act like we aren't broken up."

"Title or no title," Niall comes back, pulling a hoodie over his head. "That's my girl."

Justin shifts uncomfortably, passing it off by acting like he's scratching his back.

"Right," Zayn deadpans. They aren't getting back together and when he finally realizes she's not playing around this time it's going to hurt his feelings. "Gimme my baby so you can go get my food."

Only Niall and Liam go, and on their way out Niall squeezes Zayn's cheeks together so her lips are puckered and gives her a quick, wet kiss anyways.
"Uh, Louis? Explain this." Harry comes in the kitchen where she's making dinner, holding up his phone not at all amused.

Louis stops stirring the stew long enough to squint at the screen. She's not wearing her glasses, okay.

"What?"

He raises an eyebrow at her, not even cracking a grin. Oh, lighten up Harold.

"The post said to comment a picture of your dog," Louis shrugs. That was like... six hours ago. How's he just now seeing it?

"So you think me and Niall are dogs? That's what your saying," Is he actually offended by this? It was funny. Lottie made a Facebook status saying she was having a bad day and requested photos of dogs to cheer her up. Louis doesn't have a dog, so she commented a (very gay looking) picture of Harry and Niall smiling. Lottie laughed...

"It was a joke, babe," Louis sighs, pulling the bread out of the oven.

Most women would be eating salads and diet crap just a few months before their wedding. Not Louis. She's going to enjoy this beef stew and buttery, carb loaded bread. If Harry won't marry her because she's fat, well then she'll just have to kill him.

"I don't find this funny, Louis." Harry actually looks kind of hurt, and that's never good. At least not when they're sober, not when she's not intentionally trying to hurt his feelings.

"Love," she sighs again because honestly hurt and offended Harry breaks her heart a little. Makes her feel like an ass hole.

"I didn't mean it bad, if that's what you're thinking. Not like, how people think calling men dogs is an insult. Just like, you guys are my wittle puppies," Louis smushes her biggest baby's cheeks together.

Harry glares some more, a solid thirty seconds at least before he caves. "I'll forgive you if you blow me,"

What the fuck. He was probably never even mad...

Louis hums, getting enough bowls down from the cabinet. Serenity loves stew but probably won't eat the bread, Aubs little chunky butt will eat it all.

"I'll give you a blowie if you get the girls to sleep before ten, and give them a bath." Louis compromises. She hasn't decided if she's bluffing or not yet.

If the girls are actually asleep by nine thirty, then she'll actually do it. Any time after that is void and he'll have to try again next time. She's not going to tell him that though, let him still think it's
Harry mulls it over, pretending to think about it. "A quick BJ or a good BJ?"

Louis snorts, setting the food on the table. "Are you saying I've ever given you a bad BJ?"

Now the times gone down to nine fifteen. Best of luck to him, Serenity had a late nap and since they share a room she'll be keeping Aubree up.

"No." He answers immediately. Good boy, nine twenty. "You know what I mean. Can I take my time or is it just gonna be quick?"

Louis never rushes him, not exactly. She does speed up though even when he asks her to stop so he doesn't come so fast. It's big, okay? Her jaw gets tired.

Feeling generous, she pats his cheek and smiles. "You can take all the time you want, baby. Now go tell Niall the foods done."

She doesn't wait for his answer before going to collect her little monsters.

Niall and Harry come up the stairs to join them a few minutes later, Niall following behind Harry carrying the little baby bouncer pressed against his stomach.

"Aw, is he sleeping?" Louis asks, giving both of her own babies their sippy cups of juice.

"Nah, he's up." He and Zayn still aren't back together and Louis is honestly shocked Zayn even let Niall take Zaidan out of her apartment by himself. Even if it's just for a few hours.

"When are you supposed to take him back?" Harry asks, dipping a slice of bread in Serenity's stew. She growls and slaps his arm.

"Time is it?" Niall settles the bouncer on the floor next to him and takes his son out since he's awake.

Zaidan fusses a little until his daddy pops the binky his mouth. It's got a cartoon puppy on it and it takes up most of his little face.

"Goin' on six," Louis checks her phone. "Five forty seven,"

Niall nods, stuffing his face while Zaidan blinks at him, all sleepy and curious. "Bout seventeen minutes ago."

He's late, and making absolutely no efforts to rush. Nice. Great.

"Baby?" Aubree asks her dad, pointing at her cousin. Stew and butter is already all around her mouth, messy little thing.

Harry nods. She knows by now he's a baby... "What about him?"

"Um, Niall, and give the baby?" Harry would have no idea what she was talking about if her fingers weren't curled around a piece of meat from her stew.

Apparently he takes too long to answer, because Louis is already cutting in to translate. "She's asking you if Niall's gonna feed the baby."
Serenity pulls her mouth away from her sippy cup to shake her head at her little sister. "Baby drinks milk, Bree."

Good girl, if only she knew that when Aubree was a baby. If Louis had a nickel for every time she walked in on Ren feeding a screaming Aubree her snacks she'd be a millionaire.

Aubree gasps. This is brand new information to her. "Baby drinks milk?" She asks her dad. She does talk to other people, but what's the point when daddy's here? Daddy is her favorite.

"No, that's Aubree's milk," Harry grabs little blonde princesses cup and sets it back on her tray. She was trying to share her milk, even though it's actually watered down apple juice in her cup.

"Aw, that was so nice of you Aubree." Her mommy coos, reminding Aubree that sharing is good.

"Baby not having my juice." Ren shakes her head, sucking another drink from it.

Jesus H.

"Yeah, we know." Louis mutters.

"I can have some though, right Ren?" Niall wiggles his eyebrows at his best friend.

She's feeling replaced by this little baby though. Niall doesn't even play with her anymore, all he does is hold this dang baby. So she doesn't even feel sad for Niall when she shakes her head no. He cannot have some of her juice, and neither can the friend stealing baby.

"You gonna take him back when you're done eating?" It's none of Louis' business, but him being late is just going to anger Zayn and that's not going to help them get back together.

Obviously she wants them back together, they love each other and they just had a baby for fucks sake. But if they get back together there's a better than great chance Niall will be moving out, and she definitely doesn't want that.

"Not like I'm kidnapping him," Niall snorts. "And I know what she's up to. I'm not dumb. Somebody was there. Somebody as in a guy." Niall may or may not have drove around for twenty minutes blinking back angry tears so he didn't do something stupid while his son was in the car.

Louis already knows. Harry stays out of it for the most part, as far as having opinions and stuff but he knows too. Niall is his best friend, brother practically but he's not going to be the one to tell him. Niall will find out eventually, or he won't. Either way, it's not Harry's business to but into.

"How do you feel about that?"

Louis is asking to be nosy, and just to get a better feel on the situation. If Niall is depressed about it Louis will probably try to talk Zayn into giving Niall another chance or something. She's protective of Niall and Zayn, it's hard on her when it's each other who's hurting them.

Niall shrugs, shifting Zaidan around on his lap. He still sleeps with his legs folded and both of his parents spoil him so much and he fusses if he's not laying on someone's chest while he sleeps.

"Fucking sucks." He answers honestly. "I have a feeling I know who it is too, and if that's who I think it is they've probably been fucking around the whole time."

The thought of Zaidan not even being his baby has crossed his mind, but he won't all himself to think about it. It's too painful.
"Who do you think it is?" Louis knows, but according to Zayn they're just good friends.

Zayn was good friends with Niall for two years before they started actually dating though, so.

"Well. Justin's car was in the parking lot, and he called her a few times while I was still there."

Louis doesn't give her opinion to either Zayn or Niall because she loves them both too much to get involved. Plus, she's done her fair share of fucked up shit to Harry.

"Oh." Louis doesn't insult her Irish puppy dog by playing dumb.

"Never did like that guy." Harry chimes in truthfully.

Why doesn't Harry like Justin? Because Harry thought Louis liked Justin. Little jealous baby.

Niall's silent for the rest of the meal.

***

"Justin's car is outside," Niall comments from the hallway, passing Zayn Zaidan's stuff.

Apparently he isn't allowed in again.

"Okay." Zayn doesn't give a shit.

She's a little bothered that he's over an hour late, but only because she worries and she misses her baby. She trusts Niall with Zaidan, she guesses. He's not even a month old though, just a little over three weeks. It's natural for her to be nervous.

"So you're with him, now? You're seeing him?" He hesitantly passes Zayn the car seat.

That's actually the car seat for his car, so he has to wait for her to take Zaidan out of and give it back to him. This would all be so much simpler if he was allowed in. Or if she would stop being a brat and just come live with him.

"We're friends. Am I allowed to have friends?"

Zayn looks good today, looks good everyday but fuck. She usually keeps her hair up but today it's down. Niall forgot how long it is. She's such a natural with the baby too, picking him up with much more ease and confidence than she had a few weeks ago.

"So you don't want to try with us again, but you'll try with someone else?"

She just broke up with him so unexpectedly and this whole time he's had it in his head that they're getting back together. Now suddenly Justin's MIA after Zayn tells Niall to go home... Niall thinks it says a lot about how mature he's gotten over the last couple months that he's not bustling and searching for Justin to knock his teeth down his throat.

"I'm not trying anything with anybody. I gave up trying with you." Zayn shines no light on the situation, keeping her secret friendship hidden.

"But why? Do you not love me anymore?" He feels pathetic as fuck even saying it, but he needs to know. "I would ask if you need space but that's obviously not true, if you're already shacking up with my friends before your pussy's even healed from having my kid."
Zayn adjusts Zaidan so she only needs to use one arm to support him and kicks the car seat at Niall.

"When you can talk to me with respect, text me and let me know what time is good for you to have him again." Zayn closes the door in his face. Locks it and everything.

He can't exactly say he didn't deserve it.

***

The girls don't fall asleep until after eleven, but Louis being the amazing perfect fantastic generous fiance that she is, took mercy on Harry's poor, weak soul.

"What are you doing," Harry smirks, a little a slow to the situation that is Louis' hand in his pants.

"Nothin'," Louis isn't even really stroking him, more like she's just petting it.

Harry stretches out his long legs, abs flexing when he tucks both hands behind his head. Such a man.

"Okay."

Just to be a bitch, because she lives for worked up Harry, Louis smacks a wet kiss to his cheek and pulls her hand out of his pants before rolling off of the bed. Harry doesn't start calling for her until he realizes she's leaving the room.

She just uses the bathroom, maybe lingers a few minutes longer than necessary. She left the bedroom door open and when she comes back, Harry is shamelessly stroking himself with his boxers trapped around his thighs while he watches t.v.. He's watching the news...

"Oh god. And just what would you have done if Niall walked by?" Louis tuts, closing the door.

With the way their house is set up, there would be no reason for Niall to walk by unless he wanted to come into their room. Which he could have, he is home after all.

"Should we save the guessing and just invite him up?"

Louis adds that exact sentence to her mental list of Harry's gay proof.

"Oh yeah? Does he get you hard?" Louis fishes for more evidence.

"You get me hard," it's like, a ridiculous dream or something, the way he lays there lazily wanking and smiling with his God damn man bun.

"You should get hard just looking at me." He used to, actually. It would be so random too. That fuelled Louis' ego and molded her into the confident and conceited person she is today.

"Learned to control that over the years, didn't I?" She remembers him getting hard watching her eat a burrito once, which isn't sexy in any scenario.

"Barely." She shrugs.

Harry hasn't noticed yet that he's getting himself off while she watches when she's supposed to be blowing him. She's not gonna point it out if he doesn't notice it himself.

"You wanna get off?" He asks, eyeing her neck. He's already licking his lips, the pervert.
"What if we stopped having sex until we got married? No touching, no nothing. Just kissing, without tongue," they are absolutely not doing that. Louis gets too twitchy and Harry loses all of his patience for her when he's not getting any.

"We can do that." Harry shrugs, still wanking.

Oh please. He'd be the first to crack. He'd try to get Louis to crack first but he would fail, all within two, maybe three days tops.

Louis laughs, already lifting her top over her head. "Yeah, no you can't."

She leans down to kiss him, just once or twice before they get started.

"Mmm, we're gonna have to stop this soon." Harry whispers. Before Louis can question he's already explaining. "I'm gonna be a married man, and if my wife finds out she'll kill you."

Idiot.

"Wife huh?" She likes the sound of that, she thinks. On one hand, it makes her feel old but on the other it makes her feel his, and that's worth feeling old.

He nods, licking his lips. "Too bad I can't have you both at the same time. That would be wild."

Double idiot.

Louis kicks her shorts off and swings her leg over his his body, straddling his tummy. She can feel his prick pressing against her butt cheeks.

"Why do you keep hinting at a three some?" She wonders, dragging her hands over his tummy and chest, up to his neck.

First with Niall, then with two Louis'. She's noticing a theme here. She's not totally put off from it either, if she's being honest. As long as Harry pays the most attention to her, of course.

"I'm not," Harry denies, probably worried she's upset or something. Hands around his neck always get him understandably nervous.

"We could, you know." Louis shrugs, shy. She brings her hands back down to his chest to push herself up. Harry takes the hint and reaches around her thigh to position his cock.

"Oh yeah? With who?" Harry's muscles tense when Louis only lets the tip in and clenched around it.

She shakes her head, sitting completely on his cock. "Your fantasy baby,"

"Oh my god," his hips twitch like he's fighting not to take over and hold her still while he fucks up into her.

He can... at any time. Louis likes this position, obviously it feels good but she always finds it easier to come when she's on her back. He's so big that her thighs always start burning after the first minute or two. She gets up here for his benefit, because she's the best fiance in the world.

"I always just wanted two of you, honestly," he pants.

She wonders if he's lying? She's noticed him check out other girls in public, he definitely has a type. Luckily his type is short, brunette, and a little on the thicker side because if he was checking
out girls who didn't look similar to Louis, well. That would be a problem.

If he's not lying, he's the sweetest, most whipped little bitch Louis has ever met.

"What do you want us to do to you?" She coaxes him to keep talking, grinding her hips down against his pelvis.

Usually he just talks anyway and doesn't expect much of a reply because Louis isn't so good at dirty talk. She can text it, but in person she's too shy. Harry always takes care of her. This doesn't feel like dirty talk though, it feels like a conversation while they fuck.

"Like this," his nails dig into her thighs, they're already burning but look how worked up he is. She has a plan, okay. "And on my face, want you to ride my prick and my face at the same time,"

He laughs a little, because that's how ridiculous he gets during sex. He wants it all, the impossible. She's like that sometimes, she gets it.

Chapter End Notes

lmao i didn't finish the smut bc ugh this would have been posted yesterday morning if I wasn't stuck on smut (the other two stories that haven't been updated are also neglected bc stuck on stupid smut) sorry xoxoxoxo

ps thank you so much to everyone who comments on every chapter or if you've commented at all thank you so much seriously it's very motivating and i smile like crazy reading them :) xoxox
Louis sighs when Serenity hisses at yet another old women trying to compliment the toddler.

"She's shy," Louis explains to the fancy church bitch.

"Aw, she's precious. What's her name?"

This woman smells like old lady perfume and baby powder. She's got lipstick dark purple lipstick on her perfect white teeth which, come on now. Those things have got to be dentures.

"This is Serenity, and I'm Louis. My fiance over there is Harry, and the little princess he's holding is Aubree."

Louis is playing nice and subtly dropping hints that there will be a wedding soon to literally anyone who will talk to her here. The first three so far have excused themselves to go stand somewhere else away from her because Serenity keeps growling and trying to spit on them.

"Beautiful family," the woman nods, fake smiling.

Serenity must be warming up, because now she's meowing instead of growling. Progress.

"Thank you- Ren please stop hitting mommy," she begs the child. This church is beautiful and she'd really like to have the wedding here. In order to do that, she needs to get in good with the members.

"Oh, my. That's not nice, sweetheart." The woman says to Serenity, who glares and starts growling again.

"She missed nap time." Louis twists her body so Serenity isn't facing the woman anymore. "This place is beautiful,"

"It is." Old ass agrees. "Um. We have meetings every Sunday,"

"Oh. We look forward to coming again next week." Louis lies.

She's never been more bored in her entire life and Serenity cried the whole ride here because she didn't want to wear a dress, which of course made Aubree cry.

"We look forward to having you. If you'd like to um, take her home for a nap. You really wouldn't be missing much," she's obviously hinting at something, Louis doesn't have time to decode her bull shit.

"Nah, she's fine," Louis shrugs while Serenity literally head butts her and tips her hair out. She's being a menace on purpose.
"So like, do people have weddings here?"

"Uh," the woman blinks, pointedly trying to ignore the abusive toddler. "Yeah, there have been a few. Excuse me, I've got to go... check on something."

"Fuckin' A," Louis mutters under her breath when that one scurries away too.

"Let me go!" Serenity sobs. Poor baby is bored, and tired of being carried around. Life isn't fair for her today.

But, she thinks it's hilarious to run from mommy when allowed to walk by herself, and that's fucking embarrassing.

"We're gonna go find daddy," Louis shushes the moody baby.

Harry's laughing with some old frat, all easy breezy and stress free. Aubree is in his arms turned around facing away from him, giggling like a sweet little angel while some woman tickles her cheeks and talks to her. Mother fuckers.

"Ah, here she is! Ben this is my fiance Louis, Louis this is Ben."

Louis is willing to bet her entire life that Harry hasn't found out any information on having weddings here.

"He offered for Niall and I to go to a golf tournament with him next week, isn't that sick?"

See. He's even found a way to bring Niall, who isn't even here, into the conversation. Honestly, what good are men? Can't do nothing right.

"Yeah that's awesome," Louis doesn't give a shit about golf, Harry went one time with her step dad and according to Dan Harry is shit. "Can I talk to you for a second?"

Serenity looks absolutely miserable laying on Louis' shoulder. She must be getting tired because she's settled to just pinching Louis.

"Of course, excuse us." Harry nods to his new friends, leading Louis to a somewhat secluded side of the room.

"Switch me kids." Louis demands.

She should have given him the evil one from the beginning, if the little turd didn't have mommy fooled. The little girl was all silly stories and funny jokes twenty minutes ago.

"What? No!" Harry backs away, clutching Aubree to him like Louis is a threat or something. "That one hurts!"

"Yeah, no shit." Louis turns so Harry can see Serenity. She's pouting and glaring. She's clutching actually chunks of Louis' hair in her little first.

Harry gasps when he sees it. "That's a lot! Are you alright?"

She doesn't even care about that right now. She just needs to know if she's wasting her time here or not.

Louis rolls her eyes, impatient. "I'm fine. Did you ask anybody about people getting married here?"
To her surprise, Harry nods. "Yeah, I put us on the list already. Hope you're not doing anything August seventh."

She could kiss him right now. "I could kiss you right now! Thank you Harry, that's such a relief. Oh my god,"

People around her give her dirty looks but she pays them no mind.

"Oh, God. That's great. Let's get out of here, this bra is starting to irritate me."

If they're already on a list, it's official. What would Jesus say if they took them off the list? Bless Harry. What a good boy.

"Is this like, blow job worthy?" Is he a grown man/father or a fourteen year old pubescent little shit?

Louis finishes strapping Serenity in her car seat before she answers.

"Yes. I suppose it is." Louis always has been one to reward good behavior.

"Nuggets, daddy!" Serenity demands, because Harry is the one driving. She's so smart.

"Pleeeeeease!" Aubree smiles, showing all of her pretty little teeth.

"How could anyone say no to those faces?" Harry coos at his daughters. Serenity's glaring, Aubree's smiling. Both charming as ever.

"Thank you for being a good girl," Louis attempts to get angry baby in a good mood by giving her her phone with her favorite show already playing on it.

"Shut up, Louis!" Oh boy. Louis' in trouble.

***

"You all ready to go?" Niall asks, patting Zaidan's back. He fusses if Niall stops. His parents really do already have the one month old spoiled.

"Yeah, I think so." Zayn's double checking the diaper bag. It's a long trip to Niall's parents house, Zaidan's first trip to anywhere that isn't the doctors. She's a bit nervous.

"I didn't have time to pump, so if he needs to eat we'll have to pull over."

Right now, her and Niall are working towards being friends. Obviously Niall doesn't want to be her friend, but he'll take what he get from her. He's super bitter about how much time she spends with Justin, even though she keeps claiming they're just friends. What can he do about it though? Kicking Justin's ass would feel amazing but he doubts that would get him anywhere with Zayn.

"That's fine. It's only like an hour drive, I think he'll okay," Niall busies himself with buckling Zaidan in the car seat because if he keeps looking at Zayn he'll probably start drooling or get hard or something.

She just always looks so fucking good. Of course he was attracted to her while she was pregnant but she was more adorable with her belly than she was sexy. Now, you can tell she has a tummy still but she carries it well.

"Smoke before we go?" Zayn offers.
"You been smoking again?" This is news to him...

"Yeah, my backs been kinda fucked from the shot," and she just likes to get high. Not to the point where she's incapable of taking care of her son, just a hit or two to relax her.

"Leave him in here. We'll smoke a bowl in the bathroom," she doesn't wait for him to follow, but he does.

Zayn generously offers him first hit, which he accepts. The whole time he's thinking, this pipe looks familiar...

"This is Justin's pipe." Niall notices, coughing from the burn in his throat.

He can't hit that again or he'll be too fucked to drive. Leave it to Zayn to find quality shit.

"Yeah," Zayn blows out a large cloud of smoke. She's obviously been smoking a bit if that shit didn't make her cough... "He left it here." She says quietly.

"Cool." Niall nods, coughing into his fist this time from the awkwardness of the situation.

Zayn shrugs, taking one last hit before putting everything back away.

The drive to Niall's mom's house goes smoothly. They stop for snacks and only bicker a little when Niall dumps half of Zayn's m&m's into his mouth, the fucking twat. Miraculously, Zaidan sleeps through the entire drive.

"Shit," Niall mutters, opening his mother's front door without knocking.

He's carrying the car seat and the diaper bag even though Zayn was perfectly capable of grabbing something too.

"Baby brother!" Greg takes his feet off of the table and sits up, smiling wide at the guests.

"You still live with mom?" Niall spits, shaking his head. When he sets down the car seat Zayn unbuckles the baby and takes him out.

"Hey Greg," Zayn greets. Somebody has to be nice to the guy, since obviously Niall isn't going to.

"Hey Zayn!" He's always so happy. Zayn sits next to Greg, who eagerly grabs for Zaidan.

"Oh, he's just precious." Zaidan's uncle grins.

Niall comes stomping back in and takes a seat next to Zayn when the baby starts crying, sad little lip quivering as he does.

"Aw," Zayn's heart breaks a little every time he does that. He's just so little and helpless...

"Don't be breathing your shit breath on my kid, you're getting him all upset." Niall yells at his brother, earning an elbow to the arm from Zayn.

"Don't be mind him, he's just hungry." Zayn takes the baby back from his uncle.

She leans back to start feeding him, which is incredibly awkward because Greg doesn't look away once. Niall swears under his breath and covers Zaidan with one of his little blankets so he can eat in peace.
"Yeah, can Niall suck on the other one? I think he's crabby too,"

"No wonder Denise left you." Niall says casually, scrolling through his phone.

"Niall!" Zayn scolds.

Zayn's only met Greg a handful of times and yeah, she'll admit he's a bit odd. He tags himself in her pictures on Facebook (and sometimes Harry's??) and he always tries to invite himself to things or make plans with everybody whenever he sees them. He's just lonely, Greg. Niall's always so mean to him. Probably because he's embarrassed.

"Jokes, jokes. Mom's at mass, dad's gone fishing with the neighbor. Dunno when either of them will be back," Greg informs.

Niall already spoke to his mom on the way here. She said she'd be done a little after one, it's twelve thirty now. Zayn tells Greg this when Niall says nothing.

Zayn passes Zaidan to Greg after he's settled again, letting his uncle burp him. She'd be nervous if he didn't already have a kid (and he steals babies at every event he goes to, he's got enough practice by now.) The whole time they wait for one of Niall's parents to show up Niall's got his hand on her inner thigh, just resting there. She didn't even notice until she saw Greg smirking at it.

He's touchy and cuddly practically all day, too. Zayn's aware that he's taking advantage of the situation to flirt with her, but it's harmless. He's just being silly.

"Hey!" Zayn squeaks when Niall dips his finger in the bowl of mashed potatoes. Maura's frying up the chicken for their late lunch.

"Mm, creamy. Definitely Zayn's," Zayn's head snaps to look at Maura, relieved when the dirty joke seems to go over her head. Niall's grinning the entire time, fucking twat.

"Go play with your son." She tries to excuse the nasty boy. They are /not/ making sexual innuendos in his mother's kitchen.

Niall crowds her space, hugging her and laying his head on her shoulder. Why is he so cuddly? Zayn squeaks again when Niall's hands start patting her butt, like she's a drum or something.

"This is your mother's kitchen!"

Maura's laugh can be heard behind her, soft and sweet. "Oh, you two are just too cute."
"Thank you for going with me." Niall yawns as they pull out to the first main road to get them home.

They stayed for a late lunch and dinner because Niall's parents were just too cute with Zaidan to split them up. Maura was pretty weepy every time she seen someone hold him for the first time, Niall especially.

"Of course." Zayn squeezes his hand. He put it on her lap palm up, so she figured why not. "I'm glad they got to meet him."

They're quiet for a while, long enough that Zayn's almost asleep too when Niall asks: "Justin know you were with me today?"

Zayn scrunches her eyebrows, confused at what fueled this question. "Yeah?"

Only because he asked yesterday if she wanted to chill and watch movies today, and she said she couldn't. They were gonna rent the new deadpool movie so Zaidan could see his first marvel film, but that's put off for tomorrow.

"What an idiot." Niall laughs.

Zayn doesn't follow. "Why do you say that?"

"If he knew what I was thinking, he wouldn't let you around me by yourself."

That Zayn definitely doesn't follow. Why would it matter how Justin feels about Zayn hanging around Niall? Yeah, it's obvious he has feelings for Zayn but Zayn isn't Justin's girlfriend. They haven't even gone past a friendly cuddle on the couch, because that's all they are. Friends.

"You're jealous," Zayn realizes.

People keep assuming she's hooking up with Justin and then not believing her when she denies it. Can a bitch have a friend?

"Nope." Niall shakes his head. Fucking liar. "He's not me, he's not like me. There is no other me, it's just Niall."

What the fuck is he talking about?

"Alright, Ni." Neither of them talk much on the rest of the drive back to Zayn's.
"Niall!" Zayn squeaks where she's bent over, unhooking her baby boy from his car seat. He's still sleeping but Zayn wants to move him to something more comfortable.

"Oh, sorry." Niall plays dumb. "Didn't see you there,"

Except he did, because as soon as she bent over he ran behind her to bump his crotch into her butt like he's in middle school again. He came up to help her carry Zaidan and his stuff and for some stupid reason Zayn assumes he would just leave after. That was ten minutes ago...

"Come here, come sit by me." Niall pats a spot on her couch, inviting her to sit with him.

"You wanna watch a movie or something?" Zayn breathes out a laugh, feeling a little awkward now. She straps Zaidan in his swing and makes sure he's covered up enough, especially now that she's taken his hat off.

"Yeah, we can."

Zayn grabs the remote and purposely sits on the opposite end of the sofa. She needs to pump sometime tonight, she prefers to be alone when she does it, for obvious reasons.

"Come here. Why are you so far? Come sit by me,"

Zayn's weary about that... cuddling doesn't really sound like a good idea. But, they are working towards being friends again, and that transition is going to take time for Niall. Friends can cuddle, her and Justin have cuddled quite a bit. And Louis! Zayn always cuddles Louis.

So she does sit by him, close enough that they could be touching but they aren't.

Until Niall drops his arm from the back of the sofa on to her shoulders. But it's fine.

"What do you want to watch?" When she looks up at him, he grabs her chin with his other hand and holds it in place.

It's obvious where this is going, but she doesn't know how far it's going to go or if she's willing to even try to stop it from going there. She doesn't have much time to decide before he's kissing her. His tongue touches her lips before his mouth does, starting it off dirty. She lets him. Decides that, it's alright this time.

Niall moans into her mouth when her tongue licks his. These reactions make her wonder if he's hooked up with someone else while they've been split up, if he's just acting like this is the first action he's got in weeks or if that's actually true.

They don't kiss long before Niall's hand starts roaming, at first over her breasts. He's mentioned that they're bigger now, because they are due to the milk. Then, his hand creeps lower, down between her legs.

"No, Niall wait," Zayn pulls back only for Niall to reconnect their mouths. She kiss his twice, closed mouthed before pushing him back a little.

"What's wrong?" His breathing is as heavy as hers. "Does it still hurt?"

Zaidan is seven weeks now, meaning Zayn got a checkup ... down there, last week. She's fine. That's not the issue.
"No, no I just-" she squeezes her thighs tighter together when Niall starts rubbing through her pants again.

"Shh, baby." He whispers, lips against hers. "Just let me make you feel good,"

If she weren't already worked up (has been since lunch when Niall "jokingly" bit her neck, to be honest) she'd tell him he's not even that good. Or something like that, because he acts like he's a God in bed because he hooks up with good looking women. It's annoying, and no, Zayn doesn't get jealous when she thinks about it.

When she stands up, Niall tries to pull her back down. "Zayn-

He cuts himself off when she starts pulling her pants down. "Yours too," she sighs, hooking her thumbs in the sides of her panties.

She's a little happy now that her shaving last night wasn't for nothing. Zayn positions her knee so that she can straddle him when Niall flips her on her back and settles between her legs, kissing her again. She was going to ride him...

"Oh my god," Zayn doesn't mean to say it out loud, but when Niall sucks on her neck it reminds her how long it's been since anyone has touched her, anywhere.

Niall hums in agreement, scraping his teeth over her jugular. He's probably leaving a mark, it feels too good to care. Zayn reaches between them, pleased when she finds his cock is already out and ready to go. Niall let's her line them up, pushing in slowly with his eyes concentrated on her face. It doesn't hurt, it's just. He's bigger than she remembers, and she's tighter (thank you stitches) too.

"Oh fuck," Niall's hot breath puffs against her neck as her thighs twitch around his hips.

Zayn's breathing is shaky, trying to remember to breathe out and not just in as she tangles her fingers in Niall's hair. "Baby," she whimpers, breathy.

"Yeah," he starts moving a little faster, rocking into her with shallow thrusts. "Fuck, yeah,"

It's so good, so much better than her own fingers. Bigger, obviously. The kissing is nice too. She's missed kissing, even if all they're really doing now is panting in each other's mouths. And it's not weird, though it probably should be, what with their kid in reaching distance. But it's not. It feels natural.

"Oh my god, baby," she doesn't even mean to call him pet names, doesn't meant to say anything at all. It comes naturally.

"Yeah? You like that?" Niall's doing something with his hips, kind of like a circular motion that probably makes no difference in the feeling of it.

Obviously Zayn likes it. She's all but crying, and close to it. "Baby, baby-" it just keeps slipping out. But, it's sex. People say shit during sex all the time.

"You love me?" He asks, fucking her harder.

She has to close her eyes so they don't roll in the back of her head from pleasure. "Baby,

"Yeah, say it baby. Say you love me," And how can she not? When he's fucking her so good? "I love you, I love you I love you-"
He cuts her off shoving his entire tongue in her mouth. His thrusts get a little more frantic and Zayn doesn't realize that's because he's about to come until he's already doing it, moaning in her mouth with his prick buried all the way inside of her.

Zayn sighs, fully prepared to take care of her own orgasm when Niall starts getting up. He surprises her by pushing her hand away from her clit before he settles on his knees in front of her.

"Oh my god," she says mostly to herself.

*

Zayn comes out of the bathroom with wet hair, dressed in her sleep clothes to Niall patting Zaidan's butt. He's probably hungry, poor baby.

"He's hungry," Niall confirms.

Zayn nods and collects her starving, neglected little baby from his dad, kissing his little face in apology for making him wait so long.

It's kind of awkward now, because Niall's looking pretty comfortable and not at all like he's about to leave.

"You wanna take him tonight?" Zayn offers to soften the blow. The blow being her kicking him out soon.

Niall laughs. "That your way of telling me you don't wanna cuddle tonight?"

Zayn shrugs, eyes on Zaidan. He's already looking up at his mommy while he eats with his little hand resting on her breast next to his mouth. It's like he's making sure it doesn't go anywhere, hungry little bug.

"Okay, yeah. Thanks. What do I do for his milk though? You said you didn't.... pump,"

They way he says the "word" pump makes Zayn giggle. He's so embarrassed or uncomfortable. Either way, that's hilarious.

"I have some in the freezer. You have to heat it up with hot water, don't put it in the microwave."

Zayn loves feeding her baby. Obviously loves knowing her baby is healthy and eating but the only downside is she never knows how much he eats when he feeds from her. He's already done now, because he's not sucking anymore. He couldn't of ate that much...

Sighing, she unlatches him and covers herself up before she starts burping him.

"What's the matter?" Niall asks gently.

Only then does she notice she's teary eyed. Great. Fucking hormones. "Nothing. He'll probably be hungry again in a few minutes."

When they first brought him home, Zayn got almost no sleep. The baby was hungry every few minutes and when he wasn't, she was nervous he would be while she was sleeping. His cries were so quiet that she was worried she wouldn't hear them. Niall had to promise he'd stay awake to listen for him just to get her to sleep.

"Do you have stuff for him at your house? Or do you need me to send some? Like diapers and clothes. Something for him to sleep in,"
Zayn co-sleeps with him, which everybody tells her not to but. It's her baby. That's how she feels comfortable. However, she doesn't quite like the idea of someone else, even Zaidan's own dad, co-sleeping with him.

"Yeah, just need the milk."

He should have plenty of shit for the baby there. Most of it is probably stuff they bought together that Zayn never got a chance to get.

After Zaidan's burped and thoroughly kissed, Zayn tucks him back in his car seat with tons of blankets just in case. She worries, okay.

"Alright, I'll pick him up tomorrow morning. Probably early," Zayn informs baby daddy. She's standing by the door, ready to lock it for the night after Niall leaves.

"Okay." Niall sets down the car seat and pulls Zayn to him by her arm. His hand squeezes her butt at the same time he plants a big fat kiss on her lips. When he pulls always, he's smirking.

"Night Zayn."

Oh god.

***

"Can you bring the dishes from the table?" Louis asks Harry.

She's being a good housewife and doing the dishes. Mostly because there are none clean for breakfast and her household duties are also to feed her family. It's just... Louis got a night job, and the money is great but she's exhausted everyday.

"Harry!" Louis snaps her fingers. He's just sitting there pouting.

"Fine! Here!" He starts shoving plates at her, tossing silverware in the sink.

"I want my eggs!" Serenity cries, screaming the last word. She's hungry.

"I know honey, you're gonna have to wait because even though there are four full grown adults in this house apparently only mommy knows how to do dishes."

"Oh, yeah. Blame me for this!" Harry shrieks, tossing more pots and pans in the sink too.

Literally every dish they have is dirty. That's what happens when Harry is supposed to make dinner.

"I didn't ask for your abandonment, and neither did they! We're grieving, Louis. Have some sympathy." Harry spits, snatching Aubree off of the counter and storming off.

He tried to grab Serenity but she's clinging to Louis' legs, shoving her face in her mom's butt again. Louis doesn't get it. Does the toddler feel safe in there or something?

Louis dries her hands and picks her baby up, who immediately clings to mommy's neck. She's probably sick of daddy putting her to bed the last few nights. Louis hasn't even had the job a week, for fucks sake.

"Here baby. You want a cookie until I can make your eggs?"
Ren nods, puckering her lips for a kiss. Aw. Poor baby needs more quality time with Mommy.

"Harry." Louis calls for him.

Liam and Eleanor (Louis doesn't like it, but if she wants Liam's rent money she can't say shit about his girlfriend being here) are sitting on the sofa with Zaidan. Well. Liam's holding Zaidan. Eleanor's just smiling at them.

"Uh. Where's Niall?" Zayn is probably not going to be okay with Eleanor around her baby.

"Shower. He asked me to keep an eye on this little guy," Liam uses a baby voice, rubbing Zaidan's little tummy as he does. That's cute.

"Okay. Liam," Louis gives him a look, one that says don't let crazy hold the baby or we're all in trouble.

"I know." He nods. Eleanor rolls her eyes beside him.

That's not Louis' rules, it's just out of respect for Zayn. Louis does not like Eleanor, but Eleanor was actually really sweet with the girls yesterday. She didn't make too big of a fuss when Aubree wiped her nose on Eleanor's pants while she was forcing cuddles on her and she humored Serenity through the five hundred stories the little girl told in a span of twenty minutes. It was definitely surprising, seeing as Eleanor doesn't like Louis either. Louis was prepared to go off. But she didn't have to.


"Go. Away." He's likes a child.

"Can you open the door please?"

"Locked?" Serenity asks, crumbs all over her little lips. Her hair is wilder than usual because she tugs on it when she's frustrated and well, she had a tough morning.

"Yeah," Louis sighs, shaking the handle.

"I can do it mommy." Serenity smiles, pointing to her room. When Louis brings her in there, Serenity hops down and grabs a credit card with Niall's name on it and raises her hands to be picked back up.

"Does he know you have this?" This kid is always stealing Niall's shit. Who knows how long she's had this card...

"Yup." The toddler nods. She's lying.

Louis carries her back to her bedroom door. This time instead of getting down, Ren just leans down and starts picking the lock. Louis watches, proud and awed as her baby swings the door open. Where does she learn this stuff?

"Hey!" Harry screams when they start walking in the room. Aubree's eating beef jerky with one hand and brushing her dad's hair with the other. "That was locked for a reason! How did you even get in? Get out,"

He's being ridiculous, and the worst part is he's serious.

"I didn't abandon you, Harry. I'm gone less than six hours, at night. I come home. I'm always going
to come home," Louis assures him.

"I feel like a single dad." Harry pouts.

His only responsibility is to bathe the girls and get them to bed. Yesterday he had to make dinner, but he always makes dinner.

"You're not, baby." Louis tries to set Serenity down but she clings tighter to mommy. Very cuddly this morning, Louis is glad to see she's over whatever was making her so angry.

"I'm making money for our wedding. This isn't long term. I made over two hundred dollars last night,"

One guy alone tipped her fifty bucks because he said she had a nice smile. Weird, but fifty bucks is fifty bucks.

"I don't even want to know what you did for tips." Harry crosses his arms over his chest and looks away. He's so grumpy. Louis probably should have given him a blow job this morning, but the kids were up before she was.

"Harry." She sighs. "I serve drinks. That's it."

Last week he almost came in his pants from just talking about her being a stripper. Now that she's just a bar tender at a strip club he's acting like she called off the engagement and skipped out across country or something.

"Well. You don't have to. I make a lot of money," true, but it's not enough. Louis wants a nice wedding. She doesn't want it here. That's ghetto.

"I'll quit if you're this upset. I just want to help out but if you're upset about it it's not worth it."

Louis isn't sure if he's upset about where she works or the fact that she works in general. It's probably because they work different shifts and when she gets home he's already asleep so they don't get much alone time. But. It hasn't even been one week.

"Ugh." Harry groans.

Aubree takes the butterfly clip out of her hair, causing it to fall in her eyes. She pushes it away with her beef jerky hand and clips her dad's curl out of his face. Aw.

"That's not fair to you." Harry sighs. "Maybe like. Maybe you can work just one night a week? That's a compromise,"

It's not, because Louis already only works three night a week. That was the compromise.

"Okay." Louis shakes her head, trying not to be annoyed. She gets ridiculous when she's jealous too, it's not just Harry.

"I'm gonna go finish dishes. Then breakfast."

"Yay! Eggs first." Serenity nods, kissing Louis again for extra persuasion.

"Eggs!" Louis cheers back. Of course when her grumpy baby is finally in a good mood, Harry isn't.

The second she walks in the kitchen, Harry and Aubree hot on her heels, Zayn's coming in.
"Hey," Zayn greets, kicking off her shoes. She takes Aubree when the little blonde princess reaches for her and gives Serenity a kiss on her forehead.

"Morning." Louis chirps. Harry wraps his arms around Louis' waist, hooking his chin over her shoulder.

He just wants attention, and much like Serenity he doesn't know how to properly ask for it. Instead they act out.

"Where's my baby? Downstairs?" Zayn helps herself to a handful of Harry's granola. Louis is actually getting better at making it.

"Living room," when Zayn heads straight for the living room, Louis swears under her breath.

"Shit." Serenity repeats.

Zayn comes back immediately. "Um-

"I know." Louis sighs. "Liam lives here now, upstairs and I can't just tell him he can't have company,"

Zayn just blinks. "Liam lives here?"

Harry nods, letting go of Louis to get Zayn a juice box.

"Niall never said anything about Liam living here," now she's even more relieved she moved out. There's too many people in this house.

"Maybe he doesn't know? Did we tell him yet?" Louis asks Harry.

"I told him, yeah. He hasn't been home much though, so maybe it slipped his mind." Harry starts running water to start on some of the dishes.

"Maybe." His fiance agrees, shifting Serenity. Little baby is getting heavy. "We're gonna need help with the bills when Niall moves out whenever you two get your shit together and Liam needed a place to stay, so." She shrugs.

"Uh," Zayn shakes her head. "Niall's not moving in with me. I don't think he ever plans to move out, he bought this house too..." why would he spend thousands of dollars just to move out a year later? Just shows Louis thinks this is her house and only her house.

"Right..." Louis isn't convinced that Niall won't get a different place with Zayn. Or move into Zayn's. It's bound to happen.

"Hey! Look bud, milk machines here." Niall comes in, topless with matted hair, bouncing Zaidan against his bare chest.

"Milk machine!" Harry snorts.

"This is yours," Louis hands Niall the credit card Serenity used to unlock the door earlier.

He makes a weird face when he takes it back. He probably had no idea it was missing...

"Go see what Lee's doing," Louis kisses her daughter and sets her down, making grabby hands for her nephew. "I didn't even get to see him this time, let me love on him before he has to go."
"Can I talk to you for a minute? In private," Zayn asks Niall.

Niall smirks, unable to stop it. "I knew I should have put a shirt on," he shakes his head.

Louis wrinkles her nose at him. He's not even that in shape.

"What do you think they're doing?" Harry asks childishly after a few minutes.

Louis snorts, cradling cute little baby to her chest as she shuffles over to Harry. Once by his side, she goes up on her tippy toes to kiss his cheek, them his lips when he turns to let her.

"Well, dear. Eleanor is here, and she's kind of the reason they broke up,"

"They broke up?" Eleanor asks, startling the both of them. Liam's pouring coffee beside her.

"Well, I guess." Louis shrugs. It's not her business to tell, and honestly she thinks Eleanor is using Liam to be around Niall.

"Because of me?" Eleanor seems so neutral about it. Not sad, not like she feels bad, but also not like she's happy either.

"I'm not sure." That's not exactly a lie.

"I don't want Niall," Eleanor's hand rubs Liam's muscular back. Manipulative bitch. "I moved on."

"Okay," Louis nods, not at all believing her.

After a few more awkward silent beats, the sound of Niall's headboard banging against the wall can be heard upstairs. Followed by the sound of Zayn moaning.

"Should we go out for breakfast?" Louis asks Harry.

"Yeah," he scrambles to turn off the water and dry his hands. "You in Liam?" Harry takes the baby while Louie literally runs to get the girls dressed.

"Yes, please."

It's awkward for everybody, hearing Zayn and Niall have sex.

After everybody's bundled up and out the door, Louis calls down the stairs while Harry hooks up the kids in their correct seats.

"We're taking Zaidan to breakfast,"

"Okay, thanks Louis!" Niall yells back.

"When you're done, come join us." Or don't.

"Kay, bye!"

Like teenagers, they are. Niall's not moving in with her Louis' ass, predictable fucks. 

Chapter End Notes
It's mostly ziall I know y'all want larry but I am ziall trash it's in my blood
Zayn is a better friend than Louis deserves, Zayn decides. Anyone with ears and a working brain should agree.

"It says that this is a Valentine's day gift, Lou!" Zayn groans. She's looking for any way out of this that she can find.

"And?" Her best friend scoffs. "Harry likes chocolate all year around."

"So then he can help you with... this. I don't see why it has to be me," Zayn really should have known when Louis invited her over for "lunch" there would be some kind of catch. Clone A Pussy with a chocolate mold kit was the furthest thing from Zayn's mind, honestly.

"It's supposed to be a surprise and you're my best friend. Please? Please Zaynie? Please help me make a chocolate replica of my pus-"

"Alright!" Zayn cringes. How's she supposed to help with the making of this thing if she can't even stand to hear the words?

"Thank yooooooou bestest friend in the whole world. Harry already shaved me last night so I shorten good to go," Louis rips open the kit, probably tearing the instructions so Zayn will have to either tape them together or do some very odd Google searches.

"What?" The better friend in this room giggles. "Can you do anything for yourself, by yourself?"

Zayn admittedly asked Niall to help her shave her legs in the later days of her pregnancy, but she always made him get out so she could shave her... junk.

"You should make one of these for Niall." Louis suggests, distracted with opening literally everything in the box.

Zayn snatches the instructions before they get lost. "No."

"Aww, prefer him to eat the real thing?" She nudges Zayn with her elbow.

Zayn is not answering that.

"Do you guys laugh at this stuff or do you actually find it sexy?" She imagines Niall (not that it matters, seeing as they aren't together) would probably laugh at a chocolate mold of her vagina and then obviously eat it. She doesn't understand the appeal here.

"You guys never do food stuff?" She's like, bewildered by this information. "We only did it a few times, cause it's messy as hell stuff like this Harry likes. I think it's more the surprise of it though,
you know? Like, the fact that I thought about him do something like this."

Now that, Zayn understands. That doesn't mean this is any less weird than it was before though.

"You really should make one for Niall, you know. Leave it on his pillow or something."

That's... actually not a bad idea. What if he brings home a girl and she sees it? That would be hilarious. But... Zayn's not keen on the idea of Louis or somebody else (besides Niall, she got over him seeing it after the hundreds of pictures she sent him while she was at school) seeing her stuff, even if it is just a replica.

"Oh look! You can make a chocolate ass hole!" Louis cheers.

Both of the girls look at each other when they hear someone cough uncomfortably from the kitchen.

"Shit, I forgot Liam was here,"

"Oh my god Louis." Zayn is so embarrassed. She didn't even really say anything, but still.

"Sorry Liam," Louis yells.

Liam peeks his head in the living room, not daring to take a step further. "I didn't hear nothin'. Hi Zayn."

Then he disappears again, literally running up the stairs.

Louis is unphased. "Alright, the girls are gonna wake up from their nap in like an hour, and Harry gets home in two-"

"You still want to do this? Knowing that Liam /knows/ does make this any less comfortable for you?" Despite her and Liam doing stuff in the past, Zayn would die and move to another country if he heard her talking like that.

"Eh. Liam's hot, maybe I'll make him one too."

Zayn is only helping her make /one/. Any more than that and Louis is on her own.

***

"Oh shit, hey baby." Niall greets when he finally comes downstairs where Zayn and Zaidan are waiting for him.

Not in his bedroom, but in the hang out section of the basement.

Zayn bites her lip to hide her smile at the pet name. "Hey."

He pecks her lips a couple times, tasting like fruity gum. She's feeling generous, so she kisses back.

"Wasn't talking to you," Niall says, pecking her one more time before pulling away. He gently takes Zaidan off of Zayn's chest and holds him up for kisses too. "This is my baby, ain't that right buddy?"

She'll remember that when they have sex later.

If. IF they have sex later.
"Momma thinks daddy's just an atm and a big fat dildo, huh?"

Zayn gasps and swats Niall's stomach. "Don't say that to him!"

Niall rocks his son, shaking his head and pouting at the poor boy. "And she doesn't even deny it. She just loves breakin daddy's heart doesn't she?"

Zaidan whimpers in his sleep, clearly protesting.

"See, even Zaidan can see it." The dad winks, walking away towards his bedroom.

"Where you goin'?" Zayn waited here to see him (as friends of course) and to see if he wanted to go get dinner or something with her (also obviously as friends).

"Change my clothes," he's still in his uniform, minus the button up. So basically his work pants and white undershirt. "I'll leave the door open, we both know you don't wanna miss the show."

His flirty behavior is making Zayn bashful. She's really actually missed him. She gives it a few minutes before she goes in there, just in case. Just to give him enough time to... You know, cover himself.

"You're late. Should I start over?" Niall teases.

He's laying on his bed, now wearing soft sweats and the same shirt. He's got Zaidan propped up on his knees. Little baby's sucking Niall's knuckle instead of the binky right next to them.

"Maybe later." She sighs, laying next to them. Drool is dripping all over Niall's hand, Zayn honestly doesn't even flinch when he wipes it on her shirt.

"Explosive diarrhea leaked on me yesterday during our nap. You're gonna have to do better than that."

It was all over her shirt, so disgusting. After she was done gagging she felt so awful because it was all up his back /and/ his belly button. He was so upset.

"Oh, nice." Niall rubs Zaidan's little belly with the hand that isn't back in the baby's mouth.

"Right. What are you doing tonight?"

"Uhhhhhh I got a thing at eleven, before that I'm free."

What's at eleven? She won't allow herself to ask, because she probably wouldn't give him an answer if he were in her place. That, and if he does answer she's afraid of what he'll say. Who has "things to do" at eleven at night? He has someone to do. Not something. Someone.

"Okay, wanna go grab dinner with me or something?" Not necessarily a date or anything. She wants to go out and it's no fun by herself.

Justin would probably go. Actually, he would definitely go. But... She's already here, so.

"You askin' me on a date?"

Zayn should have seen that coming. "Sure." She rolls her eyes so he knows she's joking.

"Hmmmm," Niall taps him chin, as if he actually has to think about it. He's fucking smiling.
Though, maybe he does if he's got some(body)thing to do tonight. God... Zayn hates being jealous.

"I'll go if you give me a kiss."

He'll go regardless. "I just kissed you a few minutes ago," greedy shit.

"I want more. Gotta start making up for all the times I wanna kiss you and you aren't here, or when you wouldn't let me."

Ridiculous. Downright ridiculous.

"I'll kiss you after?"

"No-"

"For as long as you want." Zayn bargains.

"Deal."

* 

After dinner, Zayn's feeling a little giggly. She didn't even have a full glass of wine, it's just been that long since she's had alcohol. While Niall drives, she keeps trailing her hand up his thigh and distracting him. They already missed to exits, so Niall's been trying to just hold her hand instead. Not happening.

"You're so cute." Zayn giggles, hand centimeters away from his crotch when she leans over to kiss his neck again.

"Zayn." Niall warns. Their baby is in the car, and he's going to crash if she keeps this up.

"Zayn?" She repeats, sad. "No, why Zayn?" Pet names, damn it. She wants him to call her baby again, or babe or sweetheart or fucking love bug or something.

He must get what she means, though. "Baby," he corrects. "I'm trying to drive. If you keep touching me we're going to crash,

Zayn rolls her eyes and takes off her seatbelt, twisting around with her ass closer to his face than necessary. She props Zaidan's bottle back up with his blanket so he doesn't start whining again. He's tired.

"Jesus Christ." Niall swears under his breath. They're going to crash and die because Zayn can't wait twenty minutes of him to get her home.

Not that he's exactly complaining. Wouldn't mind one bit if Zaidan weren't in the backseat. He'd probably pull over and let her ride him right here on the highway. Niall shifts, uncomfortably hard in his jeans.

Something catches Zayn's eye, and when she grabs it she feels like puking. She's dumbfounded by the little material hanging from the pocket on the back of his chair. Dumbfounded, but also wants to scream and get as far away from him as possible. She sits the right way in her own seat, staring blankly out the front window.

"You wanna spend the night? Or should I drive you home?" Niall doesn't pick up on her shifted mood.
"My cars-" she clears her throat, voice coming out heavier from emotions. Stupid emotions. "My cars at your house."

"So you gonna stay then?" He reaches for her hand, the same hand that's holding the offending object. "What's this?"

Zayn doesn't look at him when she opens her hand, offering him to take the fucking panties out of it. He doesn't though, and it's dark so he's squinting to see what they are while he drives. It pisses Zayn off. She balls them up and throws them at the side of his head.

"What the fuck-"

"Shut the fuck up." Zayn doesn't want to hear it.

"Are these yours? Where did you get these?"

"Don't act stupid Niall. We aren't together you don't have to lie to me." She has no right to even be mad. But she is.

"Baby I- these aren't-"

"Don't call me baby Niall." He's a little late for the endearing pet names.

"You're not serious, Zayn? All the work I'm doing to get you back and you seriously think I'd fuck someone?"

God. She's so fucking embarrassed for even trying today. She's especially embarrassed about throwing herself at him just a few minutes ago.

"Yeah, that doesn't matter. We'll never work, obviously we'll never work." What a waste of her teen years.

"What?"

"I tried with you for Zaidan. If I didn't get pregnant we probably would have broken up a long time ago."

That's true, because they did break up. But they got back together. And they would probably keep getting back together, just like they did. Zayn just... wishes she got rid of him a long time ago. It's like the same shit every time. The same cycle. She's bored of it.

"You're just talking shit." Niall calls her out, sounding sad.

Fuck him and his sad ass. He wasn't sad when he fucked a girl in this stupid fucking truck. Zayn doesn't say anything, and apparently that makes Niall angry because he speeds up and starts raising his voice.

"So it's okay for you to fuck my best friend behind my back, with my fucking kid in the room but when it's me it's a fucking problem?"

What the fuck is he talking about?

"I didn't sleep with anybody! Who are you even talking about? Don't turn this around on me Niall, you always do this-"

"You expect me to believe Justin's over your house every day just chillin'?” He scoffs, like the idea
"Yes!" Zayn cries. "He's my friend too, unlike you I can be friends with someone without hooking up with them!"

She hopes he doesn't bring up Justin liking her. He shouldn't know, actually. But she's crying real tears now and she'll deny that she knows because she's not the one in trouble here. He is.

"I didn't!" Niall presses harder on the gas when he's irritated, nearly hitting the little car in front of him. The little car honks and swerved to another lane.

"You never believe me, it's like you look for reasons not to be with me. Look at these, look at them!" He throws the underwear back at her, aiming for her face like she did for him. "They're probably yours, you have a whole fucking wardrobe back there from when you up and left me with no warning."

Dumbly, Zayn holds them up. She tongues her cheek because fuck, she thinks these actually are hers now. They look familiar, but still. Not confirmed.

"I don't look for reasons not to be with you." She ignores the rest of what he said.

"They're yours aren't they." Aw hell. She's caught. "See, I fucking knew it! I'm wasting my time trying to be with you, aren't I?"

What? When she's mad she thinks the same, hell she just thought that a second ago. But now that she knows she was wrong, she kind of wants him go keep trying. They'll probably never be just friends. She obviously can't stand the idea of him with someone else.

"Wasting your time?" Zayn repeats, most offended by that.

"All you do is break my heart, this back and forth shit hurts." He keeps passing exits, obviously just driving so the conversation doesn't end.

"So this is it. You're either going to be with me and just me, or we're done. I'll stop trying and we'll only talk if it's about Zaidan."

The ultimatum, the fact that Niall is actually giving her one is scary. She doesn't want to cut him put completely, obviously. She's shaking.

"I thought that's what we were already doing," she lies. Well. Not really. In the back of her mind she knows she'll probably always come back to Niall, or let him come back to her.

"Are we?"

Zayn nods. She feels so fucking dumb.

"No more Justin, then." He's not even an issue here, no where close to a threat.

When did Niall get in the position to start making the rules?
Chapter 41

Chapter Notes

I don't have WiFi so I'm using Wi-Fi from my phone to update, the WiFi is soooo slow so when I get real WiFi ill edit this :) WiFi WiFi WiFi lol

here's some larry :-)

Aubree runs up to her mom, who's sitting on the sofa across from her dad and smiles up at her all chubby and pretty. Serenity is in front of them having a "dinner" ("it's. not. a. tea party. Louis." She had growled when Louis suggested it was) with her doll heads. One of their bodies is upside down, hanging on her light saber.

"Hey cutie." Aubree still doesn't say anything, hardly even blinks. She's such a little weirdo. "Gimme kiss,"

"No!" Blonde baby *laughs*, running away. Rude.

"Hey!" Harry yells for his youngest baby.

She freezes, whipping her head around. She is so silly.

"Come gimme kiss!" The dad demands.

"Okay!" Little baby immediately agrees, sprinting over with puckered lips.

Louis gasps, offended. She made little blonde princess, and stupid *Harry* gets all the lovins. No fair. "What am I? Chop suey?"

Her fiancé barks out a loud laugh, earning a glare from Serenity. Apparently he interrupted something her (again, Niall's) stuffed Jason doll was saying. Louis isn't even going to take that from her, because serial killer or not Niall doesn't need dolls.

"Tell mom she's chopped *liver*," Harry whispers to fat baby.

Fat baby giggles, pulling on her bottom lip. She's got the cutest little white teeth. "Nooooo," Aubree shakes her head.

"You know what they told me today? Watch. Aubs, who's your boyfriend?" Louis asks.

Harry raises his eyebrows. She's just a baby... where did she even learn the word boyfriend? Who ever taught her this is getting their ass sued.

"Niall!" Aubree chirps.

"No-"

"No Bree that's not your boyfriend!" Serenity whines.

What's going on here? Harry doesn't like this. He thought for sure he'd have at least twenty years to
prepare for their first boyfriends.

"That's our frieeeeneend, not boyfriend." The big sister reminds, accompanied by a very animated head shake.

"Who's your boyfriend, Aubs?" Louis coaxes again.

Harry relaxes when Aubree points at him and giggles again.

"Is daddy your boyfriend?" Louis laughs along with her silly baby.

Well, Harry supposes that's okay. Heart attack averted. Until Louis says: "Now tell daddy who your boyfriend is Ren,"

And to which Serenity smugly replies: "Liam."

"Stop that. I'm too young for grey hair." And that's an order, damn it. These kids can yell and hit him all they want as long as they never say crap like this again.

"I have something for you, for later. Don't let me forget," Louis tells her fiance. As if she'd actually forget.

"Later? How late?" Harry asks.

Either Niall or Liam comes home, because the door opens and the girls run to the kitchen to see who it is.

"Tonight later. At bed time."

"Hey," Zayn waves, setting Zaidan's car seat by Louis. "Can you keep an eye on him for a minute?"

Harry's already unstrapping him to take him out and cuddle him.

"Of course. What's up?" Louis is a little worried by Zayn's urgency.

"Nothing. I'll come up and get him in like,-"

"Twenty minutes." Niall shrugs, ignoring Serenity literally pick pocketing him.

Zayn glares and tongues her cheek. "An hour."

Niall huffs, scratching the back of his head because what the fuck.

"Has he ever given you an hour?" Harry seems to have picked up on what's going on before Louis. That's new. "Twenty minutes was already pushing it."

Louis eyes Harry suspiciously, adding him knowing Niall's endurance to her "Harry's gay as hell" evidence file.

"Fine! Fuck, an hour." The bottle blonde caves, swiping his phone back from the thieving toddler before she can run away with it.

Zayn smiles all satisfied and gross at her friends. "I'll see you in an hour."

"Ew." Louis mumbles, leaning her head on Harry's shoulder. Their nephew on his lap makes angry
little faces in his sleep because Harry's probably bothering him.

"Bet you a blow job one of them is up here in less than half an hour." He bets.

But. He was already going to get a blow job tonight, and Louis really doesn't like when he's so greedy for it.

"If they're up here in less than twenty-five minutes you have to rub my feet until I fall asleep." Which, with his weird obsession with every part of her body is still a win for him. Louis should make him clean the toilet or something.

"Okay... meet in the middle? After you blow me, ill rub your feet, regardless of what time they come up?" Silly boy.

"You'll fall asleep and we'll end up fighting, are you new here?"

Harry just hums, knowing from experience Louis is right. Not that that particular... event, if it can be called that, has happened before. It's just a known fact that Louis will have an attitude if she doesn't get her way, and there will be consequences if Harry doesn't come through on his end of a bargain.

"When are we gonna have a boy?" Harry sighs, pinching a roll on Zaidan's leg.

Zayn dresses him in the cutest little outfits that fit so perfectly because he's so chubby. Right now he's in a little striped onesie with little dog feeties and a matching hat. The hat has dog ears... Harry could die.

"Hm. When Ren starts school we can try?"

Louis was pregnant for two years in a row, only a little break between the two. She's enjoying having her body to herself (and obviously Harry) but every time she sees Zaidan she wants another baby. Hers are so big now. Hardly even need her anymore, what with Ren using the big girl potty and Aubree being able to zip her own jackets now. Seems small, but that's where it spirals.

"She can technically start school now," Harry points out.

"Don't remind me." Louis just wants her babies to be sweet and helpless forever. Is that too much to ask for?

Apparently Liam is home now, according to the grand announcement Serenity shrieks. ("MOM LIAM IS HERE!"")

"He's gonna have to move out." Harry pouts. As if his toddler and his grown man best friend are genuinely in a relationship. Louis kisses his shoulder. Liam's not moving out. His rent has saved them.

"And, and don't you be late no more!" Serenity scolds her boyfriend, pointing a finger in his face and everything.

He adjusts her to his other hip, looking at her with fond amusement. "I'm sorry my darling, I didn't know I was late?"

The funny thing is, Louis and Harry literally just had this argument yesterday. But it was only because he was late coming home and they were supposed to go out for dinner. It wasn't Harry's fault and Louis ended up ordering pizza anyway, but. Serenity is copying them.
"Yes. And that was not good. That made me very angry at you." She stutters a bit, trying to remember her lines while making intense eye contact with Liam.

"And don't you be late to our married either."

Nobody else understands what she's talking about, so Louis translates. "He can't be late to your wedding?" She mocks surprised.

"Nope."

"Whoa. Of course I won't be late to our wedding!" Behind them, Eleanor watches with a huge smile on her face. How is someone so evil so nice around kids?

"The baby will be sad." Serenity pouts, nodding. She's fluttering her little lashes too, the flirt.

"What baby?" Louis assumes she's talking about Zaidan...

"Our baby!" Serenity points to her little sister. She's still not fond of Zaidan. Niall didn't even play with her when he got home and that baby has to have something to do with it.

"Our baby is Aubree?" Liam is learning all sorts of things about himself today.

"Nuh uh, that's my baby." Louis argues.

Serenity slaps her forehead and squeezes her eyes shut. She's losing her patience with Mommy, mommy is about to go from mommy to Louis real quick.

"We're just pretending." Serenity says slowly, because obviously her mom is dumb.

"Oh, I guess that's okay."

A few minutes later after Liam sets Serenity down, he gives Eleanor a quick kiss. Serenity comes bolting over, fast as lightning to strike Eleanor (literally).

"Hey! Excuse me, absolutely not!"

"Fighting for her man. Already just like her Momma." Eleanor winks at Louis, who snatches Serenity up and takes her to the corner for time out. Not that she'll stay there, but.

"Yeah. Louis' my little pit bull." Harry brags.

Louis rolls her eyes, sitting behind Serenity to trap her in the corner.

***

They forgot to keep time, but Niall actually ended up coming to get Zaidan more than an hour later, so they both lost. Not that it matters, because Harry's currently getting a blow job anyways and Louis will figure out how to sneak a foot rub in before he falls asleep too.

"Oh my god, Louis," Harry's body tenses, legs stiffening as Louis forces her down a little further. She's almost got all of it in, might as well keep going.

She pulls off slowly, strings of spit hang from mouth that connect to his cock. She peppers wet kisses down the length, then on his hip.

"I'll be right back." Louis promises, already leaving. She gets the chocolate mold out of the freezer,
smiling happy as fuck when it comes out perfectly. No cracks or chips, quite accurate.

She should probably let it sit out for a bit, won't be too easy to eat frozen solid. When she gets back to the room she's got the chocolate wrapped in a napkin, she gently puts it on her bedside table before getting back in position to finish sucking.

"This my surprise?" Harry asks, cocky little smirk on his face. His eyes are closed, so he's most likely referring to the blow job.

"No. Don't come, I have a treat for you." The perfect fiance hints. Uselessly. He'll never guess.

"Gonna let me eat that ass, baby?" He peeks his eyes open when her mouth is back on him.

She doesn't understand why he's eat her butt but not fuck it? It doesn't make sense.

"Take your shirt off," he requests. Louis sits up long enough to toss her shirt over her head, her underwear too because he's going to want that next. She knows her man.

"Can I take a picture of you?"

Louis moans, nodding as much as she can with a huge cock in her mouth. Harry does take a picture, on snapchat. Where he sends the picture to Niall and Liam, and Josh on accident. That's kind of a thing between him and Niall, and more recently Liam. He lives here now, can't leave him out.

Louis kisses his stomach as she crawls up, and each one of his nipples. She leans over to grab the surprise. It's still cold, obviously, but it's thawed enough. Louis doesn't want to wait anymore. She takes it out and lays it flat on his chest.

"What's this? More granola?" Idiot.

When he gets a good look at it, he huffs out a laugh, uncontrollable smile taking over his face. "Where'd you get this?"

Louis sits back on his hips, cock flat against his tummy under her crotch with her hands on his tummy. "I made it."

"What? How did you- is this-"

"Uh huh. It's mine. Zayn helped me," once Zayn seen there was gloves she was allowed to use she was kind of like a mad scientist. The artist in her truly came out.

"Oh my god, is this-" the big dope sniffs it, making Louis giggle. "Is this chocolate?"

She nods, biting her bottom lip. She's suddenly shy now. "Now you can... you know. Eat me, while I ride you."

This is what she thinks makes her the best fiance in the entire world. She listens, and makes shit happen. If Zayn wasn't such a prude Louis could give Harry a three some, Lord knows Zayn could use some good dick in her life, no offense Niall. But, for now he'll have to settle for chocolate.

"Oh my god, baby," Harry's all soft and fond, genuinely surprised like Louis knew he'd be. He sits up and pulls her down to him by her arm, giving her appreciative kisses.

"Thank you so much, baby. This is brilliant, I love it."

Louis knows, but she's proud of herself anyways.
Chapter 42

This story will be a year old in three days, I'll try to update again on that day :)

Trigger warning: heavy Josie and the pussycats talk.

Zayn's seconds away from sleep when she feels Niall getting up.

"Where you goin'?" She's openly, shamelessly pouting. He's warm and she's feeling cuddle.

Niall leans back down, kissing her a couple of times on the mouth. "I have to run by my mom's," he kisses her again before she can say anything.

It's the middle of the night? Why does he have to go to his mom's?

"Is everything okay? Do you want me to come with you?" Is this what he said he had to do at eleven?

"No baby, it's late. Stay here and sleep with Zaidan, okay? I'll be right back,"

When Zayn starts pouting again, Niall grabs her chin and squeezes her lips together. "Stop that. I love you. Go to sleep."

"Love you," Zayn yawns, rolling over to check on Zaidan. She's not going back to sleep now.

Niall must feel guilty, because he suspiciously kisses her again before he leaves, telling her to go back to sleep too. Fuck that. The second she hears his truck leave, Zayn gets dressed. She carries Zaidan and his bouncer upstairs. Little baby sleeps through it all, he had a long day.

Louis and Harry's door is already open. When Zayn goes in, Harry's sleeping body is draped half on top of Louis, his head is using her armpit for a pillow. Louis' up, yawning at the television. Good. Zayn would of felt bad if she had to wake her up.

"Lou,"

Louis turns her head, meeting Zayn with a surprised look. "Hey babe. What's up? He's naked, I dunno if you want-"

Since when has Louis cared to warn Zayn when one of them is nude before she climbs in their bed? Usually they even trick her and don't get naked until after she's already sleeping. Anyways.

"No, no. I need- can I talk to you for a minute?"

Louis nods. She kisses Harry's head before moving him off of her, as gently as she can for someone so heavy.

"So beautiful, Lou." Harry mumbles in his sleep, turning on his other side.

"Aww, my baby."
Zayn's... hating a little bit. All Niall does when he rolls over is fart and take more blankets with him.

"Where's Niall?" Louis asks when they're out in the living room. She shakes her head at her nephew, always giving Zayn shit about letting him sleep in hats. Zayn's worried his little head with get cold.

"We were sleeping and he left. We weren't fighting or anything, he just left."

"Did he say where he was going? Is this what you wanted to talk about?"

Despite being dragged away from her intense cuddling with her fiance, Louis doesn't look annoyed. At all. Lord knows she's kept Zayn up because of Harry plenty of times.

"His mom's." Zayn's eye roll is permanent. If she believed him, she would have been a little worried but probably would have stayed in bed. But, his mom lives far. What does she need Niall for at this time of night that Greg can't do? Or Bobby?

Her best friend snorts. "You believed that? I mean, I don't know, but."

Louis doesn't want to get involved. Last time she did Niall called her a bitch and looked like he wanted to hit her. If he hit her, Louis' not sure what Harry would do. She's not even sure what she herself would do.

"Will you go with me?" Zayn asks, aware of how nuts this is. Louis is the queen of crazy, if anyone should understand it should be her.

"What? Go where? Babe it's-"

"I just. I don't know. I want to follow him?" He already left, it's probably going to be impossible to track him down. She wants to try anyways.

Louis sighs, rubbing her chin thoughtfully. "We can drive by his mom's? You know where that's at?"

Zayn nods. She likes that idea better. Louis is good at this stuff.

"Alright. Let me go get dressed, put some pants on or something."

Zayn squeals, stupidly happy to have such an amazing best friend who doesn't judge her for being crazy. "I feel kind of like you, pulling this psycho shit."

Queen crazy turns around, playing cot as she looks around and licks her top lip. "The difference is, I'd of been in his trunk already."

That, Zayn does not doubt.

*

While Louis puts clothes on, Zayn takes Zaidan upstairs to persuade Uncle Liam into babysitting. You know she's losing it, on the count of Eleanor being there and not even changing Zayn's mind an ounce.

"Where are you guys even going this time of night?" Liam groans.

He assumes Niall is leaving with Zayn, probably.
"We'll be right back, and he's sleeping. He's so cute while he sleeping, look how cute. And! I have a hash cookie with your name on it,"

That thing was fucking expensive.

"It's big enough to share with Eleanor. Please? Please Eleanor? I don't want to take him out at this time of night,"

Definitely losing it. But, Zayn trusts Liam. And if Louis trusts Eleanor around her kids, well. Then Zayn should trust her too. Louis has excellent character judgement.

Eleanor immediately perks up. "Sure! I can watch him,"

Liam side eyes her, giving her a dirty look. They were clearly in the middle of a back massage, as Liam is topless and Eleanor is behind him. Oh well.

"Thank you, seriously. Thank you. He should sleep until I'm back, if he doesn't stick this bottle in his mouth. Oh and if he doesn't fall back asleep and he's fussy, lay him on your chest. He likes boobs. Thanks guys,"

Zayn kisses the side of Liam's head, reaching over to squeeze Eleanor's arm before bouncing back downstairs.

"You're welcome!" Eleanor calls after her.

"Are you ready?" Louis is dressed in sweats and a hoodie that's probably Harry's.

"Mhm." Zayn's already grabbing her eyes. "If you'd of told me yesterday I'd be asking Eleanor Calder to babysit my newborn I'd have you admitted."

Louis barks out a laugh, much too loud for the quiet house of sleeping babies. "She's good with kids though."

*

Late at night when there's less traffic, the drive to Niall's parents doesn't feel as long. Having Louis come along for the ride helps with her nerves a lot too.

("This is fucked up, I should just go back,"

Louis gently taps her face, too soft to be a real slap but firm enough to tell Zayn she's serious.

"We're almost there Zayn. If you pussy out now I'm going to beat your ass right here on this highway and drive you to the Horan's residence myself." Even though she has no idea how to get there.)

"Alright, I see no trucks." Louis quietly as Zayn drives by again. She's quite dramatic, her lights are off and everything.

"There's not even one single truck on this block. Do all these people drive Volkswagens, Jesus fucking Christ,"

There are also no Volkswagens on this entire block, but Zayn doesn't mention that. She pulls over and parks at the corner of Niall's parents street.

"What do I do now?" He lied. He fucking lied, after establishing their relationship he fucking lied.
"Maybe he's already on his way home?" Louis suggests, not even believing it herself.

"Be quiet for a second," Zayn mumbles. She pulls her phone out her pocket and dials Niall's number, putting him on speaker.

"'lo?" he answers on the third ring. His background is quiet, and he sounds a little breathless.

"Hey, what's going on?"

"Nothing, getting ready to pull out from my mom's now. You good? You alright?"

Lying bitch. "Oh, you're at your mom's right now?" Zayn points at the dark house where Niall isn't. Louis shakes her head.

"Yeah, getting ready to leave. I'll be home in a bit. You need anything? You hungry?"

"No. I'm alright." Zayn feels so stupid. Even worse than a few hours ago when she was ready to kill him over her own panties. She can't win with this boy.

"Okay, I love you. See you in a bit, alright?"

"Okay," she hangs up, bowing her head and her rubbing her eyes.

"Maybe it's not what we think. If he was with somebody he shouldn't be with, he wouldn't have said all that. He wouldn't of even answered. It's probably not what we think," Louis tries to comfort her.

It doesn't work. "What else is he doing in the middle of the night Louis?" Zayn's voice is heavy and pathetic from crying.

"Me and his son were in his bed, what's so important he has to leave us in the middle of the night?"

That, Louis doesn't have an answer to. But she knows Niall. She's watched him depressed and angry, drunk sobbing on Harry's shoulder over this girl. She'd like to believe he wouldn't fuck everything up right after it's just gotten good.

"Zee... you know he sells his painkillers sometimes. Maybe that's what he's doing, and he didn't want you to worry?"

Zayn just shakes her head. "He gave them to me for my back." He gets one refill a month, this month's is in Zayn's purse.

"Louis." Zayn sobs, breaking down like a weak ass bitch. "We had sex four times,"

Louis nods, making a face like she thinks that's weak.

"Today!" Zayn clarifies, getting the more shocked expression she was originally looking for.

"Well, I don't think he's cheating on you but at least if he was he probably wasn't able to get it up? That's got to be embarrassing,"

That makes Zayn giggle, which means she's smiling, which also means Louis is doing her job. Good. Her best friend is beautiful, more inside than out and that's saying a lot. Zayn doesn't deserve sadness.

"You wanna get junk food and go home and watch Josie and the Pussycats?"
Naturally, Zayn nods. Yes please. That would be fantastic.

*

The girls get home before Niall, no surprise there. When Zayn collects Zaidan from Eleanor (Liam's knocked out) Eleanor hugs her. It's odd, but Zayn's emotionally crippled and chooses to believe the hug is genuine. She kisses Zaidan the whole way down, promising to never leave him with their equivalent of Regina George ever again.

Honestly. What was she thinking.

Even though she's missed him, right now Zaidan is too much of his dad for her to handle and Zayn doesn't even ask before laying the infant on Louis' chest. She lays at the opposite end of the sofa and stuffs her face, mindlessly singing along and mouthing the rest of the spoken lines. This movie really is a classic, totally underrated.

Zayn's woken probably minutes later by Niall stroking her cheek. When she sits up, Zaidan is wrapped in his blanket, blinking grumpily in his bouncer. Louis is gone and the movie is off.

"Come to bed?"

It's late, and even though she's hurt she doesn't want to deal with it tonight. She'll deal with it tomorrow, probably. For tonight, she'll allow herself to be cuddled to sleep by him.

The next morning she wakes up again, this time in Niall's bed with him lazily grinding on her butt while their son whines in front of her. His cries are always so soft, he's a very chill baby. Poor thing is probably starving, Zayn doesn't know if Eleanor had to feed him or not so it's been quite a few hours since he's eaten.

"Go get a bottle." Zayn orders sleepily, offering her knuckle for Zaidan to suck on in the meantime.

He accepts it for all of two seconds, hardly even latching before turning away. Which means it's going to hurt like hell if Zayn let's him feed from her, since he's not latching properly, or at all rather. Great.

"Give him one of your utters." Niall mutters back, just as sleepy. His hips are still moving though.

"Your sons starving. He's withering away." Fat baby slept through his nightly feedings, unless Niall fed him before he woke her up last night. Even then, he missed one.

"There's no more bottles." Niall lies. He does stop grinding though, instead just intensely spooning her.

There is more bottles. Zayn was here all day yesterday and she pumped three times. Whatever. She sits up and takes her shirt off, pulling down the straps of her sports bra as she settles against the headboard. Zaidan stops whining as he's hears Zayn shushing him, her voice always soothes him. She hisses when he latches, sucking fiercely.

"He's hungry." Niall comments. No shit. Her nipple is literally being tugged from the intensity of the suction. At least he's latched though.
"Can you get me a diaper and the wipes?" Zayn yawns. Niall stretches before rolling out of bed to get the items.

Zaidan makes little fuss when Zayn removes him from her breast. She makes quick work of changing him, always worried about him getting a rash. She can feel herself leaking, one look confirms it. Multiple beads one white milk leak from her nipple, onto Niall's blanket. Oops.

"Shit, sorry," she quickly relatches Zaidan, who's now naked save for a diaper. Zayn doesn't like keeping him in the same outfits for too long either.

Niall just shrugs, rubbing his sons chubby little cheek with his finger. "You think I can get some of that for my coffee?"

Why is Zayn in love with him?

*

"Zayn, quick! On Josie and the Pussycats who are you?" Harry yells, the second the Horan/Malik clan comes up the stairs.

"Val, obviously." She snorts.

Louis eyes Zayn cautiously, silently asking if she's alright. She just nods, though she doesn't really know. She's sick of fighting with Niall. She just wants to be with him and be happy.

"Then, who's Josie?" The curly headed dope pouts. The way Louis rolls her eyes says they've been arguing about this all morning. Harry doesn't even stan the pussycats. Fake fan.

"Louis. You're Mel Harry. That's never going to change."

"Actually, you know what?" Louis decides, looking all bitchy and bossy. "Name one song by the Pussycats, Harry,"

"Um. You know, that one," he starts humming something that sounds too much like Waterfalls by TLC to even by kind of close.

Niall, who's stirring his coffee hardly paying them any attention, comes through. "Why do you do what you do to me baby," he sings under his breath.

Zayn's so in love. Besides the part where he's a dirty disgusting liar.

"Harry cancelled, Niall is Melody. Sorry love, but he's blonde anyway. It fits."
Chapter 43

Chapter Summary

this is wild from start to finish

Chapter Notes

Happpppppy birthday to this fic <3 exactly one year ago today i thought this was the funniest, cutest thing ever and here we are now:)))

"I don't wanna go-o-o-o!" Serenity hiccups, sobbing on the floor. Her face is soaked with tears.

"Honey," Harry sighs. "For the last time, we aren't going anywhere."

"I don't want to!" The poor baby is so upset. She likes her house, leaving is okay sometimes but mommy isn't here and she doesn't want to leave with daddy.

"You don't have to," her dad reminds her gently, picking her up off of the floor.

She throws her head back, helpless because he isn't listening to her. First he makes her get dressed, then he drags her out of the house and lies about it? Life is so unfair to her!

"Grandma and Grandpa are coming over, and Aunt Gemma. They might have some presents for you, if you stop crying."

Serenity sniffles, lip still quivering. "The pew pew?" She points her little finger like a gun.

The boy next door had an orange one and he didn't share. When Serenity tried to beat him up (she pushed him and made Aubree hold him down while she punched him) Niall made them come back in the house. Niall is the worst lately.

"Eh, probably not. They might have a new doll though. When they leave, you and me will go buy you two pew pews, one for each hand."

Ren quite likes the sound of that. She wipes her nose with the back of her hand and offers daddy the biggest, nicest watery smile. "And um. Bree likes the pew pew too,"

Serenity absolutely needs one for both hand. She can't afford to share, so Aubs is going to have to get her own.

"Of course." The dad nods seriously. This is a very serious topic, and it cannot be taken lightly. He completely understands.

"Now," Harry wipes under her eyes with his thumb, cleaning her up. "I really need your help. I have to bake a cake and I have no idea how to mix it!"
"I can stir it!" That makes her very excited. "And I can smash the eggs!"

Yeah, Harry may nod encouragingly but her egg and shell combo are not going in his pineapple upside down.

Louis returns almost an hour later with a single bag of groceries and a pouting Aubree. The second Aubree sees her dad, she makes sad faces and reaches for him until he takes her. He kisses Louis on the cheek as he does.

"Why is my baby so frowny?" Harry juts his lip out at fat blonde princess.

"What times your mom coming?" Louis ignores his question, cleaning the chicken she left in the sink to thaw.

Louis is totally over trying to impress Anne anymore, but for some reason she keeps trying.

"Around five-" he cuts himself off with a gasp.

Shit.

Harry cradles Aubree's head to his chest. "What did you do?" He hisses at Louis.

Serenity comes in from wherever she was to cling to Louis' legs and stick the top of her head in her butt again. Seriously, why does she keep doing that?

"You know what Harry," she sighs, taking small steps to the counter so Serenity doesn't topple over. She begins preparing her famous chicken meal. "Ren got them done when she has like, a month old. She's fine."

It goes in one ear and out the other. "My poor wittle Aubs, what did mommy do to you?"

Aubree pouts and makes the saddest little whimpers, rubbing her head on her dad's cheek. These kids want to be Dusty so bad, and the cat doesn't even like them. She literally hides under the bed all day until they go to sleep.

"She looks beautiful." Louis defends, scoffing. He didn't react this way when his literal infant got her ears pierced. What's his deal with Aubree? It's because she's blonde.

"Should I dye my hair blonde?" Harry's got a thing for men, and with how close him and Niall are it makes sense that he likes blonde...

"Why?" He asks, suspicious. Now he's rubbing his cheek against Aubree's. She's got her little eyes closed, smiling. Weirdos.

Louis shrugs. "Do you think that will make me sexier?" Serenity is obviously not receiving the desired attention this face to ass thing was supposed to fulfill because she takes to head butting instead. There's a lot if cushion back there, it's not really hurting anybody.

"Baby," Harry uses his sexy voice. Nobody has to look at him to know he's transformed to frog mode. "There's only one thing that will make you sexier."

Louis cocks her eyebrow, stuffing the chickens. "Oh yeah? What's that?"

If he says a boob job he's on the couch because B's are a pretty decent size and she's never said shit about his extra nipples. Well, lies. She finds them endearing now but she used to take the piss a lot in the beginning, when she first saw them.
"You having my last name," he purrs, biting her shoulder.

He's getting so much sex tonight. Endless blow jobs.

"You're so gross." Louis mutters. Aubree backs her up with a squeaky little "eww!"

* 

Harry's family arrives when Louis is still getting herself ready. She's actually wearing makeup today, and she's bothered to mess with her hair instead of the usual messy (actually messy, not tumblr messy) bun. Gemma's supposed to be bringing her boyfriend with her and Louis at least wants to look good when she meets the newest person who will undoubtedly hate her.

"Babe," Harry taps on the bathroom door before peeking his head in. "Hey beautiful. You almost finished? Everybody's here, we're waiting on you to start eating."

Louis nods, throwing her makeup back in the bag. This is as good as it's going to get. She walks to the kitchen with her eyes trained on her phone. Zayn sent her a snapchat video of some floaty thing on Zaidan's head while he's floating in a bath... it's weird as hell but Niall can be heard talking to him in the background. So. That's good at least.

"Hey babe, did you see this video on- oh my god." Louis is going to have a heart attack. She is going to die.

"What video?" Harry asks softly, making everybody's plate.

"Hi, Louis." Gemma greets, flat as hell.

"What's the matter dear? Dinner smell nice," Anne's fake ass compliments.

Louis swallows, licking her lips and turning away from /Nick fucking Grimshaw/ sitting at her fucking kitchen table. At least he looks as shocked as she does. Fuck. Of fucking course that's Gemma's boyfriend.

"Thank you," Louis smiles at Anne belatedly. "It's nice to see you guys, thank you for coming."

"Sit down babe, I'll fix your plate." Harry offers. "That's Gem's boyfriend Nick, Nick that's my soon to be wife Louis." He introduces, eyes on the food.

Everyone around them is normal, completely fine. Louis and Nick are the only ones red faced, looking like they're about to die of embarrassment. Louis' nerves are on ten and taking a nap in the middle of a dark highway never sounded better.

"Hi." She nods, just to seem polite.

"You guys are engaged?" Nick asks, face confused.

Oh god. Please shut up. Please just shut the fuck up.

"Yeah, weddings in August. We have two little munchkins around here somewhere too. Serenity is three, Aubree's two," Harry's just bragging, ignorant to the fact that Nick already knows the kids. He's only met them the one time, but he liked damn near everything Louis posted about them on Facebook before she blocked him.

In her defense, a lot of her posts mention Harry too. It's not her fault Nick is an idiot.
"Wow, a proper family." Nick comments, eyes locked on Louis' face. "Congratulations."

"You guys never told me you set a date!" Gemma squawks, swatting Harry.

"You let mom meet your boyfriend before me!" Harry counters.

"She didn't want you to scare him off, Love." Anne coos, patting Harry's shoulder.

Louis' thankful when Robin comes in carrying Serenity and Aubree with him. Sitting at the table with just Nick while everybody else's attention was averted was about to give her a heart attack, or an asthma attack. She was going to die, is the point.

"Good to see you, Louis. Dinner smells delicious." At least Robin sounds genuine about it.

"Thank you,"

"You know, this meal is special." Harry boasts, bringing loaded plates to the table. "This is the first meal Louis ever cooked for me."

Anne coos, Gemma makes a face like she's smelling dog shit. Bitch.

"That's sweet," Anne smiles. She's putting on her show, likes she's a warm and loving mother in law for the guest. Louis will take this over the jabs and condescending any day.

"I believe Serenity was conceived thanks to the side of homemade mash," Harry jokes.

First of all, that's not charming. No matter what Louis' stupid brain thinks, Harry's not charming. Second, who the fuck says stuff like that in front of their parents? Third. What a dad joke. He's such a dad. That's not even sexy, /Louis' brain./

"Anyways." Louis sighs. She feels a little, tiny bit better with Harry sitting next to her. With everybody at the table, she doesn't feel left alone with Nick. That's a plus, a small one but a plus nonetheless.

* 

Everything is still awkward after dinner. Significantly less awkward, though. They're all in the living room, eating the cake Harry made while they watch the girls play.

"You know, I drank the juice from these." Harry mumbles when his family is distracted by each other, wiggling a pineapple on his fork.

Louis bites her lip, trying not to laugh at how annoying his pestering is because she can't encourage this. The last thing Harry needs is encouragement. "That's great Harry."

"It was a lot." He seriously tries to persuade her. As if him drinking a can of apple juice has magically turned his come into a delicious treat.

"What are you insinuating, my love?"

Harry gives her the face. "You know."

"Serenity what are you baking?" Anne asks.

She bought the girls a kitchen set along with some fake food earlier. Louis knew Aubree would like it but she's honestly surprised how behaved Serenity is with it. She hasn't done anything... bad
"A coffee for my friend." She says nicely. This lady brings her gifts.

"Niall?" Harry questions. The toddler nods, setting aside a special cup.

"It has a bug in it." She shrugs. She's still mad at him.

"Can you make me... some eggs?" Anne asks.

"Okay bitch." Serenity nods, grabbing the plastic egg off of the floor.

Nick starts laughing, only trying to hide it when Gemma nudges him. Robin chokes on his cake.

"She doesn't... I. She doesn't know what that word means," Louis sits up, immediately attempting damage control.

Fuck. Mother fucking God damn fuck. Where does she pick this shit up from? Louis has no fucking idea.

"Oh, I'm sure." Anne drops the act, visibly displeased.

She probably assumes Serenity said it because Louis calls Anne a bitch when nobody is around but that's not the case. In fact, the only person she calls a bitch is Zayn, in a friendly way. And Harry when she's mad at him, and Niall when he's annoying. She doesn't even say it that much.

"Serenity, honey," Louis uses her gentle voice, hoping Ren will just nod and listen. Please. "You can't say that word, it's naughty. Okay baby?"

Serenity ignores her, hopping over to happily serve grandma her plate of eggs.

Well. At least she wasn't purposely being rude.

She's able to avoid Nick the rest of the night too, but only because it seems like he's avoiding her as well. She sees him try to be affectionate with Gemma after Harry kisses her head or their usual touches they don't notice they do anymore. It doesn't necessarily work. Gemma isn't one for PDA, and she's obviously confused as to why Nick suddenly is. It's all quite a mess.

***

"It looks like it's gonna hurt him," Niall holds Zaidan away from Zayn, hesitant and paranoid about this plastic contraption she's trying to put around his neck. Zaidan's only in his diaper, awake and sucking on his daddy's finger.

"It's not. This supports his head, and he's weightless in the water." Zayn explains.

Zaidan is two months old and he still folds his arms and legs like when he was in her womb. Every time she tries to make him stretch, he locks up. Zayn's getting a little worried. She doesn't want him to have muscle problems.

"Come on, before the bath gets cold." The bath tub is filled with warm water and of course the heat is on, even though it doesn't really need to be anymore. Zayn doesn't want to risk him getting sick.

Niall sighs, holding his son up with one hand on his little butt and the other under his chin. Zaidan's pretty calm while his mom straps the floaty on him, only making little grunts and faces at his dad.
"I know buddy. Mom's crazy." He kisses the poor, helpless baby's head in apology.

"It's not crazy," Zayn mutters, kissing the back of her chubby babe's head.

Niall follows her to the bathroom, squatting next to the tub when she does. She takes off Zaidan's diaper, checking if he pooped before taking it all the way off. He didn't, the diaper is clean. Niall just put it on him like, twenty minutes ago.

"First she won't circumcise you, now she treats you like a trapped frog. I am so sorry buddy,"

Zayn rolls her eyes. "Put him in,"

Niall does, keeping his hands on Zaidan's torso, nervous.

"Let him go babe, he's moving his feet,"

One of Zaidan's arms is still tucked to his chest but the other one is floating free. His legs are kicked out straight, moving just a little. He looks confused. It's the cutest thing Zayn's ever seen. She has to get this on snapchat.

"What's going on Zai?" Niall coos at his son. "Are you swimming big guy?"

"My big strong baby." The mommy agrees.

"He's gonna be an Olympian swimmer. Gonna bring your Momma home all the gold medals, huh Zai?"

There's his future then, all planned out for him. Zayn giggles, fond and proud of her baby.

"You cryin' babe?" Niall nudges her, grinning.

Yes, Zayn is a little weepy. "It's hormones," They still aren't right from the pregnancy.

"Period?" Who the fuck told him he can just ask things like that. He's so embarrassing.

"No. I actually... never mind." Too embarrassing. Zayn keeps her eyes on Zaidan. His chunky little legs are kicking now, he's moved to the other side of the tub.

"You what?"

Sighing, Zayn distracts herself by rubbing Zaidan's head. "I haven't had a period yet." She mumbles.

It's not necessarily that she's embarrassed. It's just, between pregnancy and birth, and the checkups afterwards, everybody is all up in her junk. She would like some privacy down there. It doesn't really help that her and Niall go at it like rabbits though, ninety nine percent of it is her idea too. That can also be blamed on hormones.

"Is that normal?" Niall's eyebrows furrow.

Zayn shrugs. "Probably. It might take a while for it to like, get back on track. I guess."

She'll ask at Zaidan's next checkup.

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As predicted, Zaidan passed out during the bath. They had to wash him up while he was sleeping, which was ridiculously cute. Now, he's all lotioned up and in his striped Zebra jammies. Zayn can't stop staring at him.

"Cute inn'he?" Niall brags, taking a swig of his beer.
"Of course he is. He looks just like me," Zayn's just talking shit.

The baby looks like both of them, a nice tanned complexion between his mom's and his dad's. He has Niall's eye shape, and Zayn's eye color. He's an even mix and little of his own.

Niall doesn't disagree though. He just nods and smiles, all soft and loving.

"Hey," she nudges him. He hums in response. "If I ask you something, you promise you won't lie to me?"

Their relationship has been... weird, lately. It's like, Niall wants to be with her, demands they have the "relationship" title and he's getting away with it because Zayn is weak and misses him. He's not doing anything she told him he had to do to get them back right though.

"Yeah. Course," he's so nonchalant, like there isn't a greater than not probability of him lying anyways.

Zayn really needs to invest in some sex toys. The only reason they're back to this, acting like nothing happened is because she wanted a good lay. Hormones have her pretty worked up. Not her fault.

"I know you weren't at your mom's the other day." Just because she hasn't said anything doesn't mean she forgot.

Niall nods, chewing on his bottom lip. "Okay."

"Who- where were you?" She started to ask who he was with, but. That just seemed a little more... pathetic, for her to assume he's cheating but wait so long. Obviously she's implying it, but she's not flat out saying it.

Niall sighs, setting his beer on the table beside the sofa. "Do you trust me?"

With her life, yes. With her heart? No. Not completely at least.

"Niall,"

"Do you trust me?" He repeats. "All I need you to do is trust me."

What does that have to do with where he was?

"Okay,"

"I'll tell you where I was," Niall shrugs, looking her dead in the eyes. "I'd rather not, but I will if you don't trust me."

"Why would you rather not want to tell me?" That makes her even more suspicious.

"Well. I don't know how you'll feel about it, and the less you know the safer you are in the long run."

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?" She's not in the mood for games and riddles. Bull shit.
"You really want to know?"

If she ends up hurting him it's his own fault. "Yeah, I guess, if you're going to be all mystic about it."

Niall licks his lips, turning more to face her. "Give me a kiss,"

What the fuck is wrong with him. "What? Just tell me, Niall,"

"I know you, you're dramatic and you probably won't talk to me again for a while so kiss me first."

Yeah, because that's definitely going to make her want to kiss him now. She does anyway, just to get this show on the road.

"I love you,"

Zayn stares at him, unimpressed. She turns to make sure Zaidan is still covered up and okay, bringing her attention back to Niall after she's assured her baby's alright.

"I had to make a sale." Niall shrugs.

What? "What?"

"I sell drugs. At first it was just pot, now it's... other stuff."

"Other stuff." Zayn parrots.

Baby daddy offers no new information, only nodding. So that's what he does then, that's how he's got unexplained money. Huh. In the back of her head, Zayn sort of had her suspicions. She's mostly relieved he's not in porn or something.

"Do you do the other stuff?" That's a deal breaker, if he does. He's a dad now, he could overdose and yeah, fuck that. Zayn doesn't want her kid around a junkie.

"No, fuck no! I just sell it." He gets his phone out and starts scrolling through it. "You wanna see something fuckin' amazing?"

Zayn's decided that she's not mad that he deals, as long as he doesn't do what he sells. And as long as the stuff is never around Zaidan. What he does is his business. It also doesn't hurt that he's been giving her money here and there for last few weeks.

However. If he shows her a picture of him posing with anything drug related he has to get out. He's a grown man, that was hardly acceptable in high school.

That's not what it is though, because he's on his bank app. He hands the phone to Zayn, displaying all of his information.

"Uh," she side eyes him. Surely she's reading that wrong...

"I know,"

There's... his bank account is six figures... and the first number isn't a one.

"I told you to trust me."

"When did you- how is. What?" Zayn's heart is either stopped or going to fast she can't feel it.
That's a *lot* of money,

"Ah, well. When I started working at the bar, this guy came in and I guess we hit it off because he asked if I wanted to start making some real money. I said sure, cause, you know. I wanted to... You know." He gestures between her stomach and Zaidan. Oh.

Zayn nods, telling him that yes, she gets it.

"At first it was just like, 'if you can get rid of this, you can have this much' and that was easy. Everybody smokes weed, a couple pounds was nothing. These guys must of liked me, cause they started giving me bigger percentages, more product. That's where I was, by the way. I had to meet with them to give them their money."

Zayn's head is spinning. "I need to lay down." She doesn't get up, doesn't move. Just twists her body to lay on the cushion next to Zaidan. What even is Niall's logic?

"Are you mad? If you want me to go I understand," he's nervous.

He shouldn't be. Zayn's not mad, it's just a lot to process.

"No, I'm. I'm not mad."

"Do you, like. Do you want me to stop?"

Zayn sits back up, looking a little bewildered. "Would you? If I wanted you to would you?"

He doesn't falter one bit, shaking his head yes. "Yeah, yes. I would."

That's ... that makes her heart flutter a little. That's really sweet. Sure, this whole drug lord thing is fucking nuts but what isn't in Zayn's life?

"Do you? I will, I swear I will."

All Zayn can think of is how they can afford their own house, for him to quit his job and take care of Zaidan while she goes back to school.

"I want you to do what makes you happy. I'm okay with it, really."

For three hundred thousand dollars she thinks she'd be okay with the porn thing too.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much to everybody who commented on the first few chapters asking for an update, this wouldn't be what it is if you weren't so nice. And of course thank you thank you thank you to everybody who comments now, this wouldn't be as fun if you guys weren't so nice. Love you cuties xoxoxo
"Seriously Zee, whichever one you want and they'll just get appropriate versions of yours," Louis reminds her best friend.

They're shopping for their dresses today, as the wedding is in two months. Currently, Louis is in the world's ugliest wedding gown ever created, and if it isn't, well. Zayn would hate to see it's rival.

"Any particular color?" Zayn forces the question out.

She's sweating and she wants to lay down. Luckily Lottie and Fizzy came with them and Lottie refuses give up Zaidan. Aubree and Serenity are on a date with Harry and Niall.

"You look good in soft colors." The bride to be shrugs, sifting through the options.

Louis has already found her dream dress. It's lacy and backless with beautiful sequined straps. She tried it on and it almost fit perfectly, one or two minor alterations and it will be good to go. She almost didn't get it, it's half the budget of their entire wedding. Until Zayn told Louis what her dad said... Louis cried. Louis literally cried.

("You're not like a daughter to me, you are a daughter to me," Yaser said to Louis through Zayn's phone. "I want you to have the most beautiful wedding of your dreams.

"I- I can't just have you pay for my dress!" Louis sobs, beyond grateful by the gesture.

"And why not? You like this dress, no? Consider it my wedding gift.")

Louis still doesn't know that Zayn's mom and dad have also purchased Louis and Harry a honeymoon for a week after their wedding either. Zayn knew her parents liked Louis... She just didn't know they liked her that much.

"Should probably get one that hides my belly," Zayn hints.

Louis sniffs, pulling more dresses off of the rack. "Babe, you can hardly even tell you had a kid. You still have two months to go, by then you'll be your skinny old self."

Louis has accepted that she'll be forever thick. That's fine. Her dress makes her slightly larger body look hot. Harry's gonna come in his tux when he sees her.

"Yeah, about that." The bridesmaid, maid of honor, what the fuck ever, is nervous. She shouldn't be, because financially she's very well taken care of but this is scary shit.

"What?" Louis is distracted by an aqua green dress. "You pregnant again?" She says it like a joke, laughing and everything until she notices Zayn isn't joining her. "Are you? Pregnant again?"
The pregnant sweaty mess bows her head in shame while her best friend cackles in her face. Fucking bitch. Zayn hopes she trips walking down the aisle.

"Holy shit! Why did you guys not use condoms?"

/because Niall doesn't like them/ "I thought I was on birth control! I told the doctor to put it in after I had him,"

And apparently they can't do that so soon? Or at least they didn't. Otherwise Zayn would of had Niall at least pull out... now she's got one in her belly a month younger than the one she just had. And to think she didn't even want /one/, Niall didn't even have to plot and plan for this one.

"You're keeping it, then? Or," Louis is hush hush about it now. Zayn appreciates the privacy.

"Probably, yeah." Looking at Zaidan now, she can't even imagine hurting him. What's inside of her is not a baby, it's a sack of cells. But it'll turn into a baby... into a Zaidan. She could never hurt a Zaidan.

"Does Niall know? How far along are you? It is Niall's, right?"

"What the fuck!" She hisses at her best friend. "Of course it's his! He's the only person I've even thought about in years,"

Lies. Justin is fit and hung and smells too nice to ignore. She's only human, and she was very hormonal. But they were just thoughts! She didn't act on them. That's what counts.

"Yeah, right. Me neither." Future Mrs. Styles snorts... okay. That sounded sarcastic... Zayn's gonna have to come back to that.

"I'm serious. But I'm like, eight weeks and no he doesn't know. Not yet anyway. Don't say anything, okay?"

Louis mimes zipping her lips and locking them. Yeah right. She's probably texting Harry right now, sending telepathic signals or something.

"But really. You're okay? You're happy about this one? I was the opposite, happy about Ren and nervous about Aubs."

Zayn shrugs, watching Louis' sisters talk to Zaidan on the sofas by the dressing rooms. "I'm okay. Scared because my parents will be disappointed and me and Niall can't keep our shit or ourselves together for more than five minutes but," she shrugs her shoulder again.

"My biggest worry with Zaidan was that I couldn't afford to give him everything he deserves." She confesses. Louis gives her a soft, knowing and understanding nod. "Now that I know Niall can afford to support us I'm more okay with it, you know?"

Zayn gave in and started online classes a few weeks ago. It's exactly what she didn't want to do, but fuck it. School is school. There's also the thing where she's young as hell and the thought of being tied down to Niall and two kids should be scary as hell but it isn't. It's not like she can push Zaidan back in and let him out when she's ready for him, and if she wasn't already with Niall she'd probably waste a whole lot of time crying over Niall.

Or, you know. She could of been with someone else. Like, Justin. And she could have traveled and partied and had sex in weird yet thrilling places.
Oh well. When they have a babysitter Niall will probably be down to have sex anywhere she wants.

"I'm happy for you. Please don't throw up at my wedding." Louis is supportive and understanding on every other day that isn't a day she's getting hitched.

"Why would she throw up?" Fizzy gives the two older girls a weird looks. She's bouncing and patting Zaidan who's obviously fussy. "I think he's hungry,"

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"Who's your best friend?" Harry asks.

"Daddy." Serenity giggles, full on laughing when daddy kisses all over her fat cheeks. His stubbly chin is tickling her!

"We don't need them," Niall assures his /new/ best friend Aubree, who is watching this betrayal. Double betrayal. "Blonde to blonde, I always secretly liked you more."

Harry laughs across the table, scaring one of the little snot noses that runs passed. They're at Chuck E. Cheese again.

"You can't say that!"


"Mm! Daddy," Serenity whines, pointing at the pizza on the table. She would like him to feed her, please.
For some reason all this attention from daddy is making her want to act like a baby. Well, even more of a baby. She's seen daddy do these things for Aubree and Serenity would like the same treatment.

"Aw. Does my little baby best friend want some more pizza?" He lovingly kisses Serenity who is now closing her eyes and smiling sweetly.

Fuck this. Niall's had enough.

"Lets go, /real/ best friend. I'll help you play the hammer game and we'll win all the tickets." He lies, snatching Aubree up to go find the fruit slice game. It's the only game the little blonde tot likes and she's fucking terrible at it. Figures Serenity would decide to be a traitor on the day they come to the little people arcade.

An hour and way too much money later, Aubree squeals with sticky cotton candy cheeks

"Good stuff, huh kiddo?" Niall laughs, distracted by his own game. He put Aubree on top of it so she wouldn't run away. The cotton candy is to keep her entertainment.

"Mommy!" She smiles, pointing behind Niall.

"Look at my big girl, having so much fun /watching Uncle Niall play/," Louis shakes her head and takes Aubree down. The sticky baby smiles and clings to mommy.

"She was eating!" The five year old trapped in a twenty one year old dad's body squawks.

Louis rolls her eyes, swiping Niall's coin cup and stalking off towards more fun games. For Aubree, of course.
"Come here often, hot stuff?’ Someone purrs in Niall's ear, pinching his butt through his jeans.

"What the- oh. Hey baby,” it's just Zayn. Of course Zayn would hit on him in a children's place. He gives her a quick kiss, accepting Zaidan when she passes him over.

"Was he good today?” Not that Niall doubts his son was. Well behaved baby, he is.

"I guess. Fizzy and Lottie had him all day.”

Niall's not surprised. Zaidan is cute and chicks love babies. He is however surprised that his girlfriend gave up the baby so easily (Niall didn't even have to ask for him) after like, four hours of not having him. Weird. Usually you'd have to ask to hold him, and even then she'd be reluctant. Whatever.

"You have a good day?” He asks. Zayn looks a little sick, maybe she's coming down with something and that's why she doesn't want to hold Zaidan so much.

"It was okay. We all found out dresses,” Zayn pulls out her phone to show Niall a picture of her in her gown. "Louis asked five hundred questions about our sex life. The usual.”

She holds up her phone, showing him the picture. The dress is beautiful but it's form fitting, all of the other ones were ugly. So her belly will be prominent, oh well. Louis already said she wants her to carry Zaidan down the aisle with her. She can use him to shield her belly.

"Sexy. You tell her anything good?” Niall does tell Harry some good (not at all exaggerated) details about what goes down in their bedroom, or out of it when Zayn's spontaneous. He can't have his reputation ruined.

Zayn rolls her eyes, so that's a no then. "No.” She clarifies. "She keeps offering for me to-" she looks around, making sure no little ears are paying attention. This is the worst place to have this kind of talk. "Have relations, with Harry.”

The blondes brunette eyebrows shoot up. This is new. Not fucking happening, ever, either. "Why?”

"She thinks... I think she thinks you're. You know.” Zayn holds up her fingers, less than an inch is spaced between her pointer finger and thumb. Well. That's rude.

"Did you tell her otherwise?”

Niall's sent Harry and Liam some blurry snapchats but he's never been able to get a good picture and it'd be weird to just send his friends a dick pic without someone on it. He can't have them thinking that this bull shit is true. He's not small.

"Yes! I always do.”

Always? How many times has Louis asked? Niall should corner her ass and whip it out.

"We'll talk more about it later, okay? At home.”

He nods, agreeing. He's not sure where "home” is, could be her place or his. Probably hers, that's where they've been staying for the last few nights. She's right about it being easier and more quiet for Zaidan. It's also nice to get his dick licked in the kitchen while he's trying to make his coffee. He didn't think about that shit before.

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Harry doesn't have work tomorrow, so after the girls are in bed with their bottles him and Louis decide to stay up and watch movies in the living room. Harry picked some chick flick and that's how they ended up watching Goodfellas. Louis has her head in Harry's lap, enjoying being petted while they watch the movie.

"That's you." He jokes when Tommy kills the guy for insulting him.

Louis is more like Pauly than Tommy, but whatever. "You're that guy who's toupee fell off when Jimmy choked him."

She jokes, but secretly prays Harry never loses his beautiful curls. Less curly now, more wavy than springy due to the weight because it's long long long now. Hopefully Serenity's will stay springy.

Harry scoffs to cover his snort. A little while later, when she's almost asleep, Liam comes down. He's not particularly loud or anything, but it's a bit awkward to fall asleep around him.

"Hey. What are you guys watching?" He asks. He's topless, the sweats he clearly just threw on hang so low on his hips, displaying neatly trimmed pubic hair.

Holy shit.

"Oh. I love this movie," he's clueless to Louis' stare, hell, even she is.

Harry isn't though. He notices Louis squeeze her legs closed tighter. Is she checking him out? Liam leans against the sofa for a minute, watching the last couple seconds of a scene with an amused smile.

"Alright, night guys." He waves, going to the kitchen.

Harry takes his hand out of Louis' hair and wraps it around her throat, thumb and pointer finger squeezing her jaw. She looks up at him, sleepy eyes confused.

She knows what he did.

"Is that what you like?" Harry keeps his expression void of emotion.

In reality, he's not even the slightest bit angry. Jealous? No. He knows she's attracted to him, but she's also obviously attracted to Liam. He catches her staring at their friend with that glazed over look she always gets when she's turned on. The idea of them together... actually kind of turns him on. He wonders if Liam could fuck her as good as he does?

Who's he kidding? Of course not. He's probably good, but not as good as Harry.

Louis doesn't deny it. She keeps eye contact with her fiance as she shrugs.

"You want him to fuck you?" He uses his thumb to stroke her cheek, trying to silently let her know it's alright. He's into it.

Watching Liam fuck her on all fours while she sucks him... He thinks he'd even be alright with just wanking while he watches. They're attractive people, so shoot him.

"Do you?" She counters.

With her, it could either be "do you" want him to fuck her, or "do you" want him to fuck /you/. Harry isn't opposed to Louis putting things in his ass if she wanted to but probably not a guy. Definitely probably not.
"I seen your legs. I bet you're wet right now, huh baby?" His voice is low and raspy. He's sure she's wet. Seen these signs too many times for her to not be wet.

"For you, Harry," she mumbles softly. She's so soft and sleepy.

She's also lying, because they've been laying together for a couple hours now and she was content to fall asleep until Liam came down half naked.

"So if he came down here and asked if he could fuck you, you'd say no?" He raises his eyebrow, waiting for her to lie again.

Well. Maybe it's just the idea she likes. She's never cheated on him and they've been together for over four years now. It was actually Harry who cheated quite a bit in the beginning, too young and dumb to care about proper relationships when older girls were throwing pussy at him left and right. That's why Louis is the way she is.

Louis parts her lips the tiniest bit, he can feel her pulse beating faster under his fingers. Yeah, she likes the idea.

"No," she shakes her head. "I only want you,"

She doesn't get it. Doesn't get that he's okay with this, with her fucking Liam. She's so loyal. He can't wait to be her husband.

"What if I want you to fuck him?"

Louis grabs his wrist attached to her neck and for a split second Harry thinks she's mad, thinks she's going to rip it off of her and tell him to sleep on the couch tonight. Pack his shit and get out tomorrow. She doesn't though, of course she doesn't. She just squeezes it with her little fingers.

"Put on a show for you?"

There we go, Harry thinks. That's my girl.

"Like the time you were mad at me so I kissed Zayn,"

(Harry turns his face when Louis tries to kiss him again.

"Why?" She pouts, sitting in his lap half naked. They're still outside, just them two and Zayn.

"I wanna kiss you, please?" She tries again. Harry tilts his head back, keeping his lips out of reach.

"It's okay Lou, Niall won't kiss me either." Zayn says, sad and drunk in the chair next to them. Louis whips her head around, puzzled like she forgot they weren't alone.

"Aw. Harry's so mean too," Louis hiccups.

Any other Harry would give in, always gives into her. Especially when she's drunk and needy. But... She left. She left, came back to put on the sluttiest clothes she owns and then left again. Without Harry. He doesn't even care that she beat up his (Gemma's) friends.

"Niall let girls suck his dick," Zayn makes an extremely sad face before giggling at herself. She's very drunk.

That's false, but Harry doesn't tell them that. Not his business. But, he literally watched Niall make a "joke" about hooking up with the girls and they all turned him down, which is why it was a
Louis gasps, fingers tightening in Harry's shirt. He wants to get up, but she's straddling him and if he moves first she'll fall. The bonfire is still going, he would rather not risk her falling in.

"Did you kill him?" She asks, worried.

Harry chews his lip to avoid smiling. In her drunken mind (sober too, the alcohol makes her say it aloud) that's an actual solution. She pretends to be so hard, but she always cracks and gets soft. If she didn't, Harry would of been dead so many times already.

"Nah, he's having my baby."

Louis nods, understanding. She looks back at Harry, but he won't even glance at her. She puts her hands on his face to keep it still so she can look at him. She's so fucking annoying sometimes. He just wants to be left alone.

"Fine. I bet Zayn will give me kisses."

Louis stumbles when she gets off of his lap. The fire and not at all the fact that it's an instinct to protect her is why he steadies her before she walks away.

She has a wedgie. How is that sexy?

Louis easily sits on Zayn's lap, perched towards Harry. Harry's eyes follow Zayn's hands. The one on his fiancee's thigh and the one on her back.

"We'll show them," the drunk mother of two mutters, glancing at Harry once before her lips are on Zayn's.

Oh, okay. Harry sits up a little straighter in his chair. This is not the first time the two best friends have shared a drunken snog, but it is the first time the audience has only been Harry. Fuck, Louis is so naked.

Zayn doesn't even hesitate, opening her mouth for Louis. The kiss is sloppy, all tongue and little giggles. Harry takes a long drink from his somewhat warm beer and enjoys the show.)

"That was a different kind of show, baby."

Louis' eyes are so, so soft and blueblueblue and these are probably not normal thoughts to think while having this kind of conversation but. He's in love.

"I don't think Liam would be into it," she doubts herself, like she isn't the sexiest woman Harry's ever seen.

She's not wrong though. Liam might not be into, and that'd be awkward to find out. The selfish side in him wishes Zayn weren't in love with Niall so he could just ask Niall to do it. Niall wouldn't say no.

"I'll talk to him." Harry promises quietly, stroking her cheek.
"-and then daddy said, 'sure, I guess I'll be your boyfriend Zayn' and that's how mommy and daddy got together." Niall explains to his son.

Zaidan blows spit bubbles around his fist, soaking his little hand in drool.

"Why are you lying to him?" Zayn calls the dad out, walking over to sit by them. She just smoked in her room, but she could hear everything Niall said.

Zayn has never begged Niall to be with her. Well. At least not to him.

"We know the truth, don't we?" Niall tickles the baby's tiny bit fat belly. Zaidan grins wide and toothless at his parents.

The mom rolls her eyes and smacks loud kisses all over her boyfriends cheeks. He cringes, but he knows he likes it.

"I need some money," Zayn requests, kissing him some more.

Niall's been giving her money since she moved out. A couple hundred here and there. She felt bad at first, she still kind of feels bad. Less bad now though, since she's seen his bank account.

"How much?" Niall's already leaning over to get his wallet out of his back pocket. "I just gave you money."

"I bought groceries and diapers, gas in my car," she needs to start working again.

It feels like a waste of time though because she'll be making minimum wage and missing out on more time with Zaidan than she already does when she's doing school shit. She just doesn't like asking for money. Wants her own money.

"One, two, three hundred. What do you need it for?" Niall holds the crisp bills, tossing his wallet on the table.

Zayn sucks her bottom lip, smiling because he knows what the fuck she needs it for. She kisses him some and tries to grab the money. He hangs on tight to it though.

"I need some more weed," she's pregnant blah blah blah her back is still fucked. Weed is better for the fetus than Niall's prescription, and she can forget getting her own now that she's knocked up again.

"Uh huh. And who have you been getting from?"

He knows that too. He could get her stuff from his people but he admitted it was weak. Zayn smokes more than him, so if it was weak to him it's probably garbage anyways.

Zayn's able to snatch the money and tuck it in her shirt. Like Niall won't go in there...

"You know who."
"Mhm. Did you think I was playing about you seeing him?" He's irritated but he doesn't push her away from him, so. That's a plus.

"We don't hang out," actually the other day when he dropped the stuff off he hung out for a while to match with her. They ordered a pizza and watched a movie, then he left. She can't just cut him off completely, Justin is her friend.

"Your mommy's full of shit, Zai."

Zaidan is content to just lay there and suck on three of his fingers and watch his dad with big, fascinated brown eyes.

His older twin however, rolls her own big brown eyes. "I love you," she kisses his jaw, trailing her lips to his ear.

"I bet," Niall hums. He sits Zaidan up with a hand hovering behind his head in case his little neck gets tired. He's pretty strong but sometimes he needs a break.

"Put him down, 'm horny," her body is like, lit the fuck up with hormones. Post partum hormones, new pregnancy hormones, every time she breastfeeds Zaidan hormones are released.

Niall can't keep up.

"He's wide awake, what do you mean put him down?" Niall's been off of work for a few hours, and he's probably staying here tonight so she can wait. He's chillin' with Zaidan right now.

"He'll fall asleep if you put him in the thing," Zayn refers to her son's swing.

Is that what she does all day? Put him in the swing so he'll fall asleep?

"Zayn," Niall's not complaining, he's not. It's just... not only is the baby awake but they had sex this morning and he's tired, alright? Zayn's sex drive is putting a lot of stress on him and mini Horan. (Don't let the nickname fool you, Louis.)

It's not like Zayn just wants quickies either. She wants a long, hard dicking every single time. It's more stressful than you'd think to have to live up to that kind of expectation.

"Don't you have a test or something to do?"

Zayn groans, nosing at his jaw, leaving little kisses on his neck. "You're not in the mood?"

Niall props Zaidan back up against his knees, freeing the hand closest to Zayn to pat her thigh.

"Sorry babe,"

She stills then, sighing through her nose against his cheek. "It's okay,"

"What's gotten into you anyway? Were you always this much of a nympho and we were just fighting too much to notice or?" Niall thinks that if her sex drive were like this at this a year ago, maybe they wouldn't have fought so much.

Or maybe they would of. Whenever he went to visit her for the week they were always fucking. Most of the time it was Niall waking her up with a dick in her but... She never told him to leave her alone, so.

Zayn sighs, adjusting herself to lay her head on his shoulder. She tickles Zaidan's double chin, earning a big smile from the baby.
"Hormones," she shrugs.

"Hormones? How long do those last? He's three months old,"

She almost tells him, luckily she refrains. She has it planned out how she's going to break the news to him. Zaidan's gonna do it.

***

Louis huffs at her phone. Nick's been texting her all fucking day. He's going off, sending paragraphs about how Louis is a "lying cunt whore" for "leading him on for so long". He's not exactly innocent. He was dating Gemma when they met up for lunch. She hasn't called him out on it, but Anne said she met Gemma's boyfriend before Louis met up with Nick.

She types out a nice little "fuck off u quiffed headed knob slobber" and locks her phone. She has little princesses to feed.

"Ren what do you want for lunch? Mommy has to go buy more bread so I can't make you sandwiches today,"

The girls have cheese sandwiches faithfully every single day. Even if Louis makes them something else, Serenity asks for a cheese sandwich and of course Aubree has to have one too.

"Ummm cheese sandwich!" Serenity says happily, hopping around in front of the television. One of her shows has little dancing bears on it and she probably thinks that's what she looks like.

"Serenity. Mommy has to go buy bread. What else do you want for lunch?" She says carefully.

"Mommy. I want the cheese sandwich." Serenity huffs. Mommy is so annoying when she doesn't listen!

"The sandwich!" Aubree screeches. That's her new thing. It's hilarious to scream, even when mommy asks her nicely not to.

"How am I supposed to make your sandwiches with no bread?" The mother pinches the bridge of her nose.

Between Harry being a crybaby this morning and Nick being annoying and now the fucking kids Louis is ready to punch something or cry or probably both. She has to go grocery shopping but she doesn't feel like taking both kids with her.

"Fine!" Serenity caves, sick of mommy's shit. "Just give me the jelly sandwich." She negotiates.

"We can't have sandwiches. Do you want pizza? Chicken nuggets?"

The toddler stops dancing then. She turns around, the look on her face terrifying. She is not pleased.

"Louis. Just give me the sandwich."

"Ren, darling. There is no bread for your sandwich," Louis is really close to locking her kids in the basement and taking a nap. Today just sucks.

"I don't want bread!" Serenity's lip quivers. Great, she's gonna cry... "I want the sandwich!"

"Can we order pizza?" The adult suggests, one last attempt to nicely get Serenity to eat something
Of course, of fucking course the kid starts crying. She collapses on the floor right where she was standing and starts crying. Aubree raises her hand and runs over to mommy to slap her with it.

"Bad mommy!"

Oh hell no.

"You know what," Louis snatches Aubree's arm before she can run away, lifts Serenity up by hers, ignoring the head butting. She puts them in their room on their beds and turns the tv on, shutting the door behind her. When she gets back to the living room, she calls her fiance.

He must cherish his life, because he answers on the second ring.

"Hey baby,"

Not the time to be cute, Harry. "Come home before I kill your kids."

They aren't even really bad today, just the usual amount. Aubree keeps screaming and Serenity is emotional today, Louis doesn't have the patience for it right now.

"Ut oh," the dad replied easy breezy. Someone in the background could be heard telling him to have a good day. "What did they do now?"

He sounds too happy, and that pisses Louis off so she hangs up. Opening her messages, she taps Nick's name and types out "on my birthday I wished for you to get hit by 16 buses xx", hoping it'll ruin his day at least a little bit more. That makes her feel a little better, knowing he's in a bad mood because of her.

She's wrong though. Oh boy, is Louis wrong. Nick texts back a few minutes later, long enough that Louis wasn't even expecting a reply.

i don't know why you are like this. i love you, louis. i always have. im sorry that you're obviously hurt in a relationship but i need to move on, since you clearly dont want to be with me.

What the.... Louis reads the message over, at least ten times because surely Nick cannot be fucking serious.

u called me a whore at 8am now u love me lmao ok

She laughs at how Nick is either oblivious or just ignoring the fact that he literally had dinner with Louis and her fiance in their home not too long ago. He met their kids, watched them kiss, shook Harry's fucking hand goodbye. Did he catch amnesia?

She doesn't like Nick, at all. But even though he's making her so livid she can't stop arguing with him. It bothers her to let him get the last reply. She wants to hurt his feelings.

you know why I said that Lou,

Who the fuck told him he could call her that?

because im engaged??? it mrs styles to u bitch

Take that, fucker. Louis has half the mind to call him to come over so she can punch him in the throat.
In the time it takes him to reply, Louis has already rejected three of Harry's phone calls. Fuck him and his happy ass.

_Alright Louis, text me when you're done being a bitch._

_That'll be never ciao xoxox_

That'll teach him. She's only the slightest bit disappointed when he doesn't text back, but whatever. Her kids are in their room throwing shit, she has bigger problems to deal with.

***

"I miss you." Liam pouts at his phone. He's on face time with Eleanor on his lunch break at work, hiding out in his car so none of the guys talk shit.

Eleanor rolls her eyes, always and forever rolling her eyes at something. Liam catches that hint of a smile on her lips though. "I miss you too, Li."

"I've got some money saved up, maybe in a few weeks I can take some time off and come to you inst-"

"No! I mean, don't waste your money babe. I love coming down there, you wouldn't like it much here anyway," she scrunches her cute little nose, shaking her head.

Honestly though, what Liam is too nice and naive to pick up on is that if he comes to her, her chances of running into Niall are a flat fucking zero. It had been all too easy convincing Liam to ask about being Niall's roommate. The key was to go through Harry, the less suspicious one of the group. Almost as naive as Liam, that Harry.

"It's not a waste of money if it means I get to see you." Liam assures her.

He's a relationship kind of guy. Eleanor had to make him her "boyfriend" otherwise he probably would have found another girlfriend and if he did that he'd stop hooking up with Eleanor when she comes back. What kind of a guy would complain about a string free hookup? Insane.

Almost as insane as Eleanor, some would think.

"Aw honey. I'm coming back very soon, I promise." Eleanor smiles sweetly at the camera, rubbing her thumb over Niall's cheek on her background.

"I just miss ya. But I've got to get going babe, love you. Call me later,"

Eleanor blows kisses at phone until Liam hangs up, giggling as he does. Finally, she thinks. She pulls Niall's hoodie back up over her shoulders, zipping it over her nose. She leans back on the sofa and smiles to herself, inhaling Niall's fading scent on the fabric.

Chapter End Notes
"Okay handsome boy, you're all ready for the day." Zayn coos at her baby, swiping the little baby brush over his soft little hairs.

Zaidan pops his lips, smacking them together. He's getting hungry...

"Let's put your bib on, we don't wanna ruin your new shirt before daddy sees it, do we baby bug? No we don't," she coos, earning a big gummy grin from the sweet boy.

Zayn snaps a bib around his neck, covering most of the shirt completely. Good. She wasn't kidding about not wanting it ruined. If he spits up on it before Niall can see it her plans ruined.

She takes Zaidan to the living room and props him up on a couple pillows. She makes some silly faces and noises to get him to smile for a picture, displaying his cool new shirt (that's already soaked with drool despite her just taking off the bib a second ago). She sends the picture to Aunt Louis. After Niall sees him, she might post it on Facebook. Or she might keep it a secret, she's not sure yet.

He's such a happy baby. His smiles make Zayn's day every single day. Especially because he looks so silly because he's got his daddy's big ears that stick out a lot more on him than they do his dad because his hair isn't as thick as Niall's.

She's just tucked herself back in her shirt with Zaidan sandwiched sideways between her knees, waiting to be burped when Niall comes in.

"Who's home Zai?" The mommy kisses her baby's head. She sits him up facing away from her as she pats his back so he can see his dad.

"Hey," Niall yawns, tossing his keys on the table. He leans over to kiss Zayn, then Zaidan before going to Zayn's room to change. "I had a long fucking day," he complains on his way.

Well. Hopefully Zaidan's secret will make it a little better...

"What happened?" Zayn says loud enough to be heard in the other room.

Niall comes back wearing sweats and plain white t-shirt. Baby looks tired. "Some fuckin' new kid quit so I had to take on his route." He collapses on the opposite side of the sofa and pulls a silly face at his son. "It was fine until some old ass lady asked me to help her put in her new mailbox."

The way he rolls his eyes tells Zayn he was probably frustrated as hell. Niall's not the type to tell an old lady in need of help no. He's most likely only irritated because it was hard to do, or not as easy as he was expecting. Poor baby.

"You want me to rub your feet?" Zayn offers, because she's the best girlfriend in the world and admittedly, she's pathetically hoping to get laid later.
Niall scoots down and slides his sock covered foot beside her. "You're a peach."

She squeezes his toe, smiling at him. If someone had told her when she was seventeen that she'd have a kid with Niall and be practically living with him, she'd probably pass out from excitement. This is exactly what her seventeen year old self wanted, even if her twenty one year old self didn't. She's happy, right now she's happy.

"Here, have some Zaidan cuddles while I rub your stinky feet." Zayn carefully takes the boys bib off and puts it on the back of the sofa before she passes him over.

"Hi buddy," the dad kisses him immediately on his fat little cheeks. "What's this? You make him one of those throw back shirts?" Niall refers to the sonogram on Zaidan's shirt as he sits the boy up on his belly.

"Read it," Zayn sucks her bottom lip in, rubbing one of his feet. She's anxious for his reaction.

Niall scrunches his nose and straightens out Zaidan's shirt, reading the print above the picture. "Big brother," he sounds confused.

Zayn snorts when Niall starts squinting at the picture on the shirt.

"Big brother?" He still doesn't get it?

"Mhm. Yeah," she's smiling, trying not to laugh at him.

"What does- pregnant? You're pregnant?"

She nods, full on grinning now. Niall's eyes go wide.

"Big brother!" He cheers, kissing Zaidan some more. Zayn giggles. She knew he'd be happy. One doesn't go through the trouble he did to get Zaidan here and then not get excited about a surprise baby.

"I thought you were on birth control? How old is this picture?"

"I thought I was too. That's from a few days ago. I was going to wait a little longer to tell you but I figured I should milk the pregnancy sympathy for as long as I can this time," she shrugs, lying.

She actually wanted to tell him /sooner/ but the shirt wasn't made until yesterday and she thought Zaidan wearing a shirt that days "BIG BROTHER" was a really cool announcement idea. Of course she had to have it specially made tout the sonogram picture on there, and there's no big brother shirts in Zaidan's size. All of the clothes for tiny babies say "little brother". Judgmental bastards.

"My dear, you were still getting pregnancy sympathy from this one," he shakes Zaidan's big baby butt at her. "This explains your hormones then. I thought you were popping Viagra, the way you maul me every time we're in the same room." He raises his eyebrows, shaking his head as if her wanting to have intercourse with him is a shameful, dirty thing.

Zayn scoffs. "I do not maul you!"

She kind of does, though. Like last night when he was in the shower, she may have invited herself in. He was already naked, and the bathroom was all steamy and he looked really good alright.

Niall laughs at her. "You're probably getting hot from touching my feet, you freak."

Zayn pushes his stupid, ugly foot away from her. "I was trying to be nice, fuck it now, since you
want to be mean."

"Shut up and come give me a kiss."

Well. Who's gonna say no to that? Not this bitch.

***

"Louis." Harry confronts her patiently.

She's been waiting for this. Granted, it could be about a number of things she's done over the last few days, but. She's been waiting on a reaction to a few of them. Maybe this is about the nice chocolates she put in his lunch that may or may not be Serenity's laxatives.

"Yes dear?" She raises her eyebrow, eyes on her phone.

She's looking up shit you're supposed to do at a wedding, because she has no idea. Is it like Serenity's baby shower where they had to play games and shit?

"Could you please explain why there is a picture of you holding a gun sent from Facebook to Kendall Jenner?" He's leaning against the doorway with his arms folded, proving this calm act is exactly that; an act.

At that, Louis looks up at him, suddenly interested. "What did she say back?"

His chillaxed demeanor diminishes. "She didn't say shit, Louis! She blocked me!"

Good. That's the same bitch he had over here. Not the one she fought but one of the ones that pussied out and ran home. Louis doesn't forget female faces that have been around Harry. Matter of fact, male or female; if you're Harry's friend, you're Louis' friend too bitch.

Louis laughs. "Hah! Over a fake gun? What a loser."

It was just Serenity's toy gun. What kind of a grown woman gets scared over a toy? Weak ass. That'll teach her to like Harry's selfies. Fucking whore.

"Why would you do that? I'm changing my passwords. Do you know that that is Gemma's friend? You're an adult Louis. You need to grow up and start acting like one. Do that childish shit to your own friends."

Louis just blinks at him. Is this bitch serious? Like... does he think she won't cut him? Niall's never here, it wouldn't take much to break Harry's legs and tie him up in the basement where she can keep him forever. Is that what Harry wants?

"Who are you talking to Harry?" She asks, genuinely confused.

Harry is obviously actually irritated because he never really calls Louis by her name. It's always babe or baby, honey or Love or some soft shit. Why is he so upset over Kendall?

"Give me your phone," she demands. She already has Kendall's number in her phone, you know. In case Harry has it disguised as something else kinda like how she has Nick as Daisy. But. That's different.

"No!" He spits, looking disgusted. "I'm sick of you doing this! I'm not allowed to have any friends!"

"Because all of your friends want to fuck you."
"For God's sake she is a lesbian, Louis!"

Like that changes anything. Harry looks like a lesbian. If anything Kendall being lesbian makes it worse.

"You know why I'm like this," Louis rolls her eyes.

It's a low blow, completely unfair. Harry cheated on her for the first month or so of their relationship and supposedly never again after that. But it's something that stuck with Louis. He told her he loved her before they even became boyfriend and girlfriend and she said it back two weeks after they put a title on it. To fall so hard so fast and then find out he wasn't even faithful to her really kicked her up.

"Give me your phone or you can get the fuck out of my face." And she means it.

Harry huffs out an incredulous laugh, tossing his phone on the bed beside her before walking away. Naturally she finds nothing. The only thing she can be mad about in his phone is the fact that his mother invited them over for dinner this weekend and he said yeah.

She finds him in the kitchen twenty minutes later. Both girls are sitting on the counter eating cupcakes while he cooks dinner. She walks over to him, hooking one arm around his waist, digging her chin into his opposite bicep because she's not quite tall enough to hook it over his shoulder.

"I don't wanna fight." She mumbles.

Harry doesn't say anything.

"Moommy the pepper-non!" Aubree smiles, messy fingers curled around a mini pepperoni.

"Are you mad at me? I'll write her on my page and tell her to unblock you," she lies.

Harry licks his lips and keeps his focus on the food. Great. Now he's mad.

"Baby. I love you, I love you a lot. Are you ignoring me?"

"Mommy is annoying you daddy?" Serenity questions, mixing the words up. Both are accurate though.

The dad says nothing. He is smirking a little though, because the kids are cute. Louis has an idea though. A fool proof one.

"Come on. Let's go watch Doc in mommy's room." Louis grabs both of the kids. They only cling to her because they love watching tv in mommy's room. They have a huge t.v. on their wall and their bed is huge.

She sets them up with the stash of cookies from Harry's nightstand. She'll most likely regret it and have to change her sheets but she needs them distracted. Louis gives them both a kiss on their head before she goes.

"Harry," Louis sings.

He's making homemade pizza... Louis is almost tempted to leave him to it and do the plan later. But she wasn't kidding about not wanting to fight.

"I love you, baby." She mumbles, kissing his arm.
Just like she knew he wouldn't, he doesn't say anything again. He doesn't even look at her when she sinks to her knees in front of him. She slowly unties the knot on his sweats. He's commando, as usual. Louis wets her lips and presses an opened mouth kiss to the base by his pubic hair, pulling his cock completely out.

He sighs above her and turns off the burners on the stove. He braces his hands on the counter and leans forward, steadying himself. She swirls her tongue around the head of his prick, already fattening up.

"You forgive me?" Louis mumbles, lightly sucking the head.

"Maybe."

That's a yes. He's too easy. Ten minutes later, just as Louis is swallowing the last rope of his come, Liam comes in. Louis hides her face against Harry's thigh while he laughs at Liam running towards the stairs, apologizing as if he did something wrong.
Chapter 47

Chapter Notes

LOLLLLL

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It should be awkward... it but it's not. It feels almost natural.

"Dinner is really good," Eleanor smiles at the chef. She's holding Zaidan while she eats.

"Thank you." Harry grins. "I can't take all of the credit, I did have excellent helpers."

Serenity smiles, nodding. She did most of the work while daddy stood around looking pretty and getting in her way. He stopped her every single time she wanted to put the dish soap in the mashed potatoes. Every single time. Why was it out if it wasn't an ingredient? Why?

Aubree has no idea what's going on, she's unaware of the compliments being thrown at her. Too busy eating her beef chunks (beef stew).

Everybody looks at Zayn when she moans after a particularly delicious bite.

"Not again," Niall sighs. He pushes her plate away from her. "You better slow down there, missy." He warns, stern and serious. "This is a family dinner."

His girlfriend has no shame. No boundaries. She's a sex maniac. Niall just wants one meal, that's all he asks for. To finish dinner one time without being sexually attacked.

"Stop, I haven't eaten all day." She grumbles.

Louis doesn't approve. She won't call her out because she knows Zayn doesn't want everybody to know she's knocked up again, not out loud at least. Her facial expression should say it all.

"That's not healthy Zayn." Louis reminds her, chewing on a piece of biscuit.

Harry made them homemade from scratch. They're flaky and buttery and pillowy... Louis totally understand why Zayn almost came untouched after she took a bite.

"You need vitamins, and nutrients. Even if you don't particularly feel like eating, you should try to remember to-"

Harry cuts Louis' rant off with a snort. "Like you eat vitamins! Don't be a hypocrite, Lou. The only way I can get you to eat fruit is if it's baked in a pie."

That's blatantly untrue. Louis hates pie. "Excuse me Harry I'll have you know I eat plenty of healthy shit!"

"She was eating candied apples for breakfast the other morning." Liam defends before shoveling another large bite into his mouth.

God. His lips.
"See," Louis can't take her eyes away from Liam's mouth.

Poor Eleanor. The girl can't have one boyfriend that somebody doesn't want to take from her.

Harry clears his throat, grasping her attention with a smirk playing on his lips. "I stand corrected then, Louis. My lovely fiance."

"Hey, weren't you guys engaged too?" Eleanor chirps, looking at Niall and Zayn while she bounces their baby on her lap.

Niall's cheeks go pink... pinker than usual.

"Talk to him about that." Zayn clicks her tongue.

It's interesting how they can be together with, live together, have babies together and all that spousey type shit but the subject of actual marriage makes Niall flustered. Because Zaidan wasn't a commitment already. Stupid boy.

"Speaking of. Our wedding is in early August," Louis mentions as politely as possible. She doesn't fully like Eleanor but that's only because Louis is petty and clings to the past. "If you can make it, we'd love for you to come."

Harry nods, smiling big and genuine. Fucker.

"Our married, LeeLum?" Serenity asks in her nice voice, smiling as pretty as one possibly could with food all over her cheeks. Seriously. How is it next to her ear?

"Sure," the adult responds. This little joke about Serenity liking him was cute at first but it's starting to get weird. She's creeping him out, but it's also adorable? Yesterday she stole Niall's sunglasses and gave them to Liam as a gift. Would have actually been pretty sweet if Niall didn't swipe them back.

Zaidan starts fussing beside him on his girlfriend's lap. Eleanor turns the baby around and coos at him, giving him kisses and talking to him until he's calm. Nobody, not even Niall or Zayn bat an eye. It feels natural, not even kind of awkward. It's as if Eleanor has always belonged in their little group, she was just in the wrong spot.

***

"Have you guys ever had a three some?" Harry asks his friends casually. Super casual. He's cool as a cucumber.

Besides the fact that he's sweating. The three boys are in the garage drinking beers, it's muggy in there, alright.

Niall gives him the are you fucking serious dude look. Liam just smirks.

"No, even better." Payno brags. "A foursome."

"Shut the fuck up!" Niall grimaces, calling him out on his shit. "Just cause you and Andy lost your virginitys in the same bed at the same time does not mean it was a foursome!"

"That's still very kinky, Liam." Harry assures his friend.

Liam shakes his finger at Niall, ignoring Harry being weird. "First of all fuck you for bringing that up, second it was me and three girls when I was working down south, thank you very much."
"Three women?" The curly haired dad is a little suspicious about that one. Three women on one man is a little out there.

"How much did you pay them?" Niall asks seriously.

Liam rolls his eyes. "I don't have to pay for sex, but what do you usually pay for it?"

Harry sinks lower in his seat, bummed. He just wanted to get on the topic of three somes so he could casually ask one of his mates to fuck his wife. Now they're just bickering. That wasn't part of his master plan.

Niall scoffs then starts laughing, loud cackles echoing off the walls. "First of all, have you seen my girlfriend? Ten times hotter than yours. Second, she asks for it more than I do. Pay for it? Please, Payno. That's your thing."

"Alright Niall fuck off. I'm getting sick of your jabs at Eleanor. She broke up with you for a reason-"

"Enough!" Harry is done. D-O-N-E. Capital done with their shit. "I'm having a crisis and all you care about is yourselves! Both of you go home, I don't want company anymore." He pouts, crossing his arms over his chest. He's upset because his friends are dicks.

"Um, Harry," the blonde says gently.

"We live here, buddy. Remember? We are home," Liam reminds.

"Oh yeah, huh." He totally forgot he lives with all of his friends. Cool. "Hey, do you guys wanna play scrabble? It's boring out here."

It's a no from both of them.

*  

"Oh my goodness." Eleanor coos at the baby on her lap. He's sleeping. "He's so beautiful," she smiles at the boys mother.

Zayn nods and passes Louis the blunt. "Yeah, he's pretty cute."

"We make some-" Louis cuts herself off by coughing. She hasn't smoked in a while and this is some strong shit. "cute ass kids. Mine weren't a surprise, me and Harry are hot but you had a lot going against you, what with the way Niall's face is set up."

Zayn scoffs. Neither of the women notice Eleanor glaring, nails digging into her own palm.

"My baby is cute as fuck. Harry looks like a happy ass toad."

"Bitch." Louis mutters quietly. She's super relaxed now, kinda sleepy. Not as mad as she'd be sober. "I should kill you."

"I should kill you too." Zayn agrees, sighing. She blindly reaches for Louis' hand and laces their fingers together. That's her fucking best friend, man.

While the best friends lay there being gay as Harry, Eleanor is on the opposite sofa taking pictures with Zaidan and kissing his head. He's practically her baby, since he's Niall's. He's so cute. She can't believe she's a mom now. Like, wow.
"What's Zaidan's middle name?" Eleanor wonders about her son.

Zayn doesn't hear her. "Where's Niall?"

"Where's you daddy, little one?" Eleanor smiles at Niall's son, petting his little hairs. They're all crazy from that bitch always putting hats on the poor kid.

"They're in the garage." Louis is sleeping. She may be talking, but she is sleeping. She's high and it's late, she had a long day. She's gonna sleep here until her man comes and carries her to bed.

"Mmm. I'll be right back." Zayn stands up and stretches her arms over her head. "Me and daddy need to have a talk," she kisses Zaidan's head, not worried about how close her face is to Eleanor's. "Do you want me to take him? He'll probably be out for a while, I can have Niall come back up for him,"

"No! No, he's. He's fine, he's sleeping anyway. I'll watch him." Eleanor promises with a nice, friendly smile. What a doll.

Zayn pats Eleanor's cheek. "You're a good kid."

Out in the garage, the nerds have the projector hooked up and they're playing video games against the wall. Nerds. There's a million tv's in the house. The one in the basement in the chill area is the biggest because Niall's a technology geek. That actually explains the projector.

"What are you guys playing?" She asks, wrapping her arms around Niall's neck and resting her chin on top of his head.

All three of them ignore her.

"Liam go downstairs, Harry get the fuck outta the corner, the fuck you doing?" Niall commands.

They're playing some sort of spy game. Perhaps 007? She doesn't care.

"They shot me last time!" Harry squawks.

"So shoot them back." Liam is the most chilled, laid back of them all. Probably because he understands that it's a game and not real life.

"They didn't give me a chance, Leeroy." It's obvious by Harry's tone that he's rolling his eyes.

"Hah, Leeroy." Zayn's boyfriend giggles.

This just won't do. Zayn has needs, and right now he is one of them. She noses at the side of his face, licking his ear and kissing his cheek.

"Come to bed,"

She didn't plan on sleeping here tonight, but oh well. It's late, she's tired, horny. They can sleep here tonight, they'll regret it in the morning when the stampede wakes them up.

"I'll be there in a little bit, baby," Niall lies, trying to get Zayn off of his back. Literally.

"I wanna cuddle," she mumbles. It's not a lie either. She doesn't mind a good cuddle after sex.

"Aw." Harry eavesdrops. "Go cuddle with Louis, she's a phenomenal cuddler."
"Pretty sure she doesn't mean actually cuddling, H." Liam informs with a cigarette hanging in the corner of his mouth.

When the fuck did he start smoking? Interesting.

"Oh. Well, still go to Louis. I'll be in to watch as soon as- ouch! Niall!" The drunk frog clutches his shoulder where his best friend just punched him.

"Twenty minutes Zayn," her boyfriend promises.

She groans and whines. She's already been out here for twenty minutes. Realistically: three, four max.

"If you're gonna be out here all night let me know so I can just go home,"

Louis is already sleeping and they most likely won't include her in the video game rotation, so. What's the point of staying here? Especially if Niall's just going to ignore her.

"Not all night baby, I'm just chilling. Sit out here with us," Niall offers.

Yeah. He's going to be out here all night.

"I don't want to sit out here." She's not pouting, no matter what it looks like.

"What's Louis doing? How come you guys aren't in your usual shenanigans?" Harry isn't even paying attention to his portion of the screen. His character is seriously hiding.

"Sleeping. Waiting for you to go be a good fiance and cuddle her."

"I always cuddle her." He brags proudly.

"That's what good fiance's do." Is Zayn dropping hints? Yes. Hansel and Gretel up in this bitch.

"I'm not picking up what you're dropping because we aren't fiance's. Which, is your fault by the way." Niall is so casual with it. Bastard. That is no way to talk to your pregnant girlfriend. She doesn't deserve this disrespect. All she wanted was some dick, not for him to act like one.

"Cool. Well, I'm gonna go home. Eleanor is hanging out with your son, so you should check on them soon. Bye Harry, bye Liam."

Zayn will go home and fuck herself then, since Niall is so busy.

"Night Zayn, drive safe." Liam says, a bit distracted with shooting Harry's character.

"Hey!" Harry's screen goes dark red, indicating that he died.

"Pay attention or I'll do it again."

"Eyes on your own screen, Liam!"

Niall pauses his screen, turning to look at his girlfriend. "You're leaving Zaidan here?"

She nods. Niall doesn't have work in the morning, they can have some quality boy time. Plus Zayn doesn't want to drive with him this late at night while she's high.

"And you're going straight home? Just to your apartment," he sounds skeptical? It's not like she has
any other friends that aren't already here.

Besides Justin, which. She hasn't even properly chilled with him in forever because she's been spending more time with Niall.

"Yeah. I'm gonna go to bed," and masturbate, she thinks bitterly, before she goes to sleep.

"What's wrong with the bed here?"

Um, does he want a list? One- he's not in it. Two- it's in a basement she doesn't want to be alone in. C- she likes her bed.

"I want to sleep in in the morning," she shrugs.

Niall laughs and pushes his bangs back off of his forehead. "Yeah. Tell Justin I said hi."

Liam sighs. Zayn internally sighs. Harry stays out of it as usual.

"Yeah, whatever. I asked you to come to bed, if I'm gonna sleep alone I'd rather do it in my own bed."

"Kinda convenient you pick a fight so you can leave at two in the morning, and you're leaving the baby here. Whatever Zayn. Have fun."

Is he drunk? Or just crazy? An even mix of both, probably.

"I'm not fighting with you Niall. I'm high, it's two in the morning, I don't want to drive with him. You have a key to my house, you can come whenever you want."

The blonde rolls his eyes and returns to his game. "You need to stop smoking." He says.

He's the one picking a fight now.

"Are you going to kiss me goodnight?" She changes the subject. They've been so good lately, she doesn't want to end their streak now.

"You're the one who wants to leave." What's his point.

"Yeah, I know. So are you going to kiss me goodbye?" Fucking crybaby.

Her crybaby. He's annoying but she loves him. Her wanting to leave wasn't supposed to start a fight, it was supposed to make him come pay attention to her.

"Bye Zayn." Her boyfriend waves.

Cool.

"Are you fucking serious?" Liam does not find this cool, apparently, what with the way he throws his controller down.

"Watch it, Liam." Harry warns calmly. He's probably not warning about Niall's controllers either, or maybe he is. Who knows with him.

Naturally, everybody ignores Harry.

"You aren't even paying attention to her, the least you could do is kiss her goodbye!" Liam spits.
Oh shit. Zayn should just go. She won't, but she should.

"Worry about your own girlfriend, Liam." Niall's annoyed.

"If my girlfriend wanted attention I wouldn't give her a hard time about it,"

"Stay the fuck out of it Liam. You and your whatever she is are nothing like me and Zayn, so you can get that shit out of your head right now."

"Niall," Zayn tries softly. Much like Harry, she's ignored.

Kind of, not really because in a split second, a literal blink of an eye Liam is in front of her. He grabs her cheeks with his hands and plants a big, wet kiss on her lips.

Chapter End Notes

does Liam have feelings for Zayn or was he just sick of Niall's shit?????? Hmmm
"Are you fucking serious, Liam?" Niall spits. He tosses his game controller and stands so abruptly his chair screeches and almost topples over.

"There's your goodbye kiss, Zayn. Sorry your 'boyfriend'" Liam makes air quotes with his fingers. "Is too much of a dick with no balls to do it himself,"
"No balls?" The furious, red faced blonde repeats. "When I dislodge your jaw will I have balls then?"

"Niall, don't-" Zayn has no idea what the fuck is happening??

"You shut the fuck up." Niall points his finger at her, scolding her like she's the one who kissed Liam. Liam kissed her for like half a second! "Get your ass in the house. Now."

"She's not a dog, Niall." Liam stands his ground.

Zayn is super worried. Sure, Niall is scrappy and a lot stronger than he looks but Liam has more muscles in his shoulders than Zayn has in her entire body. All he drinks is protein shakes. Zayn isn't so sure Niall would come out on top between the two of them...

"Why are you mad at me? I didn't do anything!" She begs her boyfriend to see that, if anything. They've been doing so well... moving forward in a mature relationship. Now this? They don't need this.

"Get the fuck in the house!" Spit flies out of his mouth when he screams in her face. What the hell?

Liam pushes Niall back with one hand. Immediately, like a reflex Niall punches the other man in his jaw, as promised. Zayn stumbles back, being knocked out of the way by Liam who in return punches Niall in his eye.

Fuck.

"Hey!" Harry screams. He looks pissed. Zayn would be too if she were him. After all, he's the one expected to break it up.

Harry locks his arms around Niall's waist and lifts him off of his feet- his usual go to move when he has to stop Niall from fighting.

"Enough! Liam enough!" The curly haired man yells. It's easier to get Liam to stop than it is to get Niall to stop. If Liam keeps going, Niall will too.

"He's a piece of shit, Zayn, you should of went with Justin when you had the chance." Liam spits, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand before storming out of the garage.

Great.
"Thanks so much for that, Liam!" The pregnant woman is five hundred percent sarcastic. This whole thing just got worse if Niall picked up on that.

Which... "Go where? Go with Justin where?" Of course he did.

"No where. You need to calm down, bro. Our kids are in the house. We can't do this, not here," Niall's best friend attempts to calm him down.

"He's just talking shit, baby," this shit killed Zayn's high. She should have stayed slumped on the couch with Louis.

"Let me find out you're lying, bitch. You'll never see me or my son again!"

Who the fuck does he think he is? He's just mad, she reminds herself. He can't take Zaidan from her. It's fucked up that he would even say that, because she never kept him away from Zaidan but whatever. He's just drunk, probably.

"Stop yelling at me!" Zayn yells. Why is he fighting her? She's on his fucking side!

"Get the fuck out of my face!"

She didn't even do anything to deserve this. She just wanted to go to bed with him. So, she does indeed get the fuck out of his face. She goes in the house and ignores Eleanor and Liam talking quietly in the kitchen, Eleanor still bouncing Zaidan. Zayn grabs her keys leaves.

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"Have you talked to Zayn yet?" Niall asks Louis while trying to calm his son.

It's been two days and nobody has seen or heard from Zayn. Well, nobody in this house at least. Niall's stressed out, he's had Zaidan the whole two days. He's a good baby, but due to lack of breast milk he had to make the decision on his own to start feeding the poor kid formula and Niall doesn't think he's adjusting to it.

Zaidan misses his milk machine. Niall can relate.

"No. That's what you get for treating people you love like shit." Harry's fiance is holding her own needy baby while trying to make sandwiches.

Cheese sandwiches, as demanded.

"Save it. I was drunk and you're no better." Niall's not the one who kissed someone. He thinks that's reason enough to be mad.

And if it wasn't, Zayn abandoning her kid and leaving Niall to raise him on his own sure is.

"That's what worked with me and Harry. I'm crazy, Harry has five hundred kinks and a lot of patience. Zayn and Harry are nothing alike. My relationship isn't exactly anything to idolize either, so stop."

Niall wants to be Louis so bad. Jokes, jokes. But he is a lot like her when she's mad. He never used to act like that, though. He used to be so chill.

"I don't idolize you." The blonde shifts his whimpering baby to his other shoulder, the current one is getting sore. "She kissed Liam. In front of my face."
"Liam kissed her, because you were being a dick." Harry tells her everything. Everything.

Louis sets Serenity in her big girl highchair at the table and gives her her sandwich. Aubree is napping, so Ren gets two today. If Aubs wants one later, then Ren will probably have three. That girl loves her sandwiches.

"Kiss your girlfriend, man. It's not that hard. You should be happy someone as hot as Zayn wants attention from you,"

Louis doesn't get it, why Zayn's so crazy over Niall. According to Louis' suspicions Niall's dick isn't even that big. And he's an ass hole. You can't be that cocky and have a little pecker, it doesn't work that way. Unless...

"If she would have went in the house like I told her to Liam wouldn't have kissed her." The blonde remains stubborn as ever on this one.

The brunette however, rolls her eyes. "You can't blame Zayn for that. She didn't ask him to do it."

Louis is actually a little jealous and when she pretends to go shopping later (while she sits in her car around the corner to call Zayn) she's going to ask for details. Zayn texted her this morning and said she could call her later, just not to tell Niall or Harry. Because Harry will probably tell Niall.

"So you're on his side?" Niall accuses.

Honestly, probably yeah. Louis thinks Zayn deserves a nice (hot), honest (hot), and caring (hot) man like Liam. It's unfortunate Zayn fell for Niall first, when Liam was around the whole time. Louis actually wishes she wasn't so far up Harry's ass back then to get her a piece of Liam before he became off limits.

"No, of course not."

This kid is like a little brother to her. He's annoying and always wrong usually but Louis has his back through mostly everything. It's hard when she has Zayn's back through literally everything and it's them two fighting.

"I wanna kill him. And her. Who does she think she is just leaving this little guy and disappearing?"

"Would you rather she took him and disappeared? She probably left him so you could spend time with him while she cools down." Lie. Bold faced lie.

Zayn's not at home and she's not at her parents house. It's not hard to guess where she is.

"She better not give me shit about his formula when she comes back, either."

Louis smiles sadly at her dumb little brother. "She won't. I'm proud of you," Niall as a dad is cute, a lot less of a joke than she thought he'd be.

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"That is not- no, okay. You're dead wrong." Justin insists.

"I'm not though. Not even a little, actually." Zayn knows what's up, she's got a head on her shoulders or whatever.

"Pineapples belong on cakes, it's a federal crime punishable by law to put fruit on a pizza." Boom.
She just dropped all that knowledge on him. Who finished college and who didn't here? You'd think he'd know this shit, with that fancy degree he got.

Zayn tells him as much, earning a loud, surprised laugh. "My degree wasn't in law, but I'm pretty sure there aren't actually any laws about pizzas. And if there was, it would say there has to be pineapples on it or its un-eatable."

She just blinks at him. They're both high, but this much stupidity is inexcusable. "Inedible, one. Two, no. That's disgusting. Order your gross pizza and just get me cheese bread, you insufferable shit."

He thinks he won, but he didn't. Technically it sort of looks like he did, but he didn't. Zayn can't really explain how she won on an empty stomach though, so she doesn't say anything about how he definitely didn't win this argument.

Justin sighs, giving her that annoyingly soft look he always gives before he does something super annoying.

"What if I told you I already ordered it through my app and I got you a plain cheese with mushroom?"

He's such a brat. "You're such a brat!" See. That's how she won. He did it anyway, ordered the /good/ pizza.

Zayn's phone vibrates on the table in front of them. It's probably Niall again. She should just shut it off... She has no intention of talking to him for a while. Hopefully this will be the time that she doesn't go back to him, since apparently nothing between them will change.

"I don't mean to pry, but what if he's calling about Zorro?" Justin is staring at Niall and Zaidan's picture on her screen. A sweet little picture of them sleeping together appears every time he calls. 

="/Zaidan/ is fine. I talked to Louis earlier." Her best friend sent her some pictures of Zaidan. Of course she misses her baby but it's nice to just chill and not have responsibilities anymore. It's temporary. Zaidan is in good hands. She's not worried.

"Yeah, okay. It's none of my business anyway,"

All Justin knows is that her and Niall broke up again and she left the baby with him because she was high when she left at three in the morning. She showed up at Justin's around four. It took a lot of restraint- probably on both of their parts, to not tell him to, well. Fuck her. He answered the door topless and he always smells so good. She has a little crush, alright.

"Nah, it's not. But you're alright. You have a reason to ask, I am staying at your house after all." Niall would obviously find her at her house, and her parents house. Who has money for a hotel? She doesn't have anything other friends besides Josh, and he's still at the frat. That's too far.

"You can always come here. Stay as long as you want, you know that." He reaches for her hand, tangling their fingers together on her lap.

She's suddenly feeling shy. She doesn't get shy. What the hell? It must be the weed.

"You're always so shy," he nudges her and yeah, no. She's not shy.

"I'm shy?" She ask with a breathy laugh.
He nods. Zayn doesn't even think about it before surging forward and kissing him. He's surprised at first, he only takes all of three seconds before he starts kissing back.

So, within just a few days she's already kissed more guys (two not including Niall) than she has in last few years. She feels kind of like a slut. And she likes it, so maybe that's not a bad thing.

Justin's hand cups her crotch through her sweats. It's all too much, Zayn pulls away first. It was just a kiss. A friendly kiss. With a little tongue. That's probably it.

"Too much?" He asks quietly. He's panting and his lips are still slick with her spit.

Zayn nods a little. "Too fast. I- I don't want anyone to get hurt,"

By anyone she means him. If Zayn were to hook up with him it would be casual for her but he's made it very clear he likes her. Like likes her.

"I can be whatever you want me to be,"

She vaguely wonders how many different women he's said that too. If he means it or if it's another line in another attempt to get her in bed.

"Anything you want me to be." He repeats.

Fuck it. Zayn kisses him again. Kinda because she wants to but mostly to shut him up. He can't just say shit like that when she's feeling... like this.
Chapter 49

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not replying to all of the comments earlier! My WiFi was slow and I updated 15 minutes before I had to be at work lol

Emo chapter but I have plans okay don't worry good things coming eventually (after one or two really bad things yikes)

"I'm going to murder you." Louis promises as soon as her best friend answers the phone.

Zayn laughs like Louis' playing with her. She's not. She's been plotting for a week now.

"Chill. I'm going to come get Zaidan when Niall's at work," Zayn doesn't want to see Niall if she doesn't have to. She does miss her fat baby though. It's been a whole week without him.


She's been the one watching Zaidan while Niall's been at work for a couple days. Literally only a couple. Niall took the baby to his mom's yesterday, told Louis not to say anything. So, she's not going to. If Zayn doesn't like the way Niall parents their son, Zayn shouldn't have left him with their son. That's just Louis' opinion, though.

Zayn rolls her eyes, petting her fingers through Justin's hair. He's taking a nap on her lap because he thinks he's a kitten instead of a full sized man.

"Why are /you/ going to kill me, then?"

"You kissed Liam!" The brunette screeches. Serenity whimpers in her sleep from the loud noise, so Louis kisses her head and goes to the kitchen to let her babies sleep in peace.

"No! No Louis, he kissed me,"

Just as Zayn thinks Louis is about to start yelling at her for cheating on Niall or some shit (Justin doesn't count. Zayn and Niall broke up when she left.) Louis surprises her by saying: "What was it like?"

Zayn barks out a surprised laugh, taking her hand out of Justin's soft hair to cover her mouth with it.

"Honestly, scary. I don't remember how it felt, but I was scared."

That alone shows her relationship with Niall wasn't right. Zayn didn't do anything and she was still scared of his reaction. For good reason, apparently.

"He's got nice lips." Louis sighs. Harry's lips are ridiculous as well. And his tongue...

"I guess? I haven't noticed."
Louis hates Zayn so much. Why is Liam attracted to her and not Louis? She's always around for him to decide he wants to kiss her. Harry won't even beat him up if he does.

"Didn't you fuck him too?" God. She hates Zayn so much. "Was it big?" Of course it's big.

"Ah, no actually I didn't." Zayn sounds awkward. She's hiding something...

"But..." Louis coaxes. Come on, bitch. She doesn't have all day.

"It was a long time ago."

And??? Cryptic, suspenseful ass bitch.

"What was a long time ago?"

Zayn clears her throat, whispering to someone in the background. Probably Justin. Zayn's obsessed with him for some reason Louis will never understand.

"I didn't do anything with him that night at Josh's house. Do you remember that? I think we were still in high school,"

Louis vaguely remembers that night. She was very drunk but every time she had sex with Harry she sobered up. She remembers Zayn and Liam flirting, and Niall being sad.

"Yeah, I remember." She half lies so Zayn will continue.

"We were going to--"

Louis chokes on her drink. She fucking knew it.

"But we didn't because we didn't have a condom... that would, you know. Fit him."

Jesus take the wheel cause Louis is about to crash this mother fucker. Louis starts screaming, nothing coherent but she doesn't know how else to express the shock she is feeling right now.

"He offered to, you know. Finger me and stuff, but I was tired and after I seen that I was honestly a little scared,"

Louis unmutes the phone. (She had to mute while she screamed, Zayn always gets mad and hangs up when Louis does that.) "Was it long, or just fat?"

She's not asking for a friend. This is need to know information. She's asking about Niall's next.

Zayn groans. "Both, Louis."

So that's why Eleanor walks like that. Huh.

"Mhm, so if Liam's is, oh I don't know. The size of my forearm, how big would Niall's be?"

Zayn hangs up. Selfish bitch. Always so stingy with her information.

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"You sure you don't want me to come with you?" Justin offers, hand possessively wrapped around Zayn's thigh. That's how big his hand is. It can grab most of Zayn's entire thigh.

"Nah." That will just make things worse. Uglier. "I'll be alright. Thanks babe,"
Justin smiles, smug yet shy from the pet name. Zayn calls everyone babe, but whatever. It's cute. They aren't dating or anything but, well. They're a little more than friends if last night meant anything. And this morning. And after their nap. And an hour ago before Zayn got ready.

"You sure you're gonna want a baby staying here? He cries, you know. And we can't smoke around him, can't do this in front of him," she gestures to his hand that has crept its way from her leg to her crotch.

She let him. She literally shifted her legs so he'd have more room.

"I know. I'm getting it out of my system." He's such a dork. "Besides, I miss him. And I love babies. I'm totally cool with smoking in my room and fucking you when he's asleep." He smiles all big an innocent. He's anything but that. Innocent, he's anything but innocent. Big, yes. Innocent, no.

Zayn's eyes flicker from his to his lips, which are so so so pink and fucking smirking. "Alright. I have to go now or I never will."

Justin lays back on the sofa, spread out lazily watching her as she gets up. "Cool. I'll get the baby's room situated,"

"It's mine too. I'm not sharing a room with you." She reminds him with a roll of her eyes while she puts her boots on.

"You might start off in Zaidan's room but you'll end up in mine, sweetheart."

He says it like a joke even though they both know it isn't. The wittiest response she has is to slam the door on her way out.

*

When Zayn gets to the house Niall's truck isn't there and Louis and Aubree are sleeping on the couch. That probably means Serenity is sleeping in her parents bed or off doing something bad. Zayn doesn't investigate.

Instead she goes downstairs to collect Zaidan's stuff. He's probably napping in Louis' room or something. Zayn goes straight for Niall's room and grabs one of the bags she left there, immediately stuffing it with anything that's hers or Zaidan's. She notices a case of canned formula but doesn't dwell on it. It'll surely keep her up tonight and make her feel worse than she already does.

"Get out."

Zayn jumps at the voice, dropping her backpack.

It's Niall. He's standing in the doorway with his arms crossed over his chest.

"You can take your things but take my son's stuff out of your bag."

He's such a fucking ass hole.

"Where is he? Where's your truck?" Zayn didn't even know Niall was here. Shit. She figured he'd be at work.

"Neither are any of your business." Niall checks his wristwatch. "You have three minutes to get your things before I call the police to remove you."
What the hell. Zayn laughs at how pathetic her baby daddy is.

"I'm here for my son. I'm taking him with me."

Niall raises an eyebrow, giving her a bored look. "Were you here for him when you left him?"

"I didn't leave him, I left you there's a difference."

She couldn't take him. Sometimes it hurts to be around Zaidan when Niall hurts her. It's not his fault, but it's how she feels. If she took him, who knows what she would have done. So yes. She did leave him, for his own safety and her sanity.

"Two minutes."

"Where's my kid? Go ahead and call the police so I can tell them you're hiding my son from me."

"He's my son." Niall smiles. It's a sick, twisted and demented smile. It's a scary smile. "Don't worry, he's young. He won't even remember who you are. Probably already forgot you," the blonde shrugs one shoulder.

She hates him. Zayn hates him so much. She angrily wipes the tears off of her cheeks. "That's not true. Where is my baby?"

"You're at less than a minute. If I were you I'd stop standing around and start packing my shit. But then again, I'm not you. I could never be so heartless."

He is heartless, though. He claims to love her but he's so mean.

"I'm taking my son." Zayn knocks into him on her way out, storming upstairs to find her baby.

She's so disgusted and angry she ever wasted her time on him. Why did she have to have Zaidan with such a cruel person? She doesn't deserve this.

Zayn walks past Serenity drawing on the hallway wall and goes straight to Louis' room. The bed is empty. Before she panics, she goes back to Serenity and crouches down to her height. When the toddler notices her, she holds the marker away from Zayn like she's scared Aunt Zee will take it.

"I'm not gonna take it, Ren. Where's your cousin? Do you know where the baby is?"

Relief floods through her when Serenity nods and smiles. "Yeah, baby."

"Can you show me? Show me where the baby is,"

Serenity pushes herself up and starts walking. Her hair is wild and she's only wearing her big girl underwear and one sock. If that doesn't scream Louis' spawn then what does?

The toddler stops in front of the couch where Aubree and Louis are sleeping and holds out her hands like she's presenting them.

"My baby," she points to her sister.

Of course. Fuck.

"And Liam's, that's him baby too but, but him at work and not Niaaaaall because him is sad." She pulls at the corners of her lips, dragging them down to a big frown.
There's a lump in Zayn's throat and she can't deal with this right now. "I'll be right back." She tells her niece so she doesn't like, worry or anything. Whatever.

She's furious when she storms down the stairs for the second time. Niall's standing there, texting on his phone so she throws what's in her hand at him, not even caring that it's her phone. She's never been so angry.

"Ow!"

"Where the fuck is my kid?" She charges at him, punching with a closed fist. Her very first fight and it's with Niall. Go figure.

"Get the fuck away from me," he shields himself with her hands. "Stop before I hit your ass back!"

"Do it bitch!" Zayn's furious. Who the fuck does he think he is hiding her baby from her?

He keeps blocking his face so she kicks him in his bad knee. He doubles over in pain and starts moaning, holding his knee. Good. She hopes she broke it.

"Tell me where the fuck my kid is or I swear to god I'll crack both of your kneecaps!" She promises with a loud slap to his face.

Something in him snaps and he pushes her, closing his fist. She's scared. If he hits her back he'll win.

"Where is he?" She demands.

"Fuck you! You don't love him! How could you just leave him like that? You don't fucking love anybody but yourself!"

He's probably not talking about Zaidan. He's probably talking about her leaving him. He told her to get out of his face, repeatedly. All she wanted was attention. Any time she wanted attention, it was always a problem. Clearly.

"Get the fuck out of my house!" Spit flies out of his mouth, he's all red in the face. "Go back to your little boyfriend, you fucking whore."

Zayn punches him again in his chest this time. "I never did anything to you for you to do this to me. All I want is my son."

"Yeah and I never did anything for you to go around fucking my friends but that didn't stop you, did it?"

How does he know about that? He's probably just talking shit, because she never actually fucked Justin until last night and she watched his phone die while he was playing candy crush. He never charged it, it stayed dead on the coffee table up until she left. It's probably still there, she bets.

"I didn't fuck Liam?" She plays dumb. Only because she doesn't want more problems that are guaranteed to come up if he finds out about her and Justin.

Which, is dumb. Niall clearly only wants her when it's convenient for him to have a girlfriend and any other time is a big issue. Clearly. Look at where they are now because he wouldn't even kiss her. It's actually really embarrassing how hung up on him she was. Is? Was? Whatever.

"That pricks not my friend. And neither is Justin, but I'm sure you already know that, or did it not
come up when you had his dick in your mouth?"

That definitely never happened. He gave her head but she hasn't returned the favor yet. So, Niall's clearly talking shit and jumping to conclusions.

"Why are you so obsessed with him? He's my friend too."

Niall stands there with his hands on his hips, chewing his bottom lip. "You go get your nails done with my money while I took care of our son?" He nods at her manicure.

That day was actually really nice. She woke up sad so Justin insisted she get her nails done and they went out to eat after. He even sat with her and waited the entire time. It was probably boring for him but it was fun for her.

"No? Don't act like you did so much for me, either. Everything you gave me went towards Zaidan." And weed but she'll deny that to her death. Her mom and dad give her money too, so it's not all Niall's anyway.

"Mhm, I'm sure. My key to your apartment is upstairs on the counter. If you want to see my son, I'd suggest getting a lawyer. Maybe you'll get weekends." He shrugs and tries to walk past her. She notices a little limp, so his knee probably is fucked again. Good.

She punches him in the back of the head repeatedly before he can get too far. She's so angry at him and herself. Her hitting him will solve nothing and she knows that but she's so fucking mad.

Niall turns around and slaps her. It stings and it stuns her. Not that it isn't deserved. It's more surprising than it should be.

"You think doing that is going to make me give him back?" Niall's eyes are wild, he's pissed.

"He's mine! Why are you doing this? You're going to keep my child away from me because I don't want to be with you? I never kept him from you! Never!" She's crying now, tears streaming steadily down her face.

She's so mad. All she wanted was to get her baby. Not this, not for him to be hidden from her like she's some sort of unfit parent incapable of taking care of him. She's not. She is a good mother. Look at all of the sacrifices she's made for him, everything she's done to take care of him. One little break and suddenly she's being told she doesn't love her baby? What kind of monster would say something like that?

"Since when don't you want to be with me, Zayn? If you didn't want to be with me then why were you? One little thing and you up and leave. It's so easy for you to leave us and a week later you decide you're ready to come back? Fuck you. That's why I never wanted to marry your pathetic ass."

Zayn ignores all of that. She doesn't have a response for it anyway.

"Where's my kid? I just want my kid,"

Niall licks his teeth and takes a step forward, coming closer to her. She's disgusted with herself that her first thought is he's going to hug and right now she's so sad she'd be okay with it. Maybe he was right, she is a little pathetic.

"Call me when this one comes out." He pokes her stomach with two fingers, letting them linger on her belly. "When you decide you don't want to be apart of its life anymore, I'll raise that one on my
Zayn pushes his hand away. "I hate you." She croaks through her tears. "I'll never forgive you for this. You ruined my life."

Niall nods, blinking slow. "You ruined me, so I guess we're even."

She wants to stand to look at his stupid face anymore. She pushes passed him, taking the stairs two at a time.

"Zayn?" Louis' in the kitchen holding a rag, Serenity's on the counter with a yellow mustache and beard. "What happened?"

Zayn shakes her head leaves. Louis will get part of the story from Niall and the full truth from Zayn later. Right now she needs to go smoke before she has an anxiety attack.
Niall is exhausted. He's been working and getting up with Zaidan in the middle of the night when the little boy thinks three in the morning is play time, and he's been trying to keep up with his... side business. All in all everything is running smoothly, except he's tired as hell. The man's been getting an average of four or five hours of sleep for last the few days.

Mostly because he has to stay on guard and alert in case Zayn randomly pops back in. Maybe he wouldn't be so tired if he didn't love her. It's emotionally draining doing everything with a broken heart.

Currently, he's washing bottles while Zaidan sits in his baby chair on the counter next to him. He has bags under his eyes blacker than his baby mommas heart but Zaidan is wide awake, chewing on daddy's phone.

"You hungry, boy? Don't eat that. It's no good." The dad's not worried about it. He has a phone case that will protect the phone from any drool and it's keeping Zaidan entertained.

"Daddy's gonna get you some dinner in a minute, okay chunky?"

Naturally the only answer he receives is big, beautiful golden eyes staring up at him as his wet mouth soaks dad's phone.

"Aww. Look at you, Nialler." Louis coos. As always, Serenity is clinging to her side. "This is cute, but he can't be in that chair yet,"

Niall rolls his eyes. "He's fine." His son is advanced.
"If he throws his head back his neck will-"

"He sits up all the time. His neck is fine." The single dad appreciates the help or whatever but. Enough is enough. If he wants help, he'll ask for it.

"Okay. You're his dad." Louis takes the hint and backs off.

Niall gets one of Zaidan's bottles of previously boiled water and adds the correct amount of formula to it before shaking it all together. He laughs because Zaidan is watching him. The baby dropped the phone when he seen Niall with the bottle. He always gets quiet when daddy's making his bottles. After Niall puts it in the microwave he unbuckles his boy from his blue chair and picks him up.

"I always knew you'd look great as a dad."

Niall whips around to see Eleanor just sitting at the table, smiling. How long has she been there?
What the fuck. Fucking weirdo. She's always here. He's beginning to think all that shit about New York was exactly that, shit.

"Uh, thanks." Niall turns back around, him and Zaidan both watching the microwave, waiting for it to beep already.

"So like, is Zayn out of town or something?" By the sounds of her voice, Eleanor is coming closer.

Now where's her boyfriend? Niall should fuck Eleanor in the ass on Liam's bed for causing all this shit between him and Zayn.

Niall huffs through his nose. "Probably." He takes the bottle out, giving the now warm milk another shake just to be thorough.

"Well, if you ever need anything. You know my number." His ex smiles beside him.

The dad shifts to baby so he's laying on his back in his daddy's arms and sticks the rubber nipple in his mouth. Zaidan immediately starts sucking. Hungry little thing.

"I don't. But thanks." He goes downstairs, carefully so he doesn't disturb the baby. He just wanted to get away from Eleanor, honestly. He doesn't know her number and he doesn't need help.

***

"Hey, so I was thinking," Harry says between bites of Louis' chips he keeps stealing. "For like, the night before we get married we should be traditional or whatever and not see each other until the wedding. Would you want to do something like that?"

Louis pouts, making sad and miserable little sounds. She lays her head on Harry's shoulder, hanging on tight to his arm as if he'll leave any second without warning.

"No. But if that's what you want to do, I guess we can." She'll miss him. The wedding is over a month away and she already misses him.

"We'll facetime while we fall asleep like we did before we lived together." Harry promises, resting his cheek on top of her head.

They usually fell asleep on the phone every single night they couldn't be with each other. Each morning Harry would hang up and call her right back so she'd wake up for school, and when she wasn't in school just so he could tell her he loved her. They didn't start face timing until a couple months before Harry moved in.

"I can't believe I'm marrying you." The bride to be sighs. "I should leave you at the alter."

"You definitely should not leave me at the alter." Harry counters.

He's so dumb. Louis would never leave him. Look at all these kids they have. She can't deal with them and not have her Harry time at the end of the day.

"I'm gonna leave you at the alter." Louis decides, snuggling closer to him. "Find me a new man to marry."

"Mm. Make sure he can afford a honeymoon. Go somewhere nice, with beaches. Think of me while you sip fruity drinks out of coconuts."

Aw. Now Louis feels sad. She shouldn't have joked...
"Hey," she looks up into the love of her life's green eyes, her favorite color. "You know I don't care about any of that, right? Our honeymoon could be us watching Netflix in our bed with McDonald's or something and it'll still be perfect."

She means it, too. Harry is so young and has already accomplished so much. He takes care of Louis and their babies while his friends his age are out partying and traveling. He sacrificed all of that for their family. Louis admires the fuck out of him.

Especially because she expected him to fail. She only just stopped having doubts when they bought this house. After that, she always knew he would find a way to take care of them.

"I know." He sighs. "But you deserve beautiful beaches and expensive wine, nice clothes and fancy-"

"But I have you." She reminds him. "Just the fact that you want all of that stuff for me is... that's good enough."

This is too sweet of a talk to be having with clothes on. Louis bites him to break the intensity.

"You owe me a foot rub for getting sappy while The Walking Dead is on."

Harry doesn't not do it.

***

Zayn doesn't think about Niall until she's about to come. Any other time, she has no problem thinking about something else when something reminds her of him. Which, is quite often.

She still hasn't seen Zaidan, because according to Louis Niall and Zaidan haven't been there since Zayn came by. She's miserable and broken hearted and Justin is the distraction she needs, or probably doesn't need but it hurts a lot less when he's around.

"Mmm, no. Thank you, but no," Zayn pulls Justin's face away from her crotch.

Justin smiles a little confused. "Who says thank you to head? No, actually, who turns down head?"

Zayn would roll her eyes, but there's something else on her mind. His distracting presence isn't as strong today.

"Hey, there's something I have to tell you." If they're gonna keep doing this, he deserves to know. Then he can decide if he still wants Zayn or if he just wants to be friends. Or cut her off completely. That would suck.

"Go for it." Everything is always so easy with him. Hopefully this will be too.

She waits for him to settle beside her before she says anything.

"I'm pregnant." Zayn shrugs.

She's in the same exact position she was in the last time she was pregnant. Niall-less and scared, except this time with even less. No job, no schooling. Her parents are probably so disappointed in her. And how long does Niall think he's going to keep Zaidan? Her life is a mess.

"Oh," he surprises her by laying his hand on her tummy. It's still big from her last pregnancy. "Is it... um. Is it,"
"It's Niall's." She's too in her feelings to remind them they just had sex for the first time a couple days ago. He's been pretty responsible with condoms too. Wears one every time, no reminder needed.

"Oh." He repeats. His hand slides off of her.

"I should've told you sooner. I'm sorry. Shit, I can go if you want,"

Justin pulls her back as soon as she starts trying to get up. "You don't have to go. You should have told me sooner, but you don't have to go. I'm here however you want me, remember?"

She's so, so grateful that someone is being nice to her. God, how pathetic is that? Zayn doesn't know how to express that without crying and making an ass out of herself so she just kisses him. She doesn't love him like that, she's definitely not in love with him. But he's nice, she needs nice right now.

***

"Oh, what up Alan?" Josh makes a weird face when Niall walks to his table.

Niall rips off his sunglasses and tosses them on the table. He's got Zaidan in a carrier strapped to the front of his chest. He's noticed the women looking at him like he's a piece of meat since he walked in and no, he's not interested.

"What the fuck are you talking about, man?" The dad snorts. Fucking college kids.

"The glasses, and the-" Josh mimes having straps on his shoulders. "Carlos,"

Ohhhhh, now Niall gets it. "That's Harry. I'm Phil," the hot one.

"Harry's not fat," Niall's soon to be former friend points out.

"Yeah, neither am I. I'm fuckin' ripped, right Zai?" Niall takes the straps off of his shoulders and takes his smiling fat baby out. "You wanna go see uncle Josh, buddie?"

"Ah, come here big guy!" Josh reaches across the table for giggling baby. Daddy is so funny!

"It's so cool that Zayn's cool with you like, taking him out by yourself and stuff." On his lap, Zaidan makes curious faces at the stranger. He's seconds from crying, Niall can tell by looking at him.

"She doesn't have a choice." He leans back in his booth, crunching on the ice from Josh's soda. "That's my kid. I'm having another one soon. She's about ten or eleven weeks,"

"Wait, what? Zayn's pregnant again?" Zaidan lip starts quivering. He's not liking uncle Josh...

"Mhm." Niall confirms.

He's not gonna lie, as weird as it may sound he was excited and pumped for Zaidan. The second one... not so much. Maybe because it's too soon, or because Zayn revealed herself as a careless whore. Niall can't believe he would ever put his seed in such trash. At least his kid is blessed with beautiful eyes and a head full of good hair. That's about all Zayn's ever done for the poor baby.

"But, are you sure it's... mm. Never mind, here. Take him," Josh passes over the now whining baby boy, frowning when he realizes it was his drink Niall was chugging. "Dick,"
"Am I sure about what? Don't be like that, all secretive and shit. Besides Harry you're my only friend," he attempts to guilt trip the college boy whilst accidentally making himself look pathetic.

It's not his fault all of his "friends" try to fuck his baby Momma. It's definitely not his fault that his baby Momma let's them either.

Justin sighs, waiting for the waitress to leave before he starts talking again. "Are you sure it's yours, man?" He says, all nervous and hushed. "She's been spending a lot of time at... uh, well,"

"Justin's. I know. Even if the kid isn't mine, it's mine. You know what I mean? Even if he isn't mine, he's mine." Niall refers to the drooly baby now sucking on his daddy's knuckle, peaceful and content to be back on dad's lap.

"You doubt him?" Josh gestures to Zaidan.

Niall nods. "Sometimes. Lately I've been doubting the last two years of my life completely."

Zayn ruined him. She made him want a life he never even thought about, made him do all kinds of stupid shit. People aren't fucking around when they say love makes you stupid. He bought a fucking house. He's a dad now, all because Zayn had a pretty smile around babies.

There's also the time he started selling drugs while he was on probation due to Zayn related incidences so that he could buy her nice things. Zayn has expensive taste. Niall would have broke his back to get her the shit she wanted. And where did that get him? No where. He looks fucking stupid.

"I don't know, Ni. After you left school Zayn kind of stopped coming around. I only ever seen her in class or if I went to her work-"

"What did you go to her work for?" Niall practically growls.

See. That was a year ago and he's still ready to fight because of it. What a dumb ass.

"For pizza, bro. Calm down." Josh tries not to laugh in his face. He's a good friend.

"Okay, so she wasn't publicly fucking other dudes. What about the minute after we break up and she moves in with Justin? Last year, and this year."

If that doesn't seem fishy to him, he's a fucking idiot. Niall's a fucking idiot too. Girls like Eleanor and Zayn are perfect examples of why you shouldn't fall for a pretty smile.

"According to him he thought he was helping her out. She needed a place to stay, he had a free room. I don't know what's going on with him now but I do know that I'm on your side about this. He's fucked up for that."

Josh keeps it vague for Niall's benefit. It's also in Niall's benefit that he doesn't mention Justin saying the things Niall used to say about Zayn- about how she made him want to do something with his life. Justin has flat out confessed to Josh that he's in love with Zayn and despite Josh's warnings Justin still pursued her.

"They both are. How is she all about me, only wanting me for all these years until she finally has me, then she wants everybody else? Fuck her. After she has my kid I hope she gets hit by a fucking bus."

And he would like to be driving this fucking bus.
So after the larry wedding which is in like the next three or four chapters I've been thinking about possibly a 5 year time jump?? If I do that, should I keep it on this book or go to a book 2? Helpppp friends xoxoxoxo
Chapter 51

On day thirteen without Zaidan, Niall finally agrees to meet up with Zayn and talk things out. She doesn't know if Zaidan will be there, but she really hopes he is. She just wants her son back, doesn't care to have Niall back. In fact, getting back with Niall is the last thing on her mind.

When she walks into the restaurant Niall picked for them to meet at she spots him immediately. He's playing on his phone, the car seat in the booth next to him is covered with a blanket. Relief floods through her. There's no way in hell she's letting Niall leave with that baby. The first few days, Zayn needed a break. Everyday after that Niall would ignore her calls and texts. Louis said he wasn't home, his truck wasn't at his parents house either. Zayn drove by a few times.

The second she sits down she's met with a hard stare. She tries to return it, but she somewhat fails. She's nervous, too nervous to look mad.

Zayn doesn't really do well with confrontation, obviously.

"Is he sleeping?" She asks in a hushed tone.

"He may not even be in there. Whether you find that out or not depends on the answers you give me."

"You think I'll ever come back to you after you kept my child from me?" Zayn can't believe him. He's disgusting and not at all who she thought he was.

"I don't want you back." Niall scoffs. Yeah, okay.

Zayn just sighs. "Then what do you want to know, Niall?" She specifically told him over their texts she just wants to get Zaidan back.

When it was her who was mad at him, she always let Niall have Zaidan whenever he wanted. Now he gets a little bit of power and acts a fucking fool with it.

"Is Zaidan mine?" His blue eyes are like ice, facial expression still stern.

"You question if he's yours yet you keep him from me? You kidnapped a child you don't even believe is yours?" If Zayn weren't terrified of breaking her mother's heart, she'd of called her and asked her to contact the family lawyer to sue Niall.

For everything.
"I still want to raise him, but I know you fucked around on me and I'd like to find out from you rather than a DNA test if he's mine or not,"

Oh, so he's put some thought into this then. Okay.

Zayn has to remind herself to stay cool. Stay calm so this bitch can hand her baby over.

"I never, ever fucked around on you. Ever. My heart, mind, and soul belonged to you," she's so angry. So fucking angry because that's the truth. All of the opportunities she had to cheat on him and she decided to stay faithful. For what? This? Fucking bull shit.

Niall chews the corner of his mouth but doesn't say shit about Zayn's confession. "Move your hair away from you neck." He demands instead. Wow.

"Why?" Zayn knows why though. He's petty as fuck for this.

"Why not?" So he won't admit it's because he wants to see if she has hickeys then.

Zayn knows for sure that she doesn't. Well, she has one but it's on her butt. That was as a joke and yeah. Her neck is clear, so to get this show on the road she ties her hair up with hair tie on her wrist. She even pulls the collar of her shirt lower, revealing the tops of her breasts which are also free of love bites.

"How do I know that the baby in your stomach is mine?" Niall challenges.

Zayn shrugs. "If you don't believe me, that's on you. We're not here for the fetus or to talk about us. We're here because I want my son."

"What makes you think you deserve him?"

Oh, this again. Now he's going to tell her that she doesn't love her baby again. God, how was she ever in love with such a monster?

"He needs me, I'm his mother. You're okay with letting him grow up without a mother because you can't get over your petty-"

"You left him!" Niall raises his voice. A few people around the restaurant look at them, neither of them care.

Granted, they probably should have done this somewhere else, but. It is what it is.

"With you, in good hands. I got myself together, stabled myself and I fucking came back. Maybe it was selfish or whatever to leave him but I had to, Niall."

Zayn wasn't emotionally capable of taking care of him and that's the truth. She was angry and hurt and she never, ever wants to take that out on Zaidan. She needed a minute to gather herself. She did not abandon her baby.

"Yeah? Well what if you 'have to' leave him when I'm not around to take care of him? Then what?"

"I know when to ask for help, Niall! Don't make it seem like I neglected him, I'm a good mother!"

"I don't want my son around your flavor of the week."

Every time Zayn answers his questions with good answers, he changes the subject. She notices this immediately. He wants her to fuck up. He wants her to fail and look bad and that's bull shit at its
"I don't have a 'flavor of the week' Niall. I've done nothing to make you think otherwise." Zayn has been embarrassingly faithful to his stupid ass for years.

Justin doesn't count, either. Her and Niall are broken up, it's not cheating. She deserves to be around a man who makes her feel pretty and good about herself. Unfortunately for Niall that man just so happens to be his ex best friend.

"People have been telling me that kid isn't mine."

He better be referring to the one inside her, because if he ever refers to Zaidan as "that kid" Zayn will cut his throat.

Well. Probably not literally, but metaphorically.

"What people? The voices in your head?" Zayn snaps.

"How many other guys have you been with while you were with me? We're not together. You have no reason to keep lying."

"Exactly, Niall! Yet you still accuse me of lying," she points out.

Niall looks away, defeated. After a few seconds of silence, he takes the blanket off of the car seat. Zaidan's in there, sleeping so, so peacefully. Her baby.

Niall takes him out carefully, cradling the boy to his chest and kissing the top of his hair.

"This doesn't mean he's going home with you." The pettiest man in the world says.

Zayn doesn't care, because he's passing the somehow still sleeping, perfect baby boy across the table. She almost cries when she kisses her son for the first time in thirteen fucking days.

"Hey buddy," the mother coos at her baby boy. He's waking up, he hears his mommy's voice. "I missed you so much, my lovely."

Zaidan opens his eyes, giving mommy a grumpy look for waking him up. When she tells him good morning, his chunky cheeks light up and he gives her a big gummy smile. He loves his Momma.

"Is he still sleeping through the night? He's due for shots soon," thirteen days felt like thirteen hundred years. She missed him so much.

"You would know these things if you didn't walk out on us."


That night was... too much. Hormones and probably the weed make her clingy and needy. She needed attention and Niall embarrassed her.

"One little thing and you walk away." Niall shakes his head. He does some sort of signal when the waitress starts walking over, whatever it means it makes her turn around. Okay then.

"That little thing was what pushed me over the edge. Before he was even born I told you I wanted our own place and some sort of commitment. But what happened? Instead we went back and forth from your friends house to the house my dad had to get me,"
They're her friends too, whatever. She knows. It's just... that's not the point here.

"We were engaged, you're the one who called it off."
"Your proposal was "should we get married? Here," word for word. Literally."

And of course her dumb ass was happy. She doesn't (and didn't) want to get married tomorrow or anything, just the promise that it would happen was enough. Now he's got her out here as a single mom who's jobless and a college drop out. It's embarrassing. All he does is embarrass her and bring shame to her name.

Niall sighs, dragging his hand over his face. He looks as exhausted as Zayn feels. "I never expected us to end like this."

She broke up with him, she wanted the end before he even knew there was an end, so why does him confirming this is the end leave this empty feeling in her heart? It's sadder than it should be.

"Never." Zayn agrees.

She always thought her and Niall would be perfect and happy. It sure felt that way in the beginning, before Niall got crazy and Zayn got... pregnant. She loves her baby more than anything but having him put a lot if stress on their relationship.

"Is there a car seat in your car?" Zaidan's dad asks. Zayn nods. "Take him. I'll text you in two days and we can work out a schedule and... child support, or whatever."

Fuck yeah. Not that Zayn needed his permission to take her baby, but knowing he's not going to fight her on it makes her a lot more relieved.

"I don't want your money," well. She does, but not like this. Not legally. She wanted it when it was for their house and their life together. Like this? As child support? Zayn doesn't want it. "Just buy him what he needs and please never hide him from me again."

She should be petty and change her number as soon as her and Zaidan leave but she won't. She isn't the type to keep a father from his son. Zayn will risk it and be worried the entire time Zaidan is with Niall in the future rather than keep them apart because she isn't petty. Zaidan will need Niall growing up as much as he'll need Zayn.

"Please never leave him with Eleanor again. She's fine to hold him, but I had no idea you left him there with her. I was really fucking drunk when I found out and I had to let her watch him because she wasn't." Niall explains.

"Do you not trust her?" Zayn is on the edge, only trusts her because Louis does. But Zayn is a respectful co-parent, and if Niall trust Eleanor with Zaidan then Zayn won't let her around Zaidan. Simple as that.

"She's crazy as hell. Nobody believes me, everybody thinks she changed. Crazy is crazy, crazy don't change."

So, Niall will never change, then. Got it, noted.

"I don't want him around Justin either. I don't want that prick playing house with my family."

"Justin is just my friend, why don't you ever believe that?"

"I'm not stupid. You lived with him, he called you everyday. You guys get high together. You
think I don't know what you're like when you're high?"

If Zayn cared about his feelings or ever getting back with him, she'd tell him she's only ever that was around him. All of the people she smoked or drank with at college found that out eventually. Zayn only ever thought about Niall. Only ever wanted Niall.

Until Justin.

"I was like that with you because you were my boyfriend," okay, she doesn't care about his feelings and she doesn't want him back but she doesn't like being accused of being a cheater. She was good to him.

"Not anymore though, right? Because you're dramatic as hell,"

Zayn kisses Zaidan's cheek, shifting him around. He's so heavy, little chunk. He's falling back asleep. "So are you. Do you realize we we're here because I wanted to have sex with you? And you didn't want to,"

How embarrassing is that? It's the truth though. And because Niall doesn't understand why Zayn likes her house better than his. It's quiet and she doesn't have to put pants on to go get a snack or go to the bathroom.

"I love how you use two out of the twenty things that went down because those two make you seem so innocent." Niall's on to her game. He's not fucking dumb.

"Like it's not suspicious that you were okay with us staying there, then after I made you wait for some dick you suddenly wanted to leave? And then you kissed Liam in front of my face, left my son with my psycho ex and then just left period. You did shit wrong too."

Zayn cradles Zaidan closer to her, patting down his soft hairs. She leans forward, making direct eye contact with her baby daddy.

"Do you think any of that justifies you hiding a child from his mother?"

"You left-"

"I left him with Eleanor? Louis was in the room with them. I needed a break, Niall. I knew he was okay, I called everyday to check on him. I'm a bad mother because I needed a break?" She shakes her head.

Zayn wishes that night never happened. She wants Niall and her baby, the way things were before. She wants to make a life with them but after this, it's just not going to work. It's fucked up that it took Niall hiding Zayn's child from her for her to realize Niall's nothing but toxic. Zayn hates that she loves him.

Niall checks his watch before putting his sunglasses on, standing up. Oh, he's leaving?

"Well. You have him now. I'll text you in two days, about Zaidan of course. If you fail to reply and try to pull something slick, I promise you'll regret it."

He bends down to kiss Zaidan's head before walking out of the restaurant.

***

Harry ignores the tapping on the bathroom door, sinking further into the relaxing hot bath.
"Daddy? Daddy I taking bath too?" Aubree pesters again.

"Nope." The dad smiles, surrounded by bubbles. This is his bath time. He deserves this bath after the long day he had.

Aubree starts crying, banging what is probably her head on the damn door. He ignores it. Louis better come get her...

"Aww Bree, why you cryin'?" He hears Aubree's big sister ask.

Harry opens one eye, a little nervous now. Serenity knows how to pick locks...

"Daddy's going poop, guys!" He attempts to scare them off. "He's not taking a bath, he's going poop!"

They clearly don't believe him because the door handle starts jiggling anyway. Soon enough, Harry's eyes go wide when he watches the lock turn. Fuck. These kids are in so much trouble for disturbing Harry's "me time"!

The two little devils are smiling when they come in, invading Harry's peaceful aura. Fucking cute little terrorists with their stupid cute feeties pajamas with stupid little bunnies on them.

"We're taking bath!" Aubree giggles, unzipping her pajamas.

"The hell you are!" Harry is on his defense, but it looks like he's going to lose this battle. He's outnumbered.

"I'm taking bath too Bree!" Serenity laughs, smiling evily as she too strips out of her pajamas.

How did Louis even manage getting both girls dressed? They hate clothes.

"No! This is /my/ bath!" The dad is serious and he will ground them if they step one little piggy in his bath water.

Serenity stands proudly in just her big girl underwear, hands on her hips. She's giving Harry the look, the look that says she knows she's about to do something bad and she doesn't care. That's proven when she bends over and picks up her boat.

"No." Harry growls.

Her smile grows wider when she holds it over the tub, dangling it between her thumb and pointer finger.

"No!" He's serious, damn it!

Then she does it. She fucking drops the boat in his water.

"Louis! Louis!" Harry starts screaming as Aubree dares to climb over the side of the tub. Then Serenity. They're splashing around in his bath! This is a grown up bath! "Louis!"

Louis walks in a second later with her cell phone pressed against her ear. She smiles and waves at the babies having fun, giving her fiance a thumbs up before /closing the door/. What the hell?

"Louis! Come get these kids!"

"A bath, daddy!" Aubree loves baths, she loves daddy, and now she can have them both
together?? This is the best day of her life!

"Attack him!" Serenity laughs, lunging at him.

This is ridiculous. But, in the other hand they are super cute. His babies are having fun and laughing and smiling. Fuck it. He can sacrifice one bath if it makes them this happy.
The big day is coming soon. Soon, as in very very soon. One week from today to be exact.

The couple decided to have one last get together with all of their friends before they tie the knot. And, well. It's really nice outside so they figured why not? Zayn watches her boyfriend bounce her son out of the kitchen window while she prepares a salad. Her belly is getting big again too. Noticeable now. It's a girl this time. She's pretty nervous about that.

"Oh, hey." Eleanor interrupts Zayn's thoughts. "I didn't know anybody was in here,"

Zayn smiles and nods, holding up a container of fruit and the salad bowl to show her what she's doing.

"Oh, yum. Hey. I've been meaning to talk to you anyway," Eleanor comes closer, leaning on the counter next to Zayn.

This is weird. "Really? What's up,"

Outside, both of the girls boyfriends are chatting. One has Zaidan on their lap, the other has Serenity. That little tot still thinks she's dating Liam. She's so funny.

"I just wanted to like, let you know I guess, that you don't have anything to worry about. I don't want Niall anymore, and-" she bites her lip, looking away. What the hell is this girl talking about?

"I turned down every pass he's made at me since you've had Zaidan. I just wanted you to know that. Nothing is, or ever will be going on between me and Niall. I'm over him."

Zayn blinks. "Okay... that's good? Because you're dating Liam,"

Something about this girl just isn't right. Zayn can't exactly pin point what it is yet.

"Yeah." Eleanor does this thing with her face that Zayn probably wasn't supposed to see but she did.

It's... suspicious.

"Okay... well. Thanks for letting me know, El. I appreciate it." Zayn puts plastic wrap over the salad bowl and tosses it in the fridge.

That was... completely weird. Zaynella must agree, because the pregnant woman gets a minor wave of nausea. It's alright. She just needs to sit down. She goes outside and steals someone's chair, sliding it up next to her man's.

"So," she leans over, whispering. Luckily Liam is distracted. "Eleanor just cornered me in the kitchen and she was like, telling me I shouldn't worry because she doesn't want Niall anymore." She laughs. "I was like, girl. Me neither."

Justin snorts. He passes Zaidan to Zayn when hoppy baby reaches for mommy.

That's his new thing. He likes when people make him stand so he can hop. It's cute, but quite the workout. Baby is /fat/.
"Maybe she doesn't know? We haven't really been around. He probably still acts like he's with you," Justin raises his eyebrows.

He looks over and Niall who is glaring at them whilst grilling angrily. How does one grill angrily? Ask Niall. He looks pissed.

Who knows (cares) why, either. He knew Zayn and Justin made it official. Zayn doesn't hide shit from him. She even let Niall come in while Justin was at her house. It was awkward but Zayn was wearing Justin's shirt and Justin had a love bite on his chest. There wasn't much glaring then??

"Dunno. You're so cute," Zayn compliments, noticing the flower weaved through his blonde fringe.

"Thank you. I know." He grins, leaning over to kiss Zayn. She happily kisses him back.

Over by the grill, there's some sort of commotion. Pans and shit fell apparently? That's okay, Zayn wasn't going to eat the hot dogs anyway. They make her puke.

"What the fuck, Horan!" Louis complains.

"What to fuck, Niall!" Serenity chimes in, giving her boyfriend the "can you believe this shit??" look. Liam just shakes his head. He's over correcting this child.

Everybody is too busy yelling at Niall or not caring to help Harry chase down Aubree who is running away from daddy while eating one of the dirty ground hot dogs. She gets through half of it before Harry's able to catch her.

"It's so nuts they're going to be married next week." Zayn says to Liam. And Justin, but mostly Liam. Liam has been there since the beginning of Larry, if anyone understands how nuts it is it's Liam.

"I know. I'm going to be roommates with married people. Gross," He jokes. Liam's a softie. He loves marriage and family shit. "At least Niall's stopped trying to kill me." Instead he's gone to acting like Liam doesn't exist. Literally.

"I kill Niall," Serenity nods, assuring her man.

Liam gives the baby an uncomfortable smile. You'd think he'd be used to her nonsense by now. You'd also be wrong.

"That one's my favorite," Justin nudges his girlfriend, nodding at Serenity.

Zayn loves both of her nieces equally. She doesn't have a favorite. Except Zaidan, Zaidan is her favorite. Is she allowed to say that when the new baby comes?

Eleanor comes out a few minutes later and sits next to Liam, ignoring Serenity's growling. "It's so hot out here,"

There's literally the nicest breeze outside right now. "That's why I keep going inside in the air conditioning."

Nobody asked... Zayn can't help but find everything about her suspicious.

"It's nice out here," Justin shrugs. "Usually this one's hot all the time."

Zayn rolls her eyes. "I'm pregnant. Bun in the oven, my body is the oven. I can't help it,"
"Aw, you guys are having a baby?" Liam didn't know this information?? "Nobody told me. Congrats, man," Liam pats Justin on his thigh.

Oh. Oh wow, this is awkward.

"Why are you congratulating him? She's dating Niall?" Eleanor falsely corrects the man.

Could this get anymore awkward?

Cue Niall walking over with the most generic looking brunette Zayn has ever seen in her life. When did she even get here? Why is she here, is a better question.

"Actually we broke up. I'm dating Justin," Zayn corrects.

"See!" Liam boasts. Still wrong.

"It's... not my baby," Justin is so uncomfortable. Poor baby.

"Oh," Liam and Eleanor say at the same time.

"I'll um. I'll be right back." Eleanor informs, sprinting towards the house.

Niall and plain face sit directly across from Zayn. Cool. She looks around for Harry and Louis, since this is their party after all. They're by the garage, whispering about something probably gross or unimportant or both probably.

Everybody quiet except for Zaidan. Even Serenity felt the tension and took off to go play. The fat drooly baby babbles and laughs at himself as he bounces on mom's lap.

"Cute baby," plain Jane smiles at Zayn.

/I know bitch/

Zayn smiles instead of verbally thanking her. Fuck that bitch.

"He gets it from his dad." Niall's not even smiling when he says it, casually sipping from his beer.

"Oh, is that you?" Old plainy says to Justin.

It's time for them to go, right now immediately. This hoe better not be Niall's plus one at the wedding...


Liam looks super uncomfortable and he's not even involved in this mess. He's just an innocent bystander.

"Oh, I didn't know you had a baby..."


"Is this a blind date?" Zayn calls them out. She feels like this is a fucking blind date and in that case, this is definitely laughable.

"No?" Niall gives baby Momma as much attitude as possible. No surprise there.

"Actually, I met Niall a few months ago at the gym." PJ (plain Jane) informs even though yet again
nobody fucking asked.

That's interesting though. "A few months ago? Like how many?" Zayn's smiling at the sheer audacity and irony of this.

"Um, like?" PJ thinks, tapping her chin.

"It's not important," Niall attempts to distract.

"Probably three months ago? Yeah, about three months ago, right Niall?"

Hmm. Isn't that interesting. Three months ago Niall was calling Zayn's phone damn near crying, begging her to stay the night or let him come see her. Zayn got pregnant three months ago, almost four.

"Is that so?" Zayn's pissed. Niall said all that shit about her kids not being his, accusing her of being unfaithful when in reality it was him. Cool.

Beside her, Justin clears his throat. "Do you want me to go get you something to drink?"

It's more of him reminding her that he's there, and if she's going to fight with Niall he'd rather not be around to see it.

"No, I'm okay. Thanks baby."

Justin smiles at the pet name, Niall rolls his eyes.

Justin always smiles when Zayn calls him baby or babe or even when her attention is just on him. The other day when they were laying on the couch, his foot was by her so she started massaging it. Justin was so happy. He's never had a good girlfriend before, which is funny because Zayn's never had a good boyfriend before. Now they have each other.

"Okay guys," Harry announces. His bride to be is hanging on his arm next to him. "The real reason we wanted you all to come for dinner today was to tell you you're all not just attending the wedding, but you're in it."

Zayn already knew this. She knew she was maid of honor the second Louis and Harry started dating. She just kind of figured Harry would pick Niall and Liam.

"And Josh too, but he can't make it until tomorrow." Harry confirms.

"Except for you," Louis scrunches her face up at PJ.

Ah. Zayn has missed this side of her best friend so much.

"Who the hell are you?"

"Amy. Niall's girlfriend,"

What? What? Fucking /what/?

"Well, my date to the wedding. Let's not rush into anything or anything,"

This is almost too good now. Niall's so pathetic. Zayn can't wait to laugh about this with her boyfriend when she goes home later.

"You said I was your girlfriend the other day, when we... you know. When you said you loved
me," Plain Amy tries to hint.

Oh wow.

"Ooookay then," Harry breaks the awkward tension by making things more awkward.

"Dibs on flower girl." Liam is dead serious.

"Yeah, you're already dating her. No need to remind me," Harry grumbles.

Liam is suddenly confused. "Elean- oh. That's not funny,"

"It isn't." Harry does not approve of this relationship no matter how nice Liam is to his daughter. She's only three, barely four and already dating bat man stans? It's truly an abomination. He raised her on Spider-Man for a reason.

"We have gifts for you guys but they aren't going to be delivered until tomorrow, so I'll just make sure you get them at the wedding." Louis shrugs.

That's so sweet. It must be real gifts, because if they were mock gifts Louis would be making the second evil face Serenity makes.

***

"If you wanna back out say it now." Louis demands, butter knife pressed against Harry's groin as she sits on top of his knees.

"If you get peanut butter on me you have to lick it off," if her mouth is down there she might as well just blow him.

"Feet getting cold, buddy?" Harry's not getting a blow job. He joked around so much about them not having sex until they're married that he's been cut off for the last three days.

Louis has already masturbated eight times. There's a possibility she's overly spoiled on multiple orgasms when they fuck.

"No, Louis. I'll marry you right now." He's so easy breezy, all laying in bed super relaxed. No shirt on, hands folded under his head. God. Louis could just-

"I'll cut you if you leave me with all these kids." She was getting a little side tracked there. It probably wasn't a good idea to straddle him while she's in her nightgown. She could just lift it up and-

"Fuck you." Harry giggles. "We only have two, and Aubree would so be coming with me."

Good, because Louis needs Serenity. She's bad as hell and beats her up all the time and god she's so fucking mean but that's her baby. Her sweet little angel. She's just misunderstood. Louis' poor sweet baby.

"Niall is like our son, we're grandparents Harry. Are you ready for this grandpa life? Where we eat prunes and look like prunes and smell like prunes and only drink prune juice?"

Louis fucking hates prunes! Good thing Harry's the grandpa and she's still just Louis.

Ew. Louis' marrying a grandpa. Who's also gay as hell and younger than her.
"What's your deal with prunes?" Harry makes a face, pushing the peanut buttery knife away from his tummy.

"Don't try to distract me with your favorite snack, papaw. Are you gonna leave me at the alter or what?" Louis joked about it, but it's only funny if she does it.

"No baby. Never gonna leave you. Look at you, so beautiful." Harry puts his stupid huge hands on her (somewhat huge) thighs, gently rubbing up.

"Stop, I didn't shave." Louis tries to squirm away. She's getting waxed in a few days anyway. What's the point?

"When do you ever?" What a dick. He's not wrong though. Louis hates shaving. Makes Harry do it for her.

"Okay, /you/ haven't shaved me." In four days, because they clearly can't shower together without having sex. It's Harry's fault. He's a sex maniac.

"I don't care. Still beautiful. Always beautiful, Lou." He's making the face.

Oh no, he's making the fucking face.

"I'm the most beautiful woman in the world." Louis is falling for the face. Fuck. "You're a very lucky man."

Harry's thumbs reach the waistband of Louis' panties, sliding underneath and rubbing circles on the skin there.

"Mhm. So beautiful and all mine," Harry's fattening up in his boxers, literally right in front of her face.

It's stupid how attractive she finds him. Honestly.

"Where you going?" He asks, trying to hold on to her nightgown as she darts for the door.

She gets away, of course she does. She runs for the door just like she's going to run from the alter. Just kidding. Maybe.

"To shut the door," she says dumbly as she does just that. "I'm not getting on top,"

Harry's face is in complete frog mode, amphibian on full effect. "Yeah? Not gonna show me how good you are at riding this big dick?"

Who does he even think he is, with his atrocious dirty talk? Anyway. It's not working.

"Want it like this," Louis settles with her face resting on her arms on top of her pillow, ass in the air.

It's been three days. That's good enough.

***

"What's that noise?" Liam scrunches his face in confusion. It sounds like someone is using some sort of hammer? But it's the middle of the night?
"Is Niall home?" Eleanor freezes what she was doing on her phone.

"Uh," Liam rolls to the window and peeks out of the blinds. The big, obnoxious truck is in its usual spot on the grass. It's too big for the driveway... "Yeah."

"Hm. Did his friend ever leave? Jillian, I think her name was." She plays dumb to seem innocent. That bitches name is Amy Greene. Eleanor has already sent her a friend request on the fake Facebook she uses to spy.

Also, she's been watching a lot of that show 1000 Ways to Die. She knows how to really make it look like an accident.

"Amy?" Liam snorts. "That wasn't even close babe."

He doesn't answer her though if she ever left or not, and she can't ask again because even as dumb as Liam is he might think something's up.

Oh. Well, according to Amy's friends cousin Amy is baking cookies and drinking wine with her girl friends. Fucking dyke bitch. Whatever, at least now Eleanor knows that's not Niall's headboard rattling through the house, what with the way Zayn's been ignoring him. Fucking finally that bitch backed off.

"You excited about being in the wedding, babe? That was nice of Louis to make you a bridesmaid."

"Yeah." Eleanor replies, bored. At least she's getting in good with Niall's people. At this point she's going to be around for a while, and Niall will have no choice but to fall back in love with her.

"I just hope shits not awkward with Niall," Liam shakes his head. He can't stand how much of a bastard Niall is.

Shit. Eleanor internally panics, keeping cool on the outside. Cool as a cucumber. Cool as fuck. She's cool. Mad cool. The coolest...

"Liam, honey. I'm over him. It won't be awkward, there's no reason for it to be awkward,"

He shakes his head, face blank. Only because he's tired. She's waiting on him to fall asleep so she can... Uh. Sleep too. Yeah. Sure, let's go with that.

"I meant between me and him. He's such a fucking twat lately, stubborn as hell."

Oh. Well, that's. Okay. That's not at all what she was thinking.

"He'll come around eventually." She means that for both Liam and herself. Mostly herself.
Chapter 53

Chapter Notes

I haven't updated in 800 years and here I come with this trash... off with my head !!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"No strippers," Louis pouts, clinging to Harry's waist.

"You either," Harry's not as stern about that as Louis is. If his baby wants a stripper, she should have one. As long as they don't touch her it's fine.

"What are you gonna do if Niall brings in a stripper?" Louis is not cool with some naked slut grinding on her man. She gets jealous enough from the girls in the porn he watches.

"He's not going to bring one, but if he does I'll lock myself in the bathroom and call you." He's so whipped for this girl that he's not even lying.

What. He's going to marry Louis Tomlinson, make her Louis Styles. What the hell does he need with a stripper?

"Can we have sex before you go?" Harry's bride to be whines, rubbing her belly on his crotch while they hug in the kitchen. This is where their family eats, damn it.

Oh hell, who cares? It's not like they haven't fucked a million and ten times in this kitchen.

"We can't baby," it's so hard denying her of anything, especially his cock. But, it's for her own good. Lowering his voice, he tells her: "Gonna fuck you so good tomorrow night though, baby. Gonna be Mrs. Styles and I'm gonna make you come four times before I even get your wedding dress off." And he means it.

If Louis wasn't always sore the day after they make love he'd so give her a quick one before him and Niall go to Zayn's for the night.

The girls are staying in one house, the boys in another. As much as Zayn doesn't want Niall at her house, she had no fucking choice because it's Louis' wedding and Louis is in charge here.

"You promise?" Louis is so sad and clingy, she doesn't want him to go. Sure, it's only one night but she hasn't gone one night without him in years. "Can we face time when I'm ready to go to sleep, even if you're not ready?"

When they were teenagers living in their parents house they used to always talk on the phone to fall asleep. Usually it would be Harry who woke up first and called her to wake her up in the morning. They didn't do face time until about a month before he moved in with her.

"Of course. I'll miss you," he peppers kisses all on her cheeks and jaw. Louis giggles and tugs at his hair, holding him still so she can kiss his lips.

She can't believe at this time tomorrow, he's going to be her husband.
"You can leave him here, you know. Like, you'll probably want to party and stuff and I kind of can't, so." Zayn tells her baby daddy while bouncing their baby.

He's happy and extra drooly today. The tops of all of his shirts get soaked because he cries when mom puts a bib on him. Little stinker.

"Nah, probably not. He doesn't want to be hung over on the big day, no fun drinking by myself." Niall shrugs, as if he didn't get drunk by himself and act like a complete ass hole the whole time Zayn was pregnant with Zaidan.

"If he's fussy-"

"I know what to do when he's fussy, Zayn." Niall reminds her, a hint of amusement on his face.

He's definitely nicer and less awkward around her when Justin isn't around. The last time Niall picked up Zaidan while Justin was at Zayn's house, Justin was topless with a love bite on his chest, sleeping on her couch. Niall glared for ten seconds before acting like he was late for something, even though he'd told her through text messages earlier that day him and Zaidan were probably going to chill and lay around.

What Niall doesn't know, is that the love bite wasn't from her.

"I know, sorry. I just, you know." Can't sleep alone.

It's alright, she's most likely going to bunk with Louis. Of course she is. Where else would she sleep? It's not like she can take Niall's bed, and with her bad back she probably shouldn't take the couch.

"They can be weird for forever," the blonde gestures to the couple in the kitchen who's currently making out between whispering to each other. "Until someone stops it, so."

That's his way of politely telling Zayn to hurry up and say goodbye to the baby so he can get out of here.

But... he looks really cute and even if Zayn will never admit it out loud, she misses him. He's smiling and making /those/ eyes at her but he's not really even trying to flirt with her. It's a pathetic thing to be sad over, but. It's Niall. He's her first love, the father of her babies. They're going to always have a connection no matter what they go through.

"You gonna feel weird sleeping in my house?"

She recently got a new battery operated friend that is in the nightstand next to her bed. She kind of hopes he snoops and finds it. She also wants him to see the framed picture of them with Zaidan from the hospital that she never took down in the hallway by Zaidan's room.

"Probably not," he shrugs.

Zayn purses her lips. "Yeah, don't let your girlfriend come in my house and steal all my shit."

She says this not because she genuinely thinks that girl will actually steal her things, but just to see how Niall reacts to her being referred to as his girlfriend.

Niall clears his throat, looking everywhere but at her. "Mm. Yeah, time to go."
When they leave, Louis cries more than Zaidan.

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"Why does Niall walk like he has a big dick?" The soon to be married woman asks, face covered in green avocado mask.

Zayn's face is covered too. They waited for the girls to fall asleep because even though Serenity likes shit like this Aubree will try to eat it and cry when someone won't let her. Obviously one of them can't have something the other one doesn't have. They get that from their Momma.

"Because he does." Zayn mutters, always defensive over her baby daddy. Nobody but her is allowed to say bad things about him, duh.

Louis doesn't except that as answer, even though she should.

"Yeah, okay." She rolls her eyes, wiggling her toes while Zayn attempts to paint them because she's a shit. "What's your definition of big though?"

Louis doesn't have much more experience than Zayn does, but Harry's got a huge cock. Poor Zaynie probably thinks like, six or seven inches is big. When Zayn glares up at her, Louis rolls her eyes again.

"This is my bachelorette party. Indulge in me,"

She's right. They probably could be out partying and shit but... Zayn kind of fucked that up. Not her fault she's pregnant. Well, not totally her fault anyway.

"Okay, okay. I don't know, like. This big? I guess," Zayn awkwardly holds her hands apart, estimating the length of Niall's... you know.

"I don't for one second believe that shit." Zayn's guess wasn't as big as Harry's, but it almost was. "Who's is bigger, his or Justin's?"

If this bitch wasn't getting married tomorrow.

"I don't know." The pregnant woman had a different experience with both of them. They are both... really fucking good in bed. That's not Louis' business though, bachelorette party or not.

"Show me,"

Louis is getting completely out of hand here...

"How?" The bridesmaid snorts. She doesn't keep that stuff in her phone. She even deletes the ones she takes of herself right after she sends them, which she hasn't done in a while.

"Ask him to send you a picture." Louis is grinning her grin that shows she's purposely trying to be annoying. She thinks Zayn won't do it.

"What do I say? 'Hey, send me a picture of your dick'?' She's actually thinking about doing it...

Only for Louis, of course. Because Niall has a girlfriend and Zayn has a Justin, whatever he is to her.

"Get Irish on him. 'Niall,'" Louis clears her throat, putting on a completely terrible impression of Niall. "'send me a picture of yer throbbin' cock.'"
Zayn chokes on her water. "I'm not saying that!"

She types something similar anyway, thumb hovering over the send button.

Louis jabs her foot into Zayn's side, startling her. "Fucking do it, you pussy! He's-"

"Bitch!" The pregnant woman gasps, staring at her screen in horror. She accidentally sent the message.

"Gonna send it anyway. He's gonna be bragging to H about how you miss daddy's dick,"

Ew. Zayn would never say that. She really didn't need the idea that Louis would ever say that either, but it isn't as surprising as it should be that she probably does say that. As in, calling Harry daddy. Ugh.

"I sent it!" Zayn's heart has dropped to the fucking floor, beating five million billion gazillion miles a second when Niall starts typing. "Fuck, oh my god fuck!"

Louis cackles like the shitty best friend that she is.

"What did he say? Did he read it?" She doesn't wait for an answer before snatching the phone away. "Oh my god!"

Zayn scrambles for her phone. She needs to see what he said before she freaks the fuck out.

"He said show him your pus-"

"He did not." Zayn cuts her off, snatching her phone to see that, yeah. He did say that. A few seconds later he starts typing again. A simple "what's up??"

She hates that attention from him still makes her smile like this. It's embarrassing, really.

Zayn texts back telling him to send the picture so she can show Louis already. She doesn't want Louis to be in her business, waiting on the picture while they're having whatever conversation "what's up??" will lead to.

"Do you guys still, like." For some reason Louis somewhat spares her the extra embarrassment of actually saying the words.

"No, we barely even talk." Which is why she's internally flipping her shit.

Niall actually does send a picture, and Zayn doesn't even look at it before she passes her phone to Louis. She only shows her mostly because this is her bachelorette party and because it's fucked up that Louis keeps joking about Niall having a little one.

"It's... that's not his." Louis doesn't for a second believe that shit, even as she zooms in and everything.

"Let me see?" When Louis turns the phone for Zayn to see, she finds it is indeed a picture of Niall's penis. It's hard an half on her bathroom counter, she knows it's hers because his feet on her tiles are in the background.

That's a new picture.

"That's him." Zayn thinks it's an average size but what it can do is fucking incredible.
The first couple of times she fucked Justin were good too but after the last time she definitely realized she's the kind of person who needs a connection for it to really be good. She's an emotional lover, more confident when she knows her partner actually cares about her. Justin is more of a friend, since he's obviously not mature enough to be anything else to her right now.

"This is Harry's," Louis shows her a picture on her own phone. Zayn blames her pregnancy brain for her slow common sense, because she did not want to look at that.

"Why would you show me that?" Zayn sighs. Harry is like her brother. That's incest.

"That's my baby," the bride to be pouts at her phone. Officially drunk and tired. There's still nine more hours until she has to be up to start getting ready, about twelve before she becomes Mrs. Styles.

"Time for bed, boo. Go call him. I'm gonna clean up and I'll be in when I'm done."

Louis doesn't protest, already dialing Harry's number as she scoots herself up, dropping a kiss to Zayn's forehead before she goes.

"Thanks for everything, babe. If I weren't marrying Harry, it'd be you."

Zayn laughs. There's probably some truth to that.

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"What did you guys do?" Zayn says quietly, sitting back on the big comfortable bed as she rubs her little belly.

Niall shrugs. "Drink some beers. Take Liam's money in yatzee. Chill stuff."

Zayn's five hundred percent sure it was Niall's idea to bet money on fucking yatzee and only because Liam was playing. He's an ass.

"Did you tell Harry why you were leaving?" She lays back, spreading her legs when Niall puts his hand on her inner thigh.

"Said I was going to drive Amy somewhere, didn't really wanna hear it if he knew I was coming here." He wouldn't have told Harry shit if he didn't have to ask him to listen in case his son woke up.

It's his own house so it really wouldn't be weird... but it would be obvious he came back for Zayn.

"Your girlfriend?" Yes, she is jealous.

Niall rubs his hands all over her thigs, fitting himself between them. She's already soaked. They've been texting a bit since the picture and well. You know.

"No, hell no. God, look at you. You think I could ever really want someone else after I had you?"

Zayn just moans, lifting her butt up so she can take off her sweats and panties. The boy in front of her licks his bottom lip and helps her.

"So fucking sexy,"

She wishes he would hurry up and kiss her or something before she slips and tells him she loves him or she misses him. Or that they're so fucking great together and she doesn't remember why
they aren't any more.

"Can't believe you let me put two babies in you." He kisses her belly, sloppy and opened mouthed as he trails his way down.

"A baby girl," Zayn agrees. Admittedly she didn't really want another baby so soon but it's happening. Zaidan's gonna have a little sister and she'll have her daddy's blue eyes.

Niall hums, surprising her with a bold lick. She jumps at the shock and intensity of it, not yet used to the feeling. Her and Justin haven't been doing anything ever since she found out he's been with other girls. She hasn't asked or confronted him on it yet but she knows. Doesn't really care to be honest.

She cards her fingers through Niall's soft, unstyled hair and tugs, pulling his face closer to her sex. She's missed everything about this.

"We should-" Zayn cuts herself off with a moan. Niall's really going at it down there. "Keep this between us."

Whether they do this just one time or they start back up, they don't need people in their business. They need to just figure out what's best for them on their own. She's really sick of missing Niall and there's no way she's getting over him when she always sees him.

"Mhm." He agrees with his mouthful.

Chapter End Notes

Wtf is this chapter lol get it together Autumn!!!!!!
Chapter 54

"You look so beautiful,"

The lump in Zayn's throat could easily be blamed on pregnancy hormones, but that's not it. Her childhood best friend is in front of her, looking like a queen, all ready to get fucking married to her high school sweetheart. It's emotional.

"Thanks babe. I'm not even nervous, is that normal? I'm like, excited. I'm so excited!" Louis is so giddy and giggly! According to Liam Harry has been the same way all morning. They're perfect for each other.

"That's good!" Anne assures her. "You two are so sweet, and you really do look beautiful."

Jay, who has been sobbing on and off all morning nods her head. She's so proud of her Louis. This incredible young woman got pregnant and didn't let that stop her from finishing school or starting college and she's an extraordinary mother. Now today she's about to marry the father of her children, which- honestly Jay did not predict. She's proud of Louis and Harry for working for this relationship.

"I look great, my girls look great. You all look amazing and I'm just so happy right now." Finally, for the first time since all of this wedding talk even started, tears spring in Louis' eyes. "I'm about to be Mrs. Styles!"

Everybody laughs when Louis starts her happy screeching. That reminds Serenity of something very important though, so she stops shredding the flower petals in her cool new basket and stomps over to mommy.

"Um, mommy?" Ren was promised cake and seven dollars, which is the only reason she's in this dress and why she let Aunt Zee do stuff to her hair. Sucker.

"Yeah, honey?" Louis blinks back her tears. This makeup is too bomb to be wasted before Harry can see it. Zayn really knows what she's doing, she did everybody's makeup earlier. Such a good maid of honor.

"My name is Renity Louise Styles and I'm three."

Everybody coos at the smart girl, making Aubree jealous. The mini blonde comes running over, full speed.

"And Bree!"

Everybody laughs, and Serenity doesn't know why? What's so funny?

"Okay guys, it's time to go get married." Gemma peeks her head in, smiling at her nieces.

Harry's family is only being nice to Louis today because her family is here, and Harry will marry her regardless. Louis told them, they didn't believe her. That's her man.

"I feel like I'm gonna poop." Louis mutters.

Ah, her nerves are finally making an appearance.

"You're fine, my love." Her mother assures her, kissing her temple.
Jay's husband Dan comes in, pausing a second to admire his wife and her beautiful daughter. He's not her real dad, not biologically, but he's watched her grow up. He remembers putting band-aids on her cuts and sneaking her for ice cream before dinner.

"Just came to see you and give you my love before it all starts. You look amazing, Lou." Louis' step dad smiles, eyes watery.

To think he's going to have to go through this five more times when all of her sisters get married. God help him.

"Thank you. You're not going to walk me? I thought you and mom-" she gives Jay a questioning look, making the older woman bite the inside of her cheeks to stop from crying again.

"You want me to?"

"Yes, of course I do. You're- you're like my dad. Before Harry you were the only important man in my life. I thought it would be obvious you were walking me,"

At that, Dan actually does cry. From then on its a chain reaction, a domino effect of tears. First Dan, then Jay, then Louis and Zayn until everyone including Aubs and Ren are crying. The only one in this room who isn't crying, is Eleanor.

***

"I promise to choose you everyday, to learn with you and grow with you, even as life changes us both. I promise to remain your biggest fan and to always respect you as an individual, as well as a partner and an equal."

Harry gets that twinkle in his eyes, smirking as he pauses for affect. "Though, we're not equals." Another pause. "You'll always be my superior.

If ever there is tomorrow when we're not together... there is something you must always remember. You are braver than you believe, stronger than you seem, and smarter than you think. But the most important thing is, even if we're apart... I'll always be with you. I love you."

Louis sniffles, along with a few other irrelevant people attending the wedding.

"Did you just quote Winnie the pooh?" She laughs, a little incredulous. "Why am I marrying you?"

"Cause you love me."

True.

"My daddy's getting married!" Serenity informs someone very loudly beside them.

"It's a marry!" Aubree squeaks.

"And now your vows, Louis." The preacher pastor person reminds Louis. Who the fuck let them write their own vows anyway?

"I vow to support you, /push/ you,"

Niall snorts, earning a nudge from Liam.

"Inspire you," Louis continues.
"You do, baby. So much." Harry mumbles, for just her to hear.

"And all above love you, for better and worse. Always and forever, till death or zombies tear us apart." Louis nods, dead serious.

The church man sighs. "Kiss your bride, Harry."

Harry doesn't need to be told twice. He grabs Louis by the waist, bending her back and kissing him with everything he's got. All of their friends whistle and cheer, a few of their family members clap.

"I know pronounce you Mr. And Mrs. Styles!"

"Ahhh!" Louis is so happy!

***

Zaidan is... crabby. He's tired and he keeps head butting Zayn. Normally she would try to settle him, but she's in pain. Her abdomen feels like it's being stabbed.

"Can you hold him, please?" Zayn passes her crabby baby to her date. Zaidan cries more, flopping around in Justin's arms.

"Aw. What's wrong, bud?" Justin attempts to sooth the poor baby, bouncing him and everything. Zai is not having it.

"I'm going to the bathroom real quick," Zayn winces when she stands back up.

She was able to hold herself together through the ceremony and the cake cutting, even the dancing which her father insisted they dance together, but now it's just. It's getting worse.

"Hey, are you alright?"

She ignores him, going as fast as she can to her parents bathroom. It's a good thing everybody decided to have the reception here. She feels like she needs to lay down.

When she gets to the bathroom, she's barely able to close the door before she feels like she's ready to faint.

For good reason too, because when she sits down she finds that her panties are soaked with blood. What the fuck. Every time she wipes, more keeps coming. Something isn't right, this definitely shouldn't be happening.


"Yeah," Zayn lies. "Can you, uh. Can you go get Niall for me?"

She should probably ask for her mom or her dad, Louis' mom even since she's the nurse here. For some reason she just wants Niall. She has a feeling she knows what this is, he's still who she turns to for comfort and security.

"Um. Niall?"

"Please."

She hears Justin swear as he walks away, a few minutes later someone else is knocking.
"It's me," Niall.
"Come in, it's unlocked."

He comes in with Zaidan in his arms, now calm and urgently sucking a bottle with his eyes closed.

"What's going on? Justin left, he said you asked for me?"

Zayn's trying so hard not to cry, what with all the pain she's in. She lifts her dress back up to her thighs, letting her underwear be seen.

"Look,"

"Shit," Niall squats down. Zaidan's such a daddy's boy that the movement barely even disturbs him. "Does it hurt? When did this start?"

"Yeah," Zayn croaks. It hurts a lot, and there's so much blood.

"Okay, shh. You're okay," Niall rubs her forehead with his free hand. She's fucking sweating. Her body feels so hot but she feels cold?

"Should I go get Louis' mom? What do you need me to do?" Niall has no fucking idea.

"My baby, Niall." Zayn's sobbing now. This is so fucked. She's in pain and her baby is dead, all on her best friends wedding day! Fuck!

"Don't worry about that right now, Zayn. I'm going to go get Johannah, okay?"

"Don't tell Louis! She just got married please don't tell her, Niall please!" Zayn's so fucking upset! She doesn't want to ruin Louis' day.

"Okay, okay. I won't. Don't worry, okay? I'll be right back. I'm gonna put him on your parents bed and go find Johannah. Don't move, alright baby?"

Zayn nods, bottom lip quivering. Her poor baby girl.

***

"Where's Zayn?" Trisha asks everybody. She made Louis and Harry sit down so everybody could see them open their gift from the Malik's.

Liam coughs awkwardly into his fist, he fucking hates lying. Especially to mothers. "She went to go lay down for a while, she wasn't feeling well." There, technically not a lie.

"Ah, she's had a long day." Yaser nods.

Louis only isn't talking shit because Zayn's parents are here. This is her wedding day, her best friend needs to pep the fuck up.

"We'll have to tell her about it later." Zayn's father decides.

Trisha gives her husband a sad smile, but agrees. She's been so excited about this gift for months! She hands the envelope to Harry, only for his wife to snatch it away.

"Hey! I wanna open presents too!" The groom whines.
"And me too, mommy!" Serenity whines too, trying to climb on either of her parents lap. They're ignore her today and she doesn't like it. She needs a nap too.

Aubree has fulfilled her need for attention through Aunt Lottie, Aunt Lottie looks too scary for Serenity to do the same.

"Aw, it's a card." Louis ignores her family, opening the sealed envelope with a smile on her face. She already took off her dress, changed into something more comfortable. Okay, so it's yoga pants and one of Harry's shirts... she'll put the dress back on later for Harry, alright. It requires a bra and this is her day, she shouldn't have to wear a bra on her day.

"Aw- oh, what is." Inside are flight tickets to a tropical island a what looks like a hotel itinerary of activities. This is so nice.

They won't be doing the written activities, though.

"It's a week long, Zayn was going to keep the girls for you. If she's still not feeling well they can certainly stay here." Trisha loves giving gifts more than a normal person should. She just loves helping.

"What is it?" Harry finally snatches the papers away from Louis.

"It's for your honeymoon!" Yaser cheers. Trish is too emotional to do so herself.

Jay and Anne coo and hug Trish, thanking her on behalf of their children. How lucky are they to have such great people in their lives?

***

Zayn was only in the hospital for a few hours, Niall stayed with her the whole time but he didn't really say anything. No comforting words, no hugs. Nothing. It was alright though, because Zayn didn't want to say anything to him anyway. Not just to him, but to anyone really.

She's glad she didn't tell her parents yet that she was pregnant again, because now the only people she will have to tell is Louis and Harry. Liam already knows, and of course Johannah. Zayn doesn't even want to think about it. She's really fucked up and she can't even grieve properly because she has three little ones depending on her until Louis and Harry get back from their honeymoon.

Luckily Niall is helping, though.

"I have the chicken nugget." Aubree says to her big sister, who is sulking at the dinner table. Where's mommy? Why did she leave Ren with Niall? Mommy knows Ren hates Niall.

Niall is too focused on his baby to correct the mini blonde (surprise surprise) and tell her that they're actually eating fish.

"Is it good?" Niall asks Zaidan, watching as his son sucks on a lemon wedge. The baby makes the strangest faces but refuses to let dad take it away, fat butt.

"Aww," he coos when Zaidan starts crying, drool and lemon soaking his chins and chest. "What's wrong bud?"

Zayn just sits there, void. Checked out. She's in physical and emotional pain and the text messages Justin has been sending her all night aren't helping. Not to mention she didn't even get to tell Louis
goodbye before her flight, Lou was probably so upset.

"Why my Zee crying?" Aubree pouts at her uncle. She's not mad at him like Serenity is. He's an okay guy, he has a lot of cool stuff and usually shares.

"Shit," the man mutters, wiping off Zaidan's face. His neck is all gross, tonight is definitely a bath night. "Why don't you go lay down, Zee. I got them, I'll bring you a tea."

That's nice. But, the thing is- Zayn doesn't want tea. She doesn't want anything. She feels empty, she is empty. She barely knew the baby in her but she bets she was a lot like Zaidan. Zayn keeps imagining Zaidan being taken from her, Zaidan being dead. That's crazy, he's right here, she knows that. It's just how she feels and she can't make it stop.

"Zee's okay, guys. She's just sleepy. Go in the room, Zayn."

Zayn doesn't move, because she doesn't want to. Why should she? She's not bothering anyone. She's not even making any noise.

"You're scaring the kids Zayn. Go in the room."

"I-" she doesn't want to be alone. Even more than she doesn't want to be alone, she doesn't want to argue. So she goes in Louis and Harry's room and buries herself under the covers.
"Where are you at?" Zayn asks all grumpy, face way too close to the camera. All Louis can see is her squinty eyes, her forehead and the top of her nose. Oh well. Zayn doesn't have her glasses on and she was in the middle of a nap with Serenity when Louis Facetimed.

Niall is out in the living room playing with Aubree and Zaidan. Zayn and Ren aren't feeling good.

"The bathroom." Louis shrugs. She's not even paying attention to the phone. What was her point of calling.

"Where's Harry?"

"On the toilet." Louis is doing something off to the side of the camera but Zayn can't tell what it is. She doesn't think she wants to know either.

"Uh. Okay."

Finally, Louis faces the screen. "He's taking a poop and I'll miss him if-

Zayn hangs up. She sends a text saying she'll call again when Ren is up. Zayn's just not in the mood for that kind of shit. She checks her messages from Justin, which- she probably shouldn't have. He's mad and really mean.

To be fair, Zayn hasn't told him about her having a miscarriage so he probably thinks she's just with Niall for the hell of it. That's not really an excuse for him to call her the names he's been calling her, definitely doesn't excuse the threats. It was never that serious between them.

"Hey sleepy head." Niall's soft voice travels from the doorway.

He's not talking to Zayn, she realizes this when she notices Serenity rubbing her eyes and whimpering in front of her.

"I'm so /tired/!" The little girl cries. She wakes up emotional and clingy. Poor thing is really missing her mom too.

"I know, sweetheart. Uncle Niall made you some coffee," Niall speaks in third person. This coffee he speaks of is hot cocoa. Serenity loves her "coffee".

Upon hearing this excellent news, Ren sits up, all crazy haired and pouts lips. She hips right out of bed and stomps towards the kitchen. Talk about mini version of Louis.

"How you feeling?" Now he's talking to her.

How does she even answer that? Physically, sore but fine. Mentally- completely fucked up. Depressed. Any noise Zaidan makes upsets her, she's either zoned out all the time or just moody.
"Shitty." There. That's a good word to describe it.

"Right. Well, I made dinner. You mind keeping an eye on Zai when I give the girls a bath?"

That's what Zayn is supposed to be here for, to watch the girls. She's supposed to be making dinners and giving baths. It's like she doesn't even need to be here.

"Do you want me to do it? Give them baths,"

Niall shrugs. He worked today and somehow it's still Zayn who's laying in bed while he does everything.

"I might even throw Zai in there with them."

"No." Zayn shakes her head. Absolutely not. "They're too wild,"

"Which is why you don't need to be giving them a bath in your condition." He's got a point there, but. It's already happened. The baby is gone and not much worse can happen to her at this point.

**

"Um, Niall?" Serenity says cautiously as she stands by the tub in just her underwear.

It's bath time. Aubree is already splashing around.

"Yeah, sweetheart?"

"I can't take a bath." The little girl informs him.

Niall... doesn't really want to deal with her antics right now. He should have made Zayn do this, then he could be laying around with Zaidan.

"Oh yeah? Why not?" Niall focuses on at least washing Aubree's hair since Ren isn't like, running away or whatever.

"I- I have to go find my mommy. She is... lost and I have to find her. And I can't take a bath because I don't have no time!"

When Niall looks at her, there are tears in her little eyes. She's putting on a brave face but she's upset. She misses her mommy.

"Mommy lost!" Aubree screeches. She's just copying Ren, she has no idea what Shea talking about yet.

"Yes Bree, but don't worry! I will find her!" Niall makes note that neither children are concerned with Harry's location or wellbeing. Only Louis'.

"Aw, buddie. Your mommy isn't lost. She's celebrating getting married to your dad and she'll be home real soon. I promise."

"When?" Serenity's lip wobbles.

Niall remembers when she used to cry when she was a baby. He didn't want no part of that, but a few times he didn't have a choice. He remembers the proud feeling his teenage self got when he calmed her just by talking to her. He's loved this little girl since she was born, and right now he feels like if she starts crying, well. He might too.
"Just two more days. Do you know what that means? I have two more days to take you to the-" Niall side eyes Aubree, then leans closer to Serenity to whisper. "Park. And feed you pizza and cake for dinner. Where should we go tomorrow?"

Uncle Niall isn't above bribing a toddler. At this point there isn't much she couldn't get from him. She'd better take advantage.

"Well, you can take me to the toy store." Wal-Mart. Good girl, her mother would be proud.

"Toys!" Aubree yells.

"And McDonald's. And I'm not going to gymnastics but tell my mommy I did,"

Okay. Now Niall's convinced she knows what she's doing. She probably had this planned...

"Sounds like a plan to me, babe."

"Yup!"

Meanwhile, in the living room, Zayn is surprised by someone coming through the door. She figures it's Liam, cause he hasn't been here in a while. She's breastfeeding Zaidan and Liam gets a little weirded out by it so she covers herself with the blanket on the back of the sofa.

She's even more surprised when it's not Liam or Eleanor. It's Amy.

"Hey." She smiles.

Zayn half smiles just to be polite. Who does she think she is just letting herself in like that?

"Niall still giving the girls a bath?" When Zayn nods, Amy takes a seat on chair.

Oh. So, he was expecting her. Okay then.

"Aw. Aren't you pregnant?"

First of all. Why is she talking to Zayn? Second. What the fuck kind of conversation starter is that?

"No, no. That's Niall's other baby Momma." Bitch.

Amy scrunches up her face in confusion, cocking her head to the side. "What? No, I'm sure it was you. You're Zachary's mom,"

Zayn straight faces Niall's stupid bitch of a girlfriend. If Zaidan's eyes weren't drooping she'd set him down to whoop her ass.

"Yeah, yep." She doesn't bother correcting her. This nasty slut doesn't need to know her baby's name.

"So... Niall has other kids?"

Oh, this is golden.

Zayn nods, smiling politely. "Those girls he's giving a bath... They're his."

"Wow..." Amy trails off. She looks surprised. Hopefully she'll leave and never come back. That would make Zayn happy. "How many are there?"
"Kids or baby mama's?" Together or not Zayn would fucking kill him dead if he ever got another girl pregnant.

"Uh... both?"

"Hmm." Zayn pretends to think. "I'm actually not sure. I think he collects them to make sure he has a plan for the future."

The girls can be heard running and giggling all the way to their room. Niall comes out, must not notice his little girlfriend cause he comes straight to Zayn. He pulls the blanket off of Zaidan's face and gives him a quick but soft kiss.

"Can we talk later?" His face is right in hers. It looks intimate, especially since Zayn's breasts are out and Niall's all in their personal space.

"Of course."

He turns around and stops dead in his tracks.

"Hey... I uh, I didn't know we had plans?"

Shows up uninvited, just letting herself in. Zayn wishes Louis were here to see this.

"I wanted to surprise you. I didn't mean to... impose on your plans. I can go,"

Zayn internally groans. This is where Niall's going to tell her no, it's okay, and then she's going to have to watch her flirt with him and she'll never find out what he wanted to talk about. Great. Fantastic.

"Yeah, I'll walk you out."

Oh. Okay then.

***

Harry sighs, pulling his wife closer to him with his hands over her tummy. They're sitting on the beach, enjoying the last few days of their honeymoon and he's pretty sure she fell asleep.

"Wouldn't that be nice?" He uses his deep voice, whispering in her ear. The deep voice usually wakes her up.

"Hmm?" Okay. So she isn't sleeping... why is she so quiet then?

"Over there. That could be you soon." Harry points at a pregnant woman in a bikini closer to the water. He's been putting in work this week. There's no way Louis isn't pregnant.

Louis shifts, body a bit stiff. She's uncomfortable...

"Haz. I thought we agreed on that? When Ren and Aubree start school,"

Louis is kind of over babies right now. She loves her own to death but having them back to back like that... She needs a few years. She wants to be able to have some Harry time as well as having enough time for the girls. If they have a baby now, Harry will get even less attention than he already does. All of Louis' time will go to the new baby and her girls and whatever is left will be for Zayn because that's Louis' bitch. So. It's statistically stupid for them to have a baby right now.
"You actually said when Ren starts school." He reminds her. "It doesn't matter though. You're probably pregnant right now."

Except for that's kind of impossible.

"Probably." Louis whispers. She doesn't want to ruin his day, or the rest of his time here by telling him that she's not.

Harry kisses her ear, trailing his way down to her neck. He lets his lips linger on her skin for a few seconds.

"Should we go try to make twins?"

About time he said something. His boner has only been in her back for the last twenty minutes.

Louis cranes her neck to look at him. He promised her something that they have still yet to do. "In my butt."

The look on his face is less than thrilled. Why? This is premium, grade A ass. He should be honored.

"It's not gonna feel good for you,"

Oh boo fucking hoo.

"Being turned down by my husband doesn't feel good for me either." Louis counters.

As expected, Harry groans. He has such a domestic kink. They'll be celebrating their seventy fifth anniversary and he'll still be turned on by her mentioning she's his wife. What a goof.

"Not turning you down, baby. I'm looking out for you. Fingers feel good but my dick, it's gonna be too big."

Oh, he's so fucking cocky. All of Louis' compliments have gone to his big head.

With that being said, he's probably not wrong.

"But you'll like it." Louis pouts. They've been talking about doing anal for literal years. Since they first got together.

"I like everything with you. You're the sexiest woman I ever seen,"

Louis Styles rolls her eyes. Again, he's not wrong. No probably this time.
Liam ended up coming home before Niall and Zayn could talk. He looked super stressed, said he felt worse than he looked so Zayn offered to take him by her apartment so he could smoke. Of course, that was after asking Niall if he minded- he claimed he didn't.

Zayn knows better though. She notices the attitude Niall gets whenever she smokes, so. She's going to let Liam face this one to himself.

"Eleanor's calling," Liam holds up his phone for Zayn see. As if she'd think he's lying... "I'm gonna take this. I'll be up in a minute, okay?"

Zayn nods. "I'll only be a minute. Tell her I said hi."

She thinks they're fighting, Liam and Eleanor. He wouldn't say anything but what else has he got to be stressed about?

Zayn takes the elevator, not fucking with stairs tonight. Too sore, too tired. Too eager to get back and see if Niall still wants to talk to her. She hasn't been in her apartment since the night before the wedding when she let the guys stay in it, so it's no surprise she walks into a trashed kitchen.

When she gets to the living room, something feels off, not right. This wasn't Niall and Harry's mess. Someone else has been here...

The television in her room is on, and the screen is cracked. All of her drawers are open, shit thrown onto the floors. Including the picture of her and Niall with Zaidan, it looks like it's been stepped on.

Her first instinct should be to go, run the fuck away in case who ever did this is still here. It's not, though. She goes to her closet to check her safe- it's open and everything is missing. Next she goes to Zaidan's room. The only thing tampered with in there is his penny bank, which she knows Niall put money in every time he was over.

The door was locked, though. Since it's an apartment, there's only one door to get in through.

She doesn't bother locking the door on the way out this time. What's the point? With shaky fingers, she opens Justin's messages and sends "what did you do" before calling Niall. Niall's going to be pissed.

***

After a minor amount of bribing and not even a sliver of begging, Louis finally persuaded her husband to agree to doing anal.
"Please, please Harry. Please? I'm your wife, and you promised. Please? We can take a bath together and I'll let you feed me strawberries."

The newly weds started with a bath to relax them both. The warm water was filled but scented oils and all that good shit Harry likes, he really hooked this bath up.

Louis moans into Harry's mouth, wrapping her legs tighter around his waste. His fingers have been working her open for a few minutes now. It feels good, but this time it's different. Tonight it doesn't stop after just a few fingers. He's gonna put his dick in there.

"Harry," she squirms around in his lap.

He responds with a breathy moan of his own, mouthing at her neck down to her breasts. Louis can't take it anymore, can't wait anymore. She moves her hips so she can rub herself on his tummy.

"We should go to the bed," he's right, but Louis doesn't wanna. The bath is warm and most importantly they can just do it now. No waiting.

He lifts her up anyway, despite her protesting whimpers. He also dries her off, so at least she didn't have to do that. Louis has found over the years that the less work she has to do, the more she enjoys it. Sex stuff and life in general.

"Should we do it regular first?" Harry asks, obnoxiously stroking himself while his other hand is slotted between her butt cheeks.

"Nah," Louis decides, climbing to the middle of the bed where she makes herself comfortable on her knees. "If you start, neither of us will stop."

Harry nods. He wastes no time crowding behind her, kissing every inch of her back that he can reach. He leans over to reach the body oil on the bed side table and pours a liberal amount between her cheek.

They're definitely going to have to call room service for new sheets later.

"Oh my god," Louis moans when Harry slides his prick over her hole. He's trying to get her used to the feeling, somewhat at least but it's hard when she keeps wiggling her butt.

He slides it in slow, not stopping until he's all the way in. Before he has a chance to ask her how she feels or if she needs a minute, she leans forward and slams herself back on him. Oh, okay.

"Is it good?" Harry won't move his hips if she's moving hers, so he just kind sits there and massages her ass cheeks. If he was in her pussy, well. He'd tear that shit up. He's not keen on the idea of tearing her ass though.

"Uh huh," Louis is too choked up for actual words. The way she's moaning sounds like she's crying, Harry would be extremely worried if she wasn't the one doing all the moving.

Those are good cries, then. She likes it.

She'll probably come from this if Harry doesn't busy first, but he decides to help her out anyway by circling her clit with his fingers.

* 

It takes a while for them to come down. Harry full on had an asthma attack the second he started
coming and he had to damn near crawl to his inhaler while Louis laid there like a dead fish. They
got there though, and Louis knows anal is going to become a regular thing for them.

She's gonna be how Harry is with blow jobs.

This was probably the best sex of her life. It made her all sleepy and mostly emotional after.

"What if our next kid is actually octuplets?" Harry asks, ruining the moment.

Well, the sex daze was actually ruined for her the second she started tracing Aubree and Serenity's
names that are tattooed on his chest. She misses her babies.

"What will we name them?" Louis will fake her death so quick if she ever has to give birth to eight
baby Harry's at once. Fuck that.

"Harry junior." Harry scoffs.

"I like the name Brycen for a boy." Louis mumbles on the verge of sleep.

"Fine, but I want at least half of them to be named Harry."

Louis would never name her kid Harry. Okay, no. She would only because she adores her baby
daddy to literal, actual death. But still.

***

Zayn's call to Niall lasted all of one ring before the phone was snatched out of her hand, a whole
two seconds later she was turned around and pinned to the wall.

"You should really learn to lock your windows, babe."

Zayn blinks, the rest of her body frozen with fear. She lives on the fourth floor. Why would she
lock her windows?

"Liam's with me." She warns the crazy man in Justin's body. This isn't Justin. It can't be. He was so
nice and normal. He was her friend. "He'll look for me if I don't come back."

"Liam?" Justin smiles. It was once so cute and charming. Now, while he currently has her
surrounded and phoneless, it's scary.

"I always thought it was just Niall I had to worry about. Is that why you won't let me touch you
anymore? You're too tired from Liam?"

Zayn hasn't let him touch her because Zayn doesn't share. Niall in high school didn't count. That
was high school. Now that she's an adult she feels disgusting having sex with someone who has sex
with other people. STD's and infections are real and she's very aware of them.

"What are you doing here?" She asks instead. Their relationship was never that real for him to be
like this. "Both of them will kill you if you hurt me."

Truthfully, she does believe Niall will still fight for her. No matter what's going on between them,
the friendship or loyalty or whatever is still there. It's Liam she isn't actually sure about. He's just
got big muscles, looks intimidating.

Zayn looks away. She contemplates running for the stairs. Sure, she's closer to the elevator but the doors take too long to close. Both options seem risky, he's right on her and she's weaker with the cramps.

"Sorry to, you know. Tell you like this, but." He shrugs, scratching the side if his head with her phone. "For like, a while now."

He's smiling, like he did a good thing by telling her this. She doesn't like him like that. It was just fun with them...

"I saw how you were with Niall," Justin rolls his eyes. "And how he was with you... Fuck that guy man. He was so stupid,"

Zayn doesn't exactly disagree with that. Not that she agrees with anything else he's saying, because- what exactly is he saying?

"I can be... everything you want. So why are you wasting your time on him? Leaving me for him?"

His eyes are bloodshot. He's high, or drunk or probably both.

"We weren't together..." sure, she never officially broke up with him but wasn't it obvious they were done?

"Don't, baby. Don't do me like that," he brings his hand to cup her chin, gripping harder when she tries to flinch away. "I love you. I fucking love you so much,"

"You're scaring me," where's Liam? Why isn't his big ass looking for her yet?

Justin laughs, shaking his head. "No I'm not, baby. You're not scared of me. All of those times I held you until you fell asleep..."

She closed her eyes and pretended it was N-, somebody else... every time. It helped until she woke up to tattooed arms and a blonde head that wasn't home to the most beautiful shade of blue eyes in the world.

"If you love me why did you destroy my house? And take all of my sons-"

He shushes her with his wet lips against her cheek. She cringes when his spit flies out. "I was just mad, okay? You went home with Niall I was so upset."

She did go home with Niall, but not like that. The only reason she's there is to watch the girls until Louis gets back. Justin knew about that.

"I have to go," Zayn attempts to push his arms away from her. Naturally, just as she expected he brings them right back in place.

He's not going to let her go without a fight.
Chapter 57

Chapter Notes

im so exhausted sos send help

flashback: the wedding night

"Careful, babe." Liam warns his girlfriend.

She's very, veryveryvery intoxicated and she wanted to take a walk. He's got his fingers tucked in her heels, carrying the damn things for her and somehow her balance is still off.

"I'm- I'm fine, Liam." Eleanor insists.

She isn't fine, though. She's been off all day, all week even. All of the alcohol she consumed probably isn't going to help her get any better.

"I know you are." He lies. "Just worry about you, wouldn't want you to get hurt." That's the truth. With that being said, Liam will follow her on her clumsy little walk and save her from toppling over all night if that's what it takes. She can give him all the annoyed looks and scoffs she pleases.

Eleanor whimpers and tries to stomp away, moaning and groaning when Liam has to steady her again.

"Liam? Can you just not be perfect for like, three seconds please?"

He snorts at the compliment in there. But... why's she irritated?

"How come?" He's not perfect, not at all. But she thinks he is? God he loves this girl, and that makes him so happy that she thinks that of him.

Eleanor's shoulders sag and she sighs with her eyes closed. "Because! Okay Liam? Is that a good enough answer for you?" She spits, voice shaky and emotional.

"Um." He's not intentionally laughing in her face, she may be drunk but her emotions are still real. She's obviously upset about something... it's just, he'd sass is always so childlike when she's drunk.

"I've totally lost track of the whole thing! The whole reason I'm here!" She's crying, she slaps Liam's hands away when he tries to comfort her.

What's she talking about?

"Now he has a whole fucking family and I'm in love with you!" Eleanor covers her eyes with her hands as she sobs.

That's... confusing? They've been dating for two years, they say I love you all the time.

"I actually fucking love you, oh my god." She repeats like she's suddenly realizing it.

Liam tries to understand, he really does. They're at a wedding, marriage and shit makes people
think about their own relationships and when they're going to get married themselves and all that good stuff... but. Not everything she's saying is really making sense. Who has a whole family now?

Liam isn't stupid. Niall was showing off his son practically all night, boasting to everyone who would listen about him having a daughter on the way. He's got a whole family now, but that shouldn't matter to Eleanor.

"And I love you too," Liam reminds her. She's drunk and already emotional, even if she wasn't he probably wouldn't call her out.

"I know you do!" Eleanor stomps her bare foot in frustration. "You love me so fucking much, like. You actually, truly love me and-"

She cuts herself off. Bit dramatic, but Liam waits. She's having a moment, he's liking the things she's saying.

"You're so good to me, like really really good and it scares me so much because I've never had that."

"Niall was a dick." Liam agrees.

Hell, Niall still is a dick. Poor Zayn is stuck with him. Liam hates all of Eleanor's insecurities that Niall caused her. He was controlling and a liar and he pushed her buttons, made her seem crazy to their group of friends after he provoked her. Eleanor has told Liam many, many things that Niall did. He heard all about it when he and Eleanor first got together.

"You know what I thought about when Louis and Harry were exchanging those super weird vows?"

Liam shakes his head. He takes his jacket off and sets it on the park bench so Eleanor can sit without ruining her dress. She looks stunning, and he knows the bench will leave prints that will upset her when she sees them tomorrow.

"I thought, 'I wonder if Liam would quote bat man or one of those really stupid mafia movies',"

As awesome as that would be, Liam is poetic and shit on his own. Bat man won't be needed when it comes to his wedding vows. He's romantic as fuck.

"Why did that scare you?" Liam assumes that's what started her meltdown?

Eleanor doesn't directly answer him. "Then I tried to imagine what Niall would say... I couldn't even picture myself marrying Niall. For the last like, seven years I had it in my head that I would end up with Niall. Now when I think about my future... it's you. I can only imagine it with you,"

That's incredible news. Liam actually can't think of better news for her to tell him ever.

"That's great, baby. I imagine it too, marriage and kids. Grandkids. Us growing old together, I see it too."

Eleanor bites her lip, looking down. Her eye makeup (eye liner, mascara? Eleanor has been teaching him this stuff every time he watches her get ready) is a little smudged but even with that she's flawless. Hell yeah Liam wants her to be his wife and have his babies.

"This is so scary." She mumbles.

Liam disagrees but stays silent. They'll talk about it tomorrow, when she's sober.
Niall would be annoyed if his son weren't as precious as he is. The girls took forever to settle down and go sleep and on top of that Zayn's going to get weed, which means she's otherwise useless for the rest of the night. He hates talking to her when she's high. So, yeah. He's irritated. But Zaidan is cute.

"Da-da." Niall says slowly, grin taking over his face when the baby boy repeats him. His tiny voice is so cute, makes all the bull shit with his baby Momma worth it.

"Say 'hi da-da',"

All he gets is another "dadada" from the boy. That's fine. He's just happy he's saying dad before he says mom. Win.

His phone vibrates on the table. It's probably Amy, that bitch is annoying. It's not her though. It's the other annoying female in his life.

"Hey Mom." He sighs into the phone as Zaidan babbles on the background.

***

"It- it could be /our/ baby." Justin paces back and forth in Zayn's currently destroyed living room. He dragged her in here and pushed her to sit on the couch. He still has her phone and with the way he was gripping her arms and pushing her around... He made it very clear she's not getting away.

"We started having sex three months ago, you're three months. It all adds up. That- that's my baby in there."

They started having sex four months ago, and she was five months along. Zayn says nothing though. She does debate telling him she had a miscarriage in hopes he will just let her go but that doesn't seem likely.

"And Zaidan too. I can be there, Zayn. I can give you a house and a marriage, the whole thing. Anything you want."

She should have never told him she asked for those things from Niall. That put it on the table that those are things she wants, but. She doesn't want that from just anybody.

"Okay," Zayn nods. At this point, it seems easier to just agree with him until she can safely get away.

"Okay?" Justin cocks his head to the side. "You mean it? You'll marry me? I can have a house for the four of us before you even wake up tomorrow, baby, a perfect house for us."

Not that Zayn cares, but he isn't lying. He doesn't even have a job either. Fucking trust fund brat.

"I have to go get Zaidan." Zayn nods. Fuck the phone, she decided. Once she's free to go, she's out of here. She can buy a new phone, whatever.

Justin's face is hesitant. He doesn't trust her, he shouldn't. In the back of her mind, Zayn wonders if he acted like this with his exes. He claimed he hadn't been in a relationship in forever but he also lied about a lot of other shit.

Basically, he starts promising her shit when he wants to fuck.
"Let me come with you." Justin negotiates.

Fuck.

Zayn shakes her head, already thinking of a million and eight lies. "I have Liam with me. If he sees you, he'll tell Niall and Niall won't let me take Zaidan if he knows I'm leaving with you,"

Good. That's probably not even a lie. Liam probably wouldn't care to pass the news along to Niall, but if Niall knew Zayn was taking their son to see Justin... that wouldn't happen.

"Yeah," Justin sighs, nodding in agreement. "He's so fucking jealous, because you're mine now and I'm better looking."

The physical restraint it takes to stop herself from snorting aloud deserves Olympic medals in Zayn's opinion. Instead, she just nods her head.

"I'll wait here?"

"Sure," Zayn stands up before he can change his mind.

He holds out her phone. When she reaches for it, he doesn't let go. He uses her grip on the phone to lure her in closer to him.

"Kiss me before you go."

She does. She doesn't put a lot of effort into it, just enough to make it a decent last kiss. Because, tonight is the last time he will ever be close enough to her to touch her ever again.

***

"I'm trying to be an awesome wife and care about your wants and needs and shit, but like, you're really starting to piss me off."

Harry pauses his cooking show to turn and give Louis a dirty look. He isn't even doing anything?

"I'm not even doing anything?"

Louis rolls her eyes and lays back against the pillows. "Whatever. I'll do it myself, like I have to do everything else." She mutters.

She wants to get Serenity and Aubree a puppy when they get home and she's been asking his opinion on breeds for literally like ten minutes. He's been ignoring her, or maybe he really didn't hear her? But he's breathing loud again too, and he's definitely doing that on purpose.

"Yeah. You do /everything/ by yourself. Nobody helps you at all, especially not me." Harry mocks before pressing play on Cupcake Wars.

Who actually watches this shit? Fucking fruit cake.

"Oh look, the first smart thing you ever said in your entire life."

He's so annoying today. They were just in their anal sex haze like, two hours ago. Now she wants him dead.

Not actually dead, but. Less annoying. Louis just wants him to listen to everything she says and only pay attention to her for the rest of his life. It's really not a lot to ask for.
"It was sarcasm, Louis." He's so stupid. "You've been in those same college classes for like, eight years. You'd think they'd teach you what sarcasm is."

Louis blinks, because there is no fucking way he just said that. Yes, she has been in college for quite a while and has dropped more classes than she's completed but she's a mother. A full time mother who lives with three grown men who don't know how to clean up after themselves. She has a lot going on and Harry knows that.

"I don't need eight years of college to know how to file for divorce papers." She'll sue his ass for everything he has.

Which, isn't much. Niall legally owns the house, paid it off a while ago and asked them not to tell Zayn. Harry's got like, two hundred bucks in the bank and he drives her old car. She threw a fit to make sure she got the new one. But still. He's pissing her off and she doesn't want him to be happy right now.

"Mhm." Harry hums, snatching his own temporary pillow to shove under her head where he's laying at the end of the bed. "Just show me where to sign."

Holy fuck she hates him so much. She kicks him repeatedly until he falls over the edge and rolls to the floor. Then she kicks his pillow across the room.

"You can sleep down there, you stupid piece of shit."

Harry sits up all huffy and red faced. Good. His hairs are all crazy and popping out of his bun too.

"If you want attention, can you just ask nicely? That /hurt/!"

"I hope it did." Louis shrugs. Most of her anger was released when she kicked him.

"I will cuddle you after I see who goes home, this is the /finale/ that I missed because you insisted I put things in your butt!" Her husband yells at her.

Well then.

"Oh, I'm sorry dear, that sex with me is such a chore for you." It really is though. She makes him do everything. If she has to move and she doesn't want to, he's going to hear a bit of (non-stop) bitching.
Chapter 58

Chapter Notes

It's late and it's shit but pls don't give up on meeeeeeee

The voicemail was twenty three minutes and sixteen seconds long. Niall listened to about a minute of it before Zayn called back.

He's pissed, for numerous obvious reasons. Number one being that this is who Zayn left him and their baby for, and he isn't even good to her. Josh tells Niall everything. They may not get to hang out often anymore but they talk everyday. Which means, Josh told Niall about high school girls who crashed their last party, and about the sixteen year old Justin hooked up with.

No matter what Niall and Zayn go through, Niall cannot bust a satisfying nut unless he's thinking about Zayn. So, what the fuck.

Anyways.

"And what the fuck was Liam doing while this was happening? He hit you?" Niall yells into the phone.

His yelling is upsetting Zaidan, who is screaming and crying on his dad's hip.

"He was in the car, he didn't know!" Zayn defends the big idiot. "I'm going to drop him off and pick up Zai. I can take him and the girls to my mom's house or something in case-"

"No. This is /my/ house, that is /my/ son! Let him even think about coming on this block, I'll rip his fucking head off!" Niall means it, too.

He didn't listen to the full thing yet, but from the brief summary Zayn just gave him, he's livid. Justin already took Niall's woman, now he's trying to take his son? Someone is going to die tonight.

"What do I do when you're at work, Niall? He's at my fucking apartment waiting for me to come back and when I don't-" Zayn cuts herself off, Liam can be heard saying some bull shit in the background. "I think he's following me,"

"What?" Niall springs into action. He ignores Zaidan's screams and puts the poor babe in his play pin so he find Louis or Harry's keys. "Where are you at? Drive straight here and pull in the garage, I'm moving Harry's car now."

"He's calling me," Zayn sounds so stressed and scared, it makes Niall's heart ache. It's always been an instinct to him, to protect and defend Zayn.

"Don't answer it, don't even look at him." Niall is hardly paying attention to the road himself as backs Harry's car on to the street. It's sloppy as hell but he doesn't have time to fix it, he'll have to do it later. "Stay on the phone, okay?"

"Okay." Zayn's voice is small. Whatever Liam's saying to her in the background is ignored by both of them.
"Where are you at now?" Niall grabs one of the (unused, the fucking poser) gulf clubs from Harry's back seat. It probably scares some of the nosier neighbors when he hides behind his own truck with it, but oh well. The second Justin pulls up, he's smashing his windshield in.

"A few blocks away, I don't think I should stay there Niall he broke in my windows he-"

"Zayn." He doesn't bother telling her that he's super fucking insulted by her thinking he wouldn't protect his house, and the people in it. "Listen to me. Are you listening?"

"Yes,"

"I'm going to take care of this. Do you believe me? I got this, okay?"

"Okay," Zayn breathes. "I believe you."

***

"I just," Louis sniffles into her husband's chest, causing him to wrap his arms tighter around her. "I miss my babies so much. My mommy senses... they're tingling like crazy Harry. My babies need me."

Harry nods seriously, very understanding. Louis has never gone more than twenty four hours without seeing her kids, and tomorrow will be six days.

"Do you want to go home early?" Harry is having a great time as long as Louis is. Sure, he misses his princesses but not as bad as his queen does.

"No! We should have brought them, they would love it here. Aubree loves the beach, Serenity likes burying things. I just wish they could experience this too, you know? We'll probably never get to take them on a family vacation,"

It hurts Harry, because that's true. Harry could make tons of money with Niall on his shady side business, but the risk (between the law and the people he's involved with) isn't worth it. He doesn't want to put his family in danger, and they need him. He can't risk going to jail for all of that time and miss his girls growing up, risk Louis finding someone better. Fuck that.

With all of that being said, Harry does wish he made more money to spoil his girls the way the deserve to be spoiled.

"Well. We have another week here. I'll see what I can do, okay?" Harry promises. He's already thinking about what to say when he calls Niall and asks him to bring the girls here, and then leave. Niall's a good friend. He'll probably do it.

"I wish they weren't sleeping already so I can facetime them." Louis ignores his promise. She assumes he's talking about trying to save for them to all go soon vacation. Yeah right. They don't have anything to save. "I miss their fat little faces so much. I haven't been bitten or had my hair pulled in a week Harry, a whole week."

Surprisingly, she's talking about Aubree with that one. Serenity doesn't beat her up unless Louis pisses her off. And, in Aubree's defense, Louis usually bites her first. Her legs and little baby toes are ticklish so Louis likes to sneak up on her.

"I didn't know you were into that, thought you just liked doing it," Harry gestures to the side of his head where matted curls stand straight out from being tugged on. That wasn't sexual. He was just getting on her nerves.
"I meant by my babies Harry. I miss them so much."

Just because Louis doesn't like mixing sexual talk into conversations about her kids, Louis doesn't mention that she loves when Harry bites her on her neck or tummy or her butt, or that her eyes roll in an involuntary way when he pulls her hair while he hits it from the back.

Also, just because she didn't say it out loud doesn't mean she wasn't thinking it, so.

"What are you doing?" Harry asked, voice amused.

"Nothing." Louis shakes her head innocently as she continues the motions on his crotch with her knee.

"Already?" Her stupid husband smirks.

No, Louis' stomach hurts again. She can feel him hardening from just her knee, so she takes care of that by reaching in his pants and plucking one of his pubic hairs.

***

Niall watches Zayn pull in the driveway from where he's hiding behind his truck. He debates running to shut the garage door behind her so she has a better sense of security, but he's got her. She should know this.

Plus, Justin's car is slowly creeping up the street. If he sees Niall, the pussy might run away. Niall has the itching urge to crack his fucking jaw, so. Can't have that.

"He's right there, Liam! Where's Niall?" Zayn's panicked voice can be heard, followed by two doors slamming shut.

"It's okay, Zayn! He's probably in the house, you're alright, calm down." Liam attempts to soothe her.

Only Niall can calm her down when she's scared like this. That's not him being cocky either, it's just true. Obviously her parents can help her and shit too, but at the end of the day Zayn knows the only real protection she has is from Niall. Wasted effort, Liam, Niall thinks, shaking his head to himself.

Justin's car starts to turn in the driveway, snapping Niall's attention back to the task at hand. Niall's truck is in its usual spot on the grass, so it's not like Justin wouldn't know he's here. Dumb fuck.

His entire body twitches, ready to go. Ready to fuck him up, like he fucked up Niall's relationship. He's got to wait though, until he's out of the car.

"Oh my god!" Zayn squeaks. Why aren't they in the house yet? Liam's a real fucking idiot, if you ask Niall.

Justin parks, right there in the driveway. In Niall's driveway. His windows are tinted, hiding whatever weird shit he's doing in there.

"Where's Niall?" Zayn asks again. See. She doesn't feel safe until she sees him.

"Shhh, it's okay." Another failed attempt from Liam. "Come on-

"No! Nonono- Liam he's right there!"
Oh, that's why they haven't gone in yet. In order to get to the front door from the garage, they have to damn near touch Justin's car. Niall thought it was obvious they should go through the back door.

"Okay, okay. We'll go through the back. Do you want me to stay here? Make sure he doesn't get out or whatever?"

Well. He saved himself there, in Niall's book. Now the beating Liam's going to get for being an idiot won't be so bad.

"Is it locked?" Zayn's crying.

Niall wonders if Justin can see that she's crying. If she does, why isn't he leaving?

Liam must pass his keys over to Zayn, because for some reason she thanks him and her light but quick footsteps can be heard.

Then, Justin's car door is opening. Every hair on Niall's body stands up, ready.

"Hey," idiot says to big idiot. (Justin to Liam.)

"Yeah?" Liam calls back. It sounds like he just lit a cigarette.

"Did he say something to her? Why is she crying?"

Justin thinks... that Zayn is... crying because of Niall? Really?

"I think you should just go, man." Liam shakes his head. His eyes widen when he notices Niall creeping up behind the intruder, causing Justin to turn around.

It's then that Niall decides using his fist is going to feel so much better than the club to break Justin's face. So, he quickly makes the decision to toss Harry's putter and sock Justin in his jaw. It brings him the sort of high he's been missing for quite some time now.

He blacks out- as he usually does when he's in a rage. When he comes to, Liam is holding him back and Justin is holding his face. There's blood. Niall has too much adrenaline to tell who's it is.

"Go! Just go, before the neighbors call the fucking cops!" Liam screams at Justin while damn near tossing Niall towards the front door. "You- in the house. Now!"

"He broke my fucking nose!" Justin spits, literally spits blood on Niall's driveway. Disrespectful mother fuck.

"I'll do it again, weak ass mommas boy!" Niall yells.

Liam pushes him again. He's testing Niall's patience. "In the house Horan. Nobody's coming to bail you out of jail so get in the house before you get arrested."

"Fuck you, Liam! I'll bail myself out." Niall has more money than either of these pricks.

"I came here to get my girlfriend, and he attacked me!" Justin cries. Nobody's listening. "Is this how you treated Zayn? No wonder she left your ass-"

"You shut your fucking mouth!" Niall points a warning finger. He's not exactly listening to what this mega loser is saying, all he knows is he heard Zayn's name in a mouth it doesn't belong in. Zayn, or Zaidan are none of Justin's concern. Never were, never will be.
"Go! Get in your car and go, man." Liam is exhausted. He has his own shit to deal with, and honestly he's so tired of being the peacekeeper. He doesn't even like Niall, and if Zayn weren't going through what she is Liam would just let these two kill each other so he can go to bed.

"I'm not leaving Zayn here with this psycho!" Justin squawks.

"Psycho? You broke in her fucking house!" And she came to /me/ for protection, Niall doesn't add. It's not a contest, and if it was, Justin was never a contender.

"She doesn't want to be here with you," he looks so ridiculous with his long hair and bloody face that if Niall weren't fucking livid he'd be laughing. "She never wanted you, man. Zaidan isn't even yours, she just felt bad and told you he was."

With that being said, Niall just looks at Liam. Liam looks back at Niall, and they silently agree; Justin has to die. Or something along those lines. Either way, Liam lets Niall go with no intention of stopping him again.
Chapter 59

Chapter Notes

so like theres no larry in this my bad BUT in my defense I already said all of my larry ideas only make sense after a time jump sooooo *sweats* sorry guys also known decided after a few more chapters im gonna wrap this up and do the second part with the time jump :)

ps I might even do a short little before of Larry in high school and stuff before they got all grown up :')

Yaser walks in looking tired, cigar dangling between his fingers. He's in silk pajamas, he must of just woken up. He takes one look at Niall's black eye and shakes his head. When he sees Justin's face, he glances back at the first boy and chuckles.

"Zayn's dad?" Justin sounds confused.

That's right mother fucker, Niall thinks to himself.

"I hear you broke into my daughter's apartment." Yaser says casually.

That's the thing about him that's the most scary in Niall's opinion, the way he appears so calm when he should be pissed.

"He has this delusion that my son belongs to him." Niall spits. "That's my fucking son!"

Alberto puts a warning hand on Niall's shoulder. Well, for Niall it's more of a reminder. He's told Niall time after time about this temper of his...

"You see," Yaser puffs the cigar, eyes tired. "The way he feels about his son, is the way I feel about my daughter's. Only, ten times more."

Justin looks around the room. There's one door and four other men in here. What the fuck is going on? All he remembers is being punched in the face and waking up in some van, where he was fucking tied up and now he's here... at some shady looking warehouse.

"My daughter's, and my first grandson. My only grandbaby," Yaser smiles, bragging to Preston. Preston offers an awkward smile in return. He's not one for the soft shit but Yaser is very passionate about his family, and, yano. Gotta keep the boss happy.

"I'm glad Niall kicked your ass."

"I could have fucking killed him if these pricks didn't get in my way." Niall grumbles, arms folded over his chest.

"Now now, my boy." Yaser smiles at his future son in law, eyes twinkling.

Zayn doesn't know it, hell nobody actually knows it, but Niall and Yaser are closer than they pretend. When Yaser found out (because he finds out everything) Niall was expelled from school
because he fought for Zayn, well. He became intrigued. This is the kind of man he wants for his
daughter.

Plus, he makes an incredible drug dealer. Friendly face, social chameleon he is.

"We need your name clear, don't we?"

Niall raises his eyebrows but remains silent.

"What the fuck is this? What's going on?" Justin demands answers.

The only person in this room who's demands are met are Yaser's, though. So, tough luck innit.

"This is me having mercy on you. You should feel so lucky." Zayn's dad is nothing but serious.
"Because the next time you bother my family, it won't be Niall who finds you."

As if this were rehearsed, Preston and Alberto crack their knuckles. Justin looks around, playing cool. Niall knows him though. Knows him enough to know he's coming down from whatever high he was on earlier, and that he's scared. Good, son of a bitch.

"If I even hear your name and my daughter, or my grandsons name in the same sentence..." Yaser
shakes his head.

Niall gets goosebumps at the thought. As much as he'd like to kill Justin, he knows the boss
actually will. Maybe not himself, but he'll arrange it. He'd probably even help the kids mother with
the funeral cost while he pretended to be sad for her.

"They won't find your body when I'm done with you. And if they do, it'll be so mangled your
mother won't be able to identify you."

Niall grins at the look on Justin's face, the size of his eyes. Be scared, little bitch.

"Now let's go, son. Zayn's in no condition to be alone right now." Yaser nods his head, signalling
for Niall to follow him.

***

After a long speech from Yaser, Niall gets home a little after one in the morning. He finds Zayn on
the couch feeding Zaidan, Liam on the opposite end looking too sleepy to be his usual
uncomfortable self.

"Where did you go?" Zayn perks up as soon as she sees him. Zaidan whimpers, only settling when
Zayn starts rubbing his head.

Niall sighs and sits in the chair closer to Liam. "I just wanna say thank you for helping out earlier."
He says to Liam, man to man and meaning every word of it. "Not just breaking it up or whatever,
but with making sure she was alright after you knew what was going on. Thank you, and thank you
for staying up with her. I appreciate it."

Zayn is the first person Niall has ever actually loved more than himself. Of course he loves his
mom and shit but it's different with Zayn. Everything seems to be different with Zayn.

"Yeah." Liam nods. He's exhausted. "It's no problem. She's my friend too, and you of all people
should know I won't sit back and watch her get hurt." He refers to the infamous "goodbye kiss"
fight.
Niall rolls his eyes. "Yeah, thanks."

Both men turn to look at Zayn when she starts sniffling.

"What the fucks wrong with you?" Niall makes a face, earning a dirty look from Liam.

"I have a lot of hormones and I just really love you guys so much." She sobs, face wet with tears. Zaidan's sprawled out on her lap, limbs spread wide with a little drop of her milk on the corner of his open mouth, which means her tits out, just hanging free.

"Aw." Liam pats her knee at the same time Niall says: "yeah, cover yourself up."

Liam doesn't need to see her tits and neither does Niall if he can't touch them.

"Where did you go?" Zayn asks again as she tucks herself back up. "Where's Justin?"

Niall licks his bottom lip, staring at his son. His son. His chunky, little butter ball son.

"He left. He won't be back, don't worry about him." Niall assures baby Momma.

"How do you know? God, my house is fucked. He broke everything-"

"We'll figure it out in the morning." He's got an idea in motion already. It was actually Yaser who put said idea in Zayn's head. "Come on. Let's go to bed," he stands up, scooping Zaidan up carefully.

"What? Where," they haven't slept in the same room the whole time she's been here, except when they took at nap in Louis' room on accident. This is nice.
"Lou and Haz's room, so we can hear the girls."

Liam is already nodding out on the couch, which is fine. Niall's not saying goodnight to him anyways. That's gay.

***

Niall stays home from work so won't be a nervous wreck all day. And, because Niall truly believes Justin /is/ stupid enough to try coming back. So, Niall called and asked for the week off. Said it was an emergency.

Currently, he's changing Zaidan's diaper while Serenity observes, curious.

"That stinks." She informs her uncle, hair wild as hell because she won't let neither Zayn or Niall touch it.

"Yeah, I know." Niall grumbles. Zaidan just stares at his dad while he sucks his own fingers, occasionally swinging his chunky legs in the air.

"What /is/ that?" The little girl points at the baby's penis. Hearing the question and being curious herself, Aubree runs over to look too.

Niall really is not up for this today.

"His prick." Niall tells them.

"Oh god, it's a bug!" Aubree hates bugs!
"His stick?" Serenity asks, ignoring her sisters melt down.

Little blonde baby throws herself on the floor, crying because bugs are so scary! That makes Zayn come in to investigate.

"What's wrong?" She coos at the distressed toddler, picking her up and immediately regretting it. Her back is killing her today.

"It's the bug!" Aubree slams her face in Zayn's shoulder, getting it wet with tears and snot.

"What bug?"

"It's not a bug Bree." Serenity rolls her eyes. She's already over this diaper thing, sitting next to the baby on the couch as she fucks around with the remote. "It's him stick."

"What?" Zayn is so confused... why is there a stick in the house?

"She thinks Zai's pecker is a bug," Niall somewhat elaborates.

"It's not him pecker." Serenity shakes her head at her aunt and uncle. "It's him stick. Niall said."

Zayn raises an unimpressed eyebrow at baby daddy, who plays distracted with dressing the baby.

"It's his /penis/, Ren."

The toddler scrunches her eyebrows, obviously confused. "Him penis?"

Zayn nods.

"I... need to tell my mom that." Serenity's mind is blown. She feels like she's being tricked... which is why she needs Louis' input on it. Mommy /never/ lies.

"I need my mommy." Aubree whispers.

"They'll be home soon, babe." Zayn whispers back. All she gets is a little whimper in response.

"They get on a plane tomorrow. That means tomorrow after you go to sleep, they'll be here. Mommy /and/ daddy." Niall informs his nieces.

"My daddy?" Aubree raises her eyebrows, intrigued. Suddenly she feels ready for bed, if that means daddy will be home sooner.

"And mommy?" Ren however, is skeptical. "Um, Bree? I think he's just tricking us again."

"No honey, he's not." Zayn tells her, voice gentle.

Which... Zayn has no idea what she's going to do when Louis and Harry do get here. She's not ready to talk to Louis about the miscarriage, definitely doesn't feel like hearing the "I told you so" about Justin either. But she doesn't want to go home, nor does she want to explain anything to her parents, so. What's she supposed to do?

"Fricking us?" Aubree gasps, sending an accusing look Zayn's way. Zayn just shakes her head before setting the little blonde princess down to go play.

"Hey," Zayn says quietly, so Niall knows it's just for him. She takes a seat next to him and pinches Zaidan's leg, earning a toothless smile.
"Hmm?"

"What did you want to talk to me about? Before I left with Liam." That's been bothering her all day. What could they really possibly have to talk about? Considering they really haven't talked much lately, unless it's about Zaidan.

"Oh," Niall raises his eyebrows, like he forgot or something. "I actually just wanted to see where your head was at,"

Huh? "What do you mean?"

He clears his throat, focusing instead on Zaidan, who is hanging on to Niall's thumbs so he can bounce on his dad's lap.

If he's already thinking about them getting back together... Zayn's not sure she'd say no. She probably wouldn't, to be honest. She's vulnerable and weak. Whatever. She loves him.

"With the whole... miscarriage thing." Niall shrugs and oh, that's not what Zayn thought this talk was gonna be about.

"I'm sad." She says casually, because she thought it was obvious. She's devastated and grieving the loss of her child that she never even got to meet. She's borderline depressed and the shit storm just keeps coming.

"Aren't you?" Zayn would understand if he wasn't. He didn't necessarily get to bond with her belly this time, or go to any appointments, or hear her go on and on about her cravings and how sore her breasts are. All he got out of it was a little morning sickness and a really horny Zayn, so. She'd understand.

"Well, yeah. But... maybe it was for the best." Wait what? "Its hard enough with him, we don't want to have to do this with two kids."

Um. Zayn's not following. "Do what?"

Niall shrugs again. "This. One night with me, one night with you. The fighting, your crazy boyfriends. All of it."

Wow. She... She doesn't have /boyfriends/. She had one friend who (against better judgement) she got intimate with. Justin was only around Zaidan because at first they were friends. Niall introduced Justin to Zai... how was Zayn supposed to know he'd turn out crazy?

"You were my only crazy boyfriend." She tells him seriously. "He wasn't a boyfriend." He wanted to be for sex reasons. Zayn's actually grossed out she let him touch her.

"Yeah, well. It's bad enough he's around this toxic behavior. We don't need another one."

Zayn's too emotional for this. She can't just sit here and listen to him talk about their baby with no emotion. She goes in Louis' room to lay down and probably cry until she falls asleep again.
Chapter 60

Chapter Notes

GUYS

"Zayn?" Niall calls quietly, sleepy. He woke up and she wasn't in the bed with him, neither was Zaidan and it's like, four in the morning.

Normally he'd think nothing of it and just go back to sleep, but. Zayn's a known flight risk when she's sad. Or mad. Lately, she's a combination of both.

He finds her sleeping on the couch. The only light is coming from the television. Zaidan's in his walker, slumped over with a bag of cheetos clutched in his fist, crushed and soggy chips all over his face and the floor. What the fuck.

"Zayn," he nudges her gently before grabbing the wipes from the table to clean his son up.

"Time is it?" Zayn slurs, sitting up a little.

Zaidan whines in his sleep as his dad wipes his face and hands. Fucking ridiculous.

"You know he had your chips?" The dad grumbles. He just gave this little stinker a bath.

"Those are his." Baby Momma yawns. "He likes them."

His eight month old child likes cheetos? Niall doesn't even want to know what else she's feeding him. This is fucking ridiculous, and Niall is pissed.

"How come you're out here?" He asks quietly, gently taking the baby out of the walker. Zaidan whines and whimpers, falling back asleep after some butt pats from daddy.

"He woke me up pulling my hair," Zayn stretches. She looks exhausted and cute and cuddly but there's nothing Niall can do about that right now. "He thought it was play time. Didn't want him to wake you up."

The other day Zaidan woke Niall up by crawling on his face and drooling in his hair. They gotta stop co sleeping with this kid.

"You coming back to bed?" Only a few more hours until little Styles' children wake them up and demand eggs.

There's really quite a routine with breakfast and lunch, both Zayn and Niall have noticed. They only want eggs for breakfast, only cheese sandwiches for lunch, no matter what else is offered. It's weird.

"Yeah." She nods.

He knows she's cold, always freezing when she sleeps. He also knows that she knows they won't cuddle, which is why she's in a hoodie, sweats, and socks. It's fucking summer time.
When the three of them get situated back in Louis and Harry's bed, Niall can't sleep until he leans over Zaidan and presses a gentle kiss to Zayn's forehead.

***

Serenity held strong the entire time her parents were gone. The only time she cried, was when her mom actually came home.

"Oh my gosh." Louis whimpers, crying too. "My poor baby! I missed you so much sweetheart."

"Don't you go no where no more, mommy!" The toddlers face is red and wet, visibly distressed.

"I won't, baby. I promise." Louis hugs her daughter tighter. She missed her sweet baby so much.

Meanwhile...

"Cookie?" Aubree asks her dad to get her one.

"Sure." He shrugs.

Aubree didn't really notice the absence of her parents. It's cool or whatever that they're back now, though. Niall always takes a bite when she asks him for cookies.

"Are you guys back together?" Louis shoots an accusing eyebrow towards her friends while Serenity clings to her neck.

"No." Niall replies, stern but bored. Zayn just looks away, all sad and shit.

"Did you guys do it in my bed?" Louis asks the more important question.

"Do what mommy?" Serenity is curious. What's she talking about?

"Again, no." Niall's very short tempered with the questions. Zayn's a touchy subject to him and he really doesn't need third party opinions.

Louis Styles snorts. "Yeah. I believe that." Sarcasm. Why is Zayn sitting so close to him if he hasn't been tapping that all week? She smells bull shit.

"Well." Louis doesn't take the hint here. Zayn is uncomfortable and Niall is annoyed. "If he's still not getting the job done you can always borrow mine to play with."

"My mommy sharing. That's very nice, mommy!" Serenity nods and kisses her mommy's cheek. Serenity herself doesn't like to share her toys, but she's been told sharing is good.

"Oh my god." Zayn's red in the face, looking everywhere but anyone's face. Maybe now would be a good time for her to go check on Zaidan. He's been napping in Niall's bed for like, fifteen minutes.

"You know what." Oh shit. Now Niall's started... "Why do you assume I'm shit in bed?" This is really starting to irritate Niall. "Get your wife, before I bend her over and make her fall in love."

Both Zayn and Harry give Niall a look. Zayn's is hurt, Harry's is intrigued. He gives the same questioning look to his wife. They've been trying to find someone for a three some, Harry doesn't know why he never flat out asked Niall. He was so focused on Liam.

"No, not him." Louis isn't into incest, thanks. Niall's like her little brother, never mind the fact that
her fucking him would break Zayn's heart.

"When are you going home?" Louis changes the subject yet again.

Zayn bites her lip, not knowing how to answer. She doesn't want to go home, doesn't know how to tell Louis why either.

"Tonight." Niall says, quietly. Zayn give him a confused look, all he does is stare back at her, silently telling her to go with it.

"When Zaidan wakes up," she shrugs. Niall says nothing after that.

"Aw." Harry pouts. "I miss his little fat butt. Can we keep him tonight? As like, a thanks for watching them."

Louis is too busy kissing Serenity's cheeks to object, but she definitely hears him. Zayn looks at Niall again, silently asking him if that's okay with him.

"You really don't have to, man. He's been waking up at like, three in the morning to play." Niall explains.

"Ah, like Louis." Louis rolls her eyes at her husband. He's a sicko.

"And me!" Aubree giggles. She loves play time.

"Let us keep him." Louis smiles. She's so tan and beautiful. Zayn misses her so much but she has to keep her bull shit away from her. This is such a happy time in Louis' life. Zayn would hate to ruin that. "So you two can go and not be together."

Her suggestive tone causes Niall to roll his eyes for the millionth time today. Regardless, Louis gets her way and the Styles' keep Zaidan for the night.

***

"Why are we coming back here?" Zayn doesn't want to be at this apartment ever again. It feels dirty and disgusting. Not just because of the mess, but because someone just came in uninvited. It feels tainted.

"To get your stuff." Niall tells her. Truthfully, he knows she doesn't really need anything else from here. He just bought another house, because he can and because he's ready for one.

He's just... stalling. He's nervous, okay? He's only got an hour or so before he puts himself in the position to potentially get destroyed. It's scary.

"All I have left is clothes. He took everything," and broke what he didn't take.

About twenty minutes later Niall has Zaidan's things collected and Zayn's got hers. They load the stuff into Niall's truck, having left Zayn's car back at his house. His old house, that it.

"Where are we going?" Zayn doesn't recognize any of the roads he's on.

Niall grips the wheel tighter, palms sweaty. Fuck, he's nervous. "You'll see."

"What does that mean?" He's being weird...

Baby daddy just shrugs. Zayn's not worried about it, per say. She's just... confused. She trusts him
with her entire life without a doubt but this is strange.

"It's a surprise."

Oh. Well then.

***

"You're my mommy's wife?" Serenity was real hyped for the wedding, but now that it's over, well. She's having trouble understanding the point of it?

"No, mommy is my wife. I am mommy's husband," Harry explains.

"Why?"

"Because we love each other. That's what mommy's and daddy's do," Louis tells Harry's little twin. Aubree could not care less. All she cares about this new Paw Patrol episode. (It's not new, she just hasn't seen it yet.) And picking her nose where she's beached out on her dad's lap.

"I just want Lee-Lum to be my wife be he only loves Leleanor." The curly haired girl pouts.

"Why Liam?" Not that Louis doesn't get it, because fuck yeah she does. But, Ren used to have a crush on Niall. Liam has never really bonded with the girls, not that he has to or anything but Louis doesn't understand why her daughter is so obsessed with him. Niall is the one that does stuff with them.

"He's just my boyfriend." Serenity shrugs.

"I'll politely break his neck." Harry grumbles. What even?

"Calm down Harry. You're scaring the kids," His wife rolls her eyes. Even Zaidan isn't intimidated by uncle curly. He's pulling said curls right now, trying to eat them.

"Sorry, bud. Didn't mean to use that language around you." Harry pats his nephews fat belly. "Do you want another sister, Ren?"

The question confuses her, because her sister is right there? So Louis helps them out.

"Do you want a new sister or brother? Two sisters, or one new brother?" It's ridiculous. Louis is not pregnant, and she won't be for a while. Harry's got this obsession with her being pregnant again though.

"Um." She eyes Zaidan. He's not so bad now. She actually likes picking him up and tickling him and he always laughs because Serenity is /so/ funny. "I just like that baby."

"But he's your cousin, Love." Harry explains.

"You're going to have a new cousin soon." Louis tells the big girl.

She's only three, almost four. How is she so tall? And smart. God her baby is perfect.

"Yeah, and that's why Niall was just punching him. And beating him up!" Serenity growls and throws her fist around to show what she saw. Zaidan finds it hilarious.

What? "The baby?" Louis is confused...
"The man!" Duh. "I just saw it in the window." She hops up on the sofa and pulls the curtains open. "Just last night because I was sleeping and that baby woke me up!" She pouts.

What the fuck. Harry stares at his wife with wide eyes, knowing she's going to be pissed. Louis doesn't like new people around her kids. Especially people yelling and fighting. Absolutely not.

"Hey, did you know him has a stick?"

***

Niall finally pulls into the circular driveway, parking in front of the door. This house is huge and really nice. A good ideal family home. Niall suggested the idea to Yaser, and Yaser made it happen.

"Whose house is this?" Zayn asks, hesitant to take her seatbelt off. She's not dressed to meet people, especially not people who live in this nice of a house. This place is bigger than her parents house.
Niall doesn't say anything. He just gets out and opens her door for her, leading the way into the house. It's empty, but not for long.

"What's going on?"

"You asked me whose house this is," Niall swallows.

When Zayn turns around, he's on his knee. What tho-

"It's ours, if you'll marry me."

Zayn's scream echoes through the house. It probably scares the neighbors too, but oh well. She runs to tackle him in a hug because fuck him for springing this cute ass surprise on her when things are weird between them.

"Is that a yes?" He gets back on his feet, arms wrapped tight around her waist.

"Are you serious?" Zayn's fucking crying. She didn't even get a look at the ring. This house-scratch that. Him wanting to even try being with her again is enough for her. She really fucked things up between them, him proposing is the last thing she thought would happen today. This year even.

"Yes."

"Yes, yes a million times yes." Zayn squeezes him tighter.

This proposal is so much better than the last one.
Chapter 61

"It was real fucking nice of them to watch my kids or whatever," Louis bitches, slamming around pots and pans. "But, do we even fight in front of them?"

Harry leans back on the table with his arms folded across his chest, watching as Louis fills a pot to boil water. What exactly is the hot water for? She's making grilled cheese sandwiches...

"No. Never." They don't really fight anymore period, but if it's a real fight, like violent and shit, Louis makes sure the kids are sleeping or something. Their girls are bad enough without seeing a demonstration.

"Exactly!" She slams the pot on the stove and turns the flame all the way up. That's not good... "I'm so fucking pissed Harry. Niall and Liam can't be doing that shit, in front of my kids or in front of my fucking house."

Neither Liam or Niall are answering their phones, no surprise that Zayn isn't either. Louis and Harry assume it was them idiots again. They didn't reall want to question Ren about it anymore. Then she'd know it's a big deal and ugh. Louis just wants to love on her sweet babies right now. Not have to explain to them that fighting is bad.

"I work so fucking hard with them kids to make sure they're safe and know good from bad and they just expose my babies to their bull shit? Oh my god Harry, I'm so fucking angry!" Louis slams more shit around.

For some reason the eggs are out now? Harry just stands there, nodding when necessary. Louis is mad. She has a right to be. He has to let her vent and he's not going to give her the "calm down it'll be okay" bull shit either. He's really proud of how she's controlling her temper right now.

The old her would have tracked them both down and choked them out before they could even see her coming. His baby is so mature.

"Oh my god, I want to hurt them so bad right now." She laughs. She only laughs when she's hella mad, which is worse than regular mad. Obviously.

"I know baby." Harry says quietly. All he has to do is agree with her, support her and shit. He does. Eleven hundred percent. For always and infinity or whatever that guy said.

"It just makes me wonder what the fuck else happened while we were gone, you know? They didn't tell us shit, Harry. I thought I could trust them. And where the fuck was Zayn while her own kid was crying? She doesn't even watch her own kid, why the fuck would she offer to watch mine."

Harry remains mute because he doesn't exactly agree with everything she's saying and obviously he's not going to tell her that. Instead, he wraps his arms around her waist from behind. She instantly melts into him.

"Hey." Harry whispers. That's enough of this angry Louis. He wants his beautiful wife happy again. Not stressed.

Louis huffs, breathing through her nose. "I'm mad."

"I know baby." He sways them back and forth, lips against her neck. "I am too. I'll help you hurt them, okay?"
He's lying and they both know it.

"Okay." Louis sighs anyways.

"I love you." He reminds her.

"I love you too." She whispers back. Now that she's good and distracted, Harry takes the opportunity to turn down the flame on that water. That was really bothering him.

***

"The real deal this time Zayn." Niall's all hyped up, driving way too fast to a destination Zayn didn't even think to ask about. She doesn't care. His truck is bouncing around, she's always thought he looked sexy when he drives and now he's her fiance. Shit is crazy.

"We do this for real this time. You and me," he's got that look on his face that says he means business. He's serious. "No more bull shit. We stay together and work shit out. I'm not a little kid anymore. I know what I want."

So does Zayn, mostly. She knows she wants him. Everything else is up in the air.

"Yeah? And what is it that you want, then?" She knows it's her. She just wants to hear it.

"You." Niall replies, dead serious and focused. "I wanna wake up to you and Zaidan every single morning. If living in our own house is what it takes, well, I just bought it."

That's all Zayn asked him for, for them to live on their own. They could be in a small house, or even next door to Louis and Harry for f***s sake as long as it's their own space.

She's really just surprised because she thought she fucked everything up for good by fucking with Justin...

"I'm still hurt." It's like he read her mind or something. "You know I don't even like you in the same room as another guy and you had a whole nother relationship, but I'll get over that. I want you, I want you to want to be mine."

If Zayn were physically okay to have sex, they would be fucking right here on this highway.

"I do, I always have. For years," she's been gone for this boy since freshmen year. She's fucking twenty two, and the mother to his child. Zayn didn't even want kids after she seen how Louis' life turned out. Not that it's not great or anything, but being a stay at home, twenty four seven, around the clock mother seems so boring.

It is so boring.

"Good." His grip on the wheel tightens. Little possessive ass. "We can move in tonight. I'll work and provide money, you take care of Zaidan and the house. We'll figure out a schedule for school for you too, cause I know you've been wanting to go back."

There's one thing Zayn needs to know though, that he hasn't brought up yet. It's not make or break or anything, she's just curious.

"Is it going to just be Zaidan? Because you really didn't seem upset about- you know. The baby,"

"I don't know." He answers truthfully, voice a lot softer now. Zayn's going to be upset if he says he didn't care about it... "We can see after we get married. Right now just wasn't the right time, Zai
isn't even walking yet."

Honestly, Yaser would have Niall's head if that baby was born before he made Zayn a wife. He knew she was pregnant, and he knows she had miscarriage. He was not a happy grandpa about any of it.

"I felt like I lost Zaidan," Zayn confesses. It's crazy or whatever because he was right there, but. It hurt. Physically and mentally. And she felt so alone through it all.

"Zaidan is fine, baby," Niall doesn't really know what else to say...

"I know." She doesn't want to get frustrated trying to explain it any further. He's not going to get it anyway. "What about Amy?" She was just at the house a few days ago.

"What about her?" Niall makes a face.

Um. "Weren't you guys like, dating or something?" She had been around for a few months...

"Obviously not. I just proposed to marry you."

Oh. Okay then, that's good enough for Zayn.

"I love you." She sighs, admiring her ring where her hand lays on his thigh. It's sort of a habit when he drives and she's in front seat. It just happens naturally.

"I love you more." He means that, too.

***

Louis is still angry, don't get her wrong. But after like six hours of neither Niall, Liam, or Zayn answering their phones, she sort of gave up for now. Which, Liam not answering the phone is whatever but Zayn and Niall? She has their kid. Totally irresponsible of them.

Anyway. Since the kids are in bed and Harry would rather play video games than pay attention to her, she had to force herself on him. It didn't exactly work out.

"This kind of hurts my back," Louis twists around to look at Harry. She's straddling him backwards and upside down so her butt would be under his hands. That left her trying to support her top half on her own, since she's an idiot and tried this while he's sitting on the couch.

"Are you gonna pay attention to it?" She whines, shaking her butt on his lap. She's even in short shorts, cheeks all hanging out.

They're married now. It should not be this hard to get booty rubs.

"Hold on, babe."

He didn't even hear her, then.

"Do I have to put your dick in my mouth for you to pay attention to me?" She's a good wife. She'll do it.
"Love you too baby,"

Her ass is literally on his lap right now, for crying out loud. Whatever. All babies are sleeping anyway, including Zai, who's knocked out drooling in their bed.
She has to crawl forward to get off of him with no help, resulting in her banging her fucking shoulder on the table. Whatever, she'll make him massage her later. She turns around, kneeling in front of him and runs her up his thighs. He shifts his hips the tiniest bit when her finger touches his cock over his sweatpants.

Her hands weren't even in that area, really. That's just how big it is. Louis' mouth shamelessly waters as she kisses it over the material.

Oh, now he wants to look at her? Interesting.

"Keep playing your game." Louis smiles, hooking her fingers in the waistband of his pants. "Or I'll stop."

No, she won't. It's nice to feel like she had some sort of control, though.

He's not wearing underwear. Louis immediately mouths at the base of his cock like hasn't been in and on her all week. It's just so pretty, and Louis only had it in her mouth a few times on their honeymoon. Harry deserves blow jobs.

"Love this cock so much," she sighs, nose and tongue trailing the length all the way up to the tip.

"It's yours."

She knows. "All mine, isn't it." Louis wraps her lips around the head, sucking lightly.

"Shit baby," Harry's eyes are already glazed over. He's so weak. Part of her wants to stop, just because it'll be funny. Only to her of course.

She doesn't though. She gets into it, setting her own slow pace as she swallows down his entire length. She's in no rush this time. It's all about him tonight.

"God, you look so good." Harry hasn't taken his eyes off of her since she put her mouth on him. He's lucky she wasn't serious about him playing the game or she'll stop.

Louis pops his cock out of her mouth, ignoring the string of spit as she works him with her hand for a moment. "Look even better with your come on my face, huh baby?"

Harry's abs and thigh muscles twitch at the thought. Louis never lets him finish on her face, it's always a rare occasion.

"Hell yeah baby. Is that where you want it?"

Louis doesn't answer him. She puts her mouth to better use and goes back to sucking her husband's prick. A few minutes later, long after her jaw started aching Harry starts his moaning like he usually does before he comes.

"In my mouth or on my face?" Louis gives him the option while she wanks him.

"Fuck!" Harry's overwhelmed with the possibilities. Her big stupid baby.

She decides for him, because as much as she doesn't want it in her eye, she's also not fond of coughing it up later either. So, her face it is.

Like the good, amazing and perfect wife she is, she even moans with him. "Bust on my face baby," she asks nicely.
"Yeah? You want it?" He looks stoned, super fucked out like he hasn't been getting his dick wet twice a day for the past seven days.

"Mhm," Louis nods, flicking her tongue over the tip.

The first string of come lands on her tongue, Harry takes control and aims rest on her cheeks and by her mouth, moaning as he does.

Well. She's got his attention now.
Liam was the first of the three to come home. Unfortunately for him, he came in while Louis was making breakfast.

"Baby." Harry says, cucumber cool as he sits the girls at the table.

None of the children even blink at Louis holding a knife to Liam's face.

"You can't do that, remember?" The dad reminds his wife, now pouring more cheerios on Zaidan's tray. His fat butt slams his hands down in excitement, always happy to be in the highchair.

"Did you fight in front of my kids?" Louis growls.

Liam, who looks ready to piss himself despite said knife being a plastic butter knife, shakes his head frantically. "No! What the fuck, no! I would never, fight who?"

"Niall, you lying son of a bitch."

Louis realizes she is contradicting herself by threatening Liam in front of the kids for fighting in front of the kids, but. They're hers to fuck up, not anybody else's. Besides. She made chocolate chip pancakes. They ain't paying their Momma no attention on chocolate chip pancake day.

"No, Louis I swear. I was breaking it up and we were outside! As far as I knew they were sleeping."

"His only two teeth are in the front, yet he chews on the side." Harry marvels at his nephew's eating technique. Fat baby puts those gums to work. "Fascinating." Uncle Harry hands him a chunk of pancake this time, which is quickly and eagerly snatched up.

"Who? Who was fighting then? Did Niall put his hands on Zayn? You tell me right now Liam James Payne, or so help me-"

"No, no! Do you actually think I would allow that?" Liam's voice has gone from high and squeaky with fear to proper offended.

Now that Louis actually thinks about it, Liam has been human shield for her and Harry quite a few times.

"It was Justin, he went nuts and started scaring Zayn and Niall flipped out." Liam briefs the situation. Nobody wants to be in trouble with Louis, but it's not his business to tell it all.

"Justin was here?" Louis asks, gathering all the information she can before she goes off on Zayn and Niall next. She's also finally lowered the plastic weapon, so Liam relaxes a bit.

"He wasn't invited, and that really made Niall upset. You know his temper," Payno shrugs. Niall's temper is yet another thing Liam has had to deal with quite a few times. Why is he still friends with this dysfunctional group? They're fucked up.

"Did Justin hurt Zayn?" Low key, Louis' feelings are hurt that she's been back for an entire day now and Zayn hasn't told her any of this herself.
"I don't think so," Liam isn't sure. Again, it's not his story to tell. He's not a snitch.

"Niall and Zayn was kissing, mommy." Serenity grins with syrup all over her chubby cheeks. She is a snitch, and she hopes Niall gets in trouble. "On the lips and mouth."

"Really?" Harry's intrigued. Also, Josh owes him fifty bucks. They bet on when Niall and Zayn would get back together... Josh was off by an entire month. Sucker.

"Was it like this?" Harry swaggers over to his wife and gives her a big, wet kiss right there in the kitchen, despite her weak attempts to slap him away.

Liam cringes, super uncomfortable with being cornered by this. He thinks he would probably rather have Louis yelling at him again instead of being forced to witness coupley stuff between them. Blah.

"Ew!" Aubree squeaks.

"Yup!" Serenity confirms, evil grin on her sticky face.

"I agree with that one," Liam points at Blondie. "Can I go now?"

Louis nods and Liam wastes no tell scurrying up the stairs before they start kissing again. Which, they do, because Aubree yelling "ew" echoes throughout the house.

***

"Thank you for breakfast." Zayn smiles, laying her head on her fiance's shoulder.

Her fiance. How nuts. She never thought she'd be saying that (again).

"Of course baby. You full?" Niall went out to get breakfast from her favorite place rather than ordering room service. Hotel food is usually shit.

"Mhm." She nods, lolling her head to the side so she can kiss his neck. She can't have sex yet, so last night was a little different for them because usually when things are weird between them they have sex and everything is fine... last night they actually had to talk. With like, words and stuff. It was nice.

"Good. We gotta go pick up Zaidan and go furniture shopping. You have to decorate our entire house babe, that's a lot of house too." Niall says it like it's a chore, but really he's just bragging.

That house is huge though. She's glad he kept it practical with her ring though too. It's got diamonds but it's not obnoxious or anything. It's smaller, more her style. He did good.

"What's the deadline? I'd like to paint in a few of the rooms, if that's okay with you." Zayn mostly wants to get her hands on her baby's room so she can paint it like an ocean or something, with octopuses and sharks. Sick.

Niall leans back, pulling her with him by her shoulders and kisses the top of her head. "Yeah, yeah. Of course. Take as long as you need, it's our house. It's not going anywhere."

Zayn kisses him again, on the lips this time. "Thank you. I love you,"

All of this is exactly what she needed to take her mind off of losing her baby, which she will always be sad about, but it's nice to have a break from always being sad.
"I love you. Now, I'm gonna go take another cold shower. Get ready so we can go get our boy." He kisses her one more time before getting out of bed. Zayn tries not to stare at the boner in his sweats on his way to the bathroom.

She's feeling it too, but they'll have to wait. Maybe even until marriage.

"Yeah right." She mumbles to herself. Maybe they'll make it if they get married next week, anything after that isn't happening.

***

Louis' tactic to approaching Zayn is a tad bit different than when she confronted Liam, just a tiny bit softer. Hardly even a noticeable difference.

"We tell each other everything, right sweetheart?" Louis uses the same voice she uses when Ren wakes up emotional, or when Aubree can't follow Harry in the bathroom. (Every fucking time he goes in there, that kid follows.)

Basically, she made Zayn lay with her on their bed while she rubs her face. Zayn looks a little weirded out, but Louis has to be gentle about this.

"For the most part," Zayn answers honestly. She feels a little guilty not telling her about the miscarriage or the Justin situation, and the fact that she's keeping her left hand in her pocket.

Wow. They really haven't been able to talk lately.

"And you know I'd do anything for you? Including die and kill?" Louis' loyalty knows no limits. She's a protector, always has been.

"You've mentioned it once or twice," or seven hundred times. Same difference.

"So, you would tell me if someone was hurting you? Right?" Louis is referring to Justin. Why else would this son of a bitch be scaring Zayn, like Liam mentioned. Niall beating him up was a long time coming but Zayn isn't scared of anybody.

Louis knows Zayn. Zayn leaves when she can't handle a situation, or when things get physical. Louis has teared up a few times today thinking of Zayn trying to leave, and Justin not letting her. Louis Tom- /Styles/, doesn't play that shit. She will kill Justin with her bare hands if she has to.

"Nobody is hurting me, Lou." Zayn promises her best friend. Oh god, does she think Niall is still being mean to her?

"Why did Niall fight Justin? Liam said you were scared... I swear to god Zee if he hurt you I-"

"Justin broke into my house." She cuts her off before she works herself up too much. "He did it after the wedding because I left with Niall. He stole all of my money, and destroyed everything. Then-" Zayn sighs. She doesn't want to remember that night, but she has to tell Louis. "He followed me home. I told Niall, Niall beat him up."

"Shit, Zee you have to be more careful! You don't need to be around that, you're pregnant and do you know that Serenity saw them fighting? She told me and Harry that it was Niall and /Liam/,

Zayn blows out a long breath. She already knew that Serenity seen, but as soon as she came in the house she put the little girl back to bed and told her everything was okay, that they were just playing. Zayn knew it wouldn't be long before she had to explain all of this to Louis.
"I lost the baby, Louis." She finally tells her, voice quiet, eyes trained on the ceiling.

"You... you mean you," Louis goes to put her hand on Zayn's tummy but jerks it away when Zayn covers it with her own hands.

"Yeah. I lost her." There was a thick, bloody sack in her underwear. But it wasn't just that, it was her daughter. Her baby girl.

"Babe. I'm so sorry." Louis hugs her, kissing her temple. Seeing Zayn tear up always makes Louis tear up. Poor babe. Louis couldn't imagine losing one of hers.

"Yeah, yeah. Me too. But it'll be alright." Zayn nods, confident. Her and Niall are going to be a proper family now, which as fucked up as it sounds, probably wouldn't have happened had she not called him into the bathroom at the wedding.

Or maybe it would have. It doesn't matter though, because it's happening either way.

**

When the girls finally join their men and children in the living room, Louis lets Niall off the hook. Instead of yelling or threatening him, she just hugs him.

"Oh? No violence?" Harry mocks his wife.

"Dear, could you kindly fuck off? Love you." Louis replies kindly while she hugs her stupid little brother. She loves this kid so much, and she's actually proud of him for defending Zayn, even if her kid seen it.

"Ya alright, Lou?" Niall laughs a little, accepting and returning the hug. "Did you already tell her?" He asks his fiance now.

"Tell her what?" Nobody is surprised that Harry hasn't handed Zaidan over to his parents yet. He's got baby fever, alright?

"Yeah, tell me what? About the baby?" Louis does not want to be there when Harry finds out about Zayn's miscarriage. Oh hell no.

"What's wrong with the baby? Did he finally say Harry, because we've been working on that and all he does is laugh at me," Harry side eyes the chunky baby on his lap, suddenly suspicious of the cute little creature. Harry knows he talks.

"Do you want to tell them?" Niall smiles at the beautiful, most gorgeous woman in the entire world. The mother of his son, his soon to be wife. Life partner.

Zayn shrugs, slowly pulling her left hand out of her hoodie pocket. She holds it out to Louis first, then Harry.

"/What/?!" Louis shrieks.

"Mommy! What did I say? Stop yelling, I watching this!" Serenity scolds her mom, sick of all of this noise. Her movie is on.

"Yeah! We watching this!" Aubree is also sick of it.

Louis ignores them. It's Shrek, the first one. They've seen this enough to know the words. "You guys got engaged? Bitch!" She pushes Niall away from her so she can run to her best friend.
"What?" Harry is equally confused. "Did you know about this?" Zaidan may look like a dumb little baby but he's not. There's so much more to him and Harry knows it.

"What did I say?" Serenity scolds again, this time for bad words. "You don't say that, mommy!"

"When did this happen? Holy shit, babe oh my god! Why didn't you call me before you said yes, so I could tell you to say no?" Jokes, jokes. Louis is so, so happy these two are trying again. Will it last? Probably not. At least they're putting in effort.

"He just did it last night." The way Zayn squints from smiling so hard makes Niall's heart flutter. That's his fucking baby, man. "I seriously had no idea."

"That's incredible." Harry smiles at his best friend. "Congratulations, bro."

"Harry proposed to me the first time when I was pregnant with Ren. Then again when she was a few months old, and the last time when I was pregnant with Aubree. I only said yeah that time because he didn't even have a ring the other times," Louis rolls her eyes at the memory of Harry getting on one knee, empty handed. He was such a dumb ass.

"It was the thought that counted, wasn't it baby? Knew you were gonna marry me one day anyway." Harry is so confident and cocky. It's gross.

"Ugh. I should divorce you."

"No you shouldn't." He knows she's not going to. All bark, no divorce.

Zayn watches them bicker back and forth while Louis holds her ring hand. When she finally looks at Niall, he's already looking at her. He winks, she blushes.

"Aw shit! Why do we keep having announcements when Liam isn't home?" Louis blames the other three adults more than she blames herself to be honest. "We're shit housemates, really."

Not for long, but Louis doesn't need to know that yet.

Chapter End Notes

Time jump time babies :)

End Notes

Sorry

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