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**When You Really Gotta Go... But You Can't**

by *Ebb_tide*

Summary

Each chapter has a desperate to pee situation (or sometimes two or three).
Scenerio #1 - At the Gym

Louis let his legs swing as they dangled off the stool. Liam was chopping carrots and Louis let his feet knock against the counter Liam was cutting on, in time with the chopping.

Louis yawned. “Liam, I should punch you.”

Liam glanced up, but continued to chop. “Careful Lou, I have a knife in my hand.”

Louis yawned again. “You know, when you asked me yesterday if I wanted to get up early and work, I thought you meant work on song writing, not work out. I never would have agreed to it if I knew you meant we were gonna exercise.”

Liam tossed the chopped carrots into the blender and followed it with some leaves of fresh kale. “C’mon Tomlinson, aren’t you a professional football player? Athletes need to work out.”

Louis popped a left over carrot slice in his mouth. “I’m in a band that’s on a world tour. I think
that’s all the exercise I need thank you.

Liam added some milk and ice to the vegetable smoothie in the blender. “No excuses. When I’m done making this veggie shake we’re going to hit the gym.”

Louis whined. “If I hit my head continuously on the table can I get out of doing this?”

Liam added some wheat grass and granola to the mix and closed the lid. “No. You promised to come with me. I hate working out alone all the time.”

Louis raised an eyebrow. “How many random things are you going to add into the blender? That crap is gonna taste terrible.”

Liam laughed. “It’s healthy.”

Louis frowned. “Well I’m not drinking that sh-. .”

Liam switched on the blender to drown out Louis’ complaining.

The whirr of the blender was enough to silence Louis’ ranting, but the churning liquid in the blender started to disagree with Louis’ bladder.

Louis tapped his foot a little quicker against the counter.

When Liam was satisfied with the consistency of the vegetable shake, he turned the blender off and started to pour the mixture into two glasses. Louis’ uncharacteristic silence caused Liam to look up.

Louis was staring at the thick shakes being poured, while continuing to tap his foot against the counter. Liam’s new found interest in what he called ‘desperation’ for lack of a better word, made him acutely aware of what was preoccupying Louis.

Louis glanced up to meet Liam’s eyes and Louis smirked when he saw the blush spreading across Liam’s face.

Liam looked back at the liquid he was pouring and realized the shake was overflowing out of the glass. He quickly tilted the blender up and poured the remaining liquid in the other glass.

He cleared his throat and tried to keep his voice steady. “Um, you should go to the toilet before we head out to the gym.”

Louis’ eyes danced with mischief. “And what if I don’t?”

Liam towel dried the spilled shake from the table. He clenched his jaw as he imaged Louis clenching other things. He quickly spoke before his imagination took him to even more inappropriate places. “If you don’t go now, you might not get the chance. I don’t like to stop once I start a workout.”

Louis crossed his legs just to tease Liam a little further. “Don’t you want me to wait? Wouldn’t that make today a little more fun. You said you like working out because of the excitement.”

Liam picked up a glass and handed Louis the other one. “I don’t get that type of excitement from a day at the gym. Besides, I think I’m going to hit the loo before we leave too.”

Louis brought his glass to his mouth, but paused to speak before taking a sip. “I’ll hold it if you hold it.”
Liam squeezed the glass so hard in his hands it almost shattered. “W-what?”

Louis brought the glass to his lips and smirked as he took a sip. As the cold liquid travelled down his throat Louis winced. “Oh God. This tastes terrible.”

He set the glass on the counter and took a deep breath before he regained his coy demeanor again. “I shouldn’t add more liquid in, right Li?”

Liam eyed Louis’ crossed legs. His top leg began to bounce on top of the other.

Liam nodded as he gulped down the veggie shake as quickly as he could.

Louis hopped off the stool. “I’ll get the keys.”

The drive wasn’t too long, but Liam winced after every bump in the road. His bladder started to scold him for chugging that shake too fast.

Liam watched as Louis squeezed between his legs with one hand and squeezed the steering wheel with the other.

Louis laughed nervously. “It's gonna be really lame if we can’t even make it to the gym.”

Liam kept his hands at his sides, but couldn’t help but scrunch them into fists. His fists felt as strained and tight as his bladder did, but he tried to play it off. “I’m ok. I don’t have to go that badly.”

Louis moaned. “Lucky you. You’re probably used to this. I bet you hold it in all the time for kicks.”

Liam felt this bladder pounding from all the conversation centered around it. “I actually never have. I’ve never really thought about doing that.”

Louis laughed. “Well I’m happy to be the one to introduce you to doing new and crazy things.”

Louis slammed on the brakes, causing Liam’s seatbelt to press against his bladder in a wildly uncomfortable way. Liam couldn’t help but grab himself. “Geez, Louis. What was that for?”

Louis started to turn the wheel to pull into the gym parking lot. “I didn’t want to turn too late and pass our destination. And what were you saying about not having to go that badly?”

Liam quickly moved his hands away from his crotch. “I, um, I…”

Louis smirked. “Mm hmm. Liar says what?”

The two walked to the door of the gym, but Louis shoved his hands in his pockets and shifted his weight from foot to foot. “Ok, um… Li? This might have been a bad idea. I really, really have to go.”

Liam pushed the door open. “Something that Louis suggested turned out to be a bad idea? Wow this must be a first.”

Louis swatted Liam’s arm. “Shut up. Seriously though, I really don’t want to pee my pants today. Can we call Uncle? I’m sure this provided you with enough material to fantasize about tonight.”

Liam blushed. “Louis, we’re in public! And no, I don’t fantasize about my best friend at night.”
Louis crossed his legs and bounced on his toes. “I’m your best friend?”

Liam sighed. “Yeah you are. Now go to the toilet while I sign us in before you say something stupid and I change my mind.”

Louis raced away. “You don’t have to tell me twice.”

Liam walked up to the front desk. The woman behind the desk smiled. “Liam, it’s good to see you again.”

The desk between them hid his lower body from the woman. He used this to his advantage and crossed his legs. He took his membership card from his pocket and scanned it. “I’m here with a friend today.”

The woman nodded. “That’s wonderful. Here’s a guest card so that your friend can use the equipment.”

The woman extended her hand with the guest card and Liam took it with a shaky hand. The need to pee was beyond urgent and he knew his next stop needed to be a toilet. Louis was in the lobby Men’s room and it was the type of bathroom that had one toilet and a locked door, so Liam headed to the locker room restrooms.

He stepped into the gym and headed in that direction, but a very tall, very muscular man stopped him. The man frowned. “Liam, you’re late.”

Liam winced, recognizing the voice as his personal trainer Mike.

Mike was the kind of personal trainer that yelled commands and pushed Liam past his limits on a regular basis. Liam normally loved this kind of tough love, but right now he really just needed less obstacles between him and the toilet.

Liam bit his lip. “Sorry I’m late Mike. I really need to -.”

Mike shouted. “You need to get your butt in gear and start warming up. NOW!”

Liam was too frightened to argue and he did as he was told.

He walked over to the machine that would be the least punishing on his bladder. He sat down on the stationary bike and started to pedal. He wasn’t able to grab himself or cross his legs, but the constant movement of his legs was just as effective as bouncing them. He felt a little relieved with this development.

All of his energy was focused on not peeing, so he didn’t notice Louis walking towards him. It wasn’t until Louis called his name, that Liam looked up and gave a halfhearted smile.

Louis walked up to the bike. He saw how intense Liam was looking and put a hand on the handlebar of the bike. “Tell me you still don’t have to go.”

Liam bit his lip. “I’m ok. I just have a ten minute warm up and then I can go for a drink of water. I’ll take a wee during the water break.”

Louis smirked. “You sure you can hold it?”

Liam rolled his eyes as the urine rolled in his bladder. “You are no longer my best friend.”

Louis laughed. “Ok, I’m sorry. I won’t tease you anymore.”
Mike walked over to the two. “And what are you two ladies talking about?”

Louis stuttered. “I- I um, we- we’re just um...”

Mike crossed his arms across his chest. “Why don’t you make yourself useful and help Liam warm up. Today’s work out is going to be focused on the ab muscles, so why don’t you hold his legs while he does some sit ups.”

Louis’ face lit up like a Christmas tree. “Yes sir.”

Liam climbed off the bike and mumbled under his breath. “Kill me now and get it over with.”

Mike gave his orders as he walked away. “Give me fifty sit ups and then take some water.”

Liam gave himself a quick squeeze before he laid on his back with his knees bent. He put his hands between his legs and moaned.

Louis knelt down and held Liam’s feet. “I think the appropriate position is hands behind the head.”

Liam released one hand from his crotch to flip Louis off.

Louis pressed down on Liam’s feet and poked his head between Liam’s trembling legs to look at him. “If you let me be your best friend again, I’ll count each sit up as two.”

Liam shut his eyes. “Lou, I have to pee so badly.”

Louis tensed up, a little more serious. “You want me to tell Mike?”

Liam opened his eyes. “No. I don’t want to give up. I just have to hold on until after the sit ups.”

Louis nodded. “That’s the spirit.” He moved his head from between Liam’s knees and positioned himself to help Liam past the last hurdle separating him from total victory.

Liam folded his hands across his chest instead of behind his head so they would be closer to grab himself in case a massive wave of urgency crashed into him.

Louis kept his promise and started to count each sit up as two. When Liam’s legs started to twitch really badly Louis started to count each sit up as three. When Liam started to fan his knees together and apart and his whole body started to shake, Louis made up his own count. “Twenty five, thirty four, and fifty. Ok we’re done.”

Louis helped Liam stand and Liam put a hand between his legs and bounced in place.


Mike called out from across the room. “You done?”

Liam really didn’t want to stand in front of Mike doing an ‘I’ve gotta pee dance’, but letting go meant letting go.

Liam bit his lip and tried to sound as casual as possible. “I guess all those sit ups made me have to wee.” Liam never felt more like Harry Styles than right at that moment.

Mike laughed. “No problem. Take a break.”

Liam sprinted to the locker room with Louis following him. When Liam reached the privacy of the
locker room (well private plus Louis), he moaned as he desperately tried to hang on.

Liam put one hand against one of the lockers to hold himself up and one hand against his groin to hold it all in. “Lou I- I can’t...”

Louis nodded. He knew Liam was about to lose it. He was only going to last about 10 seconds or a few steps, whichever came first. Louis was a pro at estimating this because of all the experience he had with Harry.

The urinals were too far away from where they were standing, but the showers were about three steps away. Liam had a good chance of making it to the showers.

Louis didn’t have enough time to tell Liam the plan, so he just dragged him to the nearest shower stall. Liam caught on and quickly pulled down his sweatpants, kicked off his shoes and started peeing instantly.

The sound of the long held back relief bounced off of the tiled walls and sounded as loud and forceful as the shower jet that was mounted to the wall. He pressed his hand against his lower stomach and the stream increased in intensity as it drained out of him.

He kept his hand right below his belly button and felt his round bladder shrink and his well-defined abs return. He wondered if the soreness he felt was from the sit ups or from holding in so much for so long.

Liam sighed. “I really had to wee.”

Louis smirked, safely away from splashing distance. “You don’t say.”

The crushing pressure in Liam’s bladder was gone, but the crushing weight of embarrassment was starting to hit him. He could hear his voice shaking as he spoke. “You’re going to tell the rest of the guys about what happened, right?”

Louis watched Liam’s stream continuing to flow. “Well technically you’re still going so it isn’t ‘something that happened’ if it’s still happening.”

Liam sighed. “I’m going to stop eventually. I’m not going to pee forever Lou. And when I do stop I guess I should prepare myself for some world class Doncaster teasing”

Louis shook his head. “No mate. I won’t tease you.” Louis’ eyes brightened. “I mean really. What kind of guy would do that to his best friend?”
Music to My Ears

Chapter Summary

A little bit of Narry...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scenario #2 At The Recording Studio

Harry felt Niall breathing on his neck from behind and it sent shivers up his spine. He felt his heart racing as Niall guided his hand down the neck of the guitar and positioned Harry’s fingertips to the right spot.

The two of them were in the recording studio. Harry was sitting on Niall’s lap getting a guitar lesson. They could have been anywhere in the world because their surroundings melted away as Harry listened to Niall’s instructions.

Niall’s voice buzzed against Harry’s ear. “Use your thumb against the strings to play the chord. Just stroke gently.”

Harry strummed the chord and Niall hummed in approval. Harry wasn’t sure which sounded more pleasant to his ear; the first ever note he played on a guitar or the hum of approval from his instructor.

He didn’t have too much time to celebrate because he felt Niall guiding his fingertips to a new note. Niall continued to sing praise into Harry’s ear. “That sounded great Haz. Do it just like that for the next one. Nice and slow.”

Harry couldn’t help but smile. “I think you’re flirting with me.”

Niall nudged Harry’s finger between the third and fourth string and whispered. “If I was flirting with you you’d know it.”

Harry strummed the new note as he closed his eyes. The past few weeks had been really hard, especially for someone as sensitive as Harry. There were a lot of positive and negative changes. Zayn left the group due to stress, but he still talked to the guys every day. They even made plans to camp out at Zayn’s house when have a long enough break on the tour.

While Zayn was getting the rest and the time to de-stress that he needed, the fans went into action. They forced the paparazzi to back off and because of that the boys aren’t trapped in their hotel rooms. They can walk around the streets and sight see, shop, or just have a good time. Zayn wanted to be a more normal 22 year old and the fans were making it possible so he can be when he decides to rejoin the group.

Harry smiled as he felt Niall moving his hands again. Of all the unexpected changes, his new closeness to Niall was the most pleasant. Harry almost fainted right then and there when Niall had asked him if he wanted to play with him later. Harry was disappointed when he realized ‘play’ meant play the guitar, but now that he was sitting here with Niall draped over his shoulders, playing
such close attention to him, it made him feel like… like… like he had to wee?

Harry sighed as the familiar feeling travelled through his body. He had been so caught up in his
lesson that he didn’t even notice until now. The pleasant melody from the guitar was now
unpleasant vibrations against his bladder.

He tried not to squirm because Niall was close enough to feel it, but he had to go pretty badly.
Harry cursed his bladder for not letting him know this fact sooner.

Harry tried to sound as casual as possible. “Um, Ni, can we take a break?”

Niall sounded a little hurt. “You’re bored already?”

Harry shook his head. “No it’s not that, it’s just I kind of, maybe, possibly, just have to um…”

Niall laughed. “You gotta take a wee break?”

Harry blushed. “Yeah, but I’ll be right back.”

Niall gripped the guitar tighter, pulling Harry closer. “And if I don’t let you go?”

Harry laughed. “C’mon, don’t tease me. It was embarrassing enough to ask you in the first place.
Don’t make me tell you how badly I have to go.”

Niall sighed. “What’s the magic word?”

Harry bit his lip. “I promise to take you to Nando’s if you let me go.”

Niall’s eyes nearly popped out of the sockets. “Seriously? Well if I knew that was all it took to get
a free meal at my favorite restaurant of all time I would have done this a long time ago.”

Harry tried to squirm from between him and the guitar. “You have to actually let me out if you
want the dinner.”

Niall moved the guitar to the side. “Oh sorry. I just got so excited.”

Louis smirked from the door of the recording booth. “I think when we booked time at this studio
they advised against us getting ‘excited’ in the booth.”

Harry stood and shifted his weight. “Did you and Liam have fun at the gym?”

Louis smirked. “Loads.”

Liam walked in behind Louis. “Look Lads, we need to focus and really nail this song. If we want
our new album to be great we need to lay down the best vocals that we can.”

Harry wasn’t sure if now was the best time to ask for a bathroom break.

Liam held out his hand. “I don’t want any distractions. Hand me your phones and we’ll put them
away.”

Everyone did as they were told and Liam put all the phones in the other room and closed the door
to the recording booth.

Niall leaned over to whisper to Harry. “You ok?”
Harry nodded. “I can hold it.” He crossed his legs lightly just to make sure what he said would stay true.

Liam placed the sheet music on the stand and they started to sing.

Harry was thankful that his part was first. When he was done singing he could maybe duck out while the others recorded their parts.

He tried to nail his vocals just like Liam had asked of him, but by doing that a few really strong urges nailed him right in the bladder. After a really strong urge, his voice cracked and he leaned over.

Liam smiled. “It’s ok. Don’t get frustrated. You’re doing great.”

Harry crossed his legs. “I’m not frustrated. I just have to um…” He put his hand between his legs but something was making him too shy to admit that he had to go.

Liam was a pretty smart guy and he had the same issue a few hours ago, so he picked up on Harry’s issue fairly quickly. Liam didn’t want to embarrass Harry, because for some reason he was a little shy about admitting he had to go, so Liam went into Daddy Direction mode. He smiled. “Sometimes when my throat gets a little dry it’s harder to sing. Why don’t you take a drink at the water fountain and come back in ten minutes.”

Harry nodded and pushed against the recording booth door, but it didn’t budge. He pushed a little harder, but it still didn’t open. The door was made from reinforced, soundproof steel, so breaking it down wasn’t really an option.

Harry looked out of the window and saw their phones lying on the couch and turned to face Liam.

Liam pushed against the door, but it was pretty obvious that they were trapped in the booth until someone came by to rescue them.

Harry let out a sigh of frustration and marched in a circle. It was bad enough that he had to go pretty badly before, but now that they were trapped, the need to pee doubled.

He turned to face Niall. “Ni, are you ok? Is this ok for your claustrophobia?”

Niall nodded. “I’m good. This giant window makes me feel a little less like the walls are closing in on me. It’s too bad that the glass is thick. I could have probably busted us out of here with my guitar.”

Louis smirked. “Well someone’s itching to be a hero?”

Niall sat on one of the stools in the corner of the room. “Me? Nah, it’s just that Harry promised a dinner date and I’m more than ready to cash it in. Wow this seat’s still warm. Must be from Louis’ world famous bum.”

Harry laughed. “It’s comments like that that make the fans think we’re all dating each other.”

Louis leaned against the wall. “Well now it’s just awkward. We are all dating each other just not you Haz. No hard feelings. We’re just not that into you.”

Harry crossed his legs and bounced on his toes. “Lou, stop. Please don’t make me laugh. I can’t right now.”
Louis eased off on the teasing a bit. “So you and Niall are going on a date?”

Niall chimed in. “Yup. Harry’s taking me to Nando’s. It’s gonna be great. You guys can come if you want. Well actually you can’t. Harry and I are going as a date.”

Harry felt his legs starting to tremble a bit so he leaned against the wall. “You do realize that if Louis and Liam come Nando’s won’t run out of chicken. There will still be enough for you.”

Louis shook his head. “Liam and I don’t have to crash your hot date. We can have fun on our own. It’s like the song. You and Ni, we don’t have to be like them.”

Liam and Louis split off into a conversation and Harry sat on the floor next to Niall.

Niall smiled. “How ya holdin’ up?”

Harry cupped his hands in front of his lap. “Still holding.”

Niall felt Harry’s bouncing foot shaking the floor and wondered how much longer Harry really could hold on.

Harry’s voice was really quiet. “So is Nando’s really going to be a date?”

Niall smirked. “It’s only a date if I kiss you at the end.”

Harry wiggled his eyebrows. “What if I kiss you first?”

Niall’s blue eyes danced. “Then it’s not a date… it’s perfect.”

Harry stuttered. “Wh-what?”

Harry and Niall had been playfully flirting for a while, even more than Louis and Liam, but he was never sure if Niall was flirting or just teasing him. He was so caught up in wondering that he jumped when Niall started playing a slow song on the guitar.

Niall smiled. “Maybe a little music can calm your bladder down. I hear that Edward likes slow songs.”

Harry tried not to laugh because he was verging on real desperation at this point. “You named my bladder Edward?”

Niall put his pick in his mouth as he tightened one of the guitar strings. “Your middle name is the perfect name. Besides, little Harry is taken. Isn’t that what you call your -?”

Harry cut him off before he could finish. “Yeah. Little Harry is taken.”

Harry sighed. This is what happens when one of your best friends become something a bit more. He forgot how many embarrassing things Niall knows about him. The only upside is that Harry probably has more dirt on Niall than Niall has on him.

Niall finished tuning the guitar and started to play the soothing melody again.

Harry leaned against the pressure of his hand and slowly rocked back and forth to the beat of the song. The crashing tidal waves of desperation slowly turned into gentle ripples.

Harry watched as Niall’s bicep flexed while he played the gentle melody. Niall glanced up at Harry and flashed a playful grin. He stared back at Harry until he hit a bad note. Niall’s eyes shifted back
to his fingers to get the song back on track and the beautiful music continued.

Harry couldn’t stay quiet anymore and spoke softly so he wouldn’t throw off Niall’s concentration. “Did you write this song?”

Niall looked up and nodded. “Yeah, actually I’m making it up as I go along.”

Harry smiled. “What are you going to call it?”

Niall strummed a few more notes of the chorus before he answered. “I think I’ll call it ‘Hold on’. If management lets us put it on the new album, only you and I will know the true meaning.”

Harry winced as his bladder pulsed. “It won’t be as meaningful if I don’t.”

Niall was about to answer, but was cut short by a knock on the other side of the glass.

Everyone looked up to see one of the recording execs on the other side.

Harry stood up and shifted his weight, hoping that he’d be free soon.

Liam spoke into the microphone so he could be heard outside. “The door won’t open. We’ve been stuck in here for a while.”

The exec answered back. “I’ll have you out in a sec. Just hang on. Sometimes this door gets a little jammed.”

While the guy jiggled the lock, Harry crossed his legs and jiggled his foot, trying to keep it in a little longer. His jeans were a bit too tight to fit his hands in the pockets, so he just drummed his fingers on his thighs as he waited.

When the door finally clicked open, Harry hoped that the walk to the closest toilet wasn’t too far. He bit his lip as he spoke. “Excuse me sir. Which way are the toilets?” He was positive his face was bright red right now, but he tried not to think about it. He needed a toilet now. Everything else just wasn’t important.

The man pointed to the left. “Straight down that hall. At the end and to your left.”

Harry nodded. “Thank you.”

He threw his dignity to the side as he literally ran down the hall. When he reached the door he skidded to a stop and almost fell on the floor. He stumbled as he pushed the wooden door open. He must have picked the right door instead of the left because he was greeted by a strong flowery smell (thankfully not strong enough to set off his asthma) and baby pink tiles from floor to ceiling. The lack of urinals was also a clue that he should have picked door number one instead of door number two.

He didn’t have much time to think about his mistake because the strongest urge to go yet slammed into him. He doubled over and held on for dear life waiting for the pressure in his bladder to ease.

It was obvious that he would have a just few moments before the next wave came and if it was worse than this one, he wasn’t going to be able to hold it back. That didn’t give him enough time to cross the hall and duck into the Men’s room. He kept his legs crossed as he took baby steps toward the nearest stall.

He was inches away from the bowl when the pressure eased up and he unzipped and positioned
himself as quickly as possible.

He had gotten in position right in the nick of time and when the next massive urge slammed into his bladder the pee shot out of him stronger than it ever had in his life. With all the peeing emergencies he’s had, that’s saying something.

He put a hand against the side of the stall and hunched forward. The sheer force of the stream caused him to moan, followed by a grunt, and then a whine.

Public shame was something Harry could never seem to avoid and this time was no exception. Over the sound of Harry’s very vocal release was the sound of Niall clearing his throat from across the room.

Niall stuttered. “Um, I-I saw you go in the Ladies room a-and I thought I should follow you t-to lock the door.”

Harry bit his lip as he continued filling the toilet. “I just had to go so bad. Have you ever had to take a wee so bad and you’ve been holding it for so long?”

Niall laughed. “Yup. Quite a few times.”

Harry moaned as a spasm in his bladder caused his stream to spray out with more intensity.

Niall walked into the stall next to Harry’s. “Geez Haz. All this peeing is making me have to go.”

Harry sighed as Niall started peeing along with him. “Nx, you still want to go to Nando’s with me?”

Niall laughed the hearty laugh that he’s famous for. “Absolutely. Just remember to use the loo before we go. Also, if you’re paying for dinner I might pay for a movie after.”

Harry smirked. “If I knew all it took to get you to take me to a movie was getting insanely desperate to pee, I would have done it a long time ago.”

Niall’s laugh bounced off the walls and Harry smiled. He didn’t know which was a better feeling; finally finding relief after having to go for so long or the anticipation of his date with Niall. Whichever it was, Harry couldn’t wipe the smile off of his face for the rest of the day.

Chapter End Notes

I'm excited to post this new story. I have almost all 25 chapters outlined so no matter what they will be posted. I'm really sorry about the delays and if you have any questions feel free to ask. As a little teaser, the next chapter is a Louis centered story at dinner and the chapter after that is a Niall centered story at the movies. Thursdays are my upload day, but if I get a few chapters ahead I might post more than one chapter.
Chapter Summary

This chapter is a bit more mature, but I really wanted to establish their relationship.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scenario #3 At The Dinner Table

Louis looked at Liam from across the table. Both boys were about to start eating a nice meal in their hotel suite, but Liam was eyeing Louis like he was the real main course.

Liam’s eyes lost a little of their luster as they quickly squinted in concern. “Are you sure you want to do this?”

Louis sighed with the patience of a saint. “You already asked me that ten times…” He winked at his dinner date for the tenth time. “…and the answer is still yes.”

Liam leaned back in his chair. “I just don’t want you to feel pressured just because, you know.”

Louis winced at the word pressure. The only thing that was under pressure was his rapidly filling bladder, but that was kind of the whole point of this.

Louis shifted in his seat. “Li, I promised you I would get all desperate to pee and squirmy so you can get your kicks and if I made it through dinner without excusing myself, I would be declared the winner. So shut up and enjoy this.”

Liam raised an eyebrow. “I think this game might be giving you a little enjoyment as well, Lou.”

Louis blushed. “I don’t get a thrill from being desperate to pee. It’s just something Cosmo magazine said would be fun to try. And the only reason I flipped through the magazine in the first place was because we were on the cover of the freakin’ thing.”

Louis bounced his knee and leaned forward a bit. Liam responded with a soft whine and Louis was finding it hard to convince himself that it wasn’t the most perfect sound in the world. Well maybe the second most perfect sound. First place should really go to Liam’s singing voice.

Louis bounced his knee a little faster causing the glasses on the table to shake along with his bladder. This time Liam responded with an even more approving whine. Louis felt chills go through his body and knew he had to change the subject quickly or it was going to be obvious that he was enjoying this way too much to be inspired by a random magazine article. The magazine article gave Louis the confidence to ask Liam if he wanted to have a little ‘hold it’ fun, but Louis had really wanted this for a long time.

Louis cleared his throat, but couldn’t quite clear the blush from his face. “Do you think Niall and Harry are having as much fun at Nando’s?”

Liam punched a few keys on his phone. “Not sure. I’ll text Harry.”
Louis used the moment that Liam looked down at the phone to give himself a quick squeeze between the legs. The whole point of teasing Liam would be lost if he peed his pants before either of them took their first bite of dinner.

Louis sighed for the temporary relief that the emergency grab gave him, but that was all negated when he felt a jarring vibration radiating from his lower region. He winced as he realized his phone was the source of the vibrations and quickly took it out of his pocket.

He looked down at the screen and smirked as he read the message from Liam.

*Having fun yet?*

Louis looked up expecting Liam to be apologetic, but the smile during Liam’s apology made Louis suspicious that Liam’s accidental text wasn’t as accidental as Liam wanted him to believe. “So sorry Lou. That text was meant for Harry.”

Louis started to bounce both knees, alternating one and then the other. “I’m sure it was. Let’s start eating before the food gets cold.”

Liam laughed. “Someone’s a little impatient.”

Louis bounced his knees faster. Louis’ impatient bladder was urgently begging this to move along quicker.

He rocked forward in his seat, making sure to lock eye contact with Liam. “I really have to take a wee.”

Liam tried to remain unfazed, but the way his fingers were crushing the napkin in his hand betrayed him.

Louis crossed his legs and winced. The plan had been to fill up on water so he would have to go pretty badly, but as the waves of urgency continued, he began to wonder if he might have went a little overboard with all the liquid.

Louis slipped a hand between his crossed legs as he used the other hand to eat his meal. He tried to scoop up as much mashed potatoes as he could, but most of it slipped through the prongs of the fork. Louis sighed. “This is all your fault you know. I have to eat mashed potatoes with a fork because of your bizarre fear of spoons.”

Liam swirled his potatoes with his fork. “Well at least I don’t insist we have carrots with every meal.”

Louis stuck his tongue out at Liam. “Carrots are healthy. A fear of spoons is the opposite of healthy.”

Louis continued to dance in his seat. He cycled through the choreography of his desperation dance and couldn’t help smirking as Liam hung on his every move. Louis continued to dangle the carrot in front of his dinner date and Liam was more than happy to chase after it.

Liam eventually had to take his eyes off of Louis, hoping that he could calm himself down. The sight of Louis like this was getting to be a bit too much for him. Looking away wasn’t helping though, because Louis’ trembling feet were shaking the table.

Liam reached for the glass of water in front of him and took a long sip. The ice water cooled down his red hot nerves, but made both him and Louis shiver for very different reasons. As Louis
squeezed his thighs tighter and tighter together, Liam had moved from squeezing the napkin in his hands to squeezing the tablecloth.

Louis smirked at how unraveled Liam was becoming and was starting to consider getting this desperate in front of him again. Another intense urge to pee slammed into him and he closed his eyes as his bladder throbbed. Maybe it would be best to survive this time without wetting himself before making any future plans.

Louis shoved the rest of his food in his mouth and when he was done he raised his hand and let the fork triumphantly drop to the ground as if he was dropping the mic after an epic rap solo.

He jumped to his feet, but standing up was not a good idea in his current situation. He crossed his legs and rested his palms on the tabletop. He tried to smile over his victory, but it looked more like a grimace. “I guess the game is over.”

Liam let the fork slide through his teeth as he smirked. “Doesn’t have to be.”

Louis shifted his weight, rocking his hips from side to side. “Um, once I excuse myself and go to take a leak, there’s not really anything left to do anymore.”

Liam’s voice lowered an octave. “You don’t have to go right now. Tell me Lou, do you really want to be excused, or do you want to take this a little… further?”

Louis wasn’t sure if he saw a twinkle in Liam’s eyes or just imagined it. Either way, the dark tone Liam was using was as unexpected as it was insanely hot.

Louis felt his knees weaken under him. He wasn’t sure if it was from what Liam had said or from the strain of holding it in, but his knees gave out and he sat back down on the chair.

Louis glanced at the half empty glass of water in front of him. He contemplated pouring a little on his lap before his bladder gave out. This way he could proactively cover up the mortifying stain with the liquid. He lifted the glass as he gave the idea some serious thought.

Liam’s voice verged on unfriendly. “Might not want to add more liquid in Tommo.”

Louis took a long sip just to spite him. “I’m not just gonna give in. You’re going to have to wait hours for the waterworks.”

Liam smirked. “I doubt that.”

Liam’s fingers slowed curled around his own glass. He lifted the glass and swirled it around like some kind of super villain in a comic book movie.

Louis grabbed his crotch and bent over. “So… unfair…”

Liam’s voice softened. “We’re both really stubborn. This could go on all night.”

Louis gritted his teeth. “Ok. New plan. First person to break eye contact loses. If I win I get to go to the toilet. The wonderful, glorious toilet that I so freakin’ desperately need.”

Liam smirked. “And if I win…” He paused for emphasis. “… I’ll let you know.”

Louis squirmed in his chair. “Ok.”

Liam’s brown eyes locked onto Louis aqua pools of desperation. Louis’ eyes practically floated back and forth as he tried to keep them locked onto Liam’s.
Liam was starting to feel worse the more Louis shifted in his chair, but losing was not an option. Liam was by far the most competitive member of One Direction. He sighed. “Just go. Don’t make it a big deal.”

Louis shook his head.

Liam almost rolled his eyes, but stopped before making the costly mistake. “C’mon Lou. You’re just going to lose anyway.”

Louis took a deep breath, trying to shift his bladder into a more comfortable position in his stomach. He wanted to look at the ceiling so badly. Looking up was one of those tricks Louis used when he was a little boy to help hold in a full bladder. Instead he had to settle with looking at Liam. Surprisingly for Louis, looking at Liam was becoming more and more enjoyable as the night went on.

As Louis was left with no other choice, but to study the features of Liam’s face, he realized just how striking the man across from him really was.

Liam sighed. “Why are you giving me that face?”

Louis smirked. “I only have one face Liam. My options are limited.”

Louis put a hand over his fairly swollen midsection and winced. His eyes squinted, but didn’t close completely. A blink that lasted for too long might be grounds for disqualification.

Liam rested his elbows on the table and leaned forward. His voice was filled with genuine concern. “Are you in pain?”

Louis bit his lip. “Kiss me and make it better.”

Liam let the sentence linger for a minute before he answered. “You think I won’t?”

Louis voice was just above a whisper. “I’m actually hoping you do.”

Liam got up so quickly that he almost knocked his plate on the ground. He walked over to Louis and put his hands on the arms of the chair, scooting Louis away from the table. Liam leaned over, invading his personal space and Louis had to clench his muscles as tightly as possible to avoid peeing himself right there.

Liam moved his hand onto one of Louis’ trembling knees. The quickness of the movement caused Louis to breathe in sharply. Louis could feel Liam breathing for the both of them as the gentle breeze against Louis’ skin caused him to shiver. He could feel his cheeks heating up to a bright pink as the heat traveled momentarily from his bladder to his face.

Louis couldn’t take much more of this without closing his eyes. He whispered the words since the two were less than a fraction apart. “Kiss me. Just go. Don’t make a big deal out of it.”

Liam smirked as he heard his own words being said back to him. There was nothing more he wanted at that moment than to do just what Louis asked. He kept his eyes glued to Louis and closed the gap between the two.

As Liam’s lips grazed over Louis’, Louis felt a surge go through his body. He hadn’t expected Liam’s kiss to be so tender… so soft… so…

Liam grabbed the back of Louis’ head and added the roughness that Louis had expected in the first
place. Louis leaned in, deepening the kiss, but the urge to pee was too strong.

Louis moaned into Liam’s mouth and squeezed between his legs, squirming in the chair. Liam pulled away from the kiss.

Louis tried to catch his breath as his whole body shuddered. He was practically panting. “Li… I have to… I-I have to… so bad. I can’t… I can’t h-hold it m-much l-longer.”

Something changed instantly in Liam’s demeanor and he backed away and practically ran from the room.

Louis used all the self-control he had left in his body to stand. His head was swimming with all kinds of mixed feelings, but he put all of that aside and focused on heading to the bathroom before flooding his pants.

Louis twisted his legs together as far as they could go. Well this is just fantastic. Liam locked himself in the closer room with the attached bathroom, so now I have to walk to Harry and Niall’s room. I don’t know if I can make it. I really, really, REALLY have to…

He didn’t finish the sentence in his head. Even thinking the word pee was torture.

He shuffled across the room, ignoring the bouncing of his bloated bladder. He grabbed himself before making a run for it the rest of the way.

He reached the empty room stopped. He leaned his trembling body against the doorknob as the toilet that he so desperately needed was finally in sight. He doubled over as his weak muscles started to spasm. He felt a warm rush of wetness on his hand and begged. “No, no. Not yet. Not yet!”

He sprinted to the toilet as another spurt escaped him, but his hand kept his leak from spilling over onto the floor.

He undid his jeans as quickly as he could and slid the semi-saturated clothing to the floor.

He took a deep breath in as he prepared to start releasing the four water bottles, two sports drinks, and pot of morning tea that were currently stretching his bladder beyond capacity.

The liquid poured out in a massive stream, but it still was too slow for Louis. He bounced on his toes hoping the stream would pick up speed so he could feel some kind of relief. He put a hand over his abs and felt the achingly full ball of liquid. It felt even fuller than it had before if that was even possible.

He waited for the point that the pounding pressure turned into blissful relief and when it did, he closed his eyes and moaned.

He continued to mumble incoherently in front of the toilet until he finished peeing.

He sat against the wall and tried to catch his breath. He knew he would need a shower, but he didn’t quite have the balance to stand on two legs just yet.

He ran his hand through his hair and smiled. Well that was…

He leaned his head against the wall trying to find a word to describe what had just happened.

He never could quite find the word.
The ‘desperate at dinner’ chapter was originally supposed to be at a restaurant, but you can't really do all of that in a restaurant lol. My sister did the proofreading for this one. Hopefully that means there won't be too many typos this time :D Let me know what you think. Her only request was that I use her title. Comments and criticism are always welcome. Thanks for all the great comments so far!
**This Movie is Rated D for Desperation**

Chapter Summary

A little Niall desperation never hurt anyone ;)

**Scenario #4 At The Movies**

Niall tried to balance a bucket of extra-large popcorn under one arm and hold a jumbo Coke in his other hand as he followed Harry, Liam, and Louis down the aisle of the movie theater. Niall made sure that not one single kernel of his extra-large popcorn was dropped, as the group filed into the row of seats. To be more accurate, Niall was actually holding an extra-large popcorn with extra salt, three pumps of extra butter, and a chocolate syrup/caramel drizzle. The hand carrying the soda also had a box of sour candy wedged between his middle and pointer finger.

When they reached what Harry described as ‘primo seats’, Niall transferred the soda to the cup holder next to him. He tossed a few pieces of popcorn into his mouth and sighed.

*Why do they serve so many salty things at the movies? It’s almost like they want you to be dying to pee.*

Niall actually had been dying to go since before he got to the theater, but he was stopped every time he tried to go. He had tried to head to the bathroom at the hotel when they were deciding what to do for the day. He had patiently waited on the couch when Louis entered the bathroom first, but when the toilet was free they were in the midst of deciding what movie to see so he couldn’t just run off for a wee. That would be rude.

When they decided on *Freaky Things That Come Out at Night 3*, his bathroom break was stalled again because Harry informed them that they barely had enough time to run to the theater if they wanted to make it in time.

When they had gotten to the theater Harry had realized he had read the time wrong and they had plenty of time after all. Niall tried to make a quick break to the Men’s Room, but the smell of chocolate covered popcorn distracted him and he ended up carrying popcorn, candy, and a soda, along with a full bladder.

Louis had started whining about getting good seats so Niall had convinced himself that he would go into the theater, put down all of his food, and then make his well overdue pitstop.

So now here we are, with Niall bursting to go at the movies.

Niall sighed to himself. *Ok, time to take that wee now.*

He turned to do just that, but realized that the seats were not only in the middle of the row, but Liam was on one side of him and Harry was on the other. Louis must have slipped off to the bathroom.

Niall almost peed himself out of anger right there. *It was Louis’ idea to go right from the food stand to get these seats and now he’s taking a leak before me? I didn’t get a chance to go yet and*
He was about to pick the route that involved climbing over Harry, but Harry pulled his arm, pulling him down into the seat.

Harry held onto Niall’s arm and practically squealed. “Ni, this is my favorite part. It’s the part before the movie when they ask all the trivia questions. You gotta help me so I get them all right this time.”

Niall felt his bladder highly protesting that idea. He tried to stand. “Harry I - .”

Harry squeezed his hand. “Please Ni. It’s my favorite part. If you help me I promise not to steal too much of your peanut butter covered popcorn.”

Niall frowned. “It’s caramel and chocolate not peanut butter.”

Liam laughed. “It’s gross that’s what it is. Do you know how unhealthy that box of popcorn is? I suggest you come to the gym with me tomorrow.”

Niall really didn’t want to have this conversation. He wanted to pee.

Harry leaned over Niall to talk to Liam. “Isn’t Louis your gym buddy?”

Liam blushed. “Um, something happened last night when you two went to dinner.”

Harry laughed. “Yeah, I’ll tell you what happened. Niall got too tired for the movie part of our ‘dinner and a movie date’ and now we’re doing it as a foursome.”

Niall tried to stand again, but Liam’s next sentence stopped him. “Lou and I kissed.”

Harry’s eyes grew. “Each other?!!”

Liam turned a darker shade of red. “Yeah, um the two for us were just fooling around and things got a little out of hand.”

Niall temporarily forgot about the swelling ball of liquid inside of him. “Li, are we about to approach TMI territory?”

Liam shook his head quickly. “No, no. Not that kind of fooling around. We were just, um, playing a game and we started flirting and he kind of dared me to kiss him and I did and then I…” Liam looked at the floor as he continued. “I wanted to do more so I left and… and I started drinking till I passed out. Guys, I kissed Louis. I kissed Louis and now I can’t get it out of my head.”

Niall leaned over and kissed Liam on the lips. “There. Now you can think about that kiss instead of the Louis one.”

Liam frowned. “Louis’ lips didn’t taste like chocolate and caramel.”

Niall winked. “Were his lips salty like mine?”

Liam blushed. “Niall…”

The lights dimmed and Harry frowned. “They didn’t do the trivia this time. The previews are starting.”

Niall smiled. Great, I’ll slip off to the toilet during the previews and make it back before the movie
Sadly when he looked around, the movie theater was packed. There literally wasn’t an empty seat except for Louis’. Speaking of the devil, Louis was making his way through the row and to take his seat next to Harry.

Niall saw how slightly annoyed the people were that had to stand so that Louis could get past and make it back to his seat. Niall knew he was way too shy to have to do that twice. Once to get to the toilets and once to come back.

He squeezed his thighs together and bit his lip. He shut his eyes wondering how he let himself get in this position in the first place.

Liam whispered. “Ni, you ok?”

Niall knew Liam considered him a good friend or he wouldn’t have told him and Harry the secret about Louis. Niall tentatively revealed his own secret. He kept his voice low so he would only reveal to Liam. “Li, I have to wee, but I don’t want to walk past everyone in the row.”

Liam tensed.

Niall drummed his hand on his thigh. “Sorry. This is turning you on right?”

Liam smiled. “Not at all. I reached my limit yesterday. I think I’ll be good for a while.”

Niall smirked. “So if I was Louis right now and I told you I had to wee?”

Liam smiled sheepishly. “Don’t do that. That’s so unfair.”

Niall shifted in his seat as a mild urge pulsed inside of him. “I think I can one up you on unfair, buddy.”

Liam put a hand on Niall’s leg. “Look, if it gets really bad just let me know.”

Niall nodded. It was already really bad, but he was continuing to do his best so that only he knew that fact.

The action filled previews were filled with car chases and explosions. When each one blasted through the speakers, Niall gritted his teeth, feeling like his bladder was about to explode.

He tried to get his mind off of his bursting bladder by nibbling on a few pieces of popcorn. He pressed the box against his crotch and let out a quiet sigh of relief.

Eating distracted him for a bit, but the pounding pressure inside of him was making it impossible to stay focused on the film.

A sudden scratchiness in his throat made him sigh dejectedly. The once helpful popcorn had turned on him as the salt left him craving a sip of soda. He reached for the cold beverage, but his legs started to shake. His legs where shaking so badly that the bouncing box of popcorn sitting on his lap sounded like it was starting pop again.

Niall wondered if the hot ball of liquid that the box was sitting against might pop some of the unpopped kernels on the bottom.

He decided against reaching for the drink and reached for Liam’s arm instead. He whispered. “Li, I can’t hold it anymore. I gotta go. Right now!”
Liam nodded. “Put your hand on your stomach. If you look like you’re going to hurl, people will move quicker.”

Niall did what Liam said to. Liam took him by the wrist and helped lead him out of the row.

Liam offered the people they climbed over a few apologies that consisted of “excuse me”, “so sorry”, and “the popcorn didn’t agree with my friend” as they made their way through the row.

Niall bounced on his feet and fidgeted the whole time and when he reached the lobby he finally took the opportunity to grab himself and cross his legs.

He pleaded. “Li, I can’t hold it.”

Liam shook his head. “You’ve got this Ni. We’re almost there.”

They finally reached the Men’s room, but were greeted with a long line that stretched from it. One of the movies had just gotten done and a few people had the same dilemma as Niall.

Liam wondered if he could just ask if Niall could skip the line, but a few other guys on line were shifting their weight and crossing their legs too. No one looked as desperate as Niall, but line jumping wasn’t an option.

Niall was well past the point of shame and did the most effective pee holding dance he could. Liam stood in front of him to block as my onlookers as he could from staring at Niall’s desperate squirming. Niall didn’t think this could get any worse, but his heart sank when he saw Louis and Harry approaching.

Harry was the first to speak. He was holding Niall’s popcorn, candy, and soda in his arms. “Are you ok? Lou and I got worried when you left the movie.”

Niall winced. “Just have to take a wee. I think I put it off a little too long. You guys didn’t have to leave the movie. I feel bad.”

Louis laughed. “Don’t. That movie was terrible.” Louis started to look a little more concerned. “Are you gonna make it?”

Niall’s eyes started to well up with tears from strain and embarrassment as he continued to do an embarrassing pee dance right in front of his best mates. “I don’t know.”

Louis nodded. “I’ll fix this.”

Louis walked up to the front of the line and took a £50 note from his pocket. He held the note between his fingers and smiled at the guy at the head of the line. “If you let my friend go ahead of you, you can have his.”

The guy took the cash. “Sure.”

Louis motioned for Niall to skip to the head of the line. Some of the other guys waiting grumbled a bit, but it was obvious that Niall was about to pee his pants so they didn’t complain too much.

Niall bounced on his toes as he stood in the front of the line waiting for the next available urinal to be free. When it was, he scurried to it as quickly as his crossed legs could take him and held his breath. He freed himself from his jeans in one swift motion and let it all flood out.

He let his troubles flow down the drain as he tried not to enjoy himself more than would be
appropriate during a public pee.

When he exited the facilities he saw his three friends looking at him with varying degrees of amusement.

Harry was first to speak. He looked more proud of Niall than embarrassed by him. “Are you ok? That was pretty close.”

Niall felt like his face was on fire. “Um, yeah. Is there any way we can all pretend like this didn’t happen and just go on with today like it’s a normal day.”

Louis put his arm around Niall as they left the theater. “Not a chance Nialler. When else am I going to get the chance to use movie related pee jokes? Now, did you really think we wouldn’t tease you and let you live ha-pee-ly ever after?”

Niall groaned. “If you’re going to make jokes at least make them good.”

Louis frowned. “That was a great joke. I can’t help it if urine a bad mood.”

Niall moved Louis’ hand off of his shoulders. “That wasn’t movie related.”

Louis nodded. “Ok well then you can… if you had to… wow these pee puns are harder than I thought.”

Niall rolled his eyes. “I’m sure you’ll come up with enough to drive me crazy by the time we get home.”

He was right, it wasn’t long before Louis found his flow.
The Answer is A B C or D Not P

Chapter Summary

A little school desperation brings back an old friend :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scenario #5 At School

Liam took Niall’s phone from his hand and sighed. “Ni, it’s not going to be there.”

Niall snatched back the phone. “It has to be. I almost peed my pants in a movie theater yesterday. Someone has to have taken a picture and put it online by now.”

Liam leaned back on the couch. This wasn’t exactly the thing he wanted to discuss in the dressing room before a concert. “For the millionth time mate, a picture of you about to pee yourself is not on social media.”

Niall continued to pout. “I just want to make sure.”

Liam closed his eyes. “I’ve already helped you search for hours. Plus I’m not exactly happy to have ‘Niall Horan weeing’ in my pervious search history either.”

Niall smirked. “Don’t pretend to be mad. You're just waiting to save a pic like that to your phone.”

Liam threw one of the pillows from the couch at Niall and Niall collapsed into hysterics. He started to laugh harder as Liam picked up the pillow and pounded Niall with it over and over again.

Niall tried to catch his breath. “St-stop… Harry help… help me!”

Harry’s hands were a little full at the moment. He was standing behind Louis who was sitting in front of a vanity mirror. Both boys were looking at Louis’ reflection in the mirror as Harry was trying to run a comb through Louis’ hair unsuccessfully. The stylist was running late and Louis was looking more like a chia pet than a pop star.

Harry pulled as the comb got caught in the tangles. “I’m a little busy right now Niall.” Harry turned his attention to Louis. “I can’t get it to look right. I think you might have to wear the beanie.”

Louis sighed. “Maybe I should just add some gel.”

Niall continued to beg for help as Liam pummeled him with pillow punches. “Harry I need your help. My only crime was teasing Liam about liking pictures of me peeing.”

Harry crossed his legs as he raked the comb through Louis’ hair. “Can you guys not talk about peeing? I really have to go.”

Liam stopped wielding the pillow mid swing and raised in eyebrow. “There’s a toilet in this dressing room Haz.”
Harry nodded as he bounced on the balls on his feet. “I know.”

Liam tried to continue solving the case of Harry and the unused toilet. “Um, the toilet isn’t broken and there’s no one in there so you’re holding it because, why?”

Harry was still really shy about people knowing he had to pee, especially if they knew he had to go pretty badly. The conversation was not only making Harry turn darker shades of red, but the continued talk of pee was making his bladder pound even harder inside of him.

Harry kept his legs crossed and tried to smile through the awkwardness. “I want to go right before the concert so I don’t get caught having to wee while I’m on stage.” In his mind he had calculated that if he used the bathroom ten minutes before they went on stage, he would be good for the whole concert.

A two hour concert seemed like an easy enough time frame to not have to pee, but Harry always had trouble doing it. He wasn’t sure if it was from all the water he drank between songs to keep his vocal chords loose, or if it was from the adrenaline that shot through his body when he saw the crowds of fans. Whatever it was, it seemed like at the end of every concert he had to clench his muscles as hard as he could to hold the last note of the song right along with holding in a full bladder.

A stagehand peeked his head through the doorway. “Ten minutes till you’re on.”

Harry handed Louis the comb and raced into the bathroom.

Harry’s plan had worked surprisingly well. His bladder was a little weak from holding it before so he had to go pretty badly after the concert, but he wasn’t seconds away from exploding like he usually had been. He was even able to wait until they got back to the hotel room.

Harry curled up in bed next to Niall and drifted to sleep with a smile on his face.

It felt like a few seconds before Harry felt someone shaking him awake. He blinked his eyes open and instead on lying in a bed, in the arms of Niall, he was in a classroom. His head was laying down on his school desk.

He looked over at the person that had shook him and saw Niall looking back nervously. “That was close. If Mr. Wellington had caught you sleeping, you would have gotten detention.”

Harry ran his hand through his curls. I must be dreaming. This has to be a dream. Niall never went to my school.

Harry looked down to see if he was naked and breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that he was fully dressed. Thank God. I hate that dream.

His thoughts were interrupted when he heard the teacher’s booming voice. “Alright class. It’s time for the exam. Remember to take your time with this. You have the full two hours to finish.”

Harry felt his bladder twitch at the words ‘two hours’. He bounced his knees under his desk as his bladder made it’s presence known.

Niall leaned over the desk to whisper. “You gotta take a leak?”

Harry knew he was dreaming, but the embarrassment felt painfully real. He bit his lip and nodded. Niall smiled back. “Me too. I had to go really bad this morning, but I woke up late and almost
missed the bus so I didn’t get a chance. Then the bus was stuck in traffic so I had to run so I didn’t miss class.”

Louis’ voice chimed in from the desk ahead. “You both can hold it two hours, right?”

Harry winced. *I must have been thinking about holding it for two hours during the concert before going to bed. That must have been the reason why the dream has a two hour wee holding limit. But I wasn’t just thinking of holding it during the concert before bed I was also thinking of…*

Mr. Wellington slammed the test paper on a desk on the other side of Harry and started to yell. “Zayn! How many times do I have to tell you not to draw on your desk? Am I going to have to give you a detention again?”

Zayn blushed. “I’m sorry. I didn’t do it on purpose. I just kind of zoned out and started doodling.”

The teacher frowned. “Well zone back in. This math test is a good percentage of your final grade.”

The teacher continued handing out test papers and Harry crossed his legs tightly and put a hand between his legs so he could lean over and talk to Zayn without peeing his pants. Harry smiled at his neighbor. “Z, I missed you so much. It’s so good to see you again.”

Zayn looked at Harry as if he had two heads. “I see you every day. I think dying to take a wee has killed off a few of your brain cells.”

Harry tensed. “Yeah, I guess so. I really do have to go.”

Zayn smiled. “Relax. I’m just teasing you. I really have to go too. I think Mr. Wellington waits until we’re desperate to pee before he gives his tests.” Zayn put his hand between his legs and leaned forward. “I don’t know if I can last two hours.”

Harry looked at Niall squirming on his right and Zayn squirming on his left and knew he wasn’t going to be able to handle all the desperate tension in the room.

Harry squeezed himself as hard as he could with one hand as he lifted the other hand in the air to get the teacher’s attention. Mr. Wellington was sitting at the teacher’s desk reading a book. His eyes were looking at the pages through thick, black rimmed reading glasses. He was too engrossed in the book to see Harry.

Harry waved his hand to get the teacher’s attention, but he still went unnoticed. Harry finally cleared his throat to get his attention. Mr. Wellington peered over the rims of his glasses to look at Harry. The teacher did not look happy. “What is it Mr. Styles?”

Harry took a deep breath. “Sir -.”

Mr. Wellington sighed. “Mr. Styles, you know the rules. If you have a question you must stand and state your issue.”

Harry whimpered as he stood. He walked behind his chair so he would have something to hold onto since his legs were about as wiggly as Jello. He crossed his legs and hunched over, hoping that his posture was straight enough to count as standing.

His voice shook. “Sir, I have to use the toilet.”

A few giggles from the other students made Harry want to close his eyes and disappear.
Mr. Wellington had a hint of evil in his voice. “What did you say? I couldn’t quite hear you.”

Harry bounced up and down a few times, feeling the full bladder churning inside of him. He raised his voice a bit, hoping he wouldn’t have to repeat himself a third time. “I have to use the restroom urgently, sir.”

Mr. Wellington rolled his eyes as he focused back on his book. “You do not have permission. When the two hours are up, you can ask again.”

The unexpected denial sent an unexpected pressure slamming against Harry’s bladder, pushing him past his limits. A quick jet of urine shot out of him and he moaned as he stopped the leak from becoming a flood. He moved one hand to his crotch to prevent himself from releasing any more spurts and his other hand firmly gripped the chair so he wouldn’t fall.

The teacher had gone back to reading, but Harry knew he needed permission to use the bathroom before he peed himself. Technically he already did pee himself, but at this point his hand was enough to cover the wet spot and run damage control.

Harry knew he wasn’t going to convince this man for a pass to the bathroom. His best bet was to sit down and just suffer in silence, but he seemed to have less control over his words than he did his bladder.

The sentences started to spill out. “Please sir. It’s an emergency. I have to pee so badly. I can’t hold it much longer. I already let some out in my pants and now I have to go even more than before. My legs won’t stop shaking and I feel it trying to drip out and, and, and….”

Harry tried as hard as he could to stop talking, but he couldn’t. “… and please let me take a wee before I go all over the floor because I’m seconds away from - .”

Before he could finish the speech that he wished he had never started, he felt someone pulling his arm and dragging him from the classroom. He looked over at Niall dragging him with Zayn and Louis following behind.

The quick pace was torture on his need to pee and he leaked a few more times before reaching his destination.

When they finally reached the toilet Niall pushed open the door so Harry wouldn’t have to. The four of them tumbled inside and they were greeted with one toilet in a rather large bathroom.

Niall moaned as he started a ‘gotta pee’ dance of his own. “Why the heck is there only one toilet?!”

Zayn shoved his hands in his pockets and rocked his hips from side to side. “Doesn’t matter. Harry, just go so we can.”

Harry squeezed himself as tightly as he could. “You guys go first. I already wet my pants. I don’t want you guys to have an accident too.”

Niall nodded. “I’ll blast it out as fast as I can Haz.”

Harry winced as his bladder pounded. “I could have done without that descriptive image.”

Niall did as he said and the sound almost blasted through all the self-control Harry had. Zayn didn’t seem to be doing much better though. He knelt down on the floor and pressed his foot against himself to prevent a puddle on the floor.
He looked up at Harry. “I never had to go so bad in my life.”

Harry hopped from foot to foot. “I wish I could say the same. Just try not to listen to Niall. Just block it out and hold it in.”

Liam chimed in from across the room. “Just go to your happy place.”

Louis smirked. “Is this your happy place Liam?”

Harry spun around to face Liam. “Where you just hanging out in the bathroom? That’s a little weird Li.”

Liam smiled. “I was actually at my locker when I saw you guys run into this bathroom. I thought I’d follow in case you guys needed help.”

Zayn whined. “Yeah, I think I can use a little help.”

Liam knelt down to put a hand on Zayn’s shoulder and reached up to put his other hand on Harry’s arm. “Ok, holding in wee takes strong bladder muscles and who here knows more about muscles than me? I go for a proper workout at least five times a week.”

Zayn grunted. “Less self-flattery and more helpful advice please.”

Liam laughed. “Just squeeze those muscles as tightly as you can. If they’re contracted enough, you’ll prevent a release.”

Harry actually felt his legs start to shake as he did what his temporary personal trainer had said to.

Liam continued. “Good. You guys are going great. You’re building muscle and holding it in. Can you feel the burn?”

Harry nodded. “Yup. Definitely feeling some burning.”

Niall backed away from the toilet. “Done.”

Harry grunted. “Go Zayn. Just please be quick.”

Zayn stood and took Harry’s hand. “If we both stand on opposite sides we can go together. Just don’t splash on me.”

Louis winked. “He can’t promise that. Harry has a tendency to pee on people.”

Harry positioned himself at the toilet and smiled. It was common knowledge that Harry and Louis first met when Harry accidentally splashed a little pee on him from a neighboring urinal. Harry shivered at the memory of holding his pee in for that many hours in the X-factor audition line.

As Harry finally let his bladder release without hesitation, he felt a calm come over him. He felt himself getting warmer as the toilet collected the stream that both him and Zayn were contributing. The more he peed the warmer he felt, until he realized the warmth was just centered around his legs. He knew he had unzipped his pants, but when he looked down he saw that he had sweatpants on and they were drenched.

He continued to pee strongly into the sweatpants that weren’t there before and he mumbled out loud. “What’s going on?”

He shook his head as everything around him started to blur. When things finally came back into
focus, he was lying in a hotel bed, with a dampness pooled around his legs. He whined softly as reality became clearer and the dream faded further away.

He lifted the sheets and saw that he had done the unthinkable. He groaned as the shame of wetting the bed washed over him. It took him a few seconds before panic set in. Oh no, Niall! No no no no!!

He looked over to the other side of the bed hoping that his accident didn’t spill over to Niall’s side. Harry feared that all hope of Niall being more than friends would be completely obliterated if Niall woke up covered in Harry’s late night wee.

Harry started to cry tears of panic and relief when he saw the other side of the bed was empty. Niall sometimes got up late at night to watch football. Keeping track of the Irish teams that he loves sometimes meant catching a game in the middle of the night thanks to different time zones.

Harry sniffed some tears away as he tiptoed to the living room area of the suite. The room was complete dark except for the blinking lights of the TV screen. As Harry got closer he saw Niall laying on the couch with the remote on his chest, fast asleep.

Harry turned to leave, but being as uncoordinated as he usual is, he tripped and stumbled against the wall, falling to his knees.

Niall yawned. “Harry? Is that you?”

Harry peeled himself off of the floor and nodded. “Yeah, it’s me.”

Thankfully it was too dark for Niall to see that Harry’s pants were wet. Harry still felt the cold fabric against his skin as a cold, cruel reminder of his accident. At that moment the shock had started to wear off he realized his bladder hadn’t completely emptied and he still had to go pretty badly.

He crossed his legs and leaned against the wall hoping Niall would just say a quick goodnight and go back to watching TV.

Niall rubbed his eyes. “You want to come watch the rest of this with me?”

Harry offered a soft, “No. I’m good.”

He rubbed his thighs together to make sure he wouldn’t add any new liquid to his pants, but the soggy fabric made a squeaking noise. Harry didn't wait around for Niall to notice the noise, and if Niall had heard, Harry didn’t give him time to question it. He left the room and stripped the bed as quickly as possible.

Harry carried the ball of fabric into the bathroom. He threw the wet bedding onto the floor, tore his clothes off and stepped into the shower. As memories of this happening every night when he was a little boy flooded back into his mind, he curled up into a ball against the shower wall and cried.

He tried to tell himself this wasn’t happening again as the shower water, tears, and the rest of his bladder went down the drain.

Chapter End Notes
I had to get a little creative to get in this desperate during a math test scenario, but I think it worked, maybe? So I’ve actually been writing like a crazy person and I had enough to post chapter 4 and 5. Thanks as always for the kudos, comments, and hits.
The Morning Wee is the Most Important Wee of the Day

Scenario #6 When You Wake up With a Full Bladder

Louis blinked his sleepy eyes open and felt the strong arms of Liam around him. This had become Louis’ favorite way to sleep. It was also his favorite way to wake up. He curled up a little more against Liam, completely wasting the other half of their King-sized bed. Louis was about to join Liam in synchronized slumber, but he heard someone mumbling from the other side of the bed.

Louis carefully shifted his body so he wouldn’t wake Liam and turned to face a mumbling, fast-asleep Niall.

Louis whispered. “Niall… Niall, wake up.”

Niall rolled over trapping Louis in a Liam/Niall sandwich that any Directioner would die to be a part of. Louis pushed against his Niall bread slice, trying not to wake up his Liam bread slice. Liam responded by holding Louis a little tighter, but didn’t wake up.

Louis hissed. “Niall wake up.”

Niall’s baby blues finally blinked open. He took a minute to fully exit dreamland, but when he did, he smiled at Louis. “Top a the mornin’ Lou.”

Louis whispered back angrily. “Top of my butt. What are you doing here? Why did I wake up to find Goldilocks sleeping in my bed?”

Niall whispered back. “Does that make you mama bear or papa bear?”

Louis sighed. “I’m serious. Why are you not with Harry? And make sure to whisper. I don’t want Liam to wake up.”

Niall smiled. “You two look cozy.”

Louis looked at a peaceful Liam. “He’s been really distant and weird after the kiss, and this is as close as we’ve been since then, so I just want to enjoy it for a little longer.”

Niall cooed. “Aww.”

Louis frowned. “You never answered my question. Why are you in my bed and not with Harry?”

Niall yawned. “I stayed up late last night watching the game. I guess the Telly woke Harry up cuz’ he found me on the couch, but he was acting kind of weird. I asked him if he wanted to watch with me, but he said no and went back to bed. I think he was mad that I woke him up because the door was locked when the game was over. I could have slept on the couch, but your bed is comfier.”

Liam’s arm was around Louis’ chest so Niall put his arm around Louis’ stomach. The Niall hug made Louis realize he really needed his morning wee.

Louis winced as Niall closed his eyes again. Louis tried to wiggle free. If I just slip out for a minute without waking Liam, I can just slip back.

He tried to put his plan into action but Liam’s grip was almost as tight as Niall’s. There was no way he was going to be able to shift out of his position without waking Liam.
Louis frowned. “Niall wake up.”

Niall sighed. “Wasn’t asleep yet.”

Louis really didn’t want to tell Niall that he was getting pretty desperate to pee, but in a few minutes he was going to have to start some kind of rocking motion to hold it and his secret would be out there.

Louis bit his lip, not yet ready to spill the news. “Ni, you gotta leave. You talk in your sleep and it’s keeping me awake.”

Niall smirked. “I thought talking in my sleep was one of those little things that you love about me.”

Louis tried to keep his body still even though he knew his legs were shaking a bit. “I didn’t write that song.”

Niall frowned. “What? You don’t mean what you sing? Everything is a lie. I don’t know what to believe anymore.”

Louis’ bladder started to pound harder inside of him. “Niall, seriously. You gotta go.”

Niall winked. “Nah, I think you gotta go.”

Louis blushed. “Just move so I can wee and then come back and cuddle with the guy that I’m crushing on. Liam’s been acting weird so this is the only cuddle time I can get with him.”

Niall shook his head. “He may be acting weird but I know he likes you. He told me and Harry at the movies.”

Louis jiggled his foot. “It’s good to know you can keep an important secret safe.”

Niall bit his lip. “Yeah, I probably shouldn’t have told you that.”

Niall released his grip around Louis’ stomach and the change in pressure against his bladder made a pretty bad urge hit him. Louis grabbed between his legs and hoped the covers blocked most of his embarrassing actions from Niall.

Louis waited a moment for the urge to pass, but Niall took that moment to continue the conversation. “You and Li should go on a double date with Harry and me.”

Louis moaned. “Right now, the only thing I want an intimate experience with is the toilet.”

Liam stirred a little and started to mumble. “Lou…?”

Louis ran his fingers through Liam’s hair. “Shh, it’s ok. Just go back to sleep. You’re getting sleepy. You’re getting very sleepy.”

Liam mumbled, “Sleepy,” and drifted to sleep again. Unfortunately his grip on Louis was tighter than before.

Louis sighed. “Well I guess the new plan is to enjoy Liam’s arms around me for another minute or two and then wake him up before my bladder explodes. You ever notice that you don’t have to take a wee until you’re too comfortable to want to get up?”

Niall laughed. “It’s probably all the tea. Make sure you don’t drink all of that before our double date. You don’t want to be dying for a leak during the date.”
Louis let his mind wander back to his first “date” with Liam when he was holding it at dinner. His bladder twitched at the memory as the corner of his mouth twitched into a smirk.

Niall spoke slowly. “I know Liam’s into that kind of thing, but it’s not like you…”

Louis’ blush was enough of a confirmation for Niall.

Niall’s eyes grew to comic proportions. “Wait a minute. Liam told me that you and him were playing a game. That doesn’t mean… Geez Lou. Tell me you didn’t pee on each other.”

Louis squeaked. “What? NO!”

Liam shifted in his sleep again and sighed against Louis’ neck sending chills from his spine right down to his bladder.

Louis legs were shaking the bed so much at this point he was surprised Liam was still asleep. He decided to clear up the misunderstanding with Niall quickly and then take that urgent morning pee that he kept stalling. He whispered. “Ni, it’s not like that. Liam doesn’t want me to pee my pants or pee on him, he just likes the desperation part of it all. He likes it when I really have to go, but I have to wait.”

Niall nodded. “That’s really more than I ever wanted to know about your private lives.”

Louis sighed. “If you don’t stop talking to me and let me go for a wee, you’re going to see something that’s a lot more private.”

Niall smiled. “You should wait a little while longer. It’ll be good practice for holding it for Li.”

Louis rocked his hips from side to side. The laying position he was in was really torturing his bladder. “Seriously Ni. I have to go.”

Niall shook his head. “You can’t say ‘I have to go’ when you’re talking to Liam. You have to use more descriptive words like urgently or desperately. Trust me, that right there will drive Liam wild.”

Louis shut his eyes and clamped his hands as hard as he could against his groin. “Fine. I desperately, urgently need a wee.”

Niall crossed his arms over his chest. “On a scale of 1 to 10, what is your need to pee level? One being ‘I don’t really have to go and ten being -.”

Louis smirked. “About to kill the person that’s making me wait?”

Niall nodded. “Ok. You should probably go. There’s a pretty good chance Liam is awake anyway.”

Liam smirked against Louis’ chest. “A better chance than you think mate.”

Louis groaned. “How long were you awake?”

Liam released Louis from his embrace. Louis squirming against him was starting to get him to a point that really shouldn’t be witnessed by Niall.

Liam yawned and stretched. “I woke up somewhere at the part that you were saying you desperately, urgently needed a wee.”
Louis pushed Liam away playfully. “Well, I still do, so move.”

He climbed over Liam and stood at the foot of the bed. He grabbed himself and crossed his legs around his hands. He bounced on his toes and let out a fairly loud grunt of strain. He faced Liam and winked.

Liam’s eyes twinkled. “You sure you don’t want to wait till after breakfast?”

Louis laughed. “I spoil you enough already, you greedy bast-.”

A wave of desperation cut him off and he raced to the toilet.

Liam laughed. “I’ll see you at breakfast.”

Louis skidded in front of the toilet and quickly loosened the drawstring of his sweatpants. He hopped from foot to foot as he got in position and sighed as the weight of a heavy burden was slowly lifted. He put a hand against the wall to steady himself as he drifted into his own little happy place.

Louis jumped when he saw Niall sitting on the sink across from him. Louis raised an eyebrow. “Um occupied?”

Niall shook his head. “I don’t have to go. I just want to talk.”

Louis’ peaceful pee was turning into something a lot less relaxing. He sighed. “Ni, I thought we already had this talk about privacy.”

Niall rocked back and forth on the counter. “I’m really worried about Harry. I just -.”

Liam’s voice carried from the kitchen. “I made breakfast. Come and get it.”

Niall hopped off the counter and raced into the kitchen.

Louis sighed. “I guess hunger trumps worried.”

He finished his morning wee and headed into the kitchen.

Louis sighed as he saw what Liam meant by ‘I made breakfast’. There was a box of Lucky Charms cereal and four bowls on the table. Harry was happily sitting at the table. He tilted his head back as he dumped some of the sweet cereal in his mouth. He mumbled with his mouthful. “Morning Lou.”

He poured some milk in his mouth to go along with the cereal.

Niall reached across the table and took the box from Harry. He squinted as he read the side of the box. “Help Lucky find his way back to his pot of gold.” He traced his finger along the path, but frowned when a bat blocked his way.

Harry tossed a marshmallow at Niall, but he swatted it away.

Harry bit his lip. “Ni, I want to talk to you about what happened last night.”

Niall squinted at the new path he was leading Lucky down. “Hold on. I’m busy helping Lucky.”

Niall continued his quest but looked up when he smelled meat, cheese and onions. Liam was standing in front of the microwave heating up a breakfast burrito.
Liam rubbed his forehead. “I have such a headache. My head feels like it’s about to spontaneously combust.”

Louis walked over to him and gave him a kiss on forehead. “There. A kiss always makes it better. Also, you have the microwave set to thirty minutes. Your burrito’s going to combust before you do.” Louis corrected the setting to three minutes instead of thirty.

Liam flashed Louis a cheeky grin. “Thanks mate. What would I do without you?”

Louis slapped him on the butt. “You’d have a burnt burrito.”

Liam winced and looked back at the microwave.

Louis quickly apologized. He didn’t think he hit him too hard though. “I’m sorry. I didn’t hurt you did I?”

Liam blushed as he tapped his foot waiting for the three minute meal to finish. “No, I just have to take a leak and someone was hogging the toilet this morning.”

Louis responded with a pig snort. “I’m not a hog.”

Niall laughed from the table. “You’re not a pig, but you were almost a baby.” He looked at Harry and continued. “You should’a seen it. Louis almost wet the bed this morning. Can you believe that? He almost wet the freakin’ bed like a toddler.”

Niall started to laugh and missed the look of horror on Harry’s face. Harry felt the tears from last night reforming and stinging his eyes.

Liam tapped his foot quicker and rubbed his forehead. “Look, no one talk about peeing until the microwave is done.”

Louis smiled. “No worries. I’ll watch your food. Go wee.”

Liam shuffled out of the room, off to find relief.

Niall cheered. “Woo hoo. I got Lucky to the gold! High five. Up top.”

He lifted his hand, but was shocked to see Harry wiping tears from his eyes.

Niall lowered his hand from high five position to wipe a tear from Harry’s cheek. His voiced softened. “Haz, is this about last night? I’m sorry I didn’t listen before. Tell me what’s wrong.”

Harry wanted so badly to tell Niall the truth, but he knew Niall would call him a baby just like he called Louis.

Harry sniffed as he lied. “It was just my asthma. I had to use my inhaler last night and I was afraid I was going to have to use it again so I locked you out cuz I didn’t want you to see. I didn’t want you to worry.”

Louis had crouched down next to Harry. He rubbed Harry’s back. “You have to tell us about things like that.”

Harry nodded as Louis and Niall spoke, but he wasn’t listening. The only thing he was thinking about was how to make sure Niall never found out the truth. Harry wasn’t sure if wetting the bed was a one-time thing or the start of a nightly issue, but he knew he had to be proactive about it.
He rationalized that if he drank enough tea and Red Bull, that he could stay awake and only sleep an hour or two. An hour or two was short enough to not pee himself. He didn’t count on the caffeine going through his bladder quicker than most drinks.

For the next week he had a few close calls during the day, but when he woke up each day to a dry bed, he figured it was worth it. His secret was safe. Unfortunately all secrets have a way of coming out sooner or later. But for now, the other guys didn’t know, and that’s all that mattered.
Scenario #7 On Stage

Harry stared at the sheets and comforter spinning around in the washing machine. He had been so good lately, but he was just so tired last night. He had set his alarm on his phone to wake him up, but somehow he slept through it and woke up to wet sheets. Thankfully Niall had been out at the pub at the time so he locked the door to hide his shame.

Harry watched the laundry spin as he tried to blink back the tears.

A familiar voice with a heavy Irish accent entered the empty room. “This place is really for washing our clothes. The hotel staff takes care of cleaning the sheets.”

Harry wiped his nose with the back of his sleeve. “I dropped some beer on the sheets and I figured I’d wash them.”

Niall sat down next to Harry. “You’re drinking alone in your room?”

Harry sniffed, but didn’t answer.

Niall guided Harry’s head to his shoulder and ruffled his hair. “You know that you can talk to me about anything, right?”

Harry sniffed and nodded on Niall’s shoulder.

Niall’s kissed the top of Harry’s head and continued to run his hand through his hair. “I know something’s going on, but I won’t pressure you to tell me. As long as it’s not something that’s hurting you, I can respect your privacy. We can talk when you’re ready ok?”

Harry nodded again.

Niall hummed the melody of the song he wrote in the recording studio. Harry relaxed into Niall’s soothing song, but tensed when he realized he was falling asleep.

He lifted his head off of Niall and tried to stop crying. “Niall, please don’t be mad. I just don’t want to deal with this right now.”

Niall rubbed Harry’s face with his thumb. Harry’s cheeks were already pink from crying, but they turned a darker shade of red from Niall’s touch.

Niall smiled. “I’m not mad. I just don’t want you to cry. I - .”

Niall wasn’t sure if he moved his lips to kiss Harry under his own power of if it was some cosmic gravitational pull that drew them together, but whatever the cause was, he didn’t fight it. He hadn’t planned their first real kiss to be in the laundry room with Harry in tears, but somehow it just seemed perfect.

When the kiss ended, Harry looked at Niall and put his head back on his shoulder. Niall leaned his head against Harry’s as they watched the wash tumble in the machine.
Niall was true to his word. He didn’t ask Harry about his problem for the rest of the day and Harry was able to ease back into the fun and careless atmosphere that One Direction was known for.

Niall, Harry, Louis and Liam were just off stage waiting for the opening act to finish. Niall was sitting on a stool with his leg on Harry’s lap. Harry was gently massaging his knee.

Harry frowned. “Is this helping Ni?”

Niall nodded. “A little, but my knee’s still killing me. After the surgery whenever it rains it hurts so freakin’ bad.” He whispered so only Harry could hear. “And the worst part is I have to take a leak, but by the time I limp down the stairs and hobble to the toilet the concert is going to start. You have to pee all the time during concerts Haz. Got any tips on how to hold it?”

Harry smiled. “Try to keep your legs together as much as you can and if you can’t keep your legs from shaking, make sure you look like you’re dancing. Only cross your legs if you get really desperate, because people will notice that. Believe me. You can put the hand with the mic in front of you and you can push your hand against yourself for added pressure. But whatever you do, do not stand by the drummer. That drumbeat will make you have to go so badly.”

Niall nodded. “Let’s hope when I start singing I forget I have to pee altogether.”

Liam tapped Niall on the back. “It’s time. Let’s smash this!”

They ran on stage and Niall followed gingerly.

Liam screamed into the mic. “How’s everybody doing?”

Niall squeezed the mic in his hand. I’m doing great except for the fact that I gotta take a major leak.

Niall winced as Liam played with the crowd again. “I said how is everybody DOING?”

The cheers sent a deafening sound wave toward the stage causing the whole area to shake. Niall crossed his legs against the assault on his bladder. He knew his bladder was probably not going to hold out the whole concert, but there was nothing he could do now.

The screams of the crowd were the loudest yet and the energy level at the stadium was at an all-time high. The only thing greater than the surge of electricity of the crowd was the surge of electricity inside Niall’s bladder.

It wasn’t raining at the moment, but the stage was still wet from the heavy rains just a few minutes ago. Harry smiled as he yelled into the mic after their first song ended. “The stage is really slippery and Niall doesn’t want us to tease him if he falls, so he’s going to take it easy tonight.”

Harry winked at Niall and danced off to another area of the stage.

Niall was happy that his curly haired crush came up with a spur of the moment excuse for his stationary movement that wouldn’t worry the fans, but he really wished that Harry had a quick fix for his bursting bladder as well.

Niall tried to get his mind off his aching knee and his throbbing need to pee by focusing on the music.

The concert was about halfway done and Niall saw Harry doing some of the things he had told him would help hold it in. He watched Harry hold the microphone in front of him in a very suspicious
Niall waited until Louis started talking to the crowd. He waved to get Harry’s attention.

Harry gave him a halfhearted smile and bounced on his toes.

Niall put his hand over the mic and whispered. “You ok?”

Harry mouthed the words ‘have to pee’.

Niall pointed to his ear. “I can’t hear you.”

Harry whispered it this time, but the microphone picked it up. “I have to take a wee really bad.”

The crowd erupted into cheers and Louis turned to face poor Harry. Louis was grinning from ear to ear. “Did you just say you have to go for a wee wee Harry?”

The stadium filled with more cheers.

Harry held the microphone up to his mouth and bit his lip. “Maybe.”

Louis turned to Liam and smiled. “You’re the leader of the group Liam, do you think Harry should hold it? He looks like he’s about ready to burst right now.”

The comment threw Liam off guard and when he flipped the microphone into the air like he usually did, he was too distracted to catch it. The microphone hit the floor and the loud feedback screeched through the speakers.

Most of the audience covered their ears to block out the sound, but Niall covered his crotch to help block off the liquid that was rumbling inside of him from escaping. He was glad that most of the attention was on Harry, so he could get away with the obvious hand placement.

Louis smirked at Liam and covered the microphone so it didn’t pick up his comment. “Someone’s a little rattled, yeah?”

Louis’ smirk turned a little more playful as he addressed the crowd. “If you think Harry Styles should be allowed to use the toilet I want you to scream as loud as you can.”

The stadium filled with screams.

Harry crossed his legs in a playful ‘I gotta pee stance’ trying to mask how desperate he really was. He blushed as he spoke into the mic. “Thank you. I love each and every one of you.”

He dashed off of the stage and Louis laughed. “Actually all this talk about weeing is making me have to go too. I’ll be right back.”

Liam waved to Louis as he left. Liam looked at Niall and smiled. “Well it’s just you and me mate. Well, you me and all these amazing fans.”

That got another cheer from the crowd.

The loud roar of the crowd was making Niall’s bladder shake really badly. He couldn’t help shifting his weight from side to side.

Liam put a hand on Niall’s shoulder. “Don’t tell me you have to go for a leak too.”
Niall bit his lip, trying not to blush. Everyone in the stadium could hear their conversation so it was just a little embarrassing. He tried to keep his voice casual. “I can hold it.”

Liam yelled into the microphone. “Everyone, let’s give a round of applause for Niall’s giant bladder.”

The crowd cheered and Liam used the sound of the crowd to quickly talk to Niall. “Seriously Ni, do you want me to stall?”

Every part of Niall was begging to say “Yes! Please! I’m so freakin’ desperate to pee!”, but he knew it would take him forever to limp to the toilet. There was no way Liam could stall enough for him to go and come back without causing the concert to come to a ten minute stand still.

Niall winced. “I’m good. I can hold it.”

Neither one of them believed that, but he put up a good effort. After Harry and Louis reappeared the concert continued. Niall spent the rest of the concert using his best efforts to hold in a full bladder without letting the crowd of thousands know how badly he had to go. He rocked his hips from side to side and juggled his legs to the beat. He tried to pass off his fidgeting as dancing to the beat of the music, but he was really rocking to the beat of his bladder.

For the last song, he was able to hide his twitching hips behind his electric guitar, but the vibration of the instrument against his sensitive lower region almost pushed him right over the edge. He tried to hike the guitar up a little so it wasn’t right over his bladder, but it kept settling back into the prior position.

He strummed the final notes of the song and unstrapped his guitar as the lights went black on the stage. In the darkness he was safe to grab himself without the audience seeing. He ignored the sharp pain of his knee as he marched in place. The urge to go was so strong and constant that he debated just letting go right there.

It was too dark to see clearly, but he was sure the silhouette next to him was Harry. He leaned his hand on Harry’s shoulder for balance and whined. “Ugh, I have to go sooooo bad.”

Harry called over a security guard. Harry spoke quickly, knowing that Niall was close to losing the battle. “Um, Niall’s knee hurts so he can’t walk that well. Can you give him a lift to the toilet?”

Niall had never been this embarrassed in his whole life, that is until Harry continued talking. “Please hurry because he’s in pretty desperate need for a wee. He’s been holding it in for the whole concert.”

Niall was pretty sure every stagehand that was near them heard that. Not only that, but he was sure Louis and Liam heard it too. Niall was just starting to let the mortifying moment truly sink in, but his shame spiral was interrupted by the security guard tossing Niall over his shoulder and jogging him to the toilet.

Niall held his breath as the man jogged to the toilet that he so urgently needed. The idea of peeing on the security guard’s shoulder was enough motivation to hold back the urges that pushed against his self-control.

The first toilet they reached was a porta-potty. The security guard put Niall down on his own two feet again. Niall thanked the man and stepped inside the door. He was thankful that the porta-potty was small because he only had to limp a few steps to get in a close enough peeing distance.

He leaned his weight on his good leg and unfastened his jeans in a rush. He closed his eyes as he
started to shed all of his extra pee weight. He bit his lip as he tried to relax the tension of his body from holding it in to releasing it.

He threw his head back and let out a loud “Geez” when his body finally transitioned from taxed to relaxed. He put a hand over his abdomen and encouraged the stream to intensify. When he was finally blissfully empty, he exited the facilities.

Harry was standing outside the door with a worried look on his face. “Did you make it?”

Niall nodded. “Yup. Didn’t even leak a single drop into my boxers.”

Harry blushed.

Niall laughed. “Was that too much?”

Harry shook his head no, but the deep blush on his face betrayed his words. “It looked like a proper emergency so I called security. They’re supposed to handle emergencies, and prevent accidents, right?”

Niall smiled. “You’re so Harry.”

Harry smiled back. “I’ll take that as a compliment.” His eyes shifted from Niall’s eyes to his crotch and he quickly zipped him back up.

Niall smirked at his helper. “That’s the second time you saved me from embarrassment. I think I should give my hero a kiss.”

Harry laughed. “Not till you wash your hands. Wait, all I get is a kiss? That’s kind of lame.”

Niall winced as he limped forward. “Speaking of lame…”

Harry put Niall on his back piggyback style. “I’ll give you a lift Ni. Let’s go to the dressing room. I think the catering people made sandwiches.”

Niall almost started drooling on the back of Harry’s neck. “Oh my God. I bet it’s those cheese sandwiches with the spicy pickles. Those things are freakin’ delicious. If you carry me to those delicious sandwiches I will love you more than anything.”

Harry smiled as he carried Niall. “You’ll love me more anything? More than Nandos?”

Niall laughed. “Let’s not get crazy Haz.”

Chapter End Notes

There are so many great stories about on stage desperation that I was really nervous writing this one. I hope it turned out ok. Also, I'm updating the first chapter to include an index so the scenarios are a little more organized. I'll update the index after every post. Thanks again for all of you who continue to read this little desperation tale :D The next chapter will have a desperate Liam on the train and the chapter after that is a rowboat ride (I haven’t decided who’s the victim in that one yet ). Thanks again for all the love!
All Aboard! Next stop... Desperation

Chapter Summary

Liam has to go really badly on the train.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scenario #8 On the Train

One Direction had just finished another successful leg of their tour and it was time to change locations. The next stop was France and to get from England to France they needed to take the train. Liam was a huge fan of train rides and looked forward to the scenic form of transportation.

As eager as Liam was about the trip, Niall was not. He had nothing against the destination, he just didn’t want to have to wake up at the crack of dawn to get there.

Liam lured him awake by waving a plate of blueberry pancakes under his nose, but the pancakes only left him half-awake, so Liam had to practically drag him the rest of the way to the train station. Liam had no problems taking on the extra responsibility of motivating Niall. The only problem was that Liam had been so focused on Niall’s needs that he had neglected an important need of his own.

Liam sighed as his bladder felt heavier than an empty bladder should. He really wanted to cross his legs, but he crossed his arms across his chest instead. It was early morning so the train platform was pretty cold and a strong gusty wind added to the chilly air. Liam rocked from the balls of his feet to his heels pretending that the discomfort was from the cold.

He looked around at his friends. Niall was sprawled out on the ground using his giant suitcase as a bed. Liam wasn’t sure if Niall had planned to end up that way or just passed out, but whichever it was he was sleeping with a smile on his face. Liam decided to let Sleeping Beauty rest a little longer since he looked so peaceful.

Louis and Harry were huddled around Harry’s new camera. Harry had insisted that sightseeing pictures should be taken with a camera instead of a phone. Louis took the camera and stretched his arm out in front of him trying to take a picture of them both, but Harry frowned. “Lou, phones are for Selfies. This camera is for taking pictures of nature at it’s truest beauty. Like sunrises and fields of flowers and waterfalls.”

Liam felt his leg twitch at the word waterfall.

Harry put the camera back in his suitcase and looked up at Liam. “Li, I’m going to go to the loo before the train gets here. Once the train starts you can’t get up until they collect your ticket.”

Liam was about to suggest that he would go with him, but Louis cut him off. “Going to the toilet before you get desperate? How proactive of you Harold.”

Harry put his hands on his thighs and bent over slightly. “Um maybe not that proactive.”
Louis laughed. “You wouldn’t be Harry if you didn’t have to take a wee. C’mon, I’ll go with you. Li, you stay here and make sure Niall doesn’t sleepwalk off the train platform.”

Liam watched his friends leave and took a deep breath. *I just have to hold it till they get back. I can do that. It’s not like I have to go that badly.*

He continued to bounce on his toes and shift his weight as the seconds felt like hours. He was beginning to realize that telling himself he wasn’t really desperate to go didn’t make his full bladder any emptier. It had gotten to the point that he couldn’t stay still anymore and he was practically marching in place. He had uncrossed his hands from across his chest and shoved them in his jean pockets a while ago and he was moments away from doing a ‘gotta pee dance’ right there on the platform.

The urge to go was too strong to ignore. He gently tapped the side of the suitcase Niall was napping on. Niall responding by continuing to snore. Liam tapped a little harder and Niall stirred a bit, but just turned away curling into a ball of sleep.

Liam gave the suitcase a hard kick and it jotted Niall awake. It also jotted the pulsing ball of liquid inside of Liam. Niall groaned from being rudely awakened and Liam groaned from the wave of desperation that crashed into him.

Niall rubbed his eyes. “Is the train here?”

Liam hopped from foot to foot. “No. I need to go inside the station and I didn’t – .”

Before he could finish his sentence the loud horn of the train filled the air. Liam jumped at the sound and the sudden movement made him squeeze his thighs together with urgency.

Niall misinterpreted Liam’s fidgeting and desire to go into the station as being cold. “It’s probably a lot warmer on the train.”

Liam hopped from foot to foot. “No. I need to go inside the station and I didn’t – .”

Before he could finish his sentence the loud horn of the train filled the air. Liam jumped at the sound and the sudden movement made him squeeze his thighs together with urgency.

Niall misinterpreted Liam’s fidgeting and desire to go into the station as being cold. “It’s probably a lot warmer on the train.”

Liam gave a quick glance back to the station and saw Harry and Louis walking towards them. Liam wondered if he had enough time to run to the toilet, but the conductor’s ‘All aboard’ made his hopes sink.

When Harry reached Liam he handed him a piping hot cup of hot chocolate. Harry’s eyes were shining brighter than when he handed Liam his Christmas present. Harry’s face lit up as he spoke. “You looked cold so I got you a hot chocolate. I asked for extra whipped cream because I know you like it.”

The last thing in life Liam wanted was a cup of liquid anything, but Harry looked so proud of himself for buying the drink for Liam that he didn’t have the heart to refuse it.

Liam took a small sip even though all common sense told him to halt all liquid intake until he visited the facilities. Liam felt the liquid slide down his throat and knew it wouldn’t be long before the hot liquid joined the ocean inside of him, tipping him over the edge of desperation.

He plastered a fake smile on his face and tried to make the sound that came out of his mouth sound more like a mmmm ‘delicious’ instead of mmmm ‘I’m about the explode’.

The four boarded the train and they filed into their seats. They were sitting in the first class section of the train so they had two sets of seats facing each other and plenty of leg room.

Liam winced as he loaded everyone’s luggage into the overhead rack and actually had to cross his legs to prevent an accident. Thankfully the others were too lost in conversation to notice.
Harry was sitting in the window seat next to Niall and Louis was sitting across from Niall leaving the window seat across from Harry free. Liam climbed over Louis and sat down. He took one of the informational brochures from the seat pocket and pretended to read it. He actually took the pamphlet so he could rest it on his lap and put a little pressure between his legs to hold back the tide that was begging to come out.

He had to go so badly that his senses were on hyper alert. The hot chocolate was sitting in the cup holder next to him, but when they started moving the liquid gently swished back and forth. The gentle swish was causing the liquid in his bladder to mirror that movement, but the feeling was anything but gentle.

He had two choices: listen to the sound of hot chocolate shifting back and forth in the cup, or drink the rest of it. He vaguely remembered learning at school that it took time for something that you drink to reach your bladder. If he drank the hot chocolate now it probably wouldn’t reach his bladder till he was safely in the toilet.

Liam took a deep breath and drank the drink as quickly as possible. He didn’t savor the sweet beverage, but he savored the sound of silence when he put the empty cup back in the holder.

He looked over at Louis and smiled at his sleeping neighbor. He brushed a strand of Louis’ hair from his face and took a moment to appreciate how angelic he looked while he was sleeping. It was a stark contrast to how devilishly mischievous he looked when he was awake.

Liam looked over at Niall, who was snoring softly. Liam hoped Harry was asleep too so he could get away with more desperate squirming, but Harry was wide awake and staring out of the window.

Liam gave himself a quick squeeze before talking to Harry. “You should take a nap mate. I’ll stay awake to hand in our tickets.”

Harry shifted his eyes from the window to Liam and Liam stopped grabbing himself just in time. Harry shook his head. “I don’t want to go to sleep.”

There was something in the way Harry said it that made Liam think Harry was almost afraid to go to sleep, but Harry looked back at the window before Liam could ask.

Liam kept his seated desperate squirming to a minimum so Harry wouldn’t notice, but the minimum amount of effort he was using was causing him a maximum level of discomfort. Bouncing his knees and tapping his foot on the floor weren’t effective anymore. Neither was shifting in his seat every so often.

He tossed the pamphlet aside and crossed his legs tightly with his hands in fists at his sides. He was trying so hard to hide his desperation from showing that he could literally feel his insides shaking from the strain.

He glanced back over at Harry and sighed in relief. Harry might not have wanted to go to sleep, but he must have been too tired to resist. Liam took the opportunity to squeeze himself unnoticed. He leaned into the pressure of his hand between his legs and closed his eyes, sighing in temporary comfort.

The sound of Louis’ voice tore him away from his momentary joy. “Starting the party early?”

Liam shot his hands from his crotch to his sides making his behavior look even more incriminating. He winced. “The party?”

Liam clenched his fists tighter together and let his knees bounce up and down. He loved how desperation looked on Louis, but on him it was a different story. Liam tried to always be the responsible, sensible member of the group. He took his responsibilities seriously.

He wanted so badly to tell Louis that he was dying for a wee, but he just couldn’t. If the others knew he was ready to pee his pants it would just be too awkward for Liam to handle. For one, there was nothing anyone could do. He had to wait until they collected the tickets. For two, Liam was called Daddy Direction by the fans. It’s always awkward to see your dad desperate to use the bathroom.

Liam took a deep breath, and shuddered as his bladder trembled. He tried to sound as calm as possible. “I’m not doing that. I just… I just have to use the toilet.”

Louis smirked. “So you don’t want a party, you want a potty.”

The mere mention of a toilet made Liam so much more desperate to go, but he kept his body language calm enough to look like he just slightly needed to go. He had to go too badly to hide his need completely from Louis, but he didn’t want his overwhelming desperation on full display.

Louis leaned into the aisle and then looked back at Liam. “The guy collecting the tickets is a few seats away.”

Liam nodded. “I can wait.”

Louis watched Liam take the ticket from his pocket. Louis noticed how much Liam’s hand was shaking as he retrieved the ticket. He also noticed the way Liam was practically crushing the ticket in his hand.

Louis carefully took Niall and Harry’s tickets from their pockets without waking them and glanced back at Liam again. His legs weren’t crossed, but his thighs were squeezed together as tightly as possible. One of his hands was resting on his thigh with his fingers drumming anxiously and the other hand was on his lap, squeezing his ticket.

Louis tried to keep his voice light and breezy. “The ticket guy is like two seats away.”

Liam nodded calmly. “Ok. I’ll go to the toilet after he collects the ticket.”

Liam didn’t really need to pretend to be calm. At this point both of them knew Liam was going to bolt for that toilet immediately after handing over this ticket.

Louis knew the right times to tease Liam and the right times not to, so he saved his sarcastic remarks and rubbed Liam’s hand. Liam jumped from not only the sudden touch, but the fact that Louis was rubbing the hand that was clenching the ticket. That hand was against his crotch in pretty close proximity to somewhere a little more sensitive than his bladder.

Louis couldn’t help but tease him just a little. He was Louis after all. “I can’t wait to get to France. What’s the word for yes in French again? It’s um… oh that’s right. It’s wee. I think it’s spelled differently than wee. I think it’s o-u-i instead of w-e-e.”

Liam moaned in response.

Louis laughed. “Relax. The ticket guy is right here. You can go for your wee in a minute.”
The conductor stepped up to their seats. “Tickets please.”

Liam handed Louis his crumpled ticket and Louis handed the four tickets to the conductor. Liam’s knees bounced quicker as the conductor punched the tickets and handed them back to Louis. The man smiled. “Have a nice trip.” He moved onto the next seats and Liam finally saw a clear path to the toilet.

He grabbed himself, ignoring the fact that Louis could see and stood up. There was enough room for Liam to get past without Louis having to move so Liam quickly exited the row.

He used all the self-control he had left to stand up straight and walk like a normal person, but to his horror, there was a food cart in the aisle blocking his way to the toilet. The woman serving food happened to be pouring a soda into a cup and Liam almost lost it right there.

He sat back down and shoved his hands between his legs. He was way past the point of hiding his desperation from Louis. At this point he just needed to go.

Louis put one hand on Liam’s shoulder and the other hand on the empty hot chocolate cup. Louis spoke softly, looking at the cup instead of Liam. “This is an option if it’s really bad.”

Liam shut his eyes and shook his head. He lied thorough his chattering teeth. “It’s all aces Lou. I can hold it.”

His bladder disagreed by pulsing urgently at that remark. He grabbed himself tighter.

Louis could feel the overwhelming embarrassment radiating from Liam and tried to lighten the mood. “The next time one of us gets desperate to wee, let’s do it in a controlled environment, yeah?”

Liam cleared his throat. “I’m not desperate.” His legs were bouncing involuntarily as his feet drummed loudly against the floor.

Admiting his need to go made him feel better. He felt like some of the weight on his bladder was lifted by his admission so he continued to spill more of his feelings. “I guess I was in a bit of denial, but I tend to deny myself a lot of things.”

Louis raised an eyebrow. His heart fluttered a bit as he let his mind hope.

Is he talking about what I think he’s talking about?

Liam’s voice shook as he approached the conversation he had delayed longer than his need to pee. “Lou, I don’t know if I can hold it in much longer, but I don’t want to let it out just yet.”

Louis nodded slowly. “It will feel better if you just let go.”

Liam bit his lip. “I’ve wanted too a few times, but if I don’t do it in the right place, the right way, it’ll just make a big mess.”

Louis couldn’t help smiling at how their first conversation about their feelings for each other was a very elaborate pee code.

Louis worded his next sentence carefully. “I won’t make fun of you if you just let it at all out right now. I’ve actually wanted to do it too. That night when I was bursting at the dinner table and it was
just you and me… I wanted to… I wanted to so badly, but I didn’t know how you felt. Once you let it out, you can’t just take it back.”

Liam smirked. “If I start, I can’t stop, Lou…” He leaned in closer. His voice dipping a little deeper “… and I don’t want to stop once I start.”

Louis felt his whole body shiver. Liam made Louis feel like no else did and he was ready for Liam to finally put to words what they both were so close to saying. Louis’ body shook with anticipation as Liam’s shook with desperation.

Liam felt the pressure swelling inside of him from the burden in his bladder. He opened his mouth to release the burden on his heart.

Louis closed his eyes to focus on nothing, but the sound of Liam’s voice saying the words he wanted to hear. “Would you like water or a soda?”

Louis eyes snapped open and the woman with the food cart was smiling back at him.

Liam moaned. “Ma’am, could you move your cart so I can use the restroom? I need to use the toilet very badly.”

The woman moved the cart past the seat. “I’m so sorry sir.”

Liam stumbled past Louis as he did a desperation sprint for the toilet. His hands were between his legs and he was pitched forward as he ran causing him to lose his footing a few times, but he made it safely without falling.

The woman pushing the food cart looked at Louis and offered an apology. “Please tell your friend that I am sorry. I didn’t mean to block you.”

Louis nodded, but sighed sadly to himself. *Yup. Definitely blocked.*

Liam, on the other hand, was feeling the opposite of sad. He shifted his weight from foot to foot as he fiddled with his zipper. He tried to contain the surge of joy that a toilet brought so he could contain his overfilled bladder for just a little longer.

He held his breath as he yanked the zipper down and unloaded his fully loaded bladder into the toilet. When the feeling of relief washed over him, he moaned loud enough for the conductor to hear a few train cars away.

The stream was pouring out of him with so much force that his eyes started to water. He closed his eyes as he continued to go. He felt his body slowly unwind as he held nothing back. This was probably the most satisfying pee in his entire life. As his urine spilled out of him and down the drain, his nerve quickly followed.

The boldness he felt to admit his feelings to Louis flooded out of him quicker than the liquid inside of him. By the time he was done he was so embarrassed. He not only did a full on potty dance in his seat in front of the guy he was too shy to tell his feelings to, he now had to sit next to that guy for the rest of a long train ride.

Liam debated staying in the toilet for the rest of the trip, but that could mean denying another passenger access to the toilet and that was something that hit a little too close to home.

He slowly exited the room of shame and headed back to his seat. A few people smiled at him from their seats and he wondered if they were One Direction fans traveling with them to their next show
or if they were fans of the desperation show he just put on. Either way, he smiled back, trying not to be rude.

When he was done with the longest walk back to his seat ever, he slumped down next to Louis and sighed.

Louis grinned. “Feel better?”

Liam blushed. “Um, yes. Much better. I’m just going to take a nap till we stop, ok?”

Louis guided Liam’s head to his shoulder. “You can lean on me.”

Liam curled up in a more comfortable position with Louis’ shoulder as a pillow. “I know Lou. I can always lean on you mate.”

The word mate made Louis’ heart sink. Liam had been seconds away from confessing his feelings for Louis and now Louis was just a mate again.

Louis watched Liam drift off to sleep and closed his eyes as well. Louis’ heart was ready to burst as badly as Liam’s bladder was a minute again. The only difference was, Louis wasn’t sure how much longer he was going to be able to hold it in.

Chapter End Notes

This was one of those chapters that started one way and ended completely different than I had planned. I was going to have Liam see the food cart and embarrass himself by hopping around as he asked her to move, but just before I posted this (literally as I opened up ao3) I got the idea for Li and Lou to have a desperate almost love confession kind of thing. I hope the last minute addition fit well :D Also, I wanted to post this chapter and the next one, but the rowboat scenario turned into a boating adventure and the chapter is way too long so far and I have to find a way to split it up so I don't have a massive 20 page chapter. So, long story short, next Thursday will be a loooong chapter or it will be broken up as desperate on a boat part 1 and desperate on a boat part 2. Thanks again for everything. I'm having a blast writing this story and I hope you're all having fun reading it too :D
Harry hummed as he continued to relieve himself into the toilet. He guided himself to make the Y in his name with his stream and then started to make an H again. He had spelled out his name in the toilet five times already, but he was still going strong. This was due to all the Red Bull and tea he was drinking. It literally went right through him, but he had no choice. He had to load up on all the caffeine to stay awake. He was terrified that if he fell asleep for too long, he was going to wet the bed.

Harry decided to move on from writing Harry to writing Styles, but a knock on the door scared him and his stream stuttered to a stop. He moaned at the discomfort this caused, but was drowned out by more rapid knocks.

Niall continued to pound on the porta-potty door. “Geez Harry, you’re taking forever in there. I’m about to pee my pants out here.”

Harry remembered the time that their roles were reversed and he was just as desperate outside of a porta-potty waiting for Niall to finish. He sympathized with Niall and tried to hurry, knowing the torturous feelings of that situation. Unfortunately stopping the tap and Niall’s continuous knocking caused Harry’s bladder to become as shy as he was.

Harry tried in vain to get the flow started again, but it wasn’t happening. He zipped up and exited the toilet feeling not as empty as he would have liked to.

Niall had his arms crossed and was bouncing from one foot to the other when Harry came out.

Harry blushed. “Sorry.”

Niall flashed that special smile that made Harry feel more like a Niall Horan fan than his bandmate. “No worries.” Niall disappeared into the relief station, but didn’t stop talking through the door. “So…” His conversation was joined with a loud hiss off peeing. “…are you ready for the boat ride?”

Harry was a little embarrassed that he had front row seats to Niall’s peeing concert, but it started to dawn on him that Niall had probably heard him going too. Harry normally wasn’t this shy about peeing, he was desperate more times than he could count, but something about the fact that he started wetting the bed made him feel really self-conscious about everything.

Harry nodded, even though Niall couldn’t see him. “I’m ready for the boat ride.”

He was actually more than ready.
One Direction had filmed a video about what it would be like to date each one of them. Because
the fans were so happy to see what it would be like to date them, management thought it might be
fun to not just date One Direction, but hang out with them too. So they were given a video camera
and a list of fun things to do. The first fun thing to do was going fishing.

Harry was one step ahead of his bladder and knew a long boat ride would be a bad idea for his
often uncooperative bladder so he had held it until right before they had to leave. Niall had cut
Harry’s full pee short, but he was pretty confident that he would be ok for the boat ride.

When Niall finished going, Harry walked with him back to the others.

Louis was standing behind the wheel of the motorboat.

Niall smirked. “You think you can drive this thing, Captain Jack Sparrow?”

Louis laughed. “Aye Mate. Shiver me timbers and swab the deck.”

Harry bit his lip. They were supposed to be going on a nice rowboat-for-four ride, but somewhere
along the line their rowboat was upgraded to a motorboat. The motorboat was bigger and a lot
fancier, but like the rowboat, there was no place to go to the bathroom.

Harry swallowed nervously. A rowboat ride he could handle, but a long sail might be pushing it.
His bladder let out a small twinge of agreement and he crossed his legs. “Guys, I’ll be right back. I
gotta take a wee.”

Niall laughed. “Didn’t we just do that?”

Harry twisted his legs a bit more. Talking about peeing always made him have to go more. He was
also becoming aware that he had stopped peeing way before his bladder was empty. He tried not to
look too desperate to go considering he was just at a toilet and really could have just gone back in
and finished.

He smiled. “I’ll be back in a sec.”

Harry headed to the bathroom as casually as he could.

When he came back he saw Niall helping Liam load a cooler full of food and four camping
backpacks onto the boat.

Harry stepped onto the boat and stood next to Louis at the wheel. He looked at Louis, who was
now wearing one of his old-school striped nautical shirts and a captain’s hat. Louis was always the
one that drove the cars in their videos so it was only natural that he would be steering the boat.

Harry eyed Louis’ captain’s hat, secretly wanting to add it to his own vast collection of hats. “I
thought we were just going on a rowboat ride.”

Louis scanned through the boat manual as he answered Harry. “Management thought it would be
cooler to sail the seas with One Direction. We’re going to take this boat and fish for a while and
then head out to an island off the coast of France and have a little camping trip there. Management
thinks it’s a cool hanging out with your friends vibe.”

Liam smirked. “Yeah, cuz who doesn’t rent a boat and go sailing to a private island with their
friends.”

Niall loaded another cooler of food into the boat and smirked. “Guys, I think we need a bigger
boat.”

Louis sighed. “Niall seriously. Why all the food? At this point it would be easier to attach a hook to the back of the boat and drag a Nando’s behind us.”

Niall frowned. “I don’t want to starve in the woods.”

Louis sighed. “We have our phones. If things get dicey we can just call for help. Now get in before the boat sinks.”

Louis pulled out of the dock and the boat headed to open water.

Louis was successfully steering them across the water. Harry was sitting on Niall’s lap while Niall played with Harry’s hair. He strummed through the curls like Harry was a guitar. Every so often Harry would hum softly and Niall knew he was hitting the right notes.

This relaxing ride came to a quick stop when Liam held up the camera. “We gotta film some of this Lads.”

Harry grumbled as he scooted away from Niall and put a friendly distance between the two.

When the camera clicked on, Niall smiled. “Hello everyone. We are on a boat and so are you. Wait, no you’re not. Well maybe you are. I’m not sure if this is like Night Changes and we’re roleplaying.”

Liam cleared his throat at the word ‘roleplaying’ and turned off the camera.

Niall started the intro again. Louis kept making jokes and funny noises so it took poor Niall five more tries to get it right. When Niall finally nailed the intro Liam took over again.

He pointed the camera at Louis. “Captain Lou, do you have anything to say?”

Louis smiled. “What is a pirate’s favorite letter?”

Harry laughed. “I know. It’s rrrrrrr.”

Louis shook his head. “Nope. Pirates love the C.”

Niall laughed. “And Louis loves the D.”

Harry smirked. “Gotta edit that one out.”

Louis cut the engine and smiled. “I think my true fans already know that. Anyway, I think this is a good fishing spot. The GPS says we’re more than half way to the island so let’s do a little fishing.”

Harry and Niall fished on one side of the boat as a team and Louis and Liam fished on the other side. After about an hour, Liam and Louis (more accurately Liam) had caught twelve fish and Harry and Niall had caught none.

The worst part was that Harry had been trying to catch a fish, but instead he caught a growing need to use the toilet. Sadly, there was no toilet onboard.

Harry wasn’t desperate yet, but he was starting to focus more on his need to pee than his need to fish. He jumped, sending a tremor through his bladder when Niall cheered. “I got one!”

Niall started to pull in the fish and Harry cheered him on. When Niall triumphantly lifted the hook
into the air, a small fish was dangling from the fishing rod. The fish squirmed as Niall dropped it in the bucket with a splash. Harry squirmed along with the small fish as it swam in it’s temporary new home.

Liam walked over and watched Niall’s fishy victory swimming in the bucket. “I think it’s too small Ni. You might need to throw it back.”

Niall pouted. “It still counts right?”

Liam ruffled Niall’s hair. “Still counts buddy.”

Niall beamed with pride. “Did you get it on camera?”

Louis smiled from behind the camera. “Yup. The whole thing.”

Liam and Louis went back to their side to keep fishing, but Niall couldn’t help but notice that Harry was pretty quiet. Niall reached into the bucket and held the fish in his hand making it pretend to talk. “What’s wrong Harry? You’re really quiet. Something’s fishy.”

Harry looked at the floor. He didn’t want to look Niall in the eyes while he lied. “Nothing’s wrong. I’m just trying to –.”

He was cut off by the sound of a loud splash as Niall let the fish return to the sea. Harry had been looking down so the sound took him by surprise. The splash sent a jolt to his bladder and he squeezed his thighs together tightly. He wanted so badly to cross his legs, but he was sure that Niall was looking right at him.

Harry slowly looked up to meet Niall’s eyes and hoped he didn’t give himself away. He had just gone to the bathroom a little while ago so Niall wouldn’t have any reason to think that Harry needed another trip so soon.

Niall sat down next to Harry and put a hand over his. “You ok Haz?”

Niall’s hand was wet from holding the fish and when his cold, clammy hand touched Harry’s it made Harry’s legs start to shake involuntarily.

Harry honestly wanted to jump right off the boat and swim as far away from this situation as possible, but resisted the temptation. He looked at Niall and was about to make up a lie to explain his behavior, but something about Niall’s baby blue eyes pulled the truth out of Harry.

He spoke softly. “I have to pee.”

It was a little too soft for Niall to hear over the small waves hitting against the boat. Those waves weren’t helping Harry’s bladder either.

Niall leaned in closer to Harry. “I didn’t hear you. What did you say?”

Harry raised his voice a little. “I have to pee, Ni.”

Niall laughed. “It must be all this water we’re floating in.” He called out to Louis. “Hey Lou, can you start up the boat again? We gotta get to land so Harry can take a leak.”

Louis smirked. “It’s bad luck to say the word leak on a boat.”

Niall sighed. “Fine. Harry’s gotta take a piss. Is that better?”
Harry had his hand between his legs at this point since everyone knew anyway. He leaned forward hoping that would be a more merciful position. Each time Niall mentioned the need to pee Harry’s bladder answered with a pulsing pressure. “Can we maybe change the subject?”

Niall winced. “Oh, sorry. I know when you really gotta go, it makes it worse when people say pee.”

Liam stopped fishing and turned around to face Niall. “Did you say pee?”

Louis rolled his eyes. “Welcome to the conversation Li. Niall was just saying that Harry’s about to pee his pants.”

Liam turned to face Harry. “Are you ok mate?”

Harry started to revisit the idea of jumping overboard. Not only did everyone know he was desperate for a toilet, but every time his friends said the word ‘pee’ his need to go bumped up a notch and now he was well past urgent.

Harry knew his face was flaming red with embarrassment. “I’m good. I can hold it.”

No he wasn’t and no he can’t.

Louis walked over to the wheel and turned the engine on again. “Don’t worry Haz. I’ll get you back to land in about an hour. If it gets bad you can use the empty fish bucket.”

Harry blushed even more. “Um, I don’t think it’ll come to that.”

Harry knew that an hour was close to the limit of how long he would be able to hold back the ocean inside of him, but he didn’t want to tell the others. He was afraid that if they knew he was that desperate they would encourage him to use the bucket. He was already feeling immature because of his night time situation, but the thought of peeing in a bucket was unthinkable. The bucket looked a little too much like a children’s potty and that thought sent chills through his body.

He grabbed himself a little tighter with one hand and rubbed his thigh with the other. I just have to hold it. No matter what I have to hold it in.

Harry felt the seconds tick by as the need to pee grew more and more. The hand that was gripping himself was starting to shake from the strain. Harry let go of himself and let this thighs rub together, hoping to calm the stormy seas raging in his bladder.

He felt the boat rocking from side to side a little more than before and took a moment to shift his attention away from his bursting bladder to his uncharacteristically quiet captain.

Harry’s voice was shaking almost as much as his trembling body. “Lou, is everything alright?”

Louis’ eyes darted from the sky to Harry. “The water’s getting a little rough. You see those grey clouds over us. You’re not the only one that’s about to burst, Haz.”

Niall winced as he rubbed his knee. “Yeah, the storm’s coming. My knee’s killing me.”

Louis nodded. “We have to get off the water before the storm gets too bad.”

The wind started to pick up and the boat rocked across the waves. As the weather got worse, it was pretty clear that their window of getting to land before getting caught up in the storm was closing fast.
Harry tried to calm his nerves as well as the swelling pressure in his bladder. He held onto the side of his seat as the wind slammed into the boat and the waves of desperation slammed into his bladder.

The fog came in quickly and soon it was almost impossible to see even a few feet in the distance. The rain came in quickly making visibility nearly impossible. Louis tried to keep his balance while behind the wheel, but the rain caused the floor of the boat to become slick and he kept sliding as he tried to keep the boat on course.

Liam put his arm around Louis’ waist and braced his other hand on the side of the boat. He was right next to Louis, but had to shout over the wind and rain. “I got you Lou.”

Louis smirked and yelled back. “Lucky me.”

Liam had Louis stabilized, so Niall made sure Harry was just as stable. He scooted close to Harry and laughed as he shook the rain from his hair. “I bet you don’t have to pee anymore.”

Harry’s legs were still shaking. The rain was a good cover for him to just go in his jeans, but something was stopping him. Everyone knew he had to pee and if he just let go in his pants it would prove to everyone that he really was a baby. Nothing was further than the truth. His friends would never think he was a baby, but Harry was convinced otherwise.

Harry was holding onto his seat with one hand and holding onto himself with the other. His knees were knocking in and out as he answered Niall. “I have to go so bad. I don’t want to pee my pants Ni.”

Niall wasn’t sure why Harry won’t just go and let the rain wash away the mess. He was actually surprised Harry was still holding on in the first place. Regardless, he knew he had to help. There was nothing Niall could do about steering them through the storm, but he could navigate Harry toward a solution to his peeing problem.

Niall reached for the empty bucket and slid it in front of Harry. “Pretend it’s a toilet Haz. If we get tossed from the boat and have to swim to shore, you don’t want to be distracted by a full bladder.”

Niall was pretty sure that the boat wasn’t going to overturn, but he was desperate to get Harry to pee. The last thing he wanted was for Harry to be uncomfortable and the way Harry was looking, Niall was pretty sure he was in pain at this point.

Harry nodded and unzipped his jeans. This was difficult since the zipper and his hands were wringing wet. But eventually he got the zipper down and freed himself enough to making peeing possible. He clenched his muscles as he straddled his knees on either side of the bucket so he wouldn’t have to pee into a moving target.

Harry wasn’t entirely ready, but a stream of pee jetted out of him anyway. The hot liquid shot into the bucket and it was the weirdest sensation. The rain poured down into the bucket along with Harry’s own steady stream.

He closed his eyes as the liquid gushed out of him. It almost felt like peeing in the shower except it was freezing, and he was almost fully clothed, and Niall was looking at him, and he was in danger of drowning, and he was sitting, and… ok, it was nothing like peeing in the shower.

Harry moaned. “Had to go… so bad… feels… so good…”

Niall laughed. “I would have just went in my pants, but that’s just me.”
Harry continued to fill the bucket. His stream rocked from side to side as the boat swayed, but he kept his aim 100% accurate. After a very long, very satisfying urination, the tidal wave coming from him started to taper off.

Soon his stream’s intensity was less than the rain that was helping him fill the bucket. The rain helped a few last drops slide into the bucket and Harry felt a million times lighter. If he fell overboard he wouldn’t have to worry about his heavy bladder sinking him to the bottom.

He moved the bucket from between his legs. He was debating if he should dump the contents over the side, but the boat rocked violently to the side. Niall grabbed onto Harry as the boat tilted almost completely sideways. The bucket slid all the way to the other side of the boat and fell over the side.

Niall shouted. “Lou!”

Louis shouted back. “Hang on the GPS says we – .”

The boat came to a jarring stop and Niall went flying against the rail with Harry tumbling after him. All four boys were thrown to the floor from the boat’s sudden stop.

Louis moaned. “We… reached… land.”

Liam sat up and rubbed his head. “Harry, you still gotta take a wee?”

Louis laughed. “You would ask that.”

Liam laughed. “Seriously, is everyone ok?”

He got three grumbly yeahas as a response and smiled. “Good. Let’s set up camp before it gets dark. I’m pretty sure the weather is too bad for anyone to come and rescue use, so we’re on our own Lads.”

Chapter End Notes

I ended up breaking this chapter into three chapters. The next two chapters are camping, and desperate in a plane (rescue helicopter). This was going to be a separate one shot, but I felt it kind of fit well with the story. The camping chapter is when Harry finally has to deal with his bed wetting problem, but it's actually a desperate Louis chapter. The helicopter is a desperate Niall one. I hope you like it so far. :D Thanks again for all the feedback and the love.
Camp Rule Number One: Don't Pee in the Tent

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scenario #10  Camping

Liam informed the rest of the boys that the first order of business was to get to a safe dry area. The group carried all of their equipment off of the boat as he led them into the forest.

When they were a good distance from the shore Liam held up his hand and the rest of the group stopped. Liam took the backpack off of his shoulders. “Ok. This looks like a good spot to set up camp. This may not be one of the five star hotels that we are used to, but it’s going to have to be good enough for now. Let’s get this tent set up before the weather gets worse.”

Harry, Niall, and Louis set up the tent while Liam tried to phone security to let everyone know they were alright.

Louis grumbled. “Why do we have to do the hard work while Liam chats on the phone?”

Niall tried to secure one of the tent legs into the wet ground. “Complaining only makes the work twice as hard.”

Louis sighed as he held the leg of the tent steady for Niall. “One less person makes the work ¼ harder.”

Niall grunted as he pushed the leg, making sure it was stable. “Don’t worry. Li will be off the phone and ready for kisses soon. Stop complaining and make yourself useful.”

Louis frowned. “Useful? Did you forget that I steered us through a freakin’ storm and single handedly saved your life? Can I get a little help here Harry?”

Harry looked up as he secured the other end of the tent. He nodded. “You’re the best human being on the entire planet Earth Lou.”

Louis sighed. “I hate you all.”

Harry shook the rain from his curls and laughed. “That’s ok. We hate you too.”

Liam put the phone on mute and frowned at Louis. “Lou, less whining and more working. The tent needs to be up before the weather gets worse. We’re all drenched from the rain. We need a dry place to stay.”

Louis smirked. “What’s the matter Li? I thought you liked me whining in wet jeans.”

Liam stumbled to find the words. “Lou… that’s not… you…” He cleared his throat. “Just keep working on the tent.”

Louis laughed. “Sure thing boss, but it looks like I’m not the only one pitching a tent.”

Liam glanced down at himself and then up again. “I’m not - .”

Louis winked. “I got you to look didn’t I?”
Liam was about to yell at Louis, but the caller on the other end of the line returned. Liam switched his attention to the caller. “Yes, this is Liam. I’m still here.” He turned his back to Louis to continue on the phone call.

Niall, Harry, and Louis stepped inside the finished tent. Louis’ feet squished on the wet mat that they used for the floor. The directions that came with the tent said that the mat would dry quickly no matter what rainy conditions they would encounter. The rain had actually stopped and it was just heavy wind at this point.

Louis and Harry started to peel off their wet clothes, but Niall didn’t.

Niall sighed. “Hey guys. I gotta take a leak. My pants are soaked anyway; do you think I should just go?”

Louis shook his head as he slipped into a new shirt. “Not only is that gross, but it’s incredibly lazy. There’s no way I’m going to let you make this tent smell like a public restroom. Find a tree, unzip, and wee outside like a normal person.”

Niall nodded. “Ok. Harry, you want to come with me so I don’t get lost? Maybe we can do a little exploring around the island.”

Harry smiled at the potential of a pee break of any kind and agreed to go with Niall. Louis chose to stay since Liam was still on the phone. He didn’t want to leave Liam by himself in case the storm started up again.

Louis wasn’t exactly happy about staying behind. When he had changed into dry clothes he had realized that he had to pee pretty badly as well, and he hoped Niall and Harry wouldn’t take too long.

Louis walked out of the tent and looked through the multiple food coolers Niall had insisted on bringing. As he rummaged through the tasty treats inside, he had to move a thermos to see what was packed under it. The thermos had some kind of liquid inside of it because he felt liquid shifting inside of the bottle when he picked it up. This sent an unpleasant signal to his bladder and Louis bent over a bit to ease the pressure.

Liam came up from behind him and wrapped his arms around Louis’ waist. Louis whined softly at the discomfort.

Liam interpreted the moan incorrectly. “Sounds like someone doesn’t hate us all.”

Louis turned to face Liam, still encircled with Liam’s arms around his waist. Louis squirmed. “No. I just have to –.”

He was about to say ‘wee really badly’, but he noticed Liam still had the phone to his ear. Instead of announcing to whoever was on the other side of the line that he had to go, he put his hands between his legs and bounced on his toes to silently tell Liam his needs.

Liam’s face flushed a bit and he let go of Louis. He whispered. “Go. I’ll wait here.”

Louis took Liam’s hand and whispered back. “Come with me. We shouldn’t separate.”

Louis was surprised when he felt resistance as he tried to lead Liam away. The temporary delay for necessary relief made Louis’ bladder twitch and Louis let out another whine.

Liam whispered. “I can’t move too far away from here or I’m going to lose my signal. I’m really
shocked that I have reception at all, but if I drop this call I don’t know if I’m going to be able to make another one.”

Louis crossed his legs. “It’s ok. I can hold it. Niall and Harry should be back soon.”

Liam smirked. “Unless they’re taking a long, romantic walk in the forest.”

Louis put his hands between his legs and swayed back and forth. *God, I hope Liam’s wrong. Niall did say he wanted to explore and that might take hours.*

He shivered at the thought, but tried not to panic. *You’re ok. Everything’s going to be ok. We haven’t had anything to eat and Niall can’t go too long without food. Unless he took some food with him. Maybe he took a candy bar. Noooo. What if he took a candybar?!!*

Liam snapped Louis out of his trance. “What if who took a candybar? Louis, are you ok?”

Louis laughed nervously. He must have mumbled his last sentence out loud. “Yeah. I’m fine. Just thinking about something.”

Louis went back to pondering how a Mr. Goodbar could be the furthest thing from good right now. His thoughts sent waves of desperation rolling through his bladder, so he decided to talk to Liam to get his mind off of it.

Louis bit his lip. “So, um, you’re on hold?”

Liam nodded, slightly distracted. “Yeah, holding…”

Louis sighed. “Should I be mad that you’re enjoying my pain?”

Liam raised an eyebrow. “You’re in pain? If it hurts you shouldn’t hold it in anymore.”

Louis crossed his legs and leaned forward. “No. If I go right here it’s too close to the tent. I’ll be a hypocrite. I told Niall he had to pee further away from the tent so I can’t just let loose right here. And I’m not in pain. I’m just painfully embarrassed. So please, just distract me before I pee my pants.”

Liam tried to speak, but he was way too entranced by Louis doing a pee dance right in front of him. Liam tried to hide the joy that this was bringing him, but he knew his face was bright red at this point. He wasn’t sure if it was the heat of the deep blush travelling across his face or if it was the hot phone resting against his ear, but he was pretty sure his face was on fire right now.

Louis reminded him of his task. “Liam, please. Give me something else to focus on.”

Liam took a deep breath to steady his words. “So, I’m on hold with the French National Rescue Department. They told me so far that the storm is too severe to send out another boat or a plane to come get us. So we should stay here for the night and a rescue helicopter will come get us in the morning.”

Louis marched in place. “Y-yeah, um ok that sounds good.”

Liam took another deep breath. “So we should stay here for the night and a rescue helicopter will come get us in the morning.”

Louis gritted his teeth as he griped himself and hopped from foot to foot. “Y-you already s-said th-that.”
The residual rain from the trees dripped down as the wind picked up speed. Both wind and rain pushed Louis closer to the edge of control.

Liam’s voice softened. “Lou you should just… Yes I’m here sir. Yes. We’re not on the boat anymore. We’re safe on land.”

Louis’ voice was a whisper. Liam wasn’t sure if his voice was so quiet because he was straining to hold in the roaring sea inside of his bladder or if he just didn’t want the man on the other end of the phone to be a third party witness to Louis’ desperate struggle. Either way Louis’ words slid out quietly. “Li, I can’t hold it much longer.”

As Louis danced from foot to foot gripping himself tightly, Liam danced between being a sympathetic friend and a very happy observer. Sympathetic friend won and he tried to end the phone call as quickly as possible. “We will be waiting for you to come and get us tomorrow.”

Louis’ legs started to shake and Liam’s voice did the same. “It’s j-just the f-four of us. We - .”

Liam’s voice broke just as Louis’ self-control did. Liam watched as a dark patch spread around the crotch of Louis’ jeans beneath his fingers. Most of the damage was covered by Louis’ hands.

Louis tightened his grip hoping to hold back the inevitable for just a little longer, but his valiant effort to stop made his bladder fight even more to go.

The pressure was too intense and Louis moved his hands out of the way right before the flood began. He moaned as an insanely impressive amount of urine shot into his jeans, instantly saturating them. The sheer volume of liquid that was forcing its way out of Louis made his stream fall to the ground as if he wasn’t even wearing pants at all.

Louis staggered back a bit and then hunched forward as he continued to pee his pants right in full view of Liam. Louis spread his legs a bit hoping that he could direct the flowing stream more toward the ground and less toward pooling in his jeans. He didn’t realize that this stance gave Liam an even better angle to watch the waterworks.

Louis felt the cold liquid running against his legs and sighed at the fact that he was in wet jeans for the second time today. Although this time it just felt so much worse. Well, technically it felt good. It felt really, really good at first. He had to go so badly and the joy of finally being unburdened of a heavy bladder was blissful, but the joy turned to cold, wet pants very quickly.

His stream started to slow down and he pushed out more. He entertained the irrational thought that maybe if he peed forever that he would never have to face Liam. As much as Louis wished his bladder was as endless as the sea, it was not. The stream stuttered to a stop and each attempt to delay the humiliation just resulted in a few weak drips.

When it was obvious that the Louis tap had run dry, there was a long silence between the two. Louis slowly looked up at Liam and Liam looked back at him just as speechless. Liam had frozen with the phone to his ear the moment Louis had started to go.

Neither knew what to say, but the first one to speak was the voice on the phone. “Hello? Are you still there? Liam, are you there?”

Liam’s eyes blinked back to life and he answered. “Um, yes. I’m still here.”

Louis stepped out of his jeans and took a water bottle from the cooler to rinse himself off. Liam turned away quickly when Louis slipped off his boxers, giving him a little privacy.
He heard Louis laugh from behind him. “Oh gee thanks. *Now* you look away.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, I know I said this chapter would be the end to Harry's bedwetting secret, but I had to push that back to the next chapter. The next chapter will be deal with Harry's situation (finally I promise). I hoped you like desperate Louis in the meantime. Thanks for all the comments and suggestions. It means a lot that you care about the story enough to let me know what you think. Also, if you don't comment and just read the story, that's awesome too. Thanks for just taking the time to check it out :)}
Camp Rule Number One: Don't Pee in the Tent Part 2

Chapter Summary

Harry finally tells someone about his secret problem. I posted this one really quickly because I'm super busy today so I'm sorry for any errors that I missed. I'll go back and try to correct them later.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scenario #11  Camping part 2

Niall and Harry eventually returned to the camp and they ate a nice meal around the campfire. The wind and rain started to pick up in intensity and soon the campfire was just a pile of unlit sticks, so the four moved the party into the tent.

Harry squinted at the four graham cracker/chocolate/marshmallow sandwiches as he blasted them with his blow dryer. The high setting seemed to be just the trick to melt the chocolate and marshmallow creating four tasty s'mores.

Niall eyed the tasty treats, fully planning on stealing more than one when Harry was done.

Louis shook Harry’s curls. “I know it takes a lot to keep your hair dreamy, but a battery powered hair dryer is a little diva-like Haz.”

Harry smiled. “I didn’t pack it. I thought we were just going on a rowboat ride for like an hour. It is mine, though. I got it as a Christmas present during the X-factor show from Zayn.”

Niall took one of the s’mores and raised it in the air. “Here’s to Zayn.”

Louis frowned. “You’re supposed to do a toast with a drink.”

Niall smiled. “The s’more is toasted, so that’s good enough for me.”

Liam took one and raised it up. “Good enough for me too mate. To Zayn!”

Harry and Louis joined the toast and they ate the best blow dried cookies ever made.

After a campfire dinner and a toasted marshmallow dessert, the last thing on the checklist of camp activities was to tell scary stories. They each took turns telling spooky tales.

Niall’s story was more cute than scary. It was about a boy who got lost trick or treating and met a real ghost. The ghost was really evil and scary, but the boy figured out that if he fed it candy it would become nice and happy. So they hung out all night scaring people and collecting candy and when Halloween was over the ghost lived with the boy as his pet.

Louis’ story was just a retelling of how a brave sea captain named Louis navigated a storm to save his three friends.
Harry’s story wasn’t much of a story because he kept getting confused and had to keep starting over again.

Last, but not least, was Liam. His story was chilling and terrifying with just enough believability to make it the perfect frightful tale. It was so perfect that Niall insisted on sleeping in Liam’s sleeping bag instead of sleeping alone. Niall figured that Liam was the only one that worked out every day so he was strong enough to defend him against the monster from the story.

Liam woke up sometime in the middle of the night and sighed. Niall had been clinging to him since he scared him with the story so Liam hadn’t been able to sneak off to take his pee before bed. Now that he was awake, he realized how bad skipping that task really was. His bladder shook and he shivered from the sensation.

The shiver caused Niall to sigh in his sleep, but not quite wake up. Liam sighed in relief when he was sure Niall was still asleep. He had to find a way to sneak out while Niall was still sleeping. He knew Niall wouldn’t want to be left alone in the sleeping bag, but Liam was a little shy about having Niall come with him. He wasn’t exactly sure how close Niall wanted him to be to feel safe and the thought of peeing while Niall had his arms wrapped around his waist sent another uncomfortable chill through his body.

Liam carefully unzipped the sleeping bag, making sure not to make a sound. The sound of a zipper unzipping was teasing his anxious bladder and Liam bit his lip to hold back from whining.

When there was an opening large enough for Liam to slip out of, he moved one leg out at a time, being extra careful not to wake up Niall. He got one leg out when he heard the sound of crying from the other end of the tent.

He sat up just enough to see Harry crying while holding his sleeping bag in his arms. Harry sniffed a few times and went over to the door of the tent to unzip it to leave.

Liam watched Harry unzip the tent door and thought to himself. *Harry’s been acting weird for a while and if I confront him now he’s just going to tell me he’s fine. Maybe if I follow him without him knowing, I can figure out what’s really wrong.*

Harry turned to face Liam’s direction, but Liam laid back down and closed his eyes before Harry saw that he was awake. Liam had half of his body hanging out of his sleeping bag, but he hoped that Harry just assumed the tent was hot or the bag was too small for two people.

Liam tried to stay as still as possible for a guy with a bladder that was full enough to explode. When he heard Harry exit the tent he shimmied out of the sleeping bag, put on his sneakers and a pair of sweats, and snuck after Harry.

The wooded area they were walking through was pretty dark, but the shining full moon gave the surroundings an eerie dim glow.

Harry would walk a little ways and then stop to make sure he was going the right way. The frequent stops were appreciated by Liam because they gave him a chance to hold himself.

Liam continued to follow, but the sound of rushing water hit him with a massive wave of desperation. The pressure in his bladder swelled as if to say “If you don’t stop trailing Harry, you’re going to be leaving a trail of your own.”

Liam always put the needs of others ahead of his own and he held on until the desperate urge lessened to a slightly more manageable level.
Liam saw that the running water sound was from a stream that was just ahead. Harry was at the edge of the stream, dunking the sleeping bag into the water.

Liam moaned as all the water surrounding him was too much to take and Harry turned around quickly. Liam was safely hidden behind a tree, so Harry called out to the empty looking surroundings. “Who’s there? Is it soul-eating Sid?!”

Liam laughed at the fact that Harry thought he was the monster from the story. He was also starting to consider telling a less scary story if they ever went camping again.

Liam knew his bladder had reached it’s maximum holding capacity so he decided to reveal himself. He tried to move from behind the tree, but the slight movement felt like a hammer had slammed against his bladder. He moaned and hunched over, holding his hand over his bloated bladder.

Harry had heard the shuffling of Liam’s feet and the moan and was sure that Soul-eating Sid had come to devour his soul.

Harry started to beg. “Please, Sid, don’t eat me! I just came here to wash my sleeping bag because I-I had an accident. Please, please let me go. My soul probably doesn’t even taste that good.”

Liam had to go so badly he couldn’t move, but he tried to talk to Harry to calm him down. Liam was fairly sure that the thought of being eaten by Sid was going to send Harry into a full blown asthma attack.

Liam’s voice came out so strained that he sounded unrecognizable. Almost like a monster. “Harry…”

Harry started to hyperventilate. “You… know… my… name?!”

Harry fell to the ground and started wheezing and that was enough to make Liam push past his desperate need to pee and rush over to his friend. He knew getting Harry to breathe again was more important than keeping his pants dry.

Just like people who get superhuman strength when lifting a car off of a trapped person, Liam’s bladder kicked into superhuman holding mode when he rushed over to help Harry breathe again.

Liam reached into Harry’s hoodie pocket, hoping he carried his inhaler with him and thankfully his fingers grazed against the plastic inhaler.

He wasn’t exactly sure how to work it so he put it in Harry’s mouth and guided Harry’s fingers around it. “C’mom mate. You gotta work with me.”

Harry pushed the top, and took a deep breath, letting the medicine flood into his lungs. Harry started to cough and Liam took that as a good sign and moved the inhaler from his friend’s mouth.

Harry winced as each inhale became less and less painful. Harry was still in no condition to talk, so he motioned with his hand for Liam to give him another puff from his inhaler. This time Liam knew what to do and pushed the top himself.

Harry coughed again, and took a deep breath in. Liam took a breath too, not realizing he had held his breath along with Harry. Harry’s inhale sent relief from pain, but Liam’s inhale reminded him just how little room his bloated bladder had left to expand.

Liam spoke quickly. “You ok, mate?”
Harry nodded. “I-I think so. How did you find me? Did… did you see Sid?”

Liam didn’t have time to talk. He had helped Harry and now he needed to help himself. He needed to help himself right now!

He had to go so badly that he couldn't stand up, so he crawled over the edge of the stream. He gave the waistband of his sweatpants a tug and was so grateful that he didn’t have to deal with a zipper of any kind.

He scooted to the edge of the water and didn’t have the energy to stand up, so he started to pee from a kneeling position. Peeing in front of Harry, into a body of rushing water was one of the more embarrassing things that he had done in a while so he tried not to think about it too hard, the last thing he wanted to do was risk triggering pee-shyness when his bladder was this full.

He closed his eyes and tried to ignore the wind, the nature sounds, and everything else that reminded him that he was peeing outside. As his stream reached full force, he kept repeating to himself that he wasn’t peeing into a stream, he was peeing into a toilet.

His bladder didn’t really care where he was going, because it didn’t plan on stopping anytime soon. When he was sure that outdoor peeing was not going to be a problem, he opened his eyes and looked down. He watched the urine gush out of him and into the water. The wind caused his stream bend diagonally as Liam’s flow matched the direction of the stream’s current.

A gust of wind almost knocked Liam off of his unsteady knees, but he leaned forward a bit to keep his balance.

He was so happy the howling wind was covering up his sounds of relief, but the sudden deterioration of the weather couldn’t be a good sign. If this storm was coming in waves then the next wave had to be coming soon.

Liam finished up as quickly as he could. He pulled his sweatpants back up and sat on his heels. He shouted over the wind and rain that started to pour down on them. “Harry! I think we have to move before the weather gets too bad.”

Harry yelled back. “We’re too far from camp. Follow me. I know a place we can go to get out of the rain.”

The two of them ran for a bit until Harry pointed at a cave right ahead of them. Harry yelled over the now torrential downpour as they raced for shelter. “Niall and I found this cave when we went exploring before.”

Liam remembered that he was enjoying a desperate Louis at that time. He smirked at the memory, but quickly stopped thinking about it. That’s a feeling that would best be explored at another time.

When Harry and Liam were safe under the shelter of the cave, they sat down and watched the rain pouring down. It was actually pretty cool to see the rain crashing down in heavy sheets as they sat shielded in the safety of the cave.

Harry drew his knees to his chest as he and Liam let the wind and rain chase out the uncomfortable silence of the conversation that neither one really wanted to start.

Eventually Liam caved. “So, um, Haz. Are you ok?”

Harry laughed nervously. “Yeah, I guess Souleating Sid got scared off cuz of the rain.”
Liam laughed. “You know he’s not real right?”

Harry whined. “I know, but that story was so scary. I wasn’t the only one that was scared. Niall was scared too.”

Liam laughed harder. “That’s because you’re a bunch of babies.”

Liam winced as he heard the word ‘babies’ come out of his mouth. When Harry was pleading for his life he had said that he had an accident. He also was washing off his sleeping bag. Liam had put two and two together easily. He also knew that calling Harry a baby was probably the dumbest thing he could have said.

Harry went back to staring at the rain in silence.

Liam tried a different angle. “You know that you can talk to me about anything, yeah?”

Harry nodded, drawing his knees closer to his chest.

Liam continued to tread lightly. “It’s just that I heard say you had an accident. You know, when you thought I was Sid. If that’s what’s bothering you, it’s really no big deal.”

Harry turned to Liam with tears in his eyes. Harry’s voice was really soft. “Have you ever wet the bed?”

Liam shrugged. “Yeah, course I did. Everyone has. The last time I did was ages ago. Maybe when I was like four or five.”

Harry let the secret spill out along with his tears. “I’m not four or five Li, I’m in my twenties and I…” He couldn’t quite say the words ‘wet the bed’ so he skipped saying it, knowing that they both knew what he was talking about. “… Li, I can’t hold it at night anymore and I’m terrified to go to sleep because whenever I wake up I know what’s going to happen and I haven’t slept for more than two hours every night for like weeks and when I did go to sleep tonight it happened again and I hate myself because I’m just so messed up and, and – .”

Harry took a moment to catch his breath and Liam sat quietly. Liam knew how hard this was for Harry to admit and as much as he wanted to hug Harry and tell him everything was going to be ok, he knew he couldn’t interrupt. He had to let Harry let it all out first.

Harry started crying harder. “What’s wrong with me? Sometimes during the day when we’re in a meeting or at an event I have to wee so bad. Like so bad I can’t even think straight and I can hold it in then, you know? So why I can’t I hold it in at night? It’s probably because I’m some kind of freak. You probably think I’m a baby and don’t want to hang around me anymore.”

Liam hugged Harry as tightly as he could. It killed him to see him so upset. He would have held Harry all night until he stopped crying, but he decided to let go when he felt the tears start to form in his own eyes.

Liam ruffled Harry’s hair as he spoke. “This is nothing to hate yourself about. First of all, I would never think that someone wetting the bed, at any age, is a freak. Having a problem doesn’t make you any less of a man or a friend. Second of all, the only thing that upsets me about this whole thing is that you didn’t tell me sooner. I would never make fun of you for wetting the bed.”

Liam noticed that Harry winced when he said ‘wet the bed’ so he chose to say it another way when he continued. “When you wet the – I’m sorry, when you have a problem holding it at night…”
Liam waited to see if Harry was ok with that way of saying it. Harry nodded so Liam continued.
“When you have a problem holding it at night, do you wake up in pain or anything?”

Harry shook his head. “Um, sometimes I wake up and I still have to go really, really badly. I have that really gotta take a wee kind of pressure, but not really pain.”

Liam nodded. “Do you have to go right now, or did you go when I was focused on taking a leak myself.”

Harry answered with a soft voice. “I don’t have to go now.”

Liam wasn’t sure he believed that, but Harry was opening up so he didn’t want to scare Harry back into silence. He sat patiently waiting for Harry to direct the conversation.

Harry bit his lip. “I don’t know what to do.”

Liam put his arm around Harry and let him lay his head on his shoulder. “Did you tell your family about what’s going on?”

Harry shook his head against Liam’s shoulder.

Liam sighed. “You should probably tell your mum. I know that if I had a problem, my mum is the first person I would tell.”

Harry grumbled into the fabric of Liam’s shirt. “She already thinks I’m a baby. If I tell her this, she’ll probably put me back in nappies.”

Liam laughed. “I doubt that. To be honest, you wear your skinny jeans so tight I don’t think could squeeze your butt into baby nappies.”

Harry laughed the first good laugh he had in a long time. He turned his head to Liam and looked rather serious. “You’re going to tell the guys aren’t you?”

Liam smiled. “I know that Niall and Louis are going to be just as understanding and supportive as I am, but it should be your decision to tell them not mine. When I was little I had a lot of problems with my kidneys. Still do sometimes. When I was sick as a kid, I didn’t feel like I was in control of my body, just like how you’re feeling. You have control over whether you are going to tell the other about this. I would never take that control from you.”

“What I will do is suggest that when we get off of this island, you go to the doctor. You can come with me for my next kidney physical. If Niall or Lou ask, I’ll tell them you’re coming as my moral support.”

Harry yawned. “I’ll do that.”

Liam looked at sleepy Harry on his shoulder. “Good. Now get some sleep. You have to be well rested for our big rescue tomorrow.”

Harry, already half asleep, snuggled closer to Liam. “I’m just gonna… just gonna close my eyes… for a sec…”

Liam smiled. “Sleep as long as you want Haz. I’ll watch over you. You’re safe.”

Harry mumbled “Thanks” as he drifted to sleep. He knew that Liam probably meant he was safe in the cave from the weather, but even in the middle of the storm, Harry felt safe from anything as
long as he had Liam with him. Niall was right. When you want to feel safe, Liam’s the best guy to have sleeping next to you.

Chapter End Notes

I think I'm really started to get comfortable writing desperate Liam. This is a really important moment for Harry so I wanted it to be really emotional so there's a little less desperation and a little more drama :) Thank you so much for all the comments, and kudos, and just liking the story in general. Let me know what you like or don't like and what you'd like to see in further chapters and I'll see if I can add it in. Thanks so much again!
A Bladder Can Float, But Can It Fly?

Chapter Summary

The boys get rescued, but someone takes a full bladder on the plane as a souvenir.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**Scenario #12 On a Plane**

Louis looked up at the sky. “I don’t see the rescue helicopter yet. I think we should we write SOS in the sand so they can find us.”

Liam lowered his chest to the ground as he completed another round of 20 pushups. “We aren’t shipwrecked.”

Louis pouted. “Well we kind of are.”

Niall strummed his guitar and started to sing. “Four lads stranded at sea…”

Liam grunted as he started a new set of pushups. “We’re not shipwrecked and we’re clearly not still on the sea.”

Niall strummed another chord. “We would have died if not for brave Louis…”

Louis raised an eyebrow. “Let him sing Li. I think this song might have potential.”

Niall hummed. “But the winds made sailing back an impossibility… The sea lost once and a vengeful Lass is she… So the way back home could not be by the sea…”

Louis frowned. “You already used sea. You can’t rhyme sea with sea.”

Harry sat on the sand crossed-legged. “Why don’t you do some meditation with me Lou? Sometimes we do it to de-stress at the end of yoga class.”

Louis looked at Harry and then at Liam. “Why is everyone so healthy all of a sudden? If healthy crazy is the one direction we’re going in, I’m not cool with that. I can’t survive without my cookies.”

Niall took a break from strumming his guitar to toss a few M&Ms in his mouth. “You always have a junk food friend as long as I’m around.”

Louis smiled. “I can always count on you Ni. Seriously though, I think we might have missed the helicopter.”

Liam rolled over on his back and started sit-ups. “A helicopter is pretty hard to miss. It’s really loud. Kind of like someone else I know.”

Niall mumbled. “It’s kind of small too.”
Louis was about to snap back at him, but realized it wasn’t a Louis’-the-shortest-guy-in-One-Direction comment, it was more of a the-helicopter-is-the-size-of-a-closest-and-I’m-freakin’-claustrophobic comment.

Harry scooted over closer to Niall. “It’ll be ok Ni.”

Niall shivered. “The thought of being trapped in that tiny metal bird is terrifying. And I’m tired of being scared. I was scared to death last night over that Sid guy and now this.”

Liam grunted. “Sid’s not real.”

Niall sighed. “But the plane is.”

He wanted to continue protesting their method of rescue but his increased nervousness was increasing his need to take care of something a little more important. As he stood, he realized his need to go was a little more than a little important. “I’m gonna take a leak before our ride gets here. I’m pretty sure there are no toilets in the metal death trap.”

Louis rolled his eyes. “And they say I’m the drama queen.”

Niall walked a little bit away from the group and found a nice tree to relieve himself against. He unzipped his jeans and relaxed his muscles. He whistled as he prepared to go, but nothing happened.

He looked down making sure nothing had disappeared. *It's still there. So that's not the problem.*

He spread his legs a little more and bent his knees as he tried again.

Still nothing.

Niall groaned to himself and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. *C’mon. C’mon. I know I gotta go. I don't want to worry about a full bladder right now.*

He tried harder and harder to go, but nothing happened. His bladder was definitely full, but he was too tense about the flight to relax. He pressed a hand against his bladder and grunted, trying to force out the liquid that he knew was hanging around inside.

Louis smirked, standing a few trees away. “You might want to add more fiber to your diet, mate.”

Niall grunted. “Not that it’s any of your business, but I’m trying to take a piss.”

Louis unzipped himself and started to pee. “Not that it’s any of my business, but it shouldn’t take that much effort to take a wee.”

Niall sighed. “I’m having a little trouble getting started.”

As Louis continued to relieve himself, Niall was still far from relief. He hopped on his toes, hoping he could maybe shake the liquid out somehow. “Lou, I really have to go and the sound of you peeing isn’t helping.”

Louis sighed. “You’re probably just nervous. Sometimes when I get nervous I feel like I have to go, and when I get to the toilet, I don’t have to go anymore.”

Niall knew this wasn’t the case. He could feel how bloated his bladder was. He took a deep breath and tried to clear his mind, but the sound of a helicopter in the distance was enough to crush any hope of relaxing.
Louis called over to Niall as he left. “I’ll tell everyone you’re on the way. Don’t even think about hiding.”

Niall gave Louis a halfhearted yeah and tried to concentrate on his issue. Sadly, the helicopter got louder as it got closer and so did the beating of Niall’s heart.

When it was obvious that peeing was not something in Niall’s immediate future, he zipped up and headed back to the others.

The first thing he saw was a man in a flight jumpsuit helping Liam into a metal basket. He watched as someone in the helicopter slowly lifted the rope attached to the basket, gradually reeling Liam up into the helicopter. It reminded Niall of how he reeled in his fish yesterday.

The winds made the basket sway from side to side and Niall was momentarily grateful that his phobia was enclosed spaces instead of heights.

Niall also spotted Louis pointing the video camera at all the action. Niall cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted to Louis. “Is this really something people want to see in the documentary?”

Louis shouted back. “I’ll add some dramatic music in the background and we’ll look like superheroes.”

Harry joined in the conversation. “Superheroes don’t get rescued, they rescue people.”

Louis laughed. “Doesn’t matter. When I get done with the editing on this it’s going to look like we’re starring in an action flick.”

Niall put a hand on his stomach and sighed. Even Louis’ dream to make One Direction look like the Avengers wasn’t enough to distract him from his full bladder.

He took a deep breath and rocked from side to side, hoping to lull his bladder to sleep.

Harry put a hand on Niall’s shoulder. “I was getting worried that you were going to miss the rescue. Louis said you were constipated so I figured I wouldn’t come get you until it was absolutely necessary.”

Niall raised an eyebrow at Lou. “Constipated?”

Louis whispered so Harry wouldn’t hear. “You were gone for a while. Didn’t have many other options.”

Niall was about to say “You could have told the truth”, but Louis was already climbing into the metal basket.

Niall watched Louis and then Harry as they were whisked to safety. He opted to go last because that meant less time in the helicopter.

When it was his turn to go, the rescue man motioned for Niall to step into the basket. At this point the fear inside Niall had ramped up his need to pee way past desperate levels. He was marching in place at this point.

The rescue man smiled. “There’s nothing to be afraid of. Just close your eyes and try to relax.”

Niall nodded and smiled, but on the inside he was saying If I could do that I wouldn’t be about to explode right now.
As Niall was lifted from the ground he started to panic. He was fully aware that he wouldn’t be able to hold it for the full ride. He vaguely remembered Liam saying something this morning about the helicopter ride taking about 20 minutes.

He knew he wasn’t going to make it 20 minutes. Even worse, he was too scared to pee voluntarily, so his humiliating ordeal was going to be when his body physically couldn’t hold it in anymore.

He had been so focused on his own thoughts that he didn’t even notice he was inside of the plane until he heard Harry. “You alright? Your face looks a little red.”

Niall balled his hands into fists and mumbled under his breath. “It’s because my need to wee has gone to code red.”

Harry figured that Niall was a little dazed from the claustrophobia so he didn’t further question why Niall looked so restless. He fastened Niall’s seatbelt for him and rubbed his hand over his clenched fist. “Don’t be scared. I’m here.”

Niall appreciated the comfort from Harry, but words of encouragement weren’t going to solve his problem. The only thing that was going to solve his problem… was going.

Poor Niall tried to take his mind off of his bursting bladder, but every time he let his mind drift a bit, he was hit with the terror that he was trapped in a helicopter the size of toilet stall. Thinking of a toilet stall made him remember how badly he had to pee and the vicious cycle continued.

Liam and Louis were in another corner of the aircraft, giving Niall his space in case the close quarters made him start to freak out. This was the protocol whenever they entered a small elevator or a cramped car. The three guys would give Niall the room he needed to breathe. The only difference now, was that Harry chose to stay close to Niall and rub his back to help him through it.

Harry continued to rub Niall’s back until eventually Niall couldn’t take it anymore. He was bouncing in his seat as he whispered to Harry. “I have to take a massive wee.”

Harry realized the squirming wasn’t due to the claustrophobia and asked a question that he kind of knew the answer to. “Can you hold it?”

Niall shook his head as he twisted his legs together. “Nope. Don’t think so.” He emphasized this point by shoving his hands between his legs.

Harry kept his voice low. “Use a cupping motion rather than just pressing down and you’ll get a better hold.”

Niall smirked. “Am I getting advice from a pro at this?”

Harry blushed. “Yeah, unfortunately.”

Niall pried one of his hands from his crotch to rub his thumb against Harry’s red cheek. He hated to see Harry feel embarrassed in front of him; especially when he was the one that was about to pee his pants.

A really bad urge slammed into his bladder. He followed Harry’s ‘cupping motion’ advice as he begged the wave of desperation to end. When it did, he looked up at Harry. When he saw Harry’s green eyes looking so caring and worried, it was words instead of pee that slipped out.

Niall started to confess his feelings to Harry without even realizing it at first. “I think when you experience a life and death situation it kind of puts things into perspective. You realize what’s
important to you. You kind of take notice of what really matters, and you kind of have to man up before you lose it.”

Harry looked slightly concerned. “Don’t worry Ni. Having to take a wee really bad isn’t a life and death thing. I promise, it won’t kill you.”

Niall started laughing and the rumbling went straight to his bladder. He squeezed a little harder and tried to explain. “No, I meant the life and death experience was the boat getting caught in a storm and almost sinking.” Niall took a breath and continued. “There’s something I want to tell you.”

The concern that was painted across Harry’s face turned into confusion. “I don’t understand.”

Niall really didn’t want to confess his feelings for Harry with a full bladder, but he had finally found the courage to start this conversation so he was determined to finish it.

He took a deep breath (well, as deep as his nagging bladder would comfortably allow). “There’s something I wanted to tell you for a long time. Harry Edward Styles – .”

Harry laughed. “Yes Niall James Horan?”

Niall bounced his knees. “No interrupting.”

Harry did the zipper motion against his lips, signaling he was going to keep quiet.

Niall started again. “Harry, you’re my best friend and I want you to know that.”

Harry nodded. “Right back at you Ni.”

Niall was about to say that he wasn’t finished. He was going to say that he wanted Harry to be so much more. He was going to say that he developed feelings for him a long time ago and just couldn’t keep them a secret for much longer. He was going to say all of that, but the helicopter took a sharp tilt to the right and Niall’s bladder started to ache.

He grabbed himself as tightly as possible and Harry was left to think that ‘Harry, you’re my best friend’ was Niall’s whole speech.

Harry saw the sheer look of panic on Niall’s face. He looked at Niall’s still dry jeans and was sure that they wouldn’t stay that way for long, so he jumped into action.

He took a quick scan around, but there weren’t any empty bottles or containers. The helicopter took another tilt and heavy rain started to knock against the windows out of nowhere. The storm was heavier closer to the mainland of France, which was why they needed a helicopter rescue in the first place.

Niall moaned and leaned against the pressure of his hands as he kicked his feet out in desperation and frustration.

Harry looked up at the pilot and the navigator sitting in front of him. They have to get desperate for a wee during long trips.

Harry took off his seat belt and crawled to the front, hoping the wind would hold off causing turbulence until he was done.

He tried to speak as quickly as he could, without sounding rude. “Excuse me sir, my friend has to use the toilet really badly and I was hoping you could help. He really, really has to go. He can’t
The navigator smiled. “I know the feeling.” He handed Harry a bag. “Your friend can go in this. We use these bags on long flights or when it’s too dangerous to land and we have to circle around for a few hours. The bag is water-proof so it won’t leak and there’s also a sponge on the bottom to absorb the liquid.”

Harry nodded after the instructions. “Ok. Thank you.”

He tried to crawl back unnoticed, but Liam spotted him. “What’s going on mate?”

Harry lifted the bag just long enough for Liam to not get a really good look. “Niall looked a little green so I got him an airsickness bag just in case.”

Liam smiled. “Good thinking.”

Harry crawled back to Niall and hoped he wasn’t too late. He was happy to see that Niall looked just as, if not more desperate than before. Niall was rocking so much that Harry was surprised that the helicopter wasn’t rocking along with him.

Niall spotted the bag in Harry’s hand. He wasn’t sure what it was, but he started unzipping his jeans.

Harry started to explain. “I got this from the front. The navigator said that during long - .”

Niall loved Harry, he really did, but at the moment he didn’t have time for the slow speed that Harry usually speaks. Niall took the bag and moaned. “Doesn’t matter Haz. Whatever this bag is, I’m about to pee in it.”

Harry laughed. “So classy Nialler.”

Niall grumbled. “Class my a-.” He cut himself off with a groan, and it was one of sheer joy. For a split second he was worried that he wasn’t going to be able to pee, but that was the furthest thing from what happened.

All of the held back urine shot out of him and poured into the bag. He was going so strongly that at first the sponge couldn’t keep up and the liquid was pooling in the bag, but soon his stream went from full on fire hose strength to a normal flow and the sponge absorbed it right away.

Niall watched as the sponge instantly sucked up the liquid. He closed his eyes and sucked the air through his teeth matching the hissing sound coming from the powerful stream.

He only realized that Harry wasn’t looking when Harry asked, “Is everything ok? Is the bag working?”

Niall sighed. “Yup.” The bag was getting heavy and Niall wondered if it had a capacity.

When Niall was finally done he held up the bag. Both him and Harry looked at the completely dry bag with a saturated sponge with wonder.

Niall poked the sponge. “It’s like magic. Like a super nappy.”

Harry laughed. “Are you feeling better?”

Niall put the bag down and curled up against Harry’s shoulder. All the drama with a bursting bladder had made him forget about how small the helicopter was, but when the bladder distraction
ended, the fear sank in.

Harry put his chin on top of Niall’s head and spoke softly. “It’s like I said before, don’t be scared. I’m here.”

Niall closed his eyes and soon he drifted off into sweet dreams of Harry dancing in skinny jeans.

Harry saw Niall grinning from ear to ear and smiled as well. *I’m glad he’s finally relaxed. I wonder what he’s dreaming about that’s making him so happy. It’s probably food.*

Niall made an mmm sound.

Harry smiled. *Yup. Definitely food.*

Chapter End Notes

So this boat ride scenario that was supposed to be one chapter is over lol. I hope I didn't go off on too much of a tangent :) So next order of business is to get to the bottom of Harry's bedwetting problem and get Narry and LiLo to admit their feelings. So much to do in 25 chapters :D. Thank you so much for all the support and love. I can't believe I reached 100 kudos today. Yay! I haven't started writing the next chapter yet (going to start today unless I procrastinate like I usually do), so I can't post a bonus chapter as a thank you, so a preview will have to do. The next chapter is desperate Louis trapped outside on the hotel balcony with Niall (gotta love those sliding doors that lock from the inside). The follow chapter is desperate Harry at the doctor with Liam. Not sure if Liam is going to be desperate too. Ok, so if you're reading this, you're probably tired of my rambling so I'll end this with a massive thank you to everyone again. Oh, and feel free to leave a comment if you have a suggestion or a question or just want to say hi :)
Can You Pee Off of a Balcony and Pretend It's Raining?

Chapter Summary

This one goes out to all the Louis fans :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scenario #13 Trapped Outside (on the balcony)

Louis looked out at the beautiful Parisian skyline in front of him. He never thought he would enjoy the view from his hotel balcony this much. Especially this early in the morning.

Louis and the other boys of One Direction had been rescued off of the island a few days ago and had played a few shows, but they had a break before leaving France and were given the opportunity to stay in the penthouse suite in one of Paris’ most prestigious hotels. The hotel had everything you could ask for. It had a full kitchen with a private chef on call, a waterfall shower, and a television the size of a movie screen.

The only problem with the room was that it was a honeymoon suite. That meant one master bedroom with one bed. The bed was a gigantic king sized bed worthy of a real king. It easy fit all four guys comfortably. Technically it only had to fit three since Harry didn’t sleep. Even when he did sleep, it was usually after he passed out on the couch in front of the TV. Sadly though, with one bed came one bathroom.

Louis closed his eyes. Right now he would give anything in the world to still be sleeping in one of those beds, but instead he was sitting on the balcony watching the sunrise.

Why?

Niall. The answer is always Niall.

Louis had lost a bet to Niall and the terms were that Louis had to get up at the crack of dawn to watch the sunrise with him. Niall was positive that sunrises brought good luck. His reasoning went something like this: A few months ago he was trying to finish writing a song that had stumped him for days. One day he stayed up all night until the sun rose the next day. It was exactly at sunrise that he had his eureka moment and finished the song. That’s Niall’s reasoning for why sunrises are lucky.

Louis didn’t want to be a sore loser when he made the bet with Niall so he agreed to the sunrise wake-up, but he insisted Niall make tea. There was no way Louis was waking up without a cup of tea.

Louis sat back in this chair and added a sugar cube to his tea as Niall started to play a soft melody on his guitar.

Louis turned to face him. “Niall, you wrote that? That sounds amazing.”
Niall laughed. “Stop it Lou. You’re making me blush.”

Louis took a sip of tea and smirked. “I thought only curly haired boys make you blush.”

Niall strummed a few more chords. “Is that jealousy in your voice?”

Louis added a bit more sugar to his tea and laughed. “You would be an easier fish to snag than Liam. He’s just so complicated sometimes. I think we’re kind of friends with benefits at this point.”

Niall’s blue eyes shined in the early morning sun. “There’s no one for me in this world but Harry.” His eyes dimmed a bit. “Something’s bothering him though and he won’t tell me what it is. I wish he would trust me.”

Louis took a long sip of tea before answering. “Harry and I have been best friends for a long time. Let me talk to him. I’m pretty sure I can get him to talk.”

Niall looked back down at his guitar. “So I tried to tell Harry that I kind of have lingering romantic feelings for him.”

Louis put the cup to his mouth. “And?”

Niall ran his fingers across the guitar fret nervously. “Well it started out great, but I ended up telling him that he was my best friend and then I had to take a wee and then the moment was gone.”

Louis smirked. “Good luck getting out of the friend zone. I’m glad I’m not you.”

Niall popped a sugar cube in his mouth. Tea wasn’t really his thing. “I want Harry to know how I really feel. Do you think I should write him a song?”

Louis nodded. “That’s pretty romantic. Just be direct though. If you screw up your opportunity to tell Harry that you’re madly in love with him again, you’ll be stuck making friendship bracelets instead of making sweet sweet lovin’.”

Niall nodded. “Maybe we should go on a double date with you guys.”

Louis laughed. “Yeah, because the movie date worked really well. There were no incidents during that.”

Niall poked Louis with the neck of his guitar. “Don’t be like that. I made it to the toilet in time.”

Louis sipped his tea. “That shouldn’t be a sentence that brings you too much pride. I hate to break it to you but most people make it to the toilet in time easily. In fact, they do it a couple of times a day.”

Niall frowned. “I’m serious. We should do the double date thing again.”

Louis took a long sip of tea before answering. “I’m warning you, if you tell me we should go on a date and ride one of those two person bicycles through the park, I’m going to push you off this balcony right now.”

Niall laughed. “Harry and I would own you and Liam in a two person bicycle race.”

Louis refilled the cup of tea and waited for it to cool. “Liam’s in good shape. I think it would be close.”
Niall laughed. “Yeah, Liam and Harry would be doing all the work and you and I wouldn’t even have our feet on the pedals.”

Louis bounced his knee as the tea continued to cool. “Why is it that I never have to take a wee until I’m nice and comfy and don’t want to move.”

Niall laughed. “It’s probably all the tea. Make sure you don’t drink all of that before our double date. Unless you want Liam to see you like that.”

Louis nodded, “Mm hmm,” and took a sip of tea. It wasn’t quite cool enough to drink, but it was a lot less painful than starting another ‘Liam likes to watch me hold it’ conversation with Niall.

Louis zoned out of the conversation, but when he zoned back in he heard Niall ask a question. “So Liam likes it vanilla?”

Louis started choking on his tea. “What did you say?!?”

He coughed a few times to catch his breath while Niall patted him on the back. When Louis finally looked like he wasn’t going to choke to death, Niall repeated the part that Louis had missed. “After we go for our bike rides we can go for ice cream sundaes. I know Harry likes his sundae chocolate, so I asked if Liam likes it vanilla. He seems too much of a health nut to want hot fudge or whipped cream or any of that good stuff.”

Louis nodded as Niall continued to list all of the places they would go on their imaginary date. He continued to sip his tea, but the added liquid wasn’t really agreeing with his bladder. He crossed his legs, wondering if he should excuse himself now for that wee he was starting to desperately need.

When Niall took a break from talking to breathe, Louis knew it might be his only chance to excuse himself. He stood up and gravity kicked in, increasing his need to pee to near desperate levels.

He tried to look somewhat normal, but couldn’t help bending his knees. “I really had fun, but I gotta go. We should do this teatime at sunrise thing again.”

Niall frowned. “You can’t leave before I finish writing my song.”

Louis shifted his weight. “It took you days to finish that last song. I like you Ni, but I don’t like you enough to sit here for days. Besides, I have to use the loo and take a shower.”

Niall whined. “Looooou. Don’t go. Why don’t you like me?”

Louis swayed his hips from side to side. “I like you Niall, I just seriously have to go.”

Louis pulled on the glass sliding door that connected the balcony to the room, but it didn’t slide open. Louis tried to pull it a little harder, but it stayed locked shut.

Louis put a hand on the glass and looked at the ground as he crossed his legs.

Niall tried to break the bad news carefully. “I left my phone in the room.”

Louis nodded slowly. “Of course you did.”

Niall tried a different approach to calm Louis. “So we could bang on the glass, but no one’s in there. Harry said he was going for a morning run with Liam. They’re coming back after the run and then Liam has some kidney check thing. You only have to hold it for an hour. An hour and a half
Louis answered with a weak whimper so Niall continued the one-sided conversation. “I’m glad I don’t have to go to the doctor for checkups like Liam. The dentist is bad enough.”

Louis crossed his legs tighter and rocked from side to side. “Yup. No kidney problems here. These puppies are working overtime today.”

Niall tried to shift the conversation away from things that might make Louis pee himself on the balcony. “So, I could play you a song to get your mind off of it. Either that, or we can shout down for help and hope someone hears us.”

Louis sat down gingerly. “This hotel is way too fancy for us to yell off of a balcony. I just have to hold it.”

Niall laughed. “You could always pee off the side of the balcony. Make sure you aim away from people walking by.”

Louis buried his hands in his lap and leaned forward, bouncing his knees. “Just play.”

Niall started playing Story of My Life and Louis hoped ‘peeing on a hotel balcony’ was not going to be another chapter of that story.

Louis tried to listen to the Niall only acoustic version of the song, but his bladder was rockin’ out far more than Niall was.

Louis hoped that Niall was focused enough to not hear the moans of desperation that occasionally slipped out of his lips. If Niall did hear them, he played it off well and was able to save Louis from a little embarrassment.

Niall hit a jarring wrong note and Louis jumped, almost losing the battle right there. Niall ran to the sliding glass door and started pounding on it. “I can see the maid in there. I just have to get her attention.”

Louis wanted to bang on the door along with Niall, but each time Niall’s fist collided with the glass, Louis’ own bladder pounded as if Niall was punching him. Louis tried to ride out the most uncomfortable feeling he had ever experienced, hoping the maid would come to his aid before it was too late.

Louis smiled as Niall said the words he was waiting to hear. “She sees me. Or hears me. Or whatever. She’s coming this way!”

Louis waited to stand until he heard the glass door slide open. The maid was saying something frantically in French that Louis didn’t understand. The only thing he understood was his bladder screaming ‘Empty me right now!!’

The maid stepped aside so Louis and Niall could walk in, but Louis had to take a moment to collect himself. Niall put a hand on Louis’ shoulder and waited for his friend to get through a powerful wave of desperation.

When Louis was ok enough to start walking again the two headed to the bathroom. They reached the bathroom door, only to discover it was closed.

No one else was there except them and the maid, so Niall gave a quick knock as Louis marched in place next to the closed door.
The maid answered from the other side of the door with a heavy accent. “Cleaning.”

Louis vaguely remembered what a mess they left the bathroom in last night and groaned. In order for Louis to tame his hair even a little bit it takes three different styling gels and four kinds of combs. All of them were littered across the bathroom counter. Not to mention all the other random bottles of hair products, body sprays, face washes, and other random things that the four boys had.

Niall looked at Louis. “The door’s probably not locked. I can ask her to leave.”

Louis bit his lip and hopped with his hands jammed between his legs. “I’m not going to stop her from doing her job just because I have to take a wee. I can wait.”

The sound of water jetting out of the showerhead blasted through the door. Louis leaned against the wall and curled his legs tighter around his hands. He cursed Harry in his mind, knowing that the curly haired one was always leaving hair in the shower drain.

The waterfall shower lived up to its name and the water continued to pour down, sounding like a real waterfall. Louis slid down the wall and gripped his crotch as hard as he could as the sound of a raging waterfall was pouring through the door.

Niall shook his head. “This is stupid. It isn’t rude to ask the woman if we can use our own toilet.”

He lifted Louis from the floor and dragged him inside.

The maid was scrubbing the shower and looked up quickly. “Monsieur?”

Niall spoke quickly. “My friend needs to use the toilet really bad.”

The woman tilted her head in confusion, but when she looked at Louis doing the most obvious pee dance in the world, she didn’t need further translation.

She nodded. “Oui.”

Louis moaned at the sound of anything close to the word ‘wee’ as the maid quickly exited the bathroom.

Louis stumbled over to the toilet and Niall shut the door behind him, figuring Louis was too wee focused at the moment to remember that little detail. Louis took a quick glance over at the door to see that he was alone and he practically tore his jeans off.

He put a hand on his bladder and mumbled. “It’s just you and me here. Are you going to work with me?”

His bladder responded by letting out a massive squirt, but stopping almost immediately. Louis whined as he tried to get his muscles to transition from a contracted position to a released one.

Louis occasionally had trouble starting if he held it too long. Unfortunately it happened to him more in public restrooms than private ones. Louis blushed at the memory of the last time he was standing in a crowded Men’s room begging his bladder to let go in the urinal in front of him. At the time, no one really noticed, but to Louis it felt like everyone knew.

Louis bounced on his toes as he massaged his bladder. He wasn’t bouncing to hold it in; he was bouncing because it was easing some of the pressure in his swollen abdomen.

Niall peeked his head in. “Everything going good?”
Louis groaned. “Nothing’s going at all.”

Niall walked over to Louis and smiled. “No worries. I know how to get you started.”

Niall went over to the sink and turned the water on.

Louis shivered. “It’s not working.”

Niall laughed. “I haven’t done it yet.”

He filled a glass with water and walked over to Louis. “My brother Greggie did this to me one night and I pissed my pants. Not only did I get in trouble with my parents for wetting the bed, but they thought I did it because I stayed out the night before drinking, so I got in trouble for that too. I’m still angry at Greg for that.”

Niall took one of Louis’ hands and put in it the cup of water. As soon as Louis’ hand hit the cold water, his bladder relaxed instantly, and unleashed a torrent of trapped liquid.

Louis quickly aimed with the other hand and almost passed out from relief. He looked down and his stream was rushing out as a yellow blur. He blinked a few times and wondered if he was really peeing at blurring speeds or if he was on the verge of passing out.

He tried to thank Niall, but all that was coming out was gallons of pee and a stuttering string of incoherent mumbling. Louis closed his eyes and tilted back his head as he tried not to enjoy this moment too much. After all, Niall was still standing next to him.

Niall laughed. “You better open your eyes and pay attention. I don’t think the maid wants to clean wee off of the floor.”

Louis opened one eye and looked at Niall. “By the time I pee all of this out, I think her shift might be over.”

Niall shifted his weight a little. “You better not take that long.”

Louis looked at his squirming friend. “You dipped your hand in the water didn’t you?”

Niall blushed as he nodded. “Freakin’ water trick works every time.”

Louis smirked. “You can always pee off of the balcony.”

Niall winced as he pressed his knees together and bent forward. “Lou, don’t make me laugh. That’s so not right. I can’t do that.”

Louis smiled. “The shower might be a better option.”

Niall crossed his legs and leaned against the wall. “I think I can make it to the lobby. That’s the plan if you keep going for another twenty minutes.”

Niall must have underestimated his need because Louis was done in three minutes instead of twenty, but that was almost too long for Niall.

By the time the two were done they flopped down on the bed and noticed the maid had left. Louis stared at the ceiling and contemplated leaving the Do Not Disturb sign on the door for the rest of their stay. Just the thought of seeing the maid again made him shiver with embarrassment.

He put a hand over his twitching abs and laughed. “I guess Harry and Liam aren’t the only ones
getting a workout.”

Niall responded with a series of loud snores.

Louis sat up against his pillow and opened up his lap top. He left himself a reminder message on his phone as he waited for his computer to load.

*Never drink tea when you have to pee. Especially if it's before sunrise.*

Chapter End Notes

Another chapter in the One Direction omorashi tale :) Once again, thank you so much for all the awesome comments and kudos and just continuing to read my number one distraction. Hmmm, I think I'm going to title my next story My Number One Distraction. That sounds like a really cool love story lol. This is how my brain works. I'm not really one to stay focused. Anyway, thank you again for all taking the time to give my story a chance. I really do appreciate everything. So, next chapter up is Harry at the doctor (90% done at this point) and as requested it's a double dose of desperation :D
**Can Barely Wait in the Waiting Room**

Chapter Summary

Harry and Liam go to the doctor.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

**Scenario #14 At the Doctor**

Liam walked into the hotel room looking slightly out of breath, followed by Harry, who looked like he was about to collapse.

Louis looked up from his laptop. “Good workout?”

Liam smiled. “Yeah, we ran the equivalent of a quarter marathon. Nothing like a good sweat to make you feel alive.”

Harry staggered over to the bathroom. “I feel the opposite of alive right now. Can I hop in the shower first, Li?”

Liam nodded. “Sure thing mate.”

Harry disappeared into the bathroom for a steamy, relaxing shower. Liam kicked off his shoes and sat on the bed next to Louis.

Louis didn’t look away from the computer screen as he spoke. “You smell, buddy.”

Liam looked over Louis’ shoulder at the computer screen. “I smell like old fashioned hard work and determination.”

Louis smirked. “You definitely smell like old something.”

Liam punched Louis’ shoulder. “It’s not that bad.” An explosion sound, followed by a heartbeat sound came from the computer and Liam squinted at the screen. “What are you watching?”

Louis smiled. “I’m not watching anything. I’m creating. I’m using movie editing software to make our epic helicopter ride off of the island look awesome.”

Liam raised an eyebrow. “By adding explosion sounds?”

Niall mumbled into his pillow. “He plays those sounds so I can’t go back to sleep.”

Louis frowned. “Hey. Who woke someone up at the wee hours of the morning to see the sun do the same thing it does every morning?”

Action movie music blasted in the background.
Liam smiled. “I think you should add some laser sound effects in. That would be perfect.”

Niall buried his face further into the pillow.

Harry switched places with Liam when he was done with the shower and by the time Liam came out, Louis’ epic adventure movie was almost done.

Niall yawned and poked the screen. “This is a waste of time.”

Louis continued to stare at the screen. “You’re a waste of time.”

Niall rubbed his eyes and yawned. “I’m hungry.” He looked at Liam drinking a water bottle in the kitchen and stretched. “Can you make me breakfast Li?”

Liam tilted his head back and downed the rest of the water bottle as he tossed a granola bar at Niall.

Niall frowned. “This looks like a candy bar, but sadly I know it’s not.”

Niall dragged himself out of bed and walked over to the kitchen. If he didn’t get a snack himself he was positive Liam was going to toss something else healthy at him like a carrot or a celery stick. He rummaged around for a Pop Tart.

Louis continued to work on his cinematic masterpiece, but couldn’t help noticing that Harry was squirming next to him. Louis glanced over and saw that Harry was under the sheets. Harry’s hands were under the covers, but to Louis, it looked like they were moving suspiciously between his legs.

Louis whispered. “Um Haz, what are you doing?”

Harry bit his lip. “I need to use the bathroom.”

Louis nodded and kept his voice low. “Yeah, that’s probably where you should do that. Actually anywhere other than next to me would be fine.”

Harry blushed. “No I’m not doing that. I have to take a wee.”

Louis hit save on his file. He had a feeling this was going to be an involved conversation. He turned his attention back to Harry. “Is there any reason that you’re not taking the wee that you just told me you had to take?”

Harry crossed his legs around his hands. “It’s complicated.”

Louis raised an eyebrow. “I’m pretty quick. I think I can keep up.”

Harry was about to tell Louis, but the little part that thought Louis might make fun of his bedwetting incident kicked in and he bit his lip. “You’re right. I should go. I’ll be right back.”

Harry headed to the bathroom and pretended to relive himself. He would just have to hide his need to go a little better until the doctor’s appointment.

Louis looked across the room and saw Liam drinking another water bottle. Liam had done quite a bit of running so it was necessary to rehydrate, but Louis saw him lean over with his hands on the counter and couldn’t help, but ask the question, “Are you ok Li?”

Liam glanced over at Louis and smiled shyly as he straightened back up. “I’m tops Lou.”
Louis crawled off the bed and over to the kitchen. At this point Niall was happily eating his Pop Tart and drinking a glass of milk. Louis ruffled Niall’s hair as he passed and Niall responded with a smile.

Louis sat on the kitchen counter and let his heels knock against the cabinets. “Niall told me that you and Harry are going to the doctor. Our tour physician’s coming to the room to check you out, right?”

Liam looked at the water bottle on the table instead of Louis. “Yeah, that’s the doctor I’m going to see. He needs to run tests on my kidneys so I have to meet him in the nearest doctor’s office instead of him coming to the hotel. He needs to use the equipment there. He can’t drag an ultrasound machine in here.”

Louis’ tone softened. “Is it dangerous? Should I be worried?”

Liam walked over to Louis and put his hands on his shoulders. “There’s nothing to worry about. I just show up, they take a picture of my kidneys, and I’m done.”

Louis frowned. “You say that, but you look nervous. Your leg is shaking.”

Liam tried to stop shaking his leg, but it caused him to have to cross his legs. “It’s because I have to use the toilet pretty badly.”

Niall’s eyes lifted from the Pop Tart. “I’m sure Harry’s just about done in there.”

Liam shook his head. “No, I can’t go. For the ultrasound test they have to X-ray my kidneys when I have a full bladder. They have to do some other things too. I took a leak this morning because I had to go too badly to hold it, but I guess running and drinking filled me up pretty fast again. Actually, really fast.”

He sat on the counter next to Louis. He gripped the sides of the counter and leaned forward, hoping to give his bladder a little relief. The new position helped, but his bladder was still full enough that if this was any other time, he would be running off to the bathroom.

Louis rubbed his back and whispered so Niall wouldn’t hear. “I’ll give you a little motivation to hold it. If you make it through the whole exam without leaking, I’ll hold it in for you the next time we get a private room.”

Liam smirked. “The if-you-hold-it-I’ll-hold-it deal?”

Louis gave Liam a kiss on the forehead. “What better motivation is there than that?”

Liam was about to respond, but he saw Harry exiting the bathroom out of the corner of his eye. Liam hopped off of the counter and got ready to leave.

Paris had been pretty good with the paparazzi and the fans, but Liam didn’t want to chance a photo taken of him and Harry entering a doctor’s office, so the two of them dressed so they wouldn’t be recognized.

Liam put on a baseball cap and a hoodie and Harry wore Louis’ knitted cap to hide his curls and a hoodie as well. Harry was better at following the GPS so he got to be the driver.

As they cruised down the road Liam watched Harry bounce his nondriving leg, while keeping a tight grasp between his legs. Liam felt bad that Harry couldn’t hold himself as effectively as Liam could, but those are the perks of being in the passenger seat.
When they reached a red light, Harry took both hands off of the wheel and squeezed himself, rocking back and forth. “Gotta go so bad.”

Liam mirrored Harry’s position. “Ditto, mate.”

The rest of the drive was tense, but relatively uneventful.

When they arrived at the office they walked inside and Liam shifted his weight as he waited for the secretary behind the desk to turn their way. Harry had his hood up and his sleeves pushed down past his knuckles. Harry didn’t want to do a full on pee dance in front of the entire waiting room, so he sat in one of the chairs and tried to sit as still as possible.

He needed to get his mind off of his pounding bladder and Liam was still speaking with the receptionist, so he grabbed one of the magazines from the table next to him to occupy his attention. All of the magazines were in French except for one tucked under the pile. He slid the magazine out and smiled as he read the words on the cover. *Find out which guy from One Direction is the perfect boyfriend for you.*

Harry flipped to the page with the quiz and started answering the questions.

*Question 1:*

*When you cuddle with your cutie on the couch watching a movie, you won’t be able to resist running your hands through his world famous hair. Do you want your pop prince’s locks to be:*

- a) *Blonde*
- b) *Light brown and messy, with just a little sassy*
- c) *Short and sweet*
- d) *Curly*
- e) *Jet black and a work of art*

Harry smiled as he picked choice A. He continued to pick choice A for the rest of the quiz. He felt his insides flutter just a bit when his match was Niall.

He had been so caught up in the quiz that he hadn’t realized Liam was done with the receptionist and sitting next to him.

He convinced Liam to take the test as well, but Liam got himself as his love match. Harry insisted that he needed to do it again and not pick any choice C answers. The next time Liam got Louis as a match.

The nurse opened the door. “Edward and James. The doctor is ready to see you.”

Harry almost didn’t react to his middle name being called, but when he saw Liam stand he quickly followed.

The two walked down a long hallway and were both placed in the same room. Liam knew that Harry had to pee more than he did, so he let Harry sit on the exam table. Liam chose to lean against the wall. He tried to stay still but couldn’t help bouncing on the balls of his feet. He crossed his legs, hoping that the new position would help, but he continued to bounce a bit to ease his restless bladder.
The exam room was small, but Liam couldn’t help but notice that there was a door next to him. He turned the knob and pushed open the door, revealing a small bathroom.

Harry smiled. “We don’t have to go too far Li.”

Liam closed the door leading to temptation and moved his hand from the door knob to between his legs. He leaned forward a bit and sighed. “That’s great and all, but I have to go right now.”

A familiar voice answered. “Then I better work quickly.”

Liam quickly moved his hand away from his crotch and smiled at the tour physician standing in front of him. The doctor was holding a clipboard in one hand and the side of his black rimmed glasses with the other.

The doctor studied the writing on the clipboard for a moment and then looked up and smiled back. “It’s good to see you again Liam.” He turned his gaze to Harry. “I’m Dr. McMannon. I’m not sure if you remember me.”

Harry twisted the hem of his shirt and nodded. He actually did remember the doctor from when he tripped on the stage and hurt his arm. It was nothing serious, but the band physician gave him an ice pack and a clean bill of health.

The thought of that cold ice pack sent a shiver down his spine that radiated all the way to his bladder. His nervous bladder twitched sending an uncomfortable signal through his body. He chewed on his bottom lip as he became aware of how badly he needed to go.

The doctor walked over to Liam. He motioned for Liam to lift his shirt as he took the stethoscope from around his neck. He put the cold stethoscope on Liam’s back and Liam jumped at the sensation. His bladder jumped along with him and he crossed his legs tighter.

Dr. McMannon raised an eyebrow. “Are you in pain?”

Liam winced. “No, just have to take a leak.”

The doctor nodded and continued listening the Liam’s heart. Liam had a checkup once a month with the doctor and they always involved a full bladder, but he was always really embarrassed about it. For that reason, the doctor would engage in as much non-pee related small talk as possible.

The doctor opened Liam’s jeans and pressed his hands along Liam’s abs. Liam bit his lip, trying to hold back a whine. The doctor smiled as he pressed a little harder against Liam’s abs. “Someone’s been working out.”

Liam paused every time the doctor’s hands tickled his bladder. “Have to… I’m… trying to… impress someone…”

Dr. McMannon smirked. “I’m pretty sure Louis’ already impressed. Just make sure to drink lots of water when you excise.”

Liam winced as his leg started to twitch. “I think I’ve got that part covered Doc.”

The doctor moved to Liam’s kidney, giving his bladder a break from being poked for the moment. Liam sighed at the momentary reprieve, but couldn’t help putting his hands between his legs.

The doctor offered a little encouragement. “I’m almost done.”
Liam blushed as he mumbled. “Me too.”

Dr. McMannon spoke quickly. “I don’t feel any abnormalities or masses in your kidneys. I could run an ultrasound, but I think it might be better to just take a urine sample.”

Liam’s legs shook with anticipation. “Yes. I can do that. I can probably fill like four cups.”

The doctor smiled. “I’m sure, but one will be more than enough.” He handed Liam a urine sample collection cup. “Just fill it to the line.”

Liam nodded and raced into the most conveniently close restroom in the world.

His jeans were still undone from the exam so he just slid them down and positioned the cup between him and the toilet.

He tried to start the stream off gently because he didn’t want a raging pee stream to ricochet off of the cup or knock it out of his hands. The slow start was torturous to his aching bladder and the muscles twitched, sending out painfully strong spurts every now and then.

When the cup was finally filled to the line, Liam put the collected urine on the sink and pushed as hard as he could. The full power of his stream blasted it’s way out and into the toilet.

The sound of Liam heavily peeing bounced off of the tiled walls and through the door. Harry felt a chill as he tried to ignore the sound and focus on the doctor.

Dr. McMannon pressed on Harry’s stomach and he moaned as his hands shot between his legs. “I’m sorry. I really have to um…” He lowered his head, too mortified to finish his sentence.

The doctor smiled as he wheeled over the ultrasound machine. “There’s no need to be embarrassed. Everybody pees.”

Harry felt the tears forming in his eyes. He wanted to say how he felt out loud, but instead the words stuck in his throat as unspoken sentences. *Everybody pees, but not everyone wets the bed like me. Liam said that I shouldn’t be mad at myself, and it’s not a big deal, but it is. I sometimes have to pee so bad during the day and that’s ok I guess, but peeing the bed is too much. I share beds with these guys and even if I didn’t, I don’t want to clean the sheets every morning. Wetting the bed was bad enough when I was little. Why is it happening again? What’s wrong with me? Why am I so messed up?”*

The doctor smiled as he continued setting up the machine. “I know you want this done as soon as possible. Just lay down and lift your shirt. We can skip the whole changing into a hospital gown to save time.”

Harry laid back and whimpered as he felt the liquid shift in his bladder. His bladder instantly disagreed with the uncomfortable position and pulsed urgently. He squeezed himself as hard as he could with both hands, until the machine was set up.

Dr. McMannon told Harry to put his hands at his sides and Harry reluctantly agreed. The pressure rose to an insane level as Harry tried to breathe through the pounding urges inside of him. He looked to his side as he felt Liam hold his hand.

Harry smiled. He was happy that his friend made it successfully to the toilet. Now it was his turn.

Harry winced as the doctor lifted his shirt and the fabric brushed against his distended bladder. Even the slight touch of fabric sent tingling to the nerves of his bladder. The man unbuttoned
Harry’s jeans and slid them down a bit, to get full access to the full water balloon that had collected inside of him.

Harry felt a tiny bit better once the pressure of his jeans wasn’t cutting into his swollen bladder, but he still was far past desperate.

The doctor tried to lighten the mood. “Your stomach is quite swollen. Are you sure you don’t have a baby in there?”

Harry shook his head. He knew what was in there, and it was about to all come out if this man didn’t hurry up.

The doctor turned on the machine and started to spread a cold gel on Harry’s stomach. Harry squeezed Liam’s hand tightly as he felt himself on the edge of losing it.

His legs started to shake as the man put the sensor on his stomach and moved it along slowly.

Harry held his breath. The worst thing in the world right now would be to wee himself lying down while Liam and the doctor were watching.

The sensor pressed against the most sensitive part of Harry’s bladder and Harry felt his underwear dampen as a leak pushed it’s way out. Harry whimpered as he squeezed his muscles as tightly as he could.

Liam rubbed his hand. “Just hold it a little longer.”

Harry squeezed his eyes shut. His temporary lapse of control left him with an even more burning desire to relax and just give in, but he couldn’t. The leak was small enough that it didn’t go past his underwear. There was no visible damage, so his dignity was still hanging on.

He squirmed and bounced and jiggled on the exam table. He did everything possible to hold it in. He lost control a few times, but the tiny leaks were all absorbed by his underwear and didn’t reach his jeans.

Mercifully, the exam ended and the doctor wiped the gel off of Harry’s stomach with a towel. Harry shivered as the towel rubbed against the stretched skin over his bladder. He moaned as the doctor helped him sit up. He shoved both of his hands between his legs and leaned forward, bouncing desperately. “I can’t hold it. I can’t. I can’t!”

Each word was more desperate than the last.

Dr. McMannon and Liam tried to help Harry scoot off of the exam table, but Harry didn’t budge. He moaned. “I can’t move. I’m gonna pee my pants.”

Liam shook his head. “Not on my watch mate.”

Liam took the towel that the doctor had used to wipe off the gel. He handed to towel to Harry. “Quick Haz, shove this down your pants. If you leak on the way to the toilet, the towel will keep your jeans dry.”

Harry nodded and did what he was told. His body relaxed a bit, knowing that he wasn’t going pee his pants. This was enough motivation for Liam and the doctor to get Harry to his feet. Once Harry was standing, gravity caused him to start peeing, but the towel did it’s job.

Harry wasn’t sure how long this temporary solution was going to last, so he sprinted to the toilet as
fast as his legs could take him.

He ran into the bathroom, tossed the towel aside and let his bladder do what it had been begging him to do. He sighed as all his cares in the world slid right down into the bowl.

He closed his eyes and let the feeling of sheer bliss wash over him. When he was halfway done, his bliss was interrupted by a vibration in his back pocket.

He opened his eyes and retrieved the phone with the hand that wasn’t aiming. A message from Niall popped up on the screen.

*I’m kinda bored so I thought I’d txt. Doing anything fun?*

Harry tried to text with one hand.

*Taking a wee*

Niall answered back.

*Haha. You shouldn’t text and wee. You could drop the phone in the toilet.*

Harry laughed. There was no way he was going to drop the phone. After holding in a full bladder for that long, he was sure he could hold onto anything.

Chapter End Notes

The things I do to these poor boys. I tried to give both Harry and Liam time to shine so I hope the double desperation wasn’t too one-sided. Thanks again for continuing to read this multi-chaptered fic. I can't believe I'm up to chapter 14 already. I hope I can still keep you guys entertained for 11 more chapters :) As always, let me know what you think and if you have any questions or suggestions let me know. I usually give a preview of the next chapter, but I'm not too far along in writing it yet. It deals with the guys getting mobbed by fans. The desperation part is when they take cover in a store that has no bathroom. I don't really have any plan because I just thought of the idea yesterday (new scenario added in probably means 26 chapters now). We'll see how it goes. If the next chapter is a totally different scenario please don't hate me lol.
Couldn't Hold It In Any Longer

Chapter Summary

A little four-way desperation for your reading pleasure. That's a fun way to start off a Thursday :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scenario 15 - Mobbed by Fans

One Direction had finished the European leg of the tour and next up were a few concerts in Ireland. The guys thought it would be nice to do a little shopping before they left. Social media had gotten hold of their plans and even though the paparazzi and fans had been pretty good giving the guys some space after Zayn’s departure, four members of One Direction out for a stroll in a tourist heavy place was a little too tempting. The guys were ready to sign a lot of autographs and take a lot of pictures.

At the moment, they were sitting in the hotel, getting ready to leave.

Harry took a deep breath as he ran his hand nervously through his hair. “Ni, there’s something I have to tell you.”

He didn’t wait for an answer and blurted the rest out in one breath. “I went with Liam to the doctor because I’ve been wetting the bed and I was scared to tell you before because I thought you’d make fun of me and the doctor said he will have the results soon and he’s going to put me on a treatment plan and I think I’ll be ok and I wanted to tell you for so long and – .”

Harry paused to take a deep breath in so he wouldn’t pass out.

Louis, acting as Niall’s stand in, smirked. “Oh geez Harry. I’m so glad that ya told me Laddie. I’ve been havin’ me knickers all in a bunch over this. So what you’re sayin’ is that you’re in love with me?”

Harry frowned. “Lou, be serious.”

Louis shook his head. “I’m not Louis, I’m Niall. Now, as I was saying Hazza cakes. Ooo now that you mention cakes, I’m starvin’. I think I’ll heat me up some Nando’s.”

Harry flopped back down on the bed. “Looou. Stop messing this up. Niall’s almost done in the shower and I have to get this right before he comes out.”

Louis looked from Harry to Liam. “Speaking of coming out, nice pink shirt Liam.”

Liam flipped Louis off. “We’re going out shopping today and Paris is the fashion capital of the world.”

Louis laughed. “Don’t cry to me when your picture is in the worst dressed part of the magazine.”
Louis turned his attention back to Harry. “There’s nothing to be worried about. You told me that wasn’t so bad, right?”

Harry laughed. “Not so bad? You freaked out and started crying.”

Louis punched Harry on the arm. “Well excuse me for thinking you had some incurable disease and had weeks to live. You said you went to the doctor for some mystery disease. What was I supposed to think? When you tell Niall, definitely start with the ‘I have a problem wetting the bed’ and not ‘I went to the doctor and he’s not sure what’s wrong with me.’”

Liam sat on the edge of the bed. “You might be diabetic. A lot of people with diabetes find out they’re sick because they can’t hold it at night. They get up to pee, like six times a night.”

Harry put his pillow over his head and flopped down on the bed. “This is so embarrassing to talk about with you guys.”


Liam rolled his eyes. “You make me sound like some kind of pervert.”

Louis smirked. “Your words, not mine mate.”

Liam cleared his throat directing his comments to Harry. “I may enjoy a bit of pee desperation on a recreational basis…”

Louis snorted. “Recreational, haha.”

Liam cleared his throat again. “My point is that there’s nothing wrong with thinking about, discussing, or even enjoying something your body does naturally. You can always talk to me and Lou. If you want to talk to me as a friend about problems that you’re having with your bladder, I promise you that I won’t be all freaky-eyed and drooling.”

Louis smirked. “Unless you cross your legs. That’s his trigger.”

Harry started laughing.

Liam blushed. “Ok, that’s so not true.”

Harry hugged Louis. “Thank you Lou. You’re one of my best friends and I was really scared that if you knew you’d treat me different or things would be weird.”

Louis hugged Harry back. “Because this conversation isn’t weird? I hate to break it to you, but you have a very odd definition of normal.”

Harry squeezed Louis tighter. “I’m serious. I love you guys. I think I’m going to wait to tell Ni until we get to Ireland. It will give me another day to work up the nerve to do it.”

Niall stepped out of the shower with a towel wrapped around his waist. “Hey, why is everyone hugging each other? I want a hug.”

Louis hugged Harry tighter. “Nope. This hug is for Harry only. Fun fact, did you know that the average hug lasts about 3 seconds?”

Liam smirked. “So does Lou.”

Niall started laughing so hard he almost fell over.
Louis blushed. “Thanks for that Payno.”

The four continued to tease each other as they finished getting ready and piled into the car. They crawled along the crowded streets until the car eventually came to a stop.

The driver sighed. “It looks like there’s a lot of traffic. I’m not sure if it’s an accident or just normal congestion. Just sit tight boys.”

Niall tried not to groan too loudly. The short trip was already on hour two and the confined space of the car and the tinted windows were making him a little jittery. He was used to being a little uneasy in these situations. The problem was the jitters had reached his bladder. He had started to get that tingly gotta go feeling about an hour ago.

Niall shifted in his seat. “Geez, I gotta take a leak.”

His voice was low enough for the driver not to hear, but his three friends heard it.

Harry squeezed his thighs together. “I have to go too.”

Louis bounced his knees. “Looks like we have a bit of a three-way desperation going on gents.”

Liam didn’t show any outward signs of having to use the toilet, but he sighed. “I think we have to up that to a four-way.”

Louis smirked. “Well that’s just too much pee in one area.”

Niall winced. “Stop Lou. Don’t make me laugh.”

Louis bounced his knees a little quicker. “I can’t help it. You laugh at everything.”

Niall bit his lip. “Well this about to stop being funny real fast. I really, really gotta go.”

Liam put his hands in his lap and leaned forward to talk to the driver. “Excuse me, sir. How long will it take to get to the market square?”

The driver gave Liam some pretty grim news. “About 45 minutes to an hour.”

The color drained from Niall’s face when he heard that. “I don’t know if I can hold it in for that long. I’m already about to start leaking.” He shot his hands between his legs and leaned forward for a better grip. “Geez, I gotta go so bad. This isn’t good. I’m about to wet my pants and I don’t have a dry pair of trousers to change into.” He looked over to the person who usually solves his problems. “Li, what do I do?”

Liam looked over at Harry. Harry’s legs were rapidly shaking as well.

Liam took a deep breath. The situation had gone from everyone riding along happily 5 minutes ago, to complete desperation.

Liam wanted to be a helpful friend, but when Niall starting squirming and talking about leaking, poor Liam’s brain shorted out.

Niall whined. “Liiiiii, come on. Fix this.”

Liam blushed. “Sorry, I just, um… never mind. Ok, does anything hurt?”

Niall shook his head. “Nah, just a lot of pressure. Like, the pee is trying to -.”
Liam cut him off before Niall caused him to space out again. “Ok, as long as it’s not hurting your bladder or anywhere near that area…” He couldn’t help, but blush at that. “…just do whatever you can to hold it. When we get to the market square there’s got to be a toilet. In the meantime, I’ll look for something you can relieve yourself into or on. Like a cup or a towel.”

Niall squeezed himself as hard as possible and crossed his legs around his hands. “I’ll try and hold on.”

Liam smiled. “Good.” He turned to face Harry. “Are you ok?”

Harry bounced his knees. “I’m not as bad off as Niall. I can hold it till we get to the market.”

Liam put a hand on Harry’s shoulder. “Ok, but if it gets bad all of a sudden, just let me know.”

Liam turned to face Louis. He had left the hardest for last. He could push his feelings aside when his friends were desperate for a wee, but the guy he was crushing on? That’s a whole different thing.

Liam’s voice cracked. “You ok Lou?”

Louis smirked. “Maybe I should be asking you the same question.”

Liam whispered so only Louis could hear. “I don’t have time for games. I’m trying to manage this situation. Not to mention I have to take a wee myself.”

Louis nodded. “Ok sorry. Um, if I had to rate how desperate I am… I’d say about a six. I’m not about to go right here, but if there was a toilet available I’d definitely go use it.”

Louis was sitting with his legs spread apart while shaking his legs. There was nothing particularly odd about this position, Louis sat like that all the time. He would often bounce his knees or shake his legs while sitting due to nervous energy or just the inability to sit still. The dead giveaway that Louis needed to pee was the way that he would fan his knees in and out for a minute and then go back to shaking his legs.

Liam took a shaky breath. Not only was the knees fanning one of Louis’ obvious tells, it was also the one thing that drove Liam wild the most. Louis, of course, didn’t know this weakness and poor Liam wanted to keep it that way.

His secret was safe for now. Louis was oblivious to what he was doing to Liam. Louis rested his head on Liam’s shoulder and let out a soft moan.

The car ride took forever.

When they finally arrived at the market square it was just like they had expected. The announcement of social media caused the small space to be filled with fans and photographers.

Niall winced. “I think a lot of fans are going to get a picture of me with my hand between my legs.”

Harry grimaced. “You won’t be the only one.”

Liam shook his head. “I’m not going to let that happen. Lou and I will go out first and try to distract the crowd while you go for a wee.”

Liam and Louis hopped out of the car and started to draw the crowd away. Security had followed in the car behind and trailed behind Liam and Louis. Niall moaned softly as the fans followed
Liam, Louis, and the train of security opening a path for him and Harry to race to relief.

The market square was pretty small, with shops up and down the square. Niall was about to bolt from the car and race to the nearest shop, but Harry stopped him before he unlocked the door. “I don’t think the stores have a toilet. Look at the portable toilets all the way down there. I think that’s where we need to go.”

A line of ten porta-potties were just in the distance. Niall nodded and was about to open the door, but was stopped again. This time it was by the child safety lock keeping the door firmly locked. The driver had enabled the lock to prevent fans from getting in the car when Liam and Louis had left.

Niall felt his bladder pulse urgently and grabbed himself. “I can’t hold it much longer.”

The driver clicked the safety lock off and turned to face the two desperate singers. “All the fans are that way, so I don’t think anyone will see you two. Take this. I think you’ll need it.”

The driver handed Harry a few coins. Harry thanked the man as he followed Niall out of the car.

Luck was actually on their side and no one noticed them exit. The crowd was too busy watching Louis tease Liam.

Louis noticed Niall and Harry exiting the car so he raised his voice. “Hey everyone! Look at Liam’s shirt. Who thinks this is a wise decision? And who thinks Li lost a bet with us and we forced him to wear it?”

The crowd erupted into laughter. They were all 100% occupied with Louis.

Niall and Harry reached the deserted porta-potties at lightning speed. Niall tossed in a few coins as fast as he could. As soon as the door sprung open, he raced inside.

Harry fed the coins into the coin slot, hoping that he would get the same results, but the coins hit the metal return bin with a loud clang.

Harry crossed his legs and swayed from side to side as he tried again. He moaned as he got the same result as before. He reached to get the coins from the return bin and the sound of Niall peeing echoed through the door.

Harry couldn’t help but hold himself and dance in a circle to fight off the urge. Niall continued to push Harry’s bladder holding skills to the limit by moaning. “Ahhh…. this… feels… soooo…. gooooood!”

Harry squeezed his crotch with all of his might and crouched down to the ground. He fought as hard as he could until the punishing waves of desperation lessened.

He stood slowly and kept his hand between his legs as he waddled over to the next porta-potty. The coins jingled in his trembling hand as he fed them into the coin slot.

He was shaking so much that a few coins fell to the ground, but thankfully enough had gotten into the slot and the door swung open.

Harry grunted as he closed the door behind him. When he finally was in position to go, he let it all out in a powerful stream. He put his fist over his mouth so Niall wouldn’t hear him making all kinds of sounds. He wanted to enjoy this beautiful feeling forever, but he knew Liam and Louis had to go too, so he tried to force it out as quickly as possible.
Niall was trying to do the same thing, but Niall’s bladder wasn’t on relax mode yet and his stream wasn’t more than a slow trickle. He had started way before Harry did, but it was taking forever.

Niall danced from one foot to the other as the urge to go was still pulsing heavily in his bladder.

Harry knocked on the door. “I’m going to go over there with Liam and Louis so they can come over here and go.”

Niall grunted an ok as he slowly peed his way to relief.

Niall heard Liam tap on the door. “I’ll be right next door mate.”

He didn’t hear Louis and figured Louis stayed with Harry so that the fans would find two One Direction members on the stage more entertaining than two in the toilet.

When Niall finally peed out all he could, he let out an exhausted sigh.

He opened the door and happened to finish at the same time as Liam. Niall laughed at the fact that he peed in the time it took two other people to go.

The two walked from the toilets to where Harry and Louis were, but by this time the crowd was about three times the size. People were also pushing to get pictures and autographs.

Louis spotted Liam and Niall and smiled. “Awesome. Now I can go.”

The crowd thought ‘go’ meant ‘leave’ and they started to pack in tighter, hoping to get one last picture.

The situation went from fairly calm to dangerous in a matter of seconds. Niall felt someone wrap their arms around him from behind and lift him off of the ground. He thought it was security at first, but the person had him close enough so he could smell their perfume. He was pretty sure security didn’t wear *You and I* brand perfume.

He tried to struggle free, but he couldn’t shake off the tight grip. He wasn’t sure if it was a girl or a guy that had him because they were holding him from behind, but either way he didn’t want to harm a fan. He continued to struggle. “Let go of me. Let go. Get off of me!”

His pleas were heard by security and one of the guards easily pushed the fan away. The security guard put Niall on his back, piggyback style, and pushed through the crowd. Niall buried his head against the security guard’s back as they made their way through the crowd and into the car.

One by one, his friends were transported into the safety of the car. Louis was the last one to be brought back and he was holding his hand against his head.

Liam rushed over to him. “Lou! Are you ok?!”

Lou shook his head. “No. Everyone got to take a wee except me and my bladder’s a little jealous of that fact.”

Liam was about to take a sigh of relief, knowing that Louis was ok, but when Louis looked up and moved his hand, there was blood coming down the side of his face.

Harry gasped. “Oh my God, Lou!”

Louis gave a half-hearted laugh. “It’s my own fault. I had my head down and didn’t see the guy with the video camera on his shoulders right in front of me. When I looked up, I slammed right into
it. It’s really not that bad. Just a little blood. I’m a little more concerned with another liquid getting on the seats. I really need to get to a toilet.”

Liam rubbed Louis’ back. “That might not be for a while mate. The fans are blocking the street. I’ll keep your mind off of it though. We’ll be back to the hotel before you know it.”

Louis leaned his head on Liam’s shoulder and whined. “But I really have to go.” He squirmed a little against Liam. “Is this karma for making fun of your shirt?”

Liam whispered in his ear. “If I was an evil man I would rub your stomach right now.”

Louis smirked, keeping the conversation in muted tones. “If I can’t get my juices flowing, neither can you.”

Liam sighed. “You have this way about making everything sound vulgar.”

Louis laughed. “Not everything.”

Liam shook his head. “Go ahead. Say something that isn’t laced with sarcasm or innuendo.”

Liam quickly looked at see if Niall and Harry had heard, but they were cuddled in another row of the car.

Liam felt his voice trembling. “Wh-what did you say?”

Louis put his hands between his legs. “I said I gotta take a wee.”

Liam lifted Louis off of his shoulder so he could look at him. “You said you love me.”

Louis smirked. “That doesn’t sound like me.”

Liam frowned. “This is what I mean about being sarcastic. I don’t know if you’re being serious.”

Louis’ expression softened. “Ok, total seriousness. No jokes. I’ve had a crush on you for a while. It kind of feels like forever. It’s just, you’re so responsible and serious, and I thought you would never like a guy that’s loud and spontaneous like me. Then we started writing songs together and spending time together and well, I kind of started falling for you pretty hard.”

Liam smiled. “I like writing songs with you too.”

Louis sighed. “I kind of felt like we were having a moment on the train ride and I thought you were going to be like “Lou, let’s lock this down and make this friends with benefits thing something legit”, but you wouldn’t really say that because you don’t talk like that and I don’t know why I just said that so please say something so I can stop rambling or else I’m never going to stop and you – .”

Liam held up his hand and Louis could feel his heart beating in his chest as the long pause dragged on for an eternity.

Liam leaned in and kissed Louis’ lips softly. He pulled away just enough so that he could look into Louis’ eyes. “I love you too Lou, so let’s lock this down and make this friends with benefits thing something legit.”

Louis felt the tears falling from his eyes. He sniffed. “You’re making me cry. I don’t think I’ll ever
live down the embarrassment of this one.”

Liam wiped away one of Louis’ tears while trying not to shed any of his own. “We can just blame it on your head injury.”

Louis winced. “Yeah, it’s really starting to throb more than my bladder right now.”

Liam put Louis’ head on his shoulder again. “Lean on me, Love.”

Louis put his hand on Liam’s chest. “I’m trying to stop crying and you’re not helping.”

Liam blinked a few times. With Louis nuzzled against him, Liam was having a hard time keeping it together himself.

Louis’ voice vibrated against Liam’s chest sending little flutters up and down his spine. “So most normal people date for a while before they do the whole I love you thing.”

Liam laughed. “Since when have we been normal? You just confessed your undying love for me in the back of a car that’s being chased by fans, after nearly knocking yourself out.”

Louis squeezed Liam’s shirt with his fist. “God, I hope this isn’t a coma dream.”

Liam pinched Louis’ butt. “If it was a dream you would have woken up.”

Louis laughed. “You do that again and I’m going to pee on the seat.” He grabbed himself between the legs to prove he really wasn’t joking.

Liam ruffled Louis’ hair. “I’m pretty sure Niall is going to tell Harry that he wants to go out with him in Ireland, so maybe we should keep our thing a secret until Niall asks Harry.”

Louis looked up at Liam. “You’re really an awesome boyfriend and a great human being. You always take other people’s feelings into consideration.”

Liam blushed. “Are you being serious, or are you teasing me?”

Louis smiled. “Teasing. My bladder feels like it’s about to explode and I know you aren’t going to let me in the bathroom when we get to the hotel.”

Liam shook his head. “I’ll let you in the bathroom to clean out the cut on your head, but I may try and delay you from doing other things.”

Louis put his head back on Liam’s chest. “Even if I fan my legs in and out?”

Liam’s heart skipped a beat as he swallowed slowly.

*Oh crap. He knows.* ❤️

Chapter End Notes
So I hope I did justice to the love confession. Next chapter: Niall finds out about Harry's bed wetting. I'm warning you now, it's really embarrassing, but it's supposed to be and everything is alright in the end. Thanks again for continuing to read and I hope you guys aren't disappointed. 25 chapters involve a lot of peeing situations, so I hope I haven't taken the train to Crazytown just yet :D I appreciate your comments and feedback so let me know if things are cool or if I need to step it up. Thanks again!
Scenario 16: At a Friend's House

One Direction had finished their time in France and headed over to Ireland. Niall was always happy to go home, but this time the touring schedule had a lot of time in it for sight-seeing. Niall was over the moon at this fact. He would finally have the chance to take his friends around and show them the beauty of his native country.

Their plane arrived late at night so that they would avoid too many fans. After Louis got hurt yesterday they weren’t taking any chances with large crowds. Louis had gotten on Twitter and wrote that it wasn’t the fans’ fault. He wanted to make sure everyone knew his accident was just from him being clumsy.

When the plane touched down and they arrived at the airport, it was empty. As they looked around, they saw that the walls were covered with posters and drawings, welcoming One Direction to Ireland. There were also Get Well banners for Louis and stuffed animals everywhere.

Niall took a quick picture with his three band mates and posted it on Twitter with the message:

*I.D fans made the airport up proper! We got the best fans in the world! Hope to see lots of green at the show! Love Ya guys Xxxx*

The four weary lads continued to zombie walk through the airport until they reached their car. It was the typical black car with tinted windows, but Niall had a surprise planned. They weren’t headed to a hotel. Niall had gotten permission from his mom to stay at her house. Then, when the guys were ready to take time off for sightseeing, he planned to take them all the way into the countryside in his new Jeep.

They reached the house and had some nice homemade cookies before bed.

Niall yawned as he woke up to the smell of breakfast cooking. As the smell of bacon, sausages, eggs, potato, and strong tea hit him, he realized his mother was cooking up a traditional Full Irish Breakfast.

He sat up in bed and was ready to sprint to the kitchen. He pulled the sheet off of him, but by doing that his hand touched a wet spot next to him on the bed. He was sharing his old childhood bed with Harry. Liam and Louis were across the hall in his brother Greg’s bed.

Niall took a closer look at the wet spot and saw that it led to Harry. It didn’t take him too long to piece together what had happened.
He dried his hand on a part of the sheets that wasn’t wet and gently tried to shake Harry awake. Niall’s theory was that Harry might have had a nightmare which caused the bed wetting. He didn’t want to scare Harry further so he continued to gently shake Harry until he woke up.

Harry turned to face Niall and blinked his eyes, adjusting to the light. “Mornin’ Ni.”

Niall nodded. “Yeah, uh, Haz? Something kind of happened in the night I think and you kinda um, you kind of…”

Niall trailed off and looked down at the offending wet spot. Harry’s face turned deep red as he finally woke up enough to feel his wet pajama bottoms.

Harry started to hyperventilate. “Oh no… oh no… this didn’t just happen… THIS CAN’T BE HAPPENING!”

Niall tried to calm Harry, but it was no use. Harry was in full panic mode.

His yelling caused Niall’s mom to come in the room. She peeked her head in. “Is everything alright?”

She looked at the wet sheets. “Niall honey, did you go wee wee in the bed?”

Harry looked at Niall’s mom and never felt more mortified in his life. “I’m so sorry ma’am. I was the one that wet the bed.”

Niall looked back at Harry, still a bit confused. “You really took a piss on the sheets?”

Niall’s mom frowned as she walked over to the bed. “Watch your mouth Niall. I don’t want that kind of language in my home.”

She put a hand on Harry’s shoulder. “It’s alright sweetie. I’ll just strip the bed and wash these and they’ll be as good as new.”

Harry was crying pretty heavily at this point. “You d-don’t have t-to do that. I-I can wa-wash them.” He felt the words getting stuck in throat and was sure he was going to need his inhaler soon.

As if this wasn’t bad enough, Liam appeared in the doorway. “Is everything ok?”

Niall looked over at Liam. “Harry kinda had an accident and mum and I are gonna help him clean it.”

Harry started wheezing in sharp breaths after hearing Niall say that he needed to be cleaned up. Harry waited to tell Niall about this secret so the time would be right, and now everything was spiraling out of control.

Liam ran across the room and searched Harry’s luggage for his inhaler. When the search came up empty, he shouted over to Harry. “Where’s the inhaler mate?”

Harry wheezed. “Hoodie… pocket…”

Harry’s sharp breaths caused his whole body to shake and unfortunately his bladder had a little more embarrassment to offer up. Harry felt his lap get a little wetter and he started to cry even harder.

Niall noticed this (because Harry wasn’t humiliated enough at this point) and narrated for everyone in the room that hadn’t noticed. “I don’t think Harry’s done. He’s still weeing.”
Harry literally wanted to die at this point, but Liam put the inhaler in Harry’s mouth, denying Harry of his wish.

Harry administered the medicine himself as he took two large puffs from the inhaler. His painful gasps turned into easy breathing just as Louis entered the room.

Louis yawned. He missed all the drama, but he knew something had happened. “What’s going on?”

Before Harry’s humiliation was replayed again, Niall’s mom shooed the boys out of the room. “You boys need to leave. I need to talk to Harry alone. Everyone out. Go into the kitchen and make sure my breakfast isn’t burning.”

Niall, Louis, and Liam left the room and did what Niall’s mother asked.

Louis was the most comfortable in the kitchen so he turned off the pan with the bacon and sausages and threw out the burnt scrambled eggs. He cracked a few new eggs and started to scramble them.

Niall spoke softly. “Poor Harry. He was so freaked out.”

Liam danced around his words, careful not to tell the secret that wasn’t his to tell. “He probably thought you’d make fun of him or something.”

Niall frowned. “I wouldn’t do that. You know how many times my mum had to strip the bed in the morning when I was a little kid? It happened all the time.”

Liam sighed. “Yeah, but Harry’s not a little kid, mate.”

Niall nodded. “This isn’t the first time is it?”

Liam bit his lip. “Dunno. Even if it wasn’t and I knew, it wouldn’t be my secret to tell.”

Niall put his head on the table. Even his mum’s full breakfast wouldn’t cheer him up at this point.

Harry let the warm shower water rain down on him, but the house didn’t have a huge supply of hot water, so he kept his shower to just a quick wash and rinse. He was happy to be alone for that brief time.

When he exited the shower he saw that Niall’s mother had laid out a clean shirt and a pair of jeans for him. She even picked out some underwear. He slipped into the clothes quickly and peeked out of the door.

He could hear the sound of people eating and laughing in the kitchen. He slowly crept down the hallway and into the kitchen.

Louis was the first to spot Harry and waved him over. “Come and get your breakfast before Niall eats it all.”

Niall shook his head with his mouth full. “I didn’t take any food from your plate.”

Harry smiled and pretended not to notice when he saw Niall return a piece of bacon back on his plate.

Harry sat down. He knew he was blushing like crazy, but he couldn’t help it.
Niall’s mother was the first to speak. “So Niall tells me you’re into Yoga.”

Harry nodded. Niall must get his habit of starting random conversations from his mom.

Niall’s mom smiled. “Well it just so happens that I started a Yoga class from my house. A few of the local ladies and I get together and we have a nice little workout. We have it here because my backyard is big enough, and we have a real instructor too. I think you should join us tonight. Yoga’s good to work on those bladder muscles.”

Harry kept his eyes glued to his plate and nodded. “Yes ma’am. I’d love to.”

Niall frowned as he stabbed his eggs with his fork. “Well count me out. I don’t do none of that workout stuff. Louis and I can play some videogames.”

Liam smiled. “I usually do cardio and weightlifting, but I’ll give it a try. I’m not very flexible though.”

Niall laughed. “I don’t think mum and her friends are turning themselves into pretzels, are ya mum?

The more Harry spoke, the easier it was to fall back into casual conversation again and the bedwetting events of this morning were almost forgotten. Harry made a promise to himself that he was going to tell Niall before bed. He was also going to tell Niall that he was going to sleep on the floor to prevent anymore accidental wettings.

Lunch was just as carefree and jovial as breakfast and soon the sun was starting to set.

Harry was helping Niall’s mother lay down two rows of Yoga mats, when he felt that familiar tingle in his bladder. All of the people that attended the Yoga class were already there, but class wasn’t staring for another 5 minutes.

Harry smiled sheepishly. “Um, I’ll be right back.”

He walked through the house and headed to the bathroom. He stopped short when he saw that the door was closed and there was another woman standing outside of it.

He sighed to himself. *I guess I can hold it till the class is done. I don’t want them to have to wait on me because I’m using the toilet.*

He headed back outside and sat on a mat in the back row next to Liam. The music had already started and a few of the women were sitting cross-legged on their mats.

The instructor smiled at him. “We are just waiting for the rest of the women to return form the bathroom. For now, you can practice your deep breathing and find your inner center.”

Harry glanced over at Liam. Liam had his eyes squeezed a little too tightly to find a calm inner peace. Harry closed his eyes and focused on his own problems. Deep inhales and exhales were not agreeing with his neglected bladder.

When everyone had arrived and were sitting on their mats, the class was ready to start. Harry felt his bladder churning as he twisted his body into the poses that the instructor called for.

The class was all older woman, aside from Liam and Harry, so when Harry got into one of the advanced poses rather easily, the instructor headed over to him.
The instructor smiled. “Ladies, and Liam, look at how Harry is posed. This is how you all should be positioned.”

Harry felt his bladder twitching. He didn’t have to pee so badly that he couldn’t get into the pose, but once he was holding the pose for a bit, it was difficult to hold his bladder.

He felt his thighs wanting to come together so he could block off anything truly embarrassing from exiting, but the instructor kept his legs apart with her foot.

She smiled. “Make sure to keep a consistent pose for the duration of the stretch.”

Harry felt his abilities to hold it in being stretched to the limit as he silently begged for either the pose to change or for the whole class to stop looking at him.

The instructor moved to the front and all eyes followed her. Harry sighed as he went back to the resting pose and gave himself a quick squeeze.

He jumped when he heard Liam’s voice. “Gotta take a wee?”

Harry whispered back. “I can hold it till we’re done.”

Liam nodded. “I’ll distract the ladies out here when it’s over in case there’s a mad dash for the toilet.”

The idea of an occupied toilet or worse, standing in line, made Harry shiver. The shiver caused him to have to cross his legs and take another quick squeeze.

Harry was thankful once the standing poses were done, but the sitting ones were just as bad. He was able to give himself a squeeze every now and then, but Liam was looking at him too often to get away with any long term crotch holding.

When class ended the instructor asked Liam and Harry to help her carry her supplies into the car. Sadly, this gave the line outside of the bathroom a chance to form. By the time Harry had finished helping the instructor pack up her car, practically every woman from the class was standing on line chitchatting.

Harry joined the end of the line and leaned against the wall. He was pretty sure that not all of these ladies had to pee and he was positive that no one had to go as badly as he did, but he crossed his legs as casually as he could and waited his turn.

He closed his eyes and practiced the slow breathing that they used in Yoga class. He recited his own instructions in his head.

_Breathe in… breathe out… keep the wee in… don’t let it out…_

He heard Niall laughing in line behind him. Harry opened his eyes and looked at his friend.

Niall whispered. “You were saying that stuff out loud. Don’t worry, I think I’m the only one that heard. Look, I gotta pee too and this line is going to take forever. Follow me.”

Harry followed Niall and expected to be taken to a toilet he didn’t know about, but instead Niall lead him outside to a hidden corner of the backyard.

Niall laughed. “I used to wee out here all the time when I was a kid and Greg would lock me out of the bathroom. I think he was just in there talking to his girlfriend to be honest. I would come out
here when I couldn’t hold it anymore.”

Niall unzipped himself and started to pee, hoping Harry would join in. Harry wasn’t sure, but when he heard Niall start to go, he knew he wasn’t going to be able wait much longer even if he wanted to.

Harry started to go and Niall knew he had Harry as a captive audience for a minute, maybe two or three minutes if Harry really had to go.

Niall cleared his throat. “So about this morning. Was it an accident or did you pee the bed on purpose?”

Harry’s stream came to an abrupt stop and he grunted at the uncomfortable feeling.

Niall continued, not realizing he had shocked Harry. “So, Louis fell asleep after one round of FIFA and I decided to look some stuff up on my phone and um, there’s some pretty intense things when you search wetting the bed.”

Harry was way too embarrassed to start peeing again, so he pulled up his pants and held himself, hoping Niall would be done soon.

Niall spoke slowly. “So if you want me to dress you up like a baby and change your nappies, um, that’s going to take a little getting used to. Plus I think I’d rather you call me dad than daddy.”

Harry gasped as he looked at Niall and then started laughing for the first time in a while.

Niall started laughing too. “What are we laughing about?”

Harry laughed harder even though his bladder wasn’t too happy with the activity. He waited until he could catch his breath before he started to explain. “I was so worried that you would make fun of me for wetting the bed, but I’ve been so stupid. You care about me enough to do something that makes you uncomfortable. I shouldn’t have been worried. You’re awesome Niall.”

Niall bit his lip. “So ya don’t want to wear nappies?”

Harry shook his head. “I’m not into age play.”

Niall laughed. “Should I be worried that you know what that is?”

Harry smiled. “There’s a lot of One Direction fan fiction on the subject.”

Harry was relaxed enough to start peeing again, so he continued what he had started. He explained to Niall about the first time he wet the bed and how scared he was to tell him.

When they were both finishing peeing, Niall listened quietly as Harry told him all the details about what was going on. Harry explained that he went to the doctor and they did tests to see what was wrong and at this point he was diagnosed with overactive bladder until all the blood tests come back.

Niall’s face beamed with excitement. “I’ve seen those commercials for overactive bladder. The one with the cartoon bladder is a funny one.”

Harry smiled even more than Niall. “Thanks for being so cool with this. I was just - .”

Niall gave Harry a hug. “You’re my best mate, Haz. There’s nothing you could say that would make me stop being your friend. Now about these fan fiction stories you’re reading. Any good
Aww Harry. So I debated for longer than a normal person should about splitting this chapter in two and what scenario I should make it and I settled on at a friend's house. It kind of deals with the two different things that happened and having to pee really bad when you're over a friend's house, but not being able to sounded good. I finally sat down and did a full outline and I have the rest of my plans mapped out. I'll list them here so I don't back out. Don't worry, there won't be any major spoilers. The next two chapters are a meet and greet fan signing thing and a meeting with management. The meet and greet is a Louis chapter and the meeting is a Liam one. Chapter 19 is going to be desperation on one of those guided tours of Ireland with desperate Niall and then chapter 20 is Niall and Harry shopping. Chapter 21 is a fun drive in Niall's Jeep (because I haven't done a stuck in traffic chapter and that should totally be on the list of 25 worst times to have to pee). Chapters 22-25 are a secret. I want to do something kind of original to sum up the whole story, so those chapters will be a lot of fun. Well that's the plan anyway lol.

Thank you so much for all the positive feedback and suggestions. I know it sounds corny, but this story wouldn't be the same without you. I've tried to balance what you guys like and what you don't and the original outline compared to the posted story is proof that you guys have just as much influence on this story as I do. So thanks once and again!

*edit* I just realized that I forgot to credit K for the yoga desperation idea. So sorry K.
Can I Have One Quick Photo Before You Go?

Chapter Summary

Just a quick thing. The meet and greet/autograph signing isn't before a concert, it's just a random meet the band kind of thing.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scenario #17 At the Meet and Greet

Niall smiled at his three best friends. “Are you ready to hear the song I wrote?”

Harry tilted his head to make sure that he wouldn’t hit the showerhead. “I think we’re all more than ready.”

Liam shifted his weight against the tile wall. “Niall, remind me why we have to be cramped in the shower to hear this?”

Niall smiled as he lifted his guitar, hitting Louis with the neck. “It’s like I said before. The acoustics are amazing in the shower. You can hear the real heart and soul of the song when you’re in here.”

Louis scooted so that Harry’s elbow wasn’t in his face. “Ni, if you don’t seriously start this thing right now, you’re going to be missing your heart and your soul in a minute.”

Niall laughed. “Ok, keep your panties on.”

Louis sighed. “That’s something else I don’t do in a shower.”

Niall smirked. “You wear panties, Lou?”

Louis gave him a look that made Niall wonder if his friend really did have the power to remove his heart and soul, so he started the song.

Niall was right. The song sounded beautiful in the tiny bathtub/shower. Each note was more beautiful than the last, but it was composed with that thought in mind. The song was based on his love for Harry. Every time Niall heard Harry laugh, or tell a long winded story, or even sing on stage, the sound was more beautiful each time. The sound of Harry was something that Niall started to like, but grew to love.

Niall stopped playing mid phase and Harry smiled. “That was great Ni, but why did you stop?”

Louis was already climbing around his band mates to make a break for fresh air.

Niall blushed. “The songs not done yet. There’s a special thing I want to add at the end, but I can only do it when the song’s fully completed.”

That something at the end of the song was going to be asking Harry to be his boyfriend. Niall had planned for the song to be a complete surprise, but he wanted to give the guys a preview of what it
sounded like, just to make sure it didn’t suck.

Liam patted Niall on the back before exiting the shower. “We’ve got some real talent in this one.”

Niall beamed. “Thanks Li. I’m sure you say that to all the guys.”

Louis frowned. “He’s never said it to me.”

Liam laughed as he picked up a brush and started to style his hair in front of the mirror. “Do something extraordinary and I will.”

Louis smirked. “What if I…” He finished his sentence as a whisper in Liam’s ear.

Liam fought back a moan as he dropped his brush in the sink.

Niall picked up the brush, oblivious to the flirting between Liam and Louis. Niall brushed his hair straight back. “Today is definitely a hat day.”

Harry put the lid down on the toilet and sat on it like a chair. “What’s today? Are we doing anything special?”

Louis grabbed some mouthwash and gargled as he answered Harry. “Wuugh duu uugh auu muugh auug gruuug.”

Harry laughed. “Is it sad that I kind of understood that? You said that we’re doing to a mug and grug?”

Louis spit the mouthwash into the sink. “I said that we’re doing a meet and greet.”


Louis stuck his tongue out at Niall. “That’s what you get for making us cram into a shower. I thought you would have been too claustrophobic to do that. You can’t even take a shower without the shower curtain being open.”

Liam turned to face Niall. “You can’t shower without the curtain being open? I didn’t know that. That’s something I should probably know. We’ve only shared hotel rooms for the last four and a half years.”

Harry nodded. “That’s why he locks the door when he’s in there. I remember the last time we were sharing a room, I almost peed my pants waiting for him to come out of the shower.”

Louis bit his lip. “Is it in poor taste to laugh at that since Harry has bladder problems?”

Harry threw a sponge at Louis. “When has poor taste ever stopped you from laughing?”

Louis laughed. “You’re right. Harry Styles peeing his pants will always be funny.”

Liam put Louis in a playful headlock as he dragged him out of the bathroom. “Don’t pretend like you’ve never peed your pants before.”

Louis was about to answer, but a car honked the horn outside.

Niall put his newsboy cap on. “That must be the car that’s taking us to the meet and greet. You guys go and I’ll lock up. Mum told me to make sure I locked the door and put the keys under the mat.”
Niall tidied up the bathroom a bit so his mom wouldn’t be mad. He joined the others in the car as they headed to the meet and greet.

By the time they arrived, all four boys were way too hyper to sit down and sign autographs. Thankfully they had gotten there an hour before the meet and greet started.

Niall was the first to spot the table of food. “Guys! They have Nando’s!!”

The food table was filled with food from Nando’s and a variety of sweets and cookies.

Niall raced over to the table. “They have the special chicken wrap. They must know that it’s my favorite meal.”

Harry laughed. “Every meal is your favorite meal.”

The guys chowed down on their favorite meals while laughing and talking. When they were finished, they were led to a table with four chairs. The chairs all had a card with their name on them.

Harry picked up his card. “I get to sit next to you Niall. Louis’ on my other side and Liam is next to him on the end.”

Louis nodded. “As long as I get to sit next to Harry, I’m happy. Harry’s my favorite member of One Direction.”

Liam smirked. “Yeah, but is Harry going to do those naughty things you like after we get back to the house?”

Harry’s laughed. “No. Are you?!”

Liam bit his lip. He hadn’t realized he had said that loud enough for people other than Louis to hear.

Niall raised an eyebrow. “Is something going on with you two that we should know about?”

Louis quickly said “yes” at the same time that Liam said “no”.

Louis quickly changed the subject. “This meet and greet thing is going to start and I need to take a leak.”

Niall nodded. “Yeah, too much spicy food makes you have to drink a whole lot. I think I had like three cans of soda.”

Harry shifted his weight as he stood. “Um, yeah, I probably should go too.”

Louis looked over at Liam. “Are you coming too? It’s a party in the bathroom and everyone’s invited.”

Liam shook his head. “Nah, I’m all good mate.”

The three headed to the toilet, but Louis was stopped by one of the makeup artists. “Honey, let me touch up your makeup a bit.”

Louis watched Niall and Harry head off to relief while he was left behind.

He frowned at the makeup lady. “Why am I the only one that needs touching up?”
The makeup lady ran a brush over Louis’ face. “Because your face is all shiny. Now stand still, Love. I’ll be done in a sec.”

Louis wasn’t the type to stand still normally, so standing still with a fairly full bladder wasn’t going to happen.

Louis shifted his weight from one foot to the other as he waited to be done. The “I’ll be done in a sec” turned into “let me just do a quick thing to your hair” and Louis tried his best not to think about toilets as he waited.

Just as she finished, Niall and Harry passed him by. Niall grabbed Louis’ arm and started to drag him the opposite direction of the toilets. Louis tried to protest. “Ni, wait!”

Niall kept dragging him. “We gotta get back. The meet and greet started and we left Liam all alone out there. He’s going to get eaten alive!”

When they got back Liam gave them a wave, calmly taking pictures and signing autographs.

The three missing lads sat back down and joined Liam, signing autographs and taking pictures with their eager fans.

After a few minutes the line backed up in front of Harry when his marker went dry and it needed to be replaced. Liam used this brief pause to whisper to Louis. “You ok? You look kind of…”

Louis winced. “Kind of desperate to wee? Yeah, that’s because I am.”

Liam smirked. “A little cranky too.”

Louis sighed. “I’m not cranky, I just have to go really bad and…” He turned to face Liam. “Do you think I’m shinier than everyone else?”

Liam spoke slowly. “Lou, I don’t know what on Earth you’re talking about.”

Louis crossed his legs tightly (which wasn’t missed by Liam). “The makeup lady pulled me over to fix my makeup, but she didn’t pull over Niall and Harry.”

Liam sang. “Don’t need make up… to cover up… being the way that are you is eno-o-ough.”

Louis rolled his eyes. “You’re such a cheeseball.”

Liam tried to casually redirect the conversation. “So you didn’t get a chance to use the toilet?”

Louis tilted his head back and whined. “Nooo and I really have to pee.”

Right as Louis leaned his head back and spoke, the line started to move again and a wide eyed girl was standing in front of him. Her squealing made him jerk his head forward quickly. “Oh… my… GOD!!! I’ve been waiting like forever on line to see you guys and I have to pee really bad too. Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God! Louis has to pee really bad just like me!!!”

At this point the girl was practically screaming.

A dozen other girls in line started to join her squeals. “I have too pee too!” “Me too!” “Louis, Louis, I have to pee too!!”

Louis bit his lip. “Well this is a tad embarrassing.”
Harry leaned over to whisper. “Didn’t you go when Niall and I did?”

Louis bounced his knees. “I didn’t because I’m shiny.”

Harry scrunched his eyebrows. “What?”

Louis signed an autograph for the girl in front of him and a girl further back in line yelled out. “Louis, are you going to leave the meet and greet early?”

Louis spoke as he smiled for a photo. “If all of you can hold it so can I.”

Someone else in line cheered. “Louis, you’re awesome. You’re a hero!”

Louis mumbled under his breath. “This can’t possibly get any worse.”

Harry put a hand on Louis’ trembling knee. “Do you want us to stop so you can, you know, um, go?”

Louis lied. “No. I’m totally fine. I’ll hold it and hope for the best.”

Louis probably would have been ok if he just had to sit calmly and sign a few more autographs, but every fan wanted a hug and One Direction were never rude to their fans, so Louis kept alternating between sitting and standing. Each time he rose to stand, his level of desperation rose a notch.

He tried hard not to think about the pounding pressure in his bladder, but every time a fan would give him a hug they would comment on how much they had to pee too, or how happy they were that he would wait to pee until all the fans got a chance to meet them.

All this talk about peeing made Louis smile a bit harder to cover up grimacing, and cross his legs even tighter each time he stood.

When the last fan approached him, he took a deep breath in. He put a hand over his swollen bladder and it felt oddly similar to a football. He winced as he moved his hand away.

_OK, last fan. I’ll give her a hug and then I’ll sprint across this room as fast as I can. It’s just like when I run on the football field. The only difference is I can’t dribble._

He shivered at his own poor choice of words, but was snapped back into reality when he was smothered by a bear hug.

Louis gave the eager fan a friendly hug back, but when he pulled away the sudden jolt to his bladder was anything, but friendly. He leaned over, hoping that a pitched forward position would calm the storm, but another wave of desperation hit him. He knew that he had to literally hold back the flow, but didn’t have enough time to race out of the room before he did.

He tried to save as much dignity as he could by turning around before he shoved his hands frantically between his legs. His boyfriend, Liam, gave him a helpful assist by standing in front of him. Louis wasn’t fully blocked from the eagle eyes of the last few fans that had stuck around in the room, but he couldn’t help doing a full on dance to keep it together.

He tried to save as much dignity as he could by turning around before he shoved his hands frantically between his legs. His boyfriend, Liam, gave him a helpful assist by standing in front of him. Louis wasn’t fully blocked from the eagle eyes of the last few fans that had stuck around in the room, but he couldn’t help doing a full on dance to keep it together.

When he felt the urge to go decrease by just a fraction, he gave a quick apology and made an even quicker exit. As he raced down the hallway, he knew it was a race between him and his bladder. Running with a full bladder was almost enough to make Louis lose it right there, but he was way too competitive to lose, so he tapped into a reserve he didn’t even know he had.
He pushed the bathroom door open as his bladder pushed him right to the limits of control and staggered into the door. He hadn’t even realized Liam was following him until he heard Liam locking the door behind them.

Louis saw a line of urinals to his left and a row of stalls to his right, but he couldn’t move a muscle in either direction.

He slouched his shoulders forward and hung his head. “Li, I can’t hold it anymore.”

Liam pushed Louis against the wall and kissed him so suddenly… so aggressively… that Louis gasped. Gasping caused Louis to tighten every muscle in his body involuntarily as Liam deepened the kiss. Liam continued to work his lips against Louis’ and worked his hands on Louis’ zipper.

Liam continued to distract every part of Louis, including his bladder, as he freed Louis from the constraints of his jeans.

Louis was short enough that Liam could lift him off the ground without ending the kiss, so he carried him that way into the toilet stall. He spun Louis around so the poor boy was facing the toilet and kissed the back of Louis’ neck as he finally took his overdue pee.

Liam placed his hand on Louis’ bladder to help, and Louis put his own hand over Liam’s.

Louis continued to fill the bowl and mumbled. “Are you watching me take a wee?”

Liam smiled. “No. I only look if I’m given permission. I’m a gentleman.”

Louis laughed. “Gentleman my butt. You’re just afraid that if you take a peek then you’re going be too riled up to leave this bathroom.”

Liam smiled as he pushed down gently against Louis bladder. “Believe what you want, Love.”

Louis winced as the gentle push increased the speed of his flow. “I can tell you one thing. My bladder is more than happy to meet and greet this toilet right here.”

Louis’ sarcasm adopted a more genuine tone. Liam always had that effect on him. “I couldn’t have done this without you Li.”

Liam give Louis’ neck another kiss. “You were the one that scored the goal. I just offered the assist.”

Louis moaned. “Football metaphors? Geez, what are you trying to do to me?”

Liam gave Louis another kiss and smirked. “Just hoping I can score tonight as well.”

Chapter End Notes

Two chapters are better than one :) I had a lot of free time this week (not today though so I'm rushing a bit to post this this early). Thanks again for everything!
Scenario 18 At a Meeting

Louis was still peeing when there was a knock on the door. Harry’s muffled voice came from the other side. “Lou, you have to hurry up. Management said they want us to have a meeting right away.”

Liam had planned to take a quick pee after Louis was done, but the fear of management calling an emergency meeting was enough to halt any thoughts of going. Fear was something that definitely made Liam more than a bit bladder shy.

Liam walked toward the door as he spoke to Louis. “I’ll head over to the meeting with Niall and Harry. You finish up and join us.”

Liam followed Harry into a large conference room. The room was nothing more than a long table with chairs all around it. Management hadn’t arrived yet, so only Niall was there to greet them.

Niall was chewing on a piece of taffy. “Hey, where’s Louis?”

Liam sat down on one of the chairs. “He’s still filling the pot with gold.”

Niall laughed. “That’s a good one.”

Harry sat next to Niall. “Do you know what this meeting is going to be about?”

Niall nodded. “Yeah, it’s something about the next album. They want us to start acting more mature, so we can do some dumb thing and have whatever. Yeah, I wasn’t really paying that much attention.”

Liam looked at the water glass sitting in front of him and felt his bladder twitch. He focused back on Niall. “Maybe management’s right. It wouldn’t hurt to try and act more mature.”

Niall held up a pair of fuzzy handcuffs. “These things are pretty mature.”

Harry laughed. “Where did you get those?”

Niall opened one of the handcuff rings. “A fan gave me this pair a couple of minutes ago.” Niall walked over to Liam. “So you want to be more mature, huh? You can’t get more adult than these things.”

Liam frowned. “That’s not what I mean by mature. I’m talking about . . .”

He was cut off by Niall cuffing Liam’s wrist with one of the handcuff rings and snapping the other ring to the chair.

Liam pulled against the handcuffs and was surprised by how strong they were. “You better have the key.”

Harry examined the cuffs. “You don’t really need a key. These kind of handcuffs always have a release switch somewhere. They’re metal, but I’m pretty sure they’re the fake kind.”
Liam wondered how Harry knew so much about novelty handcuffs, but decided to leave that question unasked and unanswered. Harry continued to look at the handcuffs, but his silence was starting to worry Liam.

Harry frowned. “These aren’t real handcuffs, but I can’t seem to find the release switch.”

Louis walked in the room. “Hey fellas.” He looked at Liam, bound to the chair. “Wow, that’s a little kinky don’t you think?”

Before Liam could answer, a few executives entered through the door on the opposite side of the room and sat down. Liam scooted his chair closer to the table, to hide his handcuffed wrist from view.

Harry kept his voice low. “I’ll have you out of those things after the meeting.”

Liam’s bladder gave another pulse.

He never would have asked to be excused from a meeting for a bathroom break, but now that the option was taken away, he was feeling really panicked.

The room was filled with some of the most influential people in his career and poor Liam was sitting there with a full bladder, handcuffed to a chair, trying to prove how One Direction was ready to take a more mature direction in their music.

Liam forced himself to hide his desperate squirming and his handcuffed antics under the table. His bladder shyness had prevented him from using the toilet before, but now his screaming bladder was anything but shy.

As the meeting dragged on Liam started to get more and more desperate. He was covering up his need pretty well from everyone else in the room, but Harry was sort of a ‘gotta pee’ expert so he picked up on Liam’s subtle fidgeting. Harry also noticed that Liam’s hand was starting to shake and was causing the metal handcuff bracelet to jingle against the metal arm of the chair.

Liam squeezed his thighs together and leaned forward and Harry was almost positive he heard Liam let out a soft whine.

When Harry was positive that management wasn’t looking their way, he whispered to Liam. “Are you going to be ok?”

Liam gave the fakest smile in the world. “Absolutely. No worries mate.”

Harry whispered back. “Are you sure?”

Liam winced. “No. I’m about to flood my pants any minute.”

Harry bit his lip. “Maybe you should ask for permission to leave.”

Liam crossed his legs tightly. “Even if I was brave enough to admit that I’m dying for a wee in front of a room full of people, I’m still connected to this chair. I think that going in my pants is better than racing to the toilet, dragging a chair behind me.”

Harry nodded. “I have to go again too. If it makes you feel better I can cross my legs and bounce around in my chair.”

Liam blushed. “I’m not turned on by everything pee related.”
Harry frowned. “But Lou said -.”

Liam blushed a little more. “Please don’t finish that sentence. I’m scared to think what he told you. Let’s just say that some settings are more appealing than others.”

Liam suddenly heard his name and was reminded of his current setting. He cleared his throat. “Um, can you repeat that that? I didn’t quite catch it.”

Liam proceeded to answer a few tough questions about the future of One Direction’s music, as he fought back even tougher urges inside of him.

While Liam tried to sweet-talk the executives, Harry slid his hand under the table and reached for the arm of Liam’s chair. He felt around for the handcuff link that was connected to the chair, but his fingers first grazed over Liam’s hand. Liam’s hand was tightly gripping the chair and Harry was pretty sure that Liam’s other hand was tightly gripping something else.

Harry gave his friend’s hand a reassuring pat and then followed the chain of the handcuff to find the link that was attached to the chair. He ran his fingers around the edge of the metal ring and tried desperately to find some kind of release switch.

Liam’s hand starting shaking again either from the strain of holding it in or the strain of squeezing the arm of the chair with a vice grip.

Harry tried not to focus too hard on Liam’s squirming because his own bladder wasn’t exactly empty.

He glanced over at Liam, who was speaking with an amazing amount of calm in his voice. Harry couldn’t help, but admire how composed Liam was. Harry knew that Liam was well beyond the point of carrying on a normal conversation, but despite that, Liam was putting on a brave act.

Liam closed his eyes, pretending like he needed a moment to ponder something, but Harry knew better. Liam pressed his knees together and rocked his legs from side to side and Harry knew Liam must have crossed over into a new level of desperation.

Harry’s fingers finally found something that felt like a grove. He pressed against it and the handcuff link released from the chair with a clang.

Harry yelled out “Yes!”

All eyes shifted to Harry and he blushed. “Sorry. I just, um, was thinking of something else and, um… sorry.”

Liam put the hand with the handcuffs dangling from it behind his back and stood quickly. He spoke so quickly that he wasn’t even sure if his words were understandable. “If you’ll excuse me, my phone’s vibrating and I think it’s an emergency. I have to go.”

The phone part may have been a lie, but the going part wasn’t. By the time he reached the bathroom he had to go so badly that he was limping through the door. He was greeted with the same empty bathroom that Louis had and he felt lucky for the first time today.

He gritted his teeth and gave himself one last pep talk.

*Just fight it off… a little… longer…*

Liam glanced over at the urinals, but knew his legs weren’t stable enough to stand. He staggered
over to the stall and started to go before he sat down. His aim was way off, not to mention that he hadn’t peed sitting down since he was a little kid, so he started to leak a pretty sizeable puddle onto the floor.

He grunted as he readjusted himself and successfully angled himself the right way.

He let out a loud, satisfied moan and began to drift away into his own private happy place.

The problem with having three best mates is that you’re never in your own private any place for long.

Niall pushed open the door, followed by Harry and Louis. Niall looked around. “Li? Are you in here?”

Liam tried to kick the stall door closed with his foot, but it closed with a bang and then swung back open.

Niall spotted Liam, but shielded his eyes. “Oh geez, sorry. You’re, um, peeing right?”

Liam grunted an ‘uh huh’, too embarrassed to say more.

Louis smirked. “Wow, Li. I thought Niall was the only one here that wees siting down.”

Niall pouted out his lip. “I do not! How did that rumor get started?”

Louis laughed. “I take credit for starting that one.” Louis’ eyes shifted back to Liam. “Looks like you missed a bit, mate.”

Liam groaned. “Is it your life’s goal to embarrass me?”

Louis grinned. “You’re sitting on a toilet, taking a wee, with a pair of handcuffs hanging from your wrist. You make it way too easy, buddy.” He then mouthed the words ‘I still love you’.

Liam mouthed back ‘whatever’.

Niall frowned. “We didn’t come here to embarrass you. You looked so weird when you ran out of the room, so we got worried. Harry said that you went to the toilet so we had to make sure you were ok.”

Harry walked in front of a urinal and unzipped his jeans. “Yeah, um, I might have had more than one reason to come in here and check on you.”

Liam sighed as he started to pee again. Whenever he held it for a long time he would pee like crazy and then have a minute or two break before a second wave of pee started.

Liam blinked his eyes open when he was finally done and saw Louis standing in front of him. Louis was the only one in the room.

Liam smirked. “Were you watching me take a wee?”

Louis winked. “Absolutely. I’m no gentleman.”

Chapter End Notes
Again, I'm sorry these two chapter posts are rushed, but I don't have much time. I'll edit it tonight and make both chapters look all pretty with titles and proofreading and all of that nice stuff.
Once You Start, It All Comes Out

Chapter Summary

Will Niall finally tell Harry how he feels? :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scenario #19 During A Guided Tour

Niall folded his hands on the kitchen table and put his head on them. “Mum, I’ve got this massive crush on Harry.”

Niall’s mother smiled. “I’m sure you and half of the world have a crush on Harry Styles.”

Niall turned his head to look out of the kitchen window. “Yeah, but what if he’s not crushing back on me?”

Niall’s mother was quiet for a moment, so Niall continued to stare at the object of his affection.

Harry, Louis, and Liam were outside playing a game of football that turned into more of a game of running around and screaming. Niall had decided not to play with the others so he could talk to his mom. He was planning on taking the guys on a guided tour of the most beautiful countryside that Ireland had. The beautiful countryside is also the place that Niall wanted to tell Harry about his feelings. He just hoped a pep talk from mom would make him feel a little more confident.

Niall’s mother smiled. “Remember how scared you were when you tried out for the X-factor? Aren’t you glad you took a chance on that? Telling Harry how you feel is a chance you don’t want to miss.”

Niall sighed. “That’s such a mum thing to say.”

She ruffled Niall’s hair. “I’ve had the mum job for quite a while. I better be good at it by now.”

Niall smiled as he looked out of the window again. “Mum, do you like Harry?”

Niall’s mother smiled as she watched Harry doing some kind of victory dance. “He’s a sweet boy, honey.”

Harry pulled down his skinny jeans and mooned Louis and Liam.

Niall’s mother laughed. “A little cheeky sometimes.”

Niall spent the rest of the day rehearsing what he was going to say to Harry.

When it was finally time to go, Niall made sure he was dressed nicely. Harry had once told him that he looked ‘quite dashing’ in green, so he made sure that he was wearing his green shirt with a pair of new jeans. It was a little breezy so everyone decided to wear hoodies as well.
He had rehearsed the speech he was going to say to Harry to the point of memorization, but he wrote key points on a piece of paper in case he forgot something. He folded the scrap of paper and put it in his pocket. He had a feeling he would be crying when he confessed his feelings so he stuffed a few tissues in his pocket as well.

Niall sat next to his friends in the back of the car, but he was barely listening to what they were saying. His mind was on Harry.

When they reached to main building of the guided tour Niall took a deep breath and reviewed the plan in his head. Niall knew about this tour because he came here one year as a class trip, but this location is also a popular place to propose. There’s a beautiful area by a waterfall that couples go to to pop the question. Not only is the waterfall breathtaking on it’s own, but on most days the falling water creates a beautiful rainbow at the bottom.

Niall’s plan was simple. The four boys would take the tour and when they reached the area close to the waterfall, Niall and Harry would split from the group. Niall was going to pretend that they were sneaking off so Harry wouldn’t get suspicious. When the two would make their way to the waterfall, Niall would serenade Harry with the song he wrote. Niall had asked security to drop off his guitar last night so everything was in place.

Niall was still caught up in his own thoughts when Liam pulled him to the side. Liam made sure Louis and Harry were distracted by conversation before he spoke to Niall. “You have to pull it together mate. Harry’s going to know something is wrong.”

Niall bit his lip. “I-I don’t know if I can do this, Li. I can’t stop shaking. I’m freaking out. What if Harry doesn’t like me the way that I like him? What if I make a fool of myself?”

Liam smiled. “Harry is definitely interested in you, trust me. Now let’s go over to the others and start the tour so you can confess your undying love to Harry.”

Niall felt his hands starting to shake again. “Not helping, Li.”

The two walked over to Louis and Harry.

Louis looked up from the brochure that he and Harry were studying. “It says that the tour is 30 minutes of educational fun. That means it’s going to feel like five hours.”

Liam took the brochure and hit Louis on the head with it. “It might do you some good to learn something.”

Louis smirked. “Says the guy that thought Japan was next to Australia.”

Liam rolled his eyes. “You’re never going to let me live that one down.”

Louis shook his head. “Never.” He stuck a ‘Hello My name Is Liam’ sticker on Liam’s chest. “We all need to wear these.”

Harry stuck Niall’s sticker on his chest and Niall hoped Harry wouldn’t feel how hard his heart was beating. Harry leaned in and Niall gasped. *Is Harry going to kiss me?*

Harry’s lips moved close enough to Niall’s to make the poor boy’s heart flutter, but Harry’s lips angled away from Niall’s and settled next to his ear. Harry whispered. “Ni, do you know where the toilet is?”

Niall gave a disappointed groan. A completely random kiss from Harry wasn’t something he would
have ever expected, but now it was something he wanted more than anything. The lobby was practically a ghost town because people really weren’t interested in an educational experience and there were no romantic couples milling around, so a moment of PDA with Harry wouldn’t be really public at all.

Niall caught a glimpse of Harry blushing and instantly realized that Harry thought the groan of disappointment was a groan of impatience. Harry shifted his weight. “Um, never mind. I can wait.”

Niall shook his head. “No, it’s cool. I don’t mind if you take a wee. I think weeing is awesome.”

Harry responded with a deeper blush.

Niall smiled. “So, um, yeah. The toilets are on the other side of the building. I’ll go with you.”

Niall led the way to the toilets, but they were greeted with a ‘Temporarily Closed’ sign hanging from the door. Niall’s eyes shifted to Harry just in time to see Harry cross his legs and then uncross them quickly.

Niall looked back at the sign and gave the door a push, hoping the sign was a lie. The door didn’t budge, proving that the bathroom wasn’t accessible.

Niall turned to face Harry. “At the end of the tour we end up in another building. Can you hold it till we get there?”

Harry smiled. “I can wait.”

Niall wasn’t sure if Harry was telling the truth, but there really weren’t many other options. Harry wasn’t doing any kind of desperate to pee dance and this was the second time that he said he could wait. Niall was sure that he saw Harry cross his legs, but maybe he just felt like he had to go really badly for a second because he was in front of a locked door. Psychologically a locked bathroom door always makes a person have to pee more.

Niall decided to believe that Harry could wait and the two went back to join the group.

The tour started and Niall’s mind started to drift from Harry’s bladder to Harry’s heart. The tour guide’s voice was drowned out by the melody of the song that Niall was dying to play. Niall glanced over at Harry and noticed his friend was dying to do something as well.

Harry hands were in the pockets of his hoodie and he was leaning forward with a stressed look on his face.

Niall whispered. “Haz, you ok?”

Harry bounced on his toes. “Yeah, just a little cold.”

As the guided tour continued, it was becoming obvious that ‘just a little cold’ meant ‘dying to take a wee’. Every time the tour guide would stop to talk about something, Harry would squeeze his thighs together and bounce on his toes. After a while he switched from thigh squeezing to bouncing on crossed legs, and then from bouncing to marching in place. Liam and Louis didn’t know that the bathroom was locked, so they thought Harry was just cold. Niall knew that midway through the tour, he was going to breakaway to the romantic location so he knew Harry wouldn’t have to hold it much longer.

By the time they reached the midway point, Niall’s nervous fidgeting was almost as bad as Harry’s. Niall gave the tour guide the signal that they were leaving and the tour guide gave a slight
Niall took a deep breath and tried to calm his nerves. “Hey, you want to sneak away for a minute?”

Harry shook his head as his knees knocked together. “We should stay with the others.”

Niall smiled. “Oh c’mon. It’ll be fun. When I came here when I was in school, we would sneak off and no one would even notice.”

Niall tried a different angle. “I know you have to take a wee.”

Harry crossed his legs tightly and bent forward. The mere mention of wee made his bladder pulse desperately.

Niall put a hand on Harry’s shoulder. “We can separate from the tour so you can take a quick leak.”

Harry blushed. “I’m ok. I can hold it until we’re done.”

Niall didn’t want to torture poor Harry, but he needed him to take the path to the waterfall. That meant they needed to split from the group.

Niall didn’t want to say what he was about to, but he had no choice. “So you don’t desperately, urgently, overwhelmingly need the toilet?”

Harry held back a whimper. “No.”

Niall continued, hoping that Harry would give in before he had to push things too far. “You know, when I have to take a wee really bad, I just can’t think about anything else. It’s this constant rumbling in my gut that I can’t ignore. There was this one time that I had to take a massive wee. It was madness trying to hold it all in. My legs were shaking so bad that I thought all the liquid was just going to spill right out of me. It didn’t though. All that wee just stayed inside and the pressure against my junk was so bad that my eyes started to tear up.”

Harry was grabbing himself through his hoodie pockets at this point.

Niall chewed on his fingers. “Look, I know you’re about to pee your pants. You don’t have to be embarrassed.”

Harry looked behind him and saw that the Louis, Liam, and the tour guide were already gone. He looked back at Niall and tried to sniff away the tears. “I can’t even hold it in for a 45 minute tour. I’m such a…” He trailed off as he started to cry. Crying made the urge to pee so much worse so he had to crouch down on the ground so he wouldn’t pee his pants right there.

Niall knelt down next to him and gave him a kiss on the side of the head and finished Harry’s sentence. “You’re such an amazingly strong person that’s dealing with a difficult problem. I know that you have to wee really bad sometimes, but it’s ok. There are so many things that I love about you and how you deal with something tough like this is one of them.”

Harry looked up, his green eyes swimming in tears. “Ni, there’s something I want to tell you.”

Niall helped Harry to his feet. “If it’s anything other than ‘I’m going to pee right against that tree...”
over there’ then I don’t want to hear it.”

Harry smiled that dimpled smile that drove Niall crazy. “I really can’t hold it much longer.”

Niall laughed. “You don’t need my permission Haz. Just go already.”

Harry walked over to the nearest tree and did exactly what Niall had said to do.

Harry walked back to Niall. Niall put his hands on Harry’s shoulders. “Is your bladder all empty and comfortable?”

Harry nodded.

Niall grinned. “Good. I have something to show you. Follow me.”

Niall led Harry through thick patches of bushes and trees until they reached the most beautiful waterfall Harry had ever seen.

Harry reached into his back pocket and took out his phone. “I have to take a picture of this. It’s so pretty.”

He clicked a few pictures. “This is so much better than the rest of the tour. Why doesn’t the tour come through here?”

Niall tried to keep his voice steady. “This area is special. It’s for a different kind of thing.”

The sound of Niall’s voice cracking made Harry put his phone down and look over. “Ni, are you ok?”

Niall pulled out his guitar from behind one of the bushes. He started to play the song. Harry recognized it as the song that they all squished into the shower to hear. Harry had also seen enough romantic movies to have a good idea where this was going.

Tears started to roll down Harry’s cheeks for the second time today as Niall continued to play the most beautiful song Harry had ever heard. Niall’s hands were shaking too much to play all of the right notes, but even the mistakes made Harry smile. Each time Niall would mess up, he would pout out his lip, mutter a curse, and try to get the song back on track.

When he finally got to the end of the song, he swung the guitar to his back and looked Harry in the eyes. “Harry, I meant what I said before. I really look up to you, like how awesome you’re being about the weeing thing that you got. It took a lot for you to be honest with me even though I know that it embarrasses the heck out of you. Don’t ever think that your bladder problem is something that makes you weak or a baby or anything bad like that, because it inspired me to do this.”

Niall stepped close to Harry and kissed him softly on the lips. He slipped his arms around Harry’s waist and let his lips do what they wanted to for as long as he could remember. He was so focused on showing Harry how he felt that he didn’t realize that Harry was just as eager to share his own feelings during the kiss. Harry’s gentle hums of encouragement made it nearly impossible for Niall to pull away, but Niall hadn’t actually finished what he set out to do. He hadn’t actually asked Harry to be his boyfriend yet.

Niall ended the kiss and moved his hands from around Harry’s waist to holding his hands. Niall took a deep breath. “Harry Edward Styles…” Niall was pretty sure he heard an ‘aww’ that sounded a lot like Louis from behind the bushes.
Niall started over. “Harry Edward Styles, when I met you I was hoping so hard that we’d be friends. When we got in a group together I was hoping we’d be best mates. When I saw how well you got on with Louis I hoped that you’d have room in your life for more than one best mate. When you said during an interview that you had had four best mates, I hoped that we could be more than best mates. So I waited. I waited to tell you how I really feel, but I can’t wait anymore. I just…”

Niall took a deep breath and knelt down on one knee. “…I just can’t wait any longer. I’m so nervous that my hands are shaking and I feel like I’m about to pee my pants, but I just gotta tell you that I got all kinds of feelings for you. I don’t know if you like me or if you even like guys, but I can’t hold it in any more Harry. I’m like ready to explode.”

Harry smiled. “I know the feeling.”

Niall laughed. “Yeah, I’m sure you do. Ok, well here goes nothing. Harry, I want you to be my boyfriend. I want to be the person you think of when you sing those love songs, because you’re already the person I think of. I want to give you my heart and trade it for yours. I want to kiss you goodnight and know that there’s a kiss ready for me the next morning. Harry, I’m down on one knee asking you to be my boyfriend and I promise you that if you say yes… one day in the future I’ll be down on one knee… asking you for more.”

Niall couldn’t stop the tears at that point, but he wasn’t crying half as hard as Harry. Harry knelt down and wrapped his arms around Niall, almost knocking him down. The hug jarred the guitar on Niall’s back and a less than pleasant sound resonated from the instrument, but Harry kissed Niall so passionately that the sound coming from Niall was anything but unpleasant.

Niall regretfully had to push away from a kiss from Harry for the second time today. He stayed kneeling on one knee as Harry was on the ground with him, looking eye to eye.

Niall’s voice sounded breathless. “Yeah, well, since I’m down on one knee asking you to be my boyfriend, do you think you could maybe give me an answer quick? I got a bad knee, you know. So what do you say? You want to give it a shot?”

Harry nodded. “Yes. Of course. I’ll absolutely be your boyfriend.”

Niall nervously ran his hands through his blond hair. “Um, I don’t got a ring or nothing.”

Harry smiled. “I think I know something even better.”

Harry led Niall to the waterfall and the two sat next on the rocks.

Niall lifted an eyebrow. “You want to make a wish on the rainbow?”

Harry laughed and searched for a rock. “I’m a little more original than that Ni.”

While Niall waited for Harry to finish searching he made a quick wish anyway.

Harry held a tiny pebble in his hand. “This one is perfect.” He slowly lifted Niall’s guitar off of his shoulders and flipped it over. Harry took the sharp edge of the rock and carved his name on the wooden guitar.

Harry smiled. “When you play the guitar my name will be right next to your heart.”

Niall ran his fingers across his boyfriend’s name. “This part of the guitar isn’t next to my heart, it’s right up against my junk.”
Harry smiled that dimpled smile. “Even better.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was a little light on the omorashi and heavy on the feels. Next week will be a lot more lighthearted. So I tried to make this as romantic as I could, but still bring in the humor. I hope you guys like it. Next chapter is a shopping kind of double date with the four guys. Thanks again for reading!
Chapter Summary

Liam might have a bit of a secret.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**Scenario #20 At a Birthday Party**

Niall winced as the tattoo gun grazed against his skin. He looked at the ornate H that was being branded right below his shoulder and squeezed his eyes shut again.

Harry continued to move the tattoo gun against Niall’s skin. “How you holding up Ni?”

Niall whined. “As long as I don’t look, then it’s not so bad.”

Liam smiled from across the room. “It’s almost done mate. You’re doing just fine.”

Niall bit his lip. He had confessed his feelings for Harry just yesterday, but he was pretty sure that letting Harry tattoo him was a new level of devotion.

Niall whined as he felt the tattoo gun move against his arm. “Geez, this is worse than I thought.”

Louis laughed from across the room. “Imagine what it would feel like if Harry was using a real tattoo gun instead of an airbrush.”

Niall cracked an eye open. “It’s not an airbrush, it’s a fine tipped marker and it feels close enough to a needle to me. Plus it’s really cold. Besides, a tattoo is a tattoo.”

Louis raised an eyebrow. “Even if it washes off in the shower?”

Niall shook his head. “This paint says it’s guaranteed not to fade for at least five washes.”

Louis leaned against the wall of the warehouse and picked up an inflatable sword. “You’re a brave knight, Sir Horan.”

It was Niall’s nephew’s birthday and Niall’s brother had rented out a party building for the special day. One Direction was a little too high profile to be outside for the party so it was best to party indoors. Niall had volunteered his three bandmates to help decorate the building, so they had all woken up early to prepare the building for the special day. The owner of the building gave the boys a key to get in and permission to decorate the space.

Harry continued to draw on Niall’s arm. The ‘tattoo gun’ was another fun party activity, like face painting.

He carefully drew the final loop of the H. “All done.”

Niall sighed in relief as he admired Harry’s work.
Harry smiled. “You did great, Ni.”

Louis rolled his eyes at Harry. “He’s crying over a freakin’ marker. You’re just defending him because he’s your boyfriend now.”

Harry smiled. “You bet your world famous bum I am.”

Louis looked over his shoulder at his butt. “It is pretty world famous isn’t it?”

Liam smirked. “Why don’t you get your head out of it and help me blow up these balloons?”

Louis narrowed his eyes. “Why don’t you kiss it and then ask me for help nicely?”

Liam grabbed Louis by the waist. “Come here sassy.”

Louis giggled and tried to squirm out of Liam’s grip. “Let go. I’m mad at you.”

Harry sat down at one of the tables, picked up a blue balloon, and started to inflate it.

Niall sat down next to him and put a party hat on. “Little Theo’s gonna be so excited.” He started to blow air into a green balloon.

Louis sat across from him, picked up a red one, and did the same.

Liam was the last to sit. He picked up a yellow balloon and the thought of inflating it made him wince.

Liam had been so focused on dragging his friends out of the house and into the car that he skipped his morning trip to the toilet. The ride was bumpy enough for him to really regret that decision, but he had figured that he would hit the bathroom as soon as they reached the party building. Unfortunately the owner gave them the keys to the building, but not the restrooms.

Liam wasn’t usually too shy to admit when he needed a toilet, but they had just left the house. He really should have peed before he left. He was afraid that admitting that he had a full bladder so soon just made him look irresponsible.

He swallowed the lump in his throat instead of his pride and deposited a few cautious puffs of air into the balloon.

Louis smirked. “I know you can blow better than that.”

Liam’s head whipped over to face Louis, but in doing so, Liam’s lips separated from the balloon and the air rushed out causing a loud sound.

Liam cringed at the feeling that the release of air had on his overinflated bladder. Niall had the opposite reaction and started laughing hysterically. “Ha ha ha. Li, I thought you farted.”

Niall continued to laugh way too hard over that.

Liam pressed his thighs together and hoped that the attention was shifted away from him as the liquid river shifted inside of him.

Liam started to inflate the balloon once again, and the pressure swelled along with the balloon. He closed his eyes as he filled a few more. The last thing he wanted to see was the rubber stretching as the air filled reminders of his situation expanded.
Louis looked over at Liam. “Are you ok? You look like you’re in pain.”

Liam wanted to admit that if his bladder filled anymore he was going to pop like the balloons that surrounded him, but instead he just shrugged. “Um, my throat’s a bit sore.”

Louis held up a water bottle. “You can have some of this. Actually you can have all of it. If you’re getting sick just drink the whole thing. I don’t want to get a cold.”

Liam shook his head. The last thing he wanted or needed was more liquid. He wanted to grab himself so badly, but he resisted the urge.

After telling Louis that he was a little ill, it was easier to get away with fidgeting and squirming without raising suspicions. He continued his desperate jitters until he heard the sound of liquid dripping onto the floor.

He gasped as both hands shot to his crotch, but surprisingly it was dry. He breathed a sigh of relief, but the sound of liquid hitting the floor was still taunting his self-control.

He looked in the direction of the sound and saw Niall pouring a bottle of water into a balloon. The best way to do something like that would be to stretch the balloon opening over the rim of the bottle, but Niall was trying to pour the water into the small opening of the balloon instead. Half of the liquid was going into the intended target and half was spilling onto the floor.

Liam grabbed himself tightly and leaned forward. He groaned loud enough for three pairs of eyes to look over at him.

Harry was the first to speak. “Liam, um, do you have to use the toilet?”

Liam blushed while still bent over. “Yeah mate, just a bit. Niall can you ease up on the water?”

Niall looked at the water spilling from his bottle. The shock of Liam holding himself made Niall look up, along with the rest of the boys, but when he looked up he moved the bottle and all of the water was spilling down to the floor instead of in the balloon.

Niall snapped the bottle to an upright position and Liam slowly straightened to an upright position as well.

Harry voice was soft. There was no judgement in his tone, just curiosity. “Are you holding it for like fun or something?”

Liam wanted to say no, but he was too embarrassed to speak.

Harry tried again. “Because, if you are we can maybe leave you alone. We can pretend that we don’t know if you want. If this is a game you play with Lou then Niall and I can just, like, um ignore you guys and let you play.”

Louis smirked when Harry had said the word play, but Liam found his voice just in time to prevent Louis from saying something inappropriate. “No, it’s nothing like that. The restrooms are locked and I have to go, but it’s nothing I can’t handle. It’s just when Niall was spilling water on the floor…” Liam shivered at the memory, and hoped the others didn’t notice. “…the sound of that was a tad uncomfortable. It’s all good though. I’m all good.”

Niall extended his arm, offering the half-filled water bottle to Liam. “You can use this if -.”

Liam cut him off. “No need. I’m all aces.”
Liam was usually very straightforward and honest so the others believed him when he said he was fine. They went back to decorating and Liam hid his need that much more. When they started decorating the tables with superhero themed place settings, Liam was so focused that he almost forgot about his full bladder.

When the room was almost completely decorated, there was a knock on the door. Liam walked over and the short trip reminded him of his bloated bladder.

He opened the door and tried not to cross legs. He was hoping that the person at the door was the building owner that would tell him where the keys were, but instead a man dressed as a magician was standing in front of him. The man looked more like a modern magician like Chris Angel than a guy in a tuxedo waving a wand.

Liam rocked his hips from side to side, trying to act casual. “Are you the magician?”

The magician smirked. “I’m an illusionist.”

Liam stepped aside. “Please come in.”

The magician walked in and the others gathered around. Niall squealed. “Oooo. Do some tricks!”

The magician pulled a coin from behind Niall’s ear. “Are you the birthday boy?”

Niall blushed. Maybe he was a bit too enthusiastic when he greeted him. “Uh, nope. I’m the Uncle. Hey, if you’re magic you should know that.”

Louis hit Niall on the back of the head. “He’s a magician, not a psychic.”

Liam crossed his legs, bouncing on his toes. It didn’t take a psychic to know that Liam had to pee badly. He tried to stand still, but he had to go too urgently. He wished that the man in the room could make his bladder disappear. If not his bladder, then the liquid inside of it.

The magician extended his arms out to his sides dramatically. “Would you like to learn a trick?”

Niall grinned. “Can you make a toilet appear? I think Liam needs one pretty badly.”

Liam blushed as he uncrossed his legs.

The magician faced Liam. “Give me your hand.”

Liam did as the man said, but with his legs uncrossed he had to shift his weight from one foot to another to an embarrassing degree.

The magician curled Liam’s hand into a fist and put his hand over it. His voice was commanding. “Think about what you want more than anything right now. Focus all of your energy on that.”

Liam really didn’t want to focus anymore thought to his bladder, but he followed the commands. The thought of pee made him cross his legs again, adding a bit more embarrassment to the situation.

The magician smiled. “Good. Now open you hand.”

Liam turned his fist palm side up and when he opened his hand there was a small golden key resting in his palm.

The magician smiled at Liam. “You have a little more magic than I thought.”
Liam didn’t have time to register what the man was saying. The only thing on his mind was jamming the magic key in the lock and seeing if it worked.

He gave the magician a thank you nod and made his way to the toilets. He didn’t run, but he didn’t take his time either.

Harry followed behind. “Do you think that guy did real magic? He said you were magical too. Do you have magic and you’ve been holding out on us?”

Liam inserted the key into the lock. “The only magic I’m going to do is make a lot of urine appear and then disappear.”

Harry smiled. “I know that trick too.”

Liam turned the lock and it opened with a click.

Harry gasped. “It really was magic.”

Liam walked into the bathroom. “The guy probably slipped me a skeleton key. Those kind of keys open anything.”

Harry leaned on the urinal that Liam was prepping to use. “I still think you’re magic.”

Liam positioned himself at the urinal, but didn’t start going. “Haz, can you back up a little? You’re kind of crowding me a bit, mate.”

Harry stepped to the side quickly. “Sorry. Didn’t mean to make you have to hold it longer.”

Liam’s answer was a strong spray of pee into the porcelain receptacle.

Louis walked in. “Did you make it to the toilet in time?”

Harry nodded. “He did. With a little bit of magic.”

Liam sighed from the feeling of slow relief, but cleared his throat to cover it up from his audience. He continued to go as he spoke. “There’s no such thing as magic.”

Louis smirked. “That’s exactly what someone who has magic would say.”

Harry’s face lit up.

Liam groaned. “Lou, stop encouraging him.”

Harry looked around. “Where’s Niall?”

Liam sighed. “Probably not in this bathroom watching a guy wee like a normal person.”

Louis started to fix his hair in the mirror. “Nope. Niall’s not normal, but that’s a conversation for another time. He’s actually with the magician. Mr. Magic thinks little Theo will love seeing his Uncle sawed in half, so Niall’s learning the choreography on that. You cram yourself on one side of the box so that - .”

Harry put his hands over his ears. “No, no, don’t tell me. I don’t want it spoiled.”

Liam rolled his eyes as the stream of pee continued to roll into the urinal. “If magic is real than why doesn’t the guy just really saw Niall in half?”
Louis shrugged. “Maybe that’s too advanced of a trick. He could probably get him in half, but not back together.”

Louis turned his attention to Harry. “If you could make Liam grant one wish…”

Liam zipped up and washed his hands. “I’m not a genie.”

Louis smirked. “If you could rub Liam and get him to use his magic, what would you ask for?”

Harry didn’t hesitate. “For Zayn to come back.”

There was a moment of silence before Louis nodded. “Me too, Haz.”

They both looked at Liam. Liam yelled. “Guys, I can’t do magic!”

Harry smiled. “There’s definitely something magical about One Direction.”

Louis groaned. “Oh God. If you start getting sappy I’ll saw you in half myself Haz.”

Harry laughed. “That’s ok. Liam will put me back together.”

Liam yelled after them. “I’M NOT MAGIC!!!!”

When they were a good distance away, Liam looked at the tiny key in his hand. He closed his fist and when he reopened it again, the key was gone.

He shook his head. “That’s impossible. There’s no such thing as magic… right?”

Chapter End Notes

I’m so sorry for not posting last week. Things got a little hectic, but I'm back. As usual, I'm deviating from my outline and the shopping chapter is going to turn into two birthday party chapters. Birthday Party chapter two is a stuck in traffic one, so I didn't deviate too far :) Thank you again to all of the people that continue to read this story. I hope that having to pee is still entertaining after 20 chapters :D
Chapter Summary

This chapter and following chapters may or may not include Zayn. You've been warned ;)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**Scenario #21 Stuck in Traffic**

Theo’s birthday party had gone really well. According to Niall’s mother, it went smashingly. The only problem was that little Theo started to cry when Niall was sawed in half. Niall tried to calm him down by showing him that the trick was fake, but Theo wasn’t having any of that. From that point on the poor boy clung to Niall’s neck and didn’t let go.

Niall was a really great uncle so he didn’t mind carrying the boy around if it kept him happy. Niall eventually had to pee, but every time he tried to hand Theo off to mom or dad, Theo would start to scream and cry. Niall didn’t want to traumatize the boy more than he already had been, so he held both the boy and a gradually filling bladder.

When the party was over, Niall was more than eager to let go of each. He was shocked that it was dark when he stepped out of the building. He was even more shocked when he looked at the time on his phone. He counted back the hours since he peed last and his bladder twitched when he reached six hours.

Niall handed a sleeping Theo to his brother and gave his sister-in-law a kiss goodbye. He turned to head back into the building, but he frowned when he saw the building owner locking up. He shifted his weight from side to side, wondering if he should ask the man if he could take a quick trip to the bathroom before he was locked out.

Before Niall could make a choice, Louis wrapped his arm around Niall’s shoulders. “Who wants to head home and go straight to bed? I’m so tired I can barely keep my eyes open.” He yawned, emphasizing his point.

Harry laughed. “You better stay awake. You’re the one driving.”

Louis yawned again. “Sit shotgun and you can keep me awake Curly.”

Harry raised an eyebrow. “Wouldn’t you rather have Liam sitting next to you?”

Louis smirked. “Only in the backseat, Harry.”

Harry covered his ears. “Oh God Lou. That is wrong on so many different levels!”

They all piled into the car. Niall had wanted to arrive to Theo’s party driving his new Jeep, but he had forgotten to fill up the gas tank after his last joyride so they had taken his mom’s car instead. Niall had also promised that he would let Louis drive on the way back.
They had traveled a grand total of five minutes before Niall whispered the Liam, “I have to take a leak. Do you think Lou will stop?”

Liam whispered back. “I’m sure he will, but you might have to put up with him making running water sounds till you get to a rest stop.”

Niall put his hands between his legs and bounced his knees. “I gotta go pretty bad, Li.”

Liam tried to look away, but Niall’s reflection was waiting for him in the window. Niall was the most open about announcing he had to pee of all of the guys. It wasn’t uncommon for Niall to stand up in front of the guys with his legs crossed and say he was bursting. It was something that Liam found a bit overwhelming sometimes. Being stuck sitting next to a squirming Niall definitely qualified as one of those times.

Liam tried not to blush too much. “I can tell Louis I have to go. This way, he can tease me instead of you.”

Niall rocked against his hand. “Nah, I can hold it until we get back. I just need to think about something else.”

Liam handed Niall his IPod. “You can borrow this mate. Just stick with the slow songs. I don’t think your bladder will appreciate my high intensity workout mix.”

Niall put the earbuds in and smiled. “I’ll steer clear of the House music too.”

Liam frowned. “I don’t listen to …” He trailed off, knowing that he was drowned out by his own IPod.

While Niall let the music soothe the pounding of his bladder Liam let his attention focus on his friends in the front seat. Liam was sitting behind Louis, so he could only see him through the rearview mirror.

Liam whispered to his boyfriend. “Niall has to use the restroom. Do you think you can maybe not tease him and just pull over to the next stop?”

Louis’ eyes shifted from the road to Niall’s reflection in the mirror. If Liam hadn’t said that Niall needed to pee, Louis would have just thought all of the bouncing in the seat was from one of Liam’s epic jams. Louis had stolen Liam’s IPod on many occasions. Sure Louis could have just downloaded the songs on his own IPod, but why go through all the trouble when he could just steal Liam’s.

Harry whispered. “Why are we whispering? Is Niall’s need to take a wee a secret?”

Liam shook his head. “He thinks Louis is going to tease him.”

Louis smirked. “He wouldn’t be wrong there.”

Liam kicked the back of Louis seat. “Don’t be a jerk.”

Louis laughed. “I hate to break it to you, but I’m a bit of a jerk sometimes.”

Harry looked back at Liam. “I’m hoping as his boyfriend, you can rub off on him.”

Louis bit his lip, trying not say something that would make Harry cover his ears again. “You guys make it too easy you know that?”
Liam sighed. “I’ll change the topic then. Harry, have you heard from the doctor yet? It’s been a while.”

Louis nodded. “Liam’s right. The doc seems to be taking his time with your results.”

Harry didn’t really want to look either of them in the eyes while discussing something so embarrassing, but they were both looking back with such genuine concern that Harry felt guilty of being shy in front of his best friends.

Louis took one hand off of the wheel and put it on Harry’s thigh. “Talk to us.”

Harry was a little apprehensive to talk, but it was a little easier to do knowing that Niall wasn’t listening.

Harry looked down at his lap. “So, um, I’m keeping a journal with all the times I go to the toilet and how urgent each time is during the day.”

Louis smirked. “You can photocopy that and give it to Liam for Christmas.”

Liam glared at Louis.

Harry ignored that comment. “I also have my phone set with an alarm to wake me up twice during the night to prevent, you know.”

Louis nodded. “Occasional nighttime wetting?”

Harry frowned. “Lou, please be serious.”

Louis held up his hands in mock surrender. “I’m not making fun of you. You told me that saying ‘wetting the bed’ made you feel bad.”

Harry cringed. “Occasional nighttime wetting is better?”

Louis shrugged. “They say it on commercials so, yeah?”

Liam sighed. “I think this is as serious as Louis gets.”

Harry locked his gaze on his feet as he continued. “So the doctor said that he looked at all my tests and all my x-rays and I have an overactive bladder. My bladder’s also smaller than average so it fills up faster. I can do some exercises and avoid certain foods, but I’m always going to be that guy who’s dying to take a leak.”

Liam smiled. “There’s nothing wrong with that guy. That guy is my best friend.”

Harry looked back at Liam. It was too dark inside the car to see clearly, but Liam was fairly sure Harry’s eyes were filled with tears. Harry’s sniff confirmed Liam’s suspicions. “I was hoping that the doctor was going to tell me that I had an exotic disease.”

Louis spoke before Liam could. “Why on earth would you want that?”

Harry tried to blink back the tears. “Because then my problem would be some problem that could be cured. I could go back to being normal and you guys wouldn’t have to be around someone as messed up as me. This isn’t going to go away. I’m stuck like this. I was just… I was just born wrong.”

Harry started to cry into his hands and Louis let out a soft, “Oh, Harry…”
The sound of Harry crying nearly broke Louis’ heart. It killed Louis to know that his best friend was in this much pain and he had missed it.

Louis rubbed Harry’s back and wanted to tell him all the reasons why Harry was the opposite of wrong, but he knew that it would take a lifetime to list all the reasons that Harry is amazing. He also knew that Liam was better at the whole making people feel better thing.

Louis glanced up at Liam and Liam nodded, giving Louis the chance to comfort Harry.

Louis gave Harry a kiss on the side of the head. “I think you’re perfect just the way you are. Besides, it’s better to have a small bladder than a small…”

Harry laughed.

Louis shook his head in fake disgust. “I was going to say a small heart. You dirty minded boy.”

Harry smiled. “Sure you were.”

Louis smiled. “Look, it’s no big deal. Everyone has to pee. Niall’s sitting back there right now with a tank at full as we speak. That reminds me, I haven’t been looking out for Petrol stations.”

Harry wiped his eyes. “I can deal with having to race to the loo in the morning, it’s just wetting the bed that makes me feel - .”

Liam stepped in. “It should make you feel happy that you have friends that will support you every step of the way.”

Harry blinked. “So you guys won’t make fun of me?”

Louis raised an eyebrow. “For a medical condition that you have no control over? I would never tease you for that. I’m so not that guy.”

Louis picked up a stuffed One Direction Niall doll and tossed it to the backseat, hitting the real Niall in the head. “But I do plan on making fun of the Irish guy in the back seat.”

Niall took out his earbuds. “What’d you do that for?”

Louis smiled. “If we’re looking for a toilet so you don’t flood the back seat, the least you can do is help with the search. By the way, why do you have a stuffed doll of yourself in your car? That’s a little weird. Even for you.”

Niall adjusted in his seat. “It’s me mum’s car. I don’t know why she has this. It’s weird.” He threw the doll representation of himself up to the front seat.

Liam cringed. “A doll isn’t that bad. My mum has a life-sized cardboard cut out of me. That’s truly embarrassing.”

Louis picked up the stuffed doll. “Mum’s are supposed to embarrass you. That’s their job.”

Louis put the doll’s hands between it’s crotch and crossed it’s legs. “There. Now it looks like Niall.”

Niall copied the dolls position. “Looou. Don’t do that. I really have to go.”

Louis rolled the car to a stop as a sea of red tail lights greeted him. “Yeah… about that toilet stop. That might have to wait a bit.”
Niall grabbed between his legs and rocked back in his seat, hitting his head on the headrest in frustration.

Liam leaned over the seat to get a closer look out of the windshield. “Is this just normal traffic Lou?”

Louis sighed. “Fun fact Li; I don’t know the everyday traffic patterns of Ireland since I don’t leave here.”

Niall winced. “Please don’t argue. It makes me have to wee more.”

Louis laughed. “Don’t worry. Liam and I will kiss and make up tonight.”

Niall rocked back and forth, trying to find a comfortable position. He looked over at Liam. “Can you do something magical to help me hold this in?”

Harry turned to face the back seat. “Liam doesn’t have that kind of magic. He can only do telekinetic spells that involve moving things with his mind. That’s how he made the key appear and disappear.”

Liam mumbled. “I should have never told you guys about that. I probably didn’t make the key disappear with my powers or whatever. I had to take a wee really badly. It was probably just a desperation induced hallucination.”

Harry frowned. “You told me that you made the key disappear after you finished your wee, so you weren’t desperate. It was magic Li, just face it.”

Niall stomped his feet on the floor. “Can we not talk about weeing right now? I’m ready to explode here.”

Harry nodded. “Sorry.”

Niall gripped himself tighter. “So Liam can’t help me with this?”

Harry shook his head. “He can move the liquid out of you bladder, but I’m sure you want to keep it in there.”

Niall’s legs shook. “Yup. That’s the plan.”

Liam put a hand on Niall’s shoulder. “Why don’t you listen to some more music and just get your mind off of it. I think some calming music is just the thing all of us need. Lou, can you turn on the radio?”

Louis turned on the radio. “I think Niall’s mum has to have some easy listening or slow jazz programmed in here somewhere.”

Classical music was the only thing Louis could find that didn’t have a pulsing beat. Niall closed his eyes tightly and his legs even tighter, and hoped that the music would tame his beast of a bladder.

The car was filled with only the sound of music and Niall wiggled and whined in the backseat. After what felt like an eternity, Louis broke the silence. “This isn’t going to work. This isn’t just traffic, we’re at a complete standstill. My foot hasn’t moved off of the brake for ten minutes. I’m guessing they closed the road because of an accident.”

Niall moaned. “I’m about to have an accident.”
Harry snapped his fingers. “That’s it! Liam, make an empty bottle appear. Niall can pee in that.”

Niall groaned. “Make it a two liter bottle because I’m way too full for any of that tiny soda can crap.”

Liam frowned. “Harry. I’m not magical.”

Harry turned to face Liam. “Just give it a try. What’s the worst thing that could happen?”

Louis tapped his thumbs against the steering wheel. “He could get Niall’s hopes up under false pretenses and make him suffer even more.”

Harry ignored him. “All you have to do is imagine the largest bottle you can think of. Reach under the seat and imagine pulling it out from under there. Trust me, it will work. I looked up all this stuff about magic on my phone at the party. I only went to the reliable verified sites.”

Louis smirked. “Were they verified by Merlin or Gandalf?”

Harry frowned. “Gandalf and Merlin are wizards. That’s a little different. Look, I don’t have time to explain this. You have to believe in order for this to work.”

Niall bounced his legs rapidly. “My God Lou, just believe! I gotta go sooo bad it’s starting to hurt. Just freakin’ believe!”

Harry looked at Liam. “Um, actually it’s just you that has to believe. Do it fast because I think Niall’s about to lose it.”

Liam closed his eyes and tried to concentrate. He reached under the seat and focused all of his thoughts on a giant bottle.

Niall leaned forward against his hands. “Harry, were you crying before?”

Harry blushed. “Now really isn’t the time for that.”

Niall bit his lip. “A baby wouldn’t have come up with this awesome plan. Only something really great would have.”

Harry blushed a little more. “You heard our conversation?”

Niall smiled. “Stadium tours haven’t killed my hearing yet.”

Liam yelled. “I did it!”

He triumphantly held up a wine bottle in his hand.

Louis laughed. “You couldn’t have made a keg appear? It had to be something that takes precision to wee into.”

Niall took the bottle from Liam. “Liam, I love you man. I don’t care if I have to pee through a straw. I’ll make it happen.”

Niall lined up his business at the narrow neck of the bottle and started to go. He tried not to pee too fast because he didn’t want to have to explain pee stains on the car to his mother.

He kept his stream slow and steady as he grunted out a repetitive loop of “Thank you... uhh... thank you... ooo... thank you... ugh....”
Liam felt his heart starting to race. “Please stop. You can thank me later.”


Liam sighed. “I’m not magic.”

Louis smirked. “Even I’m having a hard time believing that. I’m fairly sure that Niall’s mum isn’t stashing empty wine bottles under the seat. On the long shot chance that she does, we would have heard a glass wine bottle rattling around under there during the ride.”

Niall’s voice was strained as he continued to pee in the bottle. “Maybe your magic is just pee related. Maybe someone has to be bursting and you draw on that energy.”

Louis frowned. “Remember how I said that you say the dumbest things before. I stand by that statement.” He eased his foot off of the brake as the traffic started to move again. “Ni, be careful with your aim. We’re moving mate.”

Niall sighed. “No worries. Just don’t floor it.”

The car fell back into silence and all Liam could hear was the sound of Niall peeing into a bottle. Liam had gotten drunk off of wine dozens of times, but the sound of Niall peeing in a bottle was a whole new kind of rush. He was never going to look at wine the same way again.

His liquid distraction came to a screeching halt when the sound of Louis’ phone filled the air, drowning out the sound of Niall filling the bottle. The ring tone of the Death Star theme from Star Wars rang through the car. Louis groaned. “Management.”

Management had called to tell the boys that they needed to head to the hotel. An artist was flown in to paint a commemorative oil painting of the group.

Louis just wanted to go back to Niall’s house and sleep, but that didn’t look like it was going to be an option. He offered the appropriate mmm hmms and yeses in the right spots over the phone and was thankful that the hotel wasn’t too far off.

Niall tilted in his seat so Liam could reach the phone in his back pocket. Niall yawned. “Could you text mum and tell her I’ll return the car in the morning. We’re probably going to crash in the hotel for the night. I’d text her myself, but my hands didn’t stay as dry as the seat or my pants.”

Niall’s tired bladder had filled up quickly again during the rest of the car ride. When they reached the hotel he had to make a run for the toilet in the lobby, but even that excitement couldn’t keep the boys from heading to the hotel room with an energy level of zero.

Liam slid the key over the lock. “Let’s knock this out quick so we can all go to sleep.”

They walked inside and Zayn was standing there smiling back at them with a paintbrush in his hand. “Who’s ready to get painted?”

The four ran over to shower the fifth in hugs and kisses. Being tired was the last thing on anyone’s mind.
I crammed a lot of things in this chapter. I realized I hadn’t really explained what was medically wrong with Harry so I tried to add it in without completely sabotaging the chapter. I hope it fit in alright. Just four more chapters to go! Thanks again for continuing to read and support this little fic :D
One Side of The Story Part 1

Chapter Summary

These last four chapters are something a little different. I hope it was successful :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scenario # 22 At Fancy Party Part 1

Harry sat on the couch completely in the nude. He held a banana strategically placed on his lap. “Ok Z, I’m ready to be sketched.”

Zayn laughed. “I wasn’t hired to do that kind of painting.”

Harry tossed the banana away. “Oh, right. What was I thinking? Only still life paintings have fruit. Portraits should be nude.”

Niall tossed Harry his clothes. “Put your clothes on cheeky. Zayn has work to do.”

Louis wrapped his arms around Zayn from the back, surrounding him in a hug. “I missed my partner in crime.”

Zayn glanced over at Liam. “According to the texts you guys have been sending me, you have a new partner Lou.”

Liam took a soda from the mini-fridge. “You always have an open invitation to join the band as well as our relationship.”


Zayn laughed. “I missed this.”

Louis raised an eyebrow. “You missed Liam’s awkward invitation to a three-way?”

Zayn shook his head. “I missed my brothers.”

Niall hugged Zayn, dragging Zayn, him, and Louis to the ground. “We missed you too. So what have you been up to?”

Zayn crawled from under the Zouiall pile and sat next to Harry. Niall had given Harry clothes a while ago, but Harry hadn’t gotten around to putting them on yet.

Zayn leaned back on the couch. “I’ve always been into art so I’ve been taking some proper classes. I’m going to apply to Uni in the Spring to get even more formal training. Hopefully one day one of my paintings will be featured in an art gallery. So, I heard all these things that fans are going to do for the 5th anniversary of One Direction. I’m kind of in the fan category now so I called Management and asked if I could paint you guys.”
Harry put an arm around Zayn. “You are so not in the fan category.”

Zayn laughed. “This would be a lot less weird if you had clothes on.”

It took a while for Zayn to get all of the guys posed and ready, but eventually he got them into the perfect pose.

Zayn dipped his brush into the black paint. “Now stay like that for four more hours.”

Niall fidgeted. “What if I have to take a leak?”

Louis smiled. “You have to hold it.” Louis shifted his attention to Zayn. “You might want to get the yellow paint ready. Niall almost pissed himself in the car. He had to use a bottle to wee in.”

Niall blushed. “Yeah. I would’ve used the bottle twice if I wasn’t afraid it was going to overflow. I was so lucky that there was a toilet in the hotel lobby and no one was in there. I would’ve greeted you with a pair of wet trousers.”

Harry looked a little anxious. “We really have to wait to wee until the painting is done?”

Zayn started to sketch an outline on the canvas. “No. Once I get the basic outline done, you can go run to the toilet if you have to. I’ll be done with the outline in 15 to 20 minutes. You need the toilet now?”

Harry blushed. “I can wait.”

Louis laughed. “We don’t want another ‘record executive party’ incident on our hands.”

Zayn paused his sketching for a moment. “What does that mean?”

Louis smiled. “Right after you left the band we had a record party thing to kind of keep everyone’s morale up because we were all kind of bummed. So we went to this fancy party thing and Niall had to wee in the fountain.”

Niall punched Louis on the arm. “That’s not how it went. I think Harry was the one that couldn’t hold it.”

Liam shook his head. “It was actually Louis that peed in the fountain.”

Harry shook his head. “No. That’s not what happened.”

Liam sighed. “Why don’t we each tell Zayn what happened and see who he believes. I’ll go first since this is my idea.”

Louis shrugged. “Fair enough.”

Zayn nodded. “Go ahead. Just don’t move while you tell it.”

Liam smiled and started his story.

So we were all in the hotel getting ready to go to the party. Louis was in the bathroom trying to arrange his hair in one direction and Niall was watching the football game. He was fully dressed from the waist up, but it was just underpants from the waist down. I tossed him a pair of trousers, but he knocked them away and continued to stare at the screen.
I was fully ready and helping Harry tie his shoes while he was buttoning his shirt. Punctually is important so I wanted to make sure we were all ready to go with plenty of time. We –

Louis interrupted the story. “Whoa, whoa. This story is already a lie. One Direction is never on time for anything.”

Liam frowned. “Quiet. This is my story.”

Liam continued.

As I was saying, I wanted to be on time, but trouserless Niall and Louis’ untamable bedhead were making this less of a reality. When I finished helping Harry get dressed I moved on to Niall.

I stood between Niall and the television hoping to get his attention. Niall instead, looked around me.

I sighed. “Are you ready for the party?”

Niall nodded at me. “Yeah, I’m just going to wear this.”

I blocked the screen again. “You’re going without trousers?!”

Either my tone or the reality of what he said made him look away from the screen and at me quickly. “No, but it takes me two seconds to put those on. Now move. I can’t see the game.”

I rolled my eyes. “Five minutes and then we’re leaving.”

I moved my attention to Louis. His attention was easier to capture because even back then I knew he had a massive crush on me. As soon as I stepped into the bathroom he practically undressed me with his eyes. It took a minute for him to recover from being star struck. He gave me a shy smile and–

Louis interrupted the story again. “First of all I’ve never given anyone a shy anything and second of all I ‘undressed you with my eyes?’ Liam what the fu- ?”

Liam held up his hand. “If you interrupt one more time, I’m not going to let you tell your version.”

Liam continued the story for the third time.

So Louis was giving me his ‘do me’ eyes, but I didn’t have time for that. As I said, being on time was important.

I took the brush from his hands and styled his hair the way that I like. When I brush Louis’ hair it’s one of the rare times that he’s quiet so I try to do it for as long as possible.

I styled it just the way I like it; When all of it’s framing his face, but there’s just a few strands in the front that are about to fall into his eyes. When it’s like that, I imagine myself brushing the out of place strands back into place with my fingers and then letting those same fingers trail down the side of his face until… um yeah, so I, um… helped Louis brush his hair so we could leave.

I was just about done when Harry stuck his head into the doorway. “Security is here. They say we have to go now.”

Louis and I left the bathroom and Niall had his trousers pulled up halfway and was hopping on one foot, trying to put on his shoes. I walked over to him and helped him with his shoes as he pulled up his trousers.
I shook my head judgmentally. “It will take you two seconds to get dressed, right?”

Niall put on his suit jacket as I buttoned his trousers. He jigged his legs a bit. “Do I have a minute to take a wee?”

I shook my head as I zipped him up. “Sorry mate. We’re on a tight schedule.”

Niall turned his anger onto Louis. “Maybe if someone wasn’t in the bathroom brushing their hair for two hours like they were some kind of freakin’ My Little Pony.”

Louis laughed. “You’re just cranky cuz you gotta wee.”

Harry looked at me. “Can ponies even brush their own hair?”

I shook my head. “That’s really not what we should be focusing on. We need to get to this party on time and be a united group.”

I got behind the guys as I led them out of the door.

The first thing I saw when we walked through the door was a giant fountain of flowing water. The whimper that Niall let out made me aware that it was the first thing he saw and heard too.

I was just about to help him look for a restroom, but Simon literally appeared from out of thin air and greeted us. “Hello boys. There are a few people that want to talk to you.”

Niall whispered in my right ear. “Li, I really gotta go.”

I was about to try and fix his dilemma when I heard Harry whisper in my left ear. “Li, I have to take a wee.”

Somehow I was sandwiched between desperate Niall and desperate Harry and in front of me was the loudest decorative fountain in the world.

Louis looked back at me and bit his lip, rocking a bit from side to side. “Do you know which way the toilet is?”

At first I thought they were playing a trick on me, you know, push all of my buttons in a public place and see what happens, but I was pretty sure that Harry and Niall weren’t faking it.

I didn’t think Simon would appreciate being forced to wait as we took a group toilet trip, so I took a chance that Louis would be able to hold it. I motioned for Niall and Harry to go look for a toilet and I put a hand on Louis’ back to guide him into the main room with me.

I had planned to go in there with Louis and then tell him to go when Niall and Harry came back, but as we walked into the main room, I could tell that Harry and Niall were still behind us.

I turned around. “Don’t you have to go?”

Niall nodded. “Yeah, but security said that we can’t separate.”

The four of us sat at an empty table and Niall instantly started to bounce his feet on the floor. He was bouncing them so hard that the glasses on the table were shaking.

Niall moaned. “I can’t take this anymore.”

I nodded. “It’s alright. I’ll fix this. When I start choking, you two just run.”
Harry looked at me. “What?”

I knew that choking on a piece of bread would be the perfect distraction for Niall and Harry to make a run for it. I thought that dying would be a little more important to security than two members racing to take a wee.

I stuffed a roll in my mouth and mumbled. “Get ready to run.”

I started to fake cough and grabbed my throat. Louis sold it a bit more by yelling. “Oh my God! Liam!”

Harry and Niall took that cue and ran away as security’s sole focus became my choking emergency. I fake gasped for breath as I felt everyone’s eyes on me. My new status of center of attention made my face turn bright red and I’m sure that added to the illusion that I was choking.

When security finally reached me, I opened my mouth to tell them that I had swallowed the trapped bread piece, but the security guard put his arms around me before I could speak.

He started the Heimlich maneuver and I was surprised that Louis didn’t pee his pants right there. I could hear him laughing as I tried to yell, “I’m not choking! I’m not choking anymore!”

I knew that my ribs were going to crack if he went on any longer so I spit out a piece of bread that I still had in my mouth and hoped it would convince my ‘hero’ to stop trying to save my life.

I coughed a few times because I was actually out of breath at that point.

Security escorted Louis and I outside so I could get some fresh air and they left us alone in the courtyard. The courtyard had these plant covered walls, almost like a maze, so it was a nice little private area. There was also another one of those giant fountains.

I actually thought the running water sounded tranquil and calming, but Louis started mumbling. “All this water is not a good thing.”

I was a little light headed from the emergency first aid that I just received, so this part is a little fuzzy.

I remember Louis hopping from foot to foot and holding himself between his legs. For some reason Niall and Harry came over to join us and then Louis just unzipped himself and peed into the fountain. That’s it. End of story.

Zayn shrugged. “That sounds believable.”

Louis narrowed his eyes. “That story is 100% fiction. I did not take a wee in a fountain! That’s not how it went at all!”

Liam nodded. “I’m positive it was you. Like I said, I was out of it a bit, but I know what you sound like when you pee. When you go after holding it for a long time, you whine really softly right before you start. After that you make this grunting sound, that turns into a satisfied sigh, and finally ends with a kind of laugh.

Louis blushed. “I don’t know what to say to that. I’m actually speechless.”

Zayn slid the brush across the canvas, continuing to outline Louis’ arms. “You’re going to tell me the real story, right Lou?”
Speechless Louis found his voice again. “You bet your sweet bum I am!”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter and the next is dedicated to KingLiloLuv. She's the biggest Lilo fan out there so it's only fitting. Plus, she knows why ;) Thanks to everyone for their kudos and comments. I appreciate it.
One Side of The Story Part 2

Scenario #23 At a Fancy Party Part 2

Louis smiled. “My version of the story, AKA the truth, is as follows…”

Louis started his story.

So we were all chilling in the hotel. We weren’t really looking forward to the party so we weren’t even close to being ready. Harry was sitting in a chair, stretching the waistband of his sweatpants open so that Liam could throw peanuts in there. Niall was laughing hysterically because that’s what he does. All the time.

So Liam was scoring free throws into Harry’s happy place like a champ until one of the salty nuts slipped into his boxers. This made Harry giggle. “Li, that one’s worth 3 points.”

So then Liam –

Liam interrupted the story. “Louis seriously. That never happened. Do you really expect Zayn to believe that?”

Louis frowned. “Hey. No interrupting.”

Louis continued the story.

So as I was saying before I was rudely interrupted, Liam and Harry were playing with their nuts and Niall was laughing at them while trying to watch the footie game.

Being the oldest and most responsible, I took it upon myself to get ready. I headed to the bathroom and called out behind me. “You might want to put on some clothes lads.”

I stood at the mirror and started to brush my hair, but it wasn’t long before I had a visitor in the bathroom. Liam was leaning on the doorway with his shirt wrinkled and unbuttoned to a Harry Styles level. He started to button his shirt and licked his lips. “You know what Lou? Seeing you in this bathroom is so hot.”

We weren’t boyfriends at this point, but Liam definitely liked to flirt with me.

He pushed me against the bathroom wall and traced his fingers against my lips. I licked my lips in response and I could taste the salty trace the peanuts had left on his fingertips. He started to kiss my neck and mumbled against the skin. “I want to do so many naughty things to you.”

He guided me to sit on the toilet, with the seat cover down and –

Liam interrupted the story. “Oh my God. Stop right now! I did not mount you in a bathroom with Harry and Niall right outside. That’s just ridiculous.”

Louis smirked. “Well maybe I’m embellishing a little bit.”

Liam frowned. “A bit?!?”

Louis laughed. “Hush. Just let me finish the story.”

Louis continued.
So Liam and I made out for a hot minute, but Harry interrupted before Liam James could score again. Harry announced that security was here and we had to leave. It was always jarring when my brain had to switch back to looking at Liam like a platonic bandmate rather than a sexual God.

I took a moment to collect myself in the bathroom and when I came out, Liam was trying to get Niall’s foot in a shoe while Niall was wrestling to get his arms in a suit jacket.

I went over to help Niall adjust his tie because apparently it takes three people to dress a Niall Horan.

Liam started to lecture Niall on something that I must have missed while I was returning to Earth in the bathroom. “It will take you two seconds to get dressed, right?”

Niall put on his suit jacket as Liam buttoned his trousers. Niall jiggled his legs a bit. “Do I have a minute to take a wee?”

Liam shook his head as he zipped him up. It almost had a symbolic quality of ‘sorry mate, no wee for you’.

Liam gave Niall the bad news. “Sorry mate. We’re on a tight schedule.”

Niall turned his anger to me. “Maybe if someone wasn’t in the bathroom brushing their hair for two hours like they were some kind of freakin’ My Little Pony.”

My Little what? Wow… just wow.

I couldn’t help but laugh though. “You’re just cranky cuz you gotta wee.”

Harry looked at Liam. “Can ponies even brush their own hair?”

Liam had that look in his eye that meant we were getting unfocused. Liam gives me that look a lot.

He broke out the Daddy Direction voice. “That’s really not what we should be focusing on. We need to get to this party on time and be a united group.”

He herded us out of the door.

When we got to the place it was pretty upscale. They had one of those giant fountains with water flowing down and even my fairly empty bladder was urged to use to loo by the sound of gushing water.

I glanced over at Niall and saw him cross his legs and whisper something to Liam. I saw Harry shift his weight and I was pretty sure he whispered the same thing into Liam’s other ear.

I didn’t want to admit that I had to go too, but I must have been fidgeting as well because he was looking back at me like a kid in a candy store.

I sighed. “Do you know which way the toilet is?”

Simon walked over to us and smiled. “Hello boys. There are a few people that want to talk to you.”

I had the sinking feeling that I wasn’t going to be going to the toilet any time soon, but as long as a put some distance between me and Niagara Falls, I would be ok.

Liam put a hand on my back and the four of us entered the main room.
We sat down at one of the empty tables and Niall started to rapidly bounce his feet on the floor. This wasn’t really helping my situation at all and I’m sure the bouncing wasn’t really helping Niall either. I was just about to urge Niall to try a different ‘hold it’ technique, maybe one that didn’t risk shaking the pee right out of him, me, and Harry.

Niall spoke before I did. “I can’t take this anymore.”

Liam put on his Daddy Direction hat and smiled. “It’s alright. I’ll fix this. When I start choking, you two just run.”

Harry asked the question we were all thinking. “What?”

Liam didn’t offer a response. He just stuffed a piece of bread in his mouth and mumbled a song title. “Ready to run?”

He started to cough and I realized that pretending to choke was his great plan. It was a pretty good plan, especially since it was Liam’s. I tried to make more of a distraction by yelling, “Oh my God! Liam!”

I wanted to yell, “Oh no Liam!”, but I had a feeling that Niall might start laughing and pee himself. Liam would never forgive me if I messed up his plan.

When security zeroed in on Liam, just as planned, Niall and Harry bolted in the other direction.

One of our giant security guards ran behind Liam and wrapped his arms around his waist. Liam tried to protest, but it was no use. Liam was yelling, “I’m not choking! I’m not choking anymore!” and it was hilarious.

I had to cross my legs to make sure I didn’t laugh so hard that I peed myself.

Liam spit out a piece of bread and at this point I was leaning over with my hands between my legs. Thank God that all eyes were on Liam.

Security took us outside because Liam’s fake choking required a fresh air remedy. Outside consisted of a garden like area with another one of those freakin’ fountains.

My need to wee had been cranked up to full and I vaguely remember saying something like “All this water is not a good thing.”

I looked over at Liam and he was completely knackered.

I did a little pee dance, hoping that he might respond to his favorite kind of entertainment, but he just gave me a glazed over stare.

I really did have to go for a wee, but I didn’t want to leave him there alone. Right on cue Niall and Harry showed up. I was about to leave them to babysit Liam, but Niall looked at me panicked. “Lou, I didn’t go.”

He squeezed his thighs together and bounced on his feet to emphasize his point.

I looked from desperate Niall to calm Harry and raised an eyebrow. Harry smiled. “I took a wee, but Niall didn’t. It’s kind of, like, a long story. So, Niall and I had to -.”

I held up my hand. “Harry, I love you, but if you say it’s a long story then we’re going to be here for hours.”
Niall continued to hop around. I honestly think the ‘gotta wee dance’ is becoming the official
dance of One Direction. Niall continued to do our unofficial dance. “I can’t undo my zipper. Harry
tried to get it down and when that didn’t work a few of the guys in the restroom tried to get it
unstuck and that was horribly embarrassing, but it didn’t work. Liam is good at solving problems,
so I ran out here so that he could have a crack at it.”

Liam nodded and waved his fingers for Niall to come over. Liam still looked out of it, but he still
had the magic fingers and unzipped Niall successfully.

Niall looked in the direction of the building, but turned back to me. “I can’t hold it any more. I
gotta go right now.”

I shrugged. “Well there’s no –.” Before I could finish Niall was using the fountain as a toilet.

We were alone outside, but anyone could have walked out there at any time, so I stood in front of
Niall. At least if someone wandered outside they wouldn’t have to see the pee pourin’ from Niall
Horan. He was going so strong that the water level of the fountain was actually rising.

And that lads, is the story of Niall weeing in a fountain.

Zayn shook his head. “Yeah, I don’t believe any of that.”

Niall laughed. “You shouldn’t because it’s all lies. I’m going to tell you the real story and it didn’t
involve me peeing in no fountain.”
Chapter Summary

A little bit of Niall :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scenario #24 At a Fancy Party Part 3

Zayn continued sketching the outline of the group with his paintbrush. “Are you going to tell me the real story Niall?”

Niall nodded. “I’ll tell the honest truth of what happened. I don’t remember all the details, but I remember enough.”

Harry bit his lip and whispered so only Niall could hear. “Not too many details. I have to take a wee pretty bad.”

Niall whispered back. “I’ll make it a little entertaining so you stay distracted.”

Louis frowned. “What are you whispering about?”

Niall frowned. “None of your business. Now shut up so I can tell my story.”

Niall started his version of that day’s events.

So I was sitting on the edge of the bed, watching the football game. Louis was pouting next to me cuz he wanted to watch some dumb show that I don’t even remember the name, but I remember it was dumb. So anyway, he was in a funk because he lost the rock paper scissors game and I got to watch the game.

I’m not gonna lie, I had to take a major leak at this point, but if I got up from the bed in the middle of the game, my team would lose. I do all these kind of things before a game for good luck and stuff and you can’t mess it up.

I tried not to be too obvious with holding it in because Louis was already being a poor sport for losing the rock paper scissors game. I could only imagine what he would do to me if he found out I was dying for a piss.

Louis sighed really loud. “I would have scored by now if I was on the field.”

I shook my head. “Just be quiet and let me watch.”

Louis whined. “What are they even doing? They call that offense? I have a better shot of making a goal from this hotel room.”

I tried to push him off the bed. “Just go away. I’m trying to watch.”

He got quiet for a second and I thought I had actually pushed him off the bed, but when I looked
over, he was heading over to the bathroom.

I put my hand between my legs. I was a little jealous that Louis got to take a wee before me.

Liam walked in front of the screen and I tried to look around him.

He crossed his arms over his chest. “Are you ready for the party?”

The ball bounced off of the side of the goal and the goalkeeper scrambled to grab it. All of that was a lot more important than Liam so I just nodded at him. “Yeah, whatever. I’m just gonna wear this.”

The goalkeeper missed the ball and the goal was wide open for the rebound shot. Instead of seeing the most exciting play of the game so far, Liam blocked the screen. “You’re going without trousers?!”

I frowned. “No, but it takes me two seconds to put those on. Now move. I can’t see the game.”

He rolled his eyes. “Five minutes and then we’re leaving.”

All the players were screaming and celebrating the goal I missed and I yelled over to Harry. “Hand me the remote. I gotta rewind it.”

Harry sat down next to me and pointed the remote at the screen. As I watched the goal being scored in reverse, Harry bounced his knees.

I bounced my knees along with him. “Don’t worry Haz. As soon as Princess Lou gets off the throne, you can have a nice long piss. I’ll take one when the game’s over.”

Unfortunately security knocked on the door and yelled for us to get moving. The fans at the game were screaming for the goal that just scored, but my body was screaming for a toilet.

Harry knocked on the bathroom door and I was surprised when Louis and Liam both walked out. I had thought that Louis was in there taking either a long wee or a short crap so I was surprised that Liam was in there too. When I saw that Louis’ hair looked less like a scarecrow and more like a pop star, I realized he was hogging the bathroom to fix his hair.

I also realized that I was the only one that wasn’t ready so I reached for my trousers and tried to get ready. Liam helped me with my shoes as I tried to pull up my trousers.

He shook his head at me. “It will take you two seconds to get dressed, right?”

I was putting on my suit jacket as he buttoned my trousers. The waistband was right over my bladder and it felt all kinds of not good. I jiggled my legs. “Do I have a minute to take a wee?”

I felt like I was in grade school asking my teacher. Sadly, I got the same answer that my teachers gave me. Liam shook his head and my God did that make me have to wee more!

He zipped me up and I winced. He knew I had to go, but that wasn’t really an option. “Sorry mate. We’re on a tight schedule.”

I looked over at Louis and narrowed my eyes. “Maybe if someone wasn’t in the bathroom brushing their hair for two hours like they were some kind of freakin’ My Little Pony.”

Louis laughed. “You’re just cranky cuz you gotta wee.”
He must have felt a little bad that he had hogged the bathroom because he helped me button my shirt. He did that once before. He was really nice to me after he was in the tour bus toilet for like an hour. Every time he eats the bean burritos from that taco place we go to, he’s in the toilet forever and –.

Louis interrupted Niall’s story. “Not only is that not true, but eww.”

Niall laughed. “Maybe you’re right. Maybe that was me that gets sick from those things.”

Liam sighed. “Just to be safe, you both should stay away from the burritos.”

Louis frowned. “Also, I don’t know why I’m the villain in your story. I thought you didn’t take a wee because you didn’t want to jinx the game or whatever.”

Niall nodded. “Yeah, you got me there, but Harry still had to wee and you made him wait. Anyway, let me finish the story.”

Niall continued.

So Liam led us into the car and I was holdin’ on for dear life during that car ride. We must have hit every bump, crack, and uneven part of the road in all of England. Harry and me were suffering during that trip real bad.

When we got to the place there was this big, ugly fountain that was gushing all this water and I thought I was gonna die. If it wasn’t bad enough that I held in it during the shakiest ride ever, now I had to hold it together with this freakin’ water sculpture fountain torture thing.

I was about to beg Liam to help me and Harry find a bathroom, cuz at this point I had to wee so bad that I couldn’t even see straight.

So I was in the middle of having the worst moment of having to wee in my whole life and before I could ask for Liam’s help, Mr. Simon walked our way and asked us something.

I couldn’t take it anymore and I had to whisper to Liam. “Li, I really gotta go.”

I saw Harry whisper in his other ear and I knew that a double request for a toilet had to be more urgent than whatever thing Mr. Simon had asked us to do.

Even Louis joined the fun and asked if Liam knew which way the toilet was.

Liam motioned for me and Harry to go. We made it about three steps before security told us that we couldn’t separate and that we had to stay together. So me, Harry, and our unnatural amount of held in urine followed Liam and Louis into the main room.

Louis looked at me kind of sad. “Don’t you have to go?”

I nodded. “Yeah, but security said that we can’t separate.”

We sat at a table that was too fancy and too big for four people. I tried to focus on the food that a place like that would serve, but I couldn’t think about anything other than taking a wee.

I grabbed myself under the table. “I can’t take this anymore.”

Liam grabbed a roll from the center basket on the table and smiled. “It’s alright. When I start choking, you two just run.”
Liam shoved the roll in his mouth and mumbled, “Get ready to run.”

He started coughing and grabbing his throat. The next thing I knew, Louis was yelling, “Oh my God! Liam!”

Everyone there, including security, was focused on Liam, so Harry and I bolted out of the room.

We sprinted down the hallway and the first guy in a tuxedo that I saw, I asked directions. My hands were between my legs and I was dancing around, but I still asked. “Which way is the Men’s Room?”

The man pointed and Harry and I ran that way. Outside the Men’s room was a man carrying a tray of those tiny foods that you eat before a meal. He was probably on his way to the main room from the kitchen, but he stopped and held the plate out. “Would you like one?”

I’ve never passed up a chance for free food and even with a bursting bladder, that wasn’t going to happen. I took a few of the things that looked like mini pizzas and mini hotdogs attached to toothpicks and tossed them in my suit jacket pocket.

Harry was already in the toilet, so I thanked the man and headed into the toilet too.

When I pushed the Men’s room door open, I was shocked to see what was inside. There was a guy with a tray of hand towels in one hand and a tray of mints in the other. I don’t know why everyone was so obsessed with offering me food when all I needed was to take a freakin’ wee.

I almost postponed my trip to the loo a little longer by taking a few mints, but all the piss inside of me was screaming “Go wee now! The man with the treats will be there when you’re done!”

There were a few other guys around, but there was one glorious urinal open with my name on it. I ran up to it and unzipped my trousers with lightning speed. I didn’t stand too close because I knew this gusher I was about to unleash had major splash back potential.

I aimed, fired, and let that urine flood into that urinal. I was going so much, so fast, that the drain had a hard time keeping up and my piss was puddling around the drain like a clogged sink. I –”

This time Harry interrupted the story with a whimper.

Niall realized that his level of detail was doing more harm than good to Harry’s bladder and whispered back. “Sorry Haz.”

Niall continued the story, with a little less description of his peeing.

Um, so… I finished taking a long overdue leak and I washed my hands with a soap that was in the shape of a shell. There were all different kinds of beach shaped soaps, but the shell one smelled the best.

I took one of the towels from the man with the tray, but before I could reach for a mint, I saw Harry through the mirror doing the potty dance. There were a few guys around him trying to pull down his trouser zipper.

The man with the tray must have seen him at the same time as me, because he put down the tray and walked with me to offer Harry some help.

Everyone in the room took a turn, trying to free Harry from his trousers, but the zipper wouldn’t budge. I remembered that Harry once had this problem before, and it might have even been with
the same pair of trousers, and Liam was the only one that could get the zipper down. During that incident, Harry couldn’t quite hold it and kinda wee a little down the side of his leg, but I was determined not to let that happen this time.

I led Harry out of the bathroom and security was waiting for us. I was actually grateful then they insisted that we reunite with Louis and Liam, because Liam was just the guy that I needed.

Security took us out of some back door and Liam and Louis were in this garden area. Liam looked kind of out of it, so I talked to Lou first. “Harry didn’t go.”

Harry had his thighs squeezed together and was bouncing on his feet. “I have to go so bad. Niall took a wee, but I didn’t. It’s kind of, like, a long story. So, Niall and I had to - .”

Louis held up his hand. “Harry I love you, but if you say it’s a long story then we’re going to be here for hours.”

Harry kept hopping around. “I can’t undo my zipper. I few guys in the bathroom tried to get it unstuck and that was horribly embarrassing, but it didn’t work. Liam got it to work before, so Niall said we should come out here and have him do it.”

Liam perked up when he heard his name and waved for Harry to come over to him.

It’s like Louis had said before, Liam still looked out of it, but he still had the magic fingers. He unzipped Harry in no time.

Harry twisted his legs together and moaned. “I can’t hold it anymore. I gotta go right now.”

I shrugged. “Well’s there’s no - ,” but before I could finish Harry was using the fountain as a toilet.

For a second I had wondered why he didn’t just wee on the grass, but I spotted a small sign that said ‘Urinating on the grass is strictly prohibited’. He must have seen that before I did.

I guess the weeing and the fountain were too much to handle cuz Louis ran back into the building with his hands between his legs.

And that Zayn, is the true story.

Zayn sighed. “That had parts of Liam’s story and parts of Louis’ story so now I don’t know who to believe.”

Harry bit his lip. “Can I use the toilet?”

Zayn looked up from the canvas. “You really have to wee Haz?”

Harry nodded. “Yeah, really bad, and that story didn’t help at all.”

Harry moved out of the pose to put his hands between his legs and rock from side to side.

Zayn smiled. “Go ahead. This seems like a good time for a break.”

Chapter End Notes

There's just one more version of this story and it's Harry's. I hope you all like it so far. I
don't really want it to end, but chapter 25 will be the last.
Harry flushed the toilet and his face was flushed as well as he headed back to his friends. He blushed harder as he spoke. “I’m sorry. I really had to go. Like really bad.”

Zayn smiled. “That hasn’t changed since I left.”

Harry looked at the painting on the easel. There was an outline of three guys. Harry was the guy on the end. Part of his right arm wasn’t fully sketched, but that was the point that Harry had to take an emergency bathroom break.

There was a fourth guy on the other end, but he was more than an outlined sketch. Harry noticed the fourth guy had Liam’s face from the nose up, as Zayn continued to paint more features with his brush.

Harry looked over the easel and saw Liam standing there as Zayn continued to paint. Niall and Louis were lounging on the couch.

Harry looked at Zayn. “We can relax until it’s our turn to be painted?”

Liam answered the question first. “Yup. It’s my turn right now.” Liam slowly shifted his weight from one foot to the other. “Just so you know, I think Zayn’s got this thing about painting people when they need a trip to the loo.”

Zayn smirked. “I thought you were into holding it Leemo.”

Liam crossed his legs. “I think you may have gotten some false information.”

Zayn laughed. “Just let me finish doing your face and hair. I already mixed the colors on the palette.”

Louis patted the empty cushion on the couch. “Sit next to me Harry. You can tell your version of the story to get Liam’s mind off of his need to wee.”

Harry raised an eyebrow. “By telling a story about having to go?”

Liam sighed. “I’m good Harry. Go ahead and tell the story.”

Harry smiled and started the story.

Ok so we were all getting ready to go on the train. We had tickets to the –.”

Niall interrupted with a laugh. “That’s the wrong story Haz.”
Harry blushed. “Oh yeah, right.”

He started again.

So we were getting ready to go to this party thing and we were all hanging out in the hotel. Liam’s like, really organized so he has a clipboard with a checklist of things to do. He got it after we kept teasing him about not knowing what’s going on all the time. It kind of helps, but he still doesn’t really know what’s going on most of the time.

So, um, the clipboard with the checklist was on the wall and it had ‘get ready for the party’ on it, but none of us had gotten ready. Lou also likes to write really rude and graphic things on the list and he wrote ‘play with nuts’ on the list so Liam and I got the idea to toss peanuts in my mouth. So then, one of them missed my mouth and kind of fell into my sweatpants, so then I stretched out my waistband and he tossed them in there.”

Zayn interrupted the story with a gasp. “So the peanut part of the story is true!”

Liam shook his head, but was blushing a little too much to be reliable. “Don’t believe Harry. I would never.”

Harry smiled. “Yes you did.”

Liam sighed. “Ok fine, but I didn’t toss one in your boxers for 3 points like Louis said.”

Harry frowned. “Li stop. Let me tell the story.”

Harry continued the story.

So, yeah, Liam was tossing the nuts and he was really good at it too. Niall didn’t notice because he was glued to the game. We could have been doing anything in the world behind him and he wouldn’t have noticed.

Liam looked at his watch and smiled. “Ok, I think it’s time to get ready for the party.”

Louis ignored him and kept playing with his phone.

I really wanted to play the nuts game some more, but Liam gets really pissed if you don’t do what he says, so I got dressed like he told me too.

Liam walked over to Niall and crossed his arms over his chest. “Are you ready for the party?”

Niall just mumbled back. “Yeah. I’m just going to wear this.”

Liam stood in front of the television. “You’re going without trousers?!”

Niall tried to push Liam out of the way. “No, but it takes me two seconds to put those on. Now move. I can’t see the game.”

Liam walked passed me and rolled his eyes. “Five minutes and we’re leaving.”

I continued putting my trousers on because I didn’t want to get yelled at by Liam. I had so much fun while playing the nut game with Liam, that I didn’t realize that I had to use the toilet. When I started zipping up, I felt like I really had to go. Like, not really, really bad, but um, kinda bad, you know?

So I looked over at the washroom and the door was closed. I thought about knocking on the door,
but Niall yelled over to me. “Hand me the remote. I gotta rewind it.”

I pointed the remote at the screen, but I couldn’t help bouncing my knees on the bed. I was kind of embarrassed, but Niall started doing it too, so I guessed that he had to wee like me.

He didn’t look away from the screen when he talked to me. “Don’t worry Haz. As soon as Princess Lou gets off the throne, you can have a nice long piss. I’ll take one when the game is over.”

Niall put his hand between his legs and I realized that he had to go pretty bad. I hit the record button and was about to convince him that he could watch the game after the party so he could pee and get dressed now, but security knocked on the door.

Security yelled through the door. “Time to get moving gentleman!”

I walked over to the bathroom door and knocked on it. I was surprised when it opened. I had thought it was locked and either Louis or Liam were peeing inside there, but the door wasn’t even pushed fully closed.

Liam was brushing Louis’ hair and I kept my eyes from looking at the toilet so I wouldn’t get too desperate. I know that it wasn’t time to wee, it was time to leave. I’d just have to hold it until we got to the party.

I took a deep breath and tried not to look too desperate to wee, but I think my legs were crossed. “Security is here. They say we have to go now.”

I left the bathroom with a pretty full bladder and that’s always a bad feeling.

Niall was pulling his trousers up and Liam ran over to help him put on his shoes. I scrolled through the channels and set the next game to record. Niall loves it when I remember things like that for him.

Liam shook his head. “It will take you two seconds to get dressed, right?”

Niall was trying to find the armholes of his suit jacket. He was doing a bit of a potty dance while he searched. “Do I have a minute to take a wee?”

I was hoping that Liam would say ‘sure mate, just make it quick’. I knew that I could hold my pee, but I wasn’t sure if Niall could hold in his.

Liam just zipped Niall up and shook his head. “Sorry mate. We’re on a tight schedule.”

Niall squeezed his thighs together a little tighter. I felt so bad.

I thought Niall was going to yell at Liam, but he turned his anger to Louis. “Maybe if someone wasn’t in the bathroom brushing their hair for two hours like they were some kind of freakin’ My Little Pony.”

Louis laughed, but I can tell he felt bad because he helped Niall button his shirt. “You’re just cranky cuz you gotta wee.”

I looked at Liam. “Can ponies even brush their own hair?”

Liam glanced over at me. “Harry, focus Love. We need to get to this party on time and be a united group.”

We walked out of the door and piled into the car.
The ride there was pretty long, but Niall wasn’t exaggerating when he said that it was a bumpy ride. I don’t think my bladder was as full as Niall’s but when I really have to go it’s hard for me to hold it without like being really obvious, but Niall had to go really bad so I didn’t want to bounce around too much and make him have to wee more.

So we got to the restaurant and it’s like everyone said. There was this fountain that had all this water coming down and that’s, like, the worst when you have to go really bad, so um yeah. That was bad.

We walked inside and all I wanted to talk about was taking a wee but Mr. Simon wanted to talk about other things. Niall whispered to Liam that he had to go and so did I. Liam is so great with these kind of things. He’s the one that always takes care of us if we have a problem and I love that about him. There was this one time that I wanted to buy a cookie –.

Louis interrupted Harry’s story. “Harry, stay on track. You’re doing so good, Love.”

Harry smiled. “Oh yeah sorry,” and continued the story.

We all walked into the room and sat at the table and Niall started to get really desperate. He was shaking his legs and holding himself and I really thought he was going to lose it. I really thought he was going to have a proper accident.

Liam went into superhero mode and was like, “It’s alright. When I start choking, you two just run.”

I made up enough excuses and distractions involving bathroom emergencies, so I knew exactly what he was trying to do.

By the time he said “Get ready to run”, I was already making sure the path to the exit was clear.

He started coughing and choking and when Louis yelled, “Oh my God” it was almost too real.

Everyone in the room was looking at Liam, so Niall and I ran away. I felt bad that it looked like we were running away when our friend was dying, but we had to take care of the weeing thing.

We ran down the hallway and Niall asked a worker for directions. “Which way is the Men’s Room?”

I was so embarrassed because I has holding myself, but Niall was doing it too, so it wasn’t as bad.

I’m not sure what the guys said, but Niall started running, so I ran after him. It didn’t take long to reach the room we both really needed, but Niall didn’t follow me in. He decided to take some mini pizzas on a tray instead.

When I walked inside, there was a guy with a tray of towels and a tray of mints. I’ve never worked up an appetite after taking a leak, even a really long one, so I’m not sure why the guy was providing snacks.

I figured that standing with a tray in a Men’s Room wasn’t exactly the most fun job in the world, so even though I really had to go, I held on just a little longer as I looked for some spare change in my pocket. I took out a few pounds and left them in the tip jar and the guy thanked me. I was just thankful that I was going to finally be able to take a wee.

I stepped up to a urinal and just looking at it made the need to go so much worse. My legs started shaking so much that and I had to turn around so I wouldn’t have to see the urinal. Now that I think about it, I probably could have just closed my eyes so I wouldn’t have looked like I was about to
take a leak on the floor, but my brain doesn’t always work that well when I’m dying to go.

I gave the zipper a tug and nothing happened. I tried again and it still didn’t move. I tried to pull down my trousers by the waistband, but ever since Liam pulled down by pants on stage, I’ve started wearing tighter skinny jeans.

I kept struggling with my jeans and I really needed Niall’s help, but he was still outside. For a second I thought he might have not made it and was embarrassed to come inside with wet jeans. I wondered if towel-and-mint-guy was a there to offer a clean-up and a sweet treat for people that didn’t quite reach the toilet in time.

I was continuing to fail at opening the zipper and I had a feeling that I was going to need the towels and treats soon.

Another guy noticed I was struggling and tried to help. This was a million times more awkward than it sounds, but I was getting really desperate. When that guy failed too, another guy tried his hand at freeing me.

At that point Niall came in. I don’t think he saw me because all my helpers were blocking me. I watched him because it was easier to focus on something other than my zipper malfunction.

Niall took a mint with one hand, while he held himself with the other. He pointed to one of the decorative soaps on the sink. “Is that candy too?”

The towel and mint guy shook his head. “Those are artisan soaps, sir.”

Niall smelled one through the wrapping. “Good thing I asked. My mum used to make me sit with a bar of soap in my mouth all the time when I was a kid. It didn’t clean up my language any, but I really hated the taste of that soap.”

As soon as Niall finished talking to the man about soap, he was going to take a long and loud wee, and I prepared myself for the worst. I knew that my bladder was going to get proper jealous of Niall taking a wee, and whined pretty loud in anticipation of the pounding pressure.

Niall and the worker turned from the sink to face me and my unsuccessful helpers. I felt my heart start to race a bit when the man and my crush rushed over to me.

The man and Niall tried to work the zipper, but it was the same result. It kind of felt like that thing in the Amusement Park where people try as hard as they can to pull a sword out of a stone and win a prize. The only differences here were that everyone was pulling a zipper instead of a sword, and the prize was taking a really, really, really badly needed wee.

It was soon quite obvious that this version of pulling the sword from the stone was an impossible task and that Niall wasn’t exactly the King Arthur that I needed him to be. Niall took my hand, instead of my zipper and led me out of the bathroom.

He said something about Liam and an idea, but I wasn’t really in listening mode. My full concentration was on holding back the impeding flood.

Security was outside and at the time I didn’t know what Niall was asking them, but now I think Niall was asking for directions to Liam and his magic zipper releasing hands.

Niall and I were quickly led outside to a backyard garden area.

Liam looked kind of out of it and I figured Louis must have done something. It was really obvious
that Liam and Louis were crushing on each other, even back then, so an out of it Liam and a guilty looking Louis wasn't a new sight to see.

Niall crossed his legs. “Harry didn’t go.”

Louis smirked. “Looks like neither did you Nialler.”

Niall crossed his legs tighter. “I don’t know what you’re smirking about Lou. If I remember correctly, you’ve got to leak a liter too.”

Louis winced and shifted his weight. “God, Niall, really?” Louis seemed annoyed with Niall so he decided to talk to me instead. “Tell me that the loo isn’t locked.”

I shook my head. “It’s not and I have to go so bad. It’s kind of like a long story. So, Niall and I had to - .”

Louis held up his hand. “Harry I love you, but if you say it’s a long story then we’re going to be here for hours.”

I gave Lou the long story short version. “I can’t undo my zipper. A few guys in the bathroom tried to get it unstuck and that was horribly embarrassing, but it didn’t work. Liam got it to work before, so Niall said we should come out here and have him do it.”

I was so proud of myself that I told a story in less than a minute, but Louis didn’t look too impressed. His hands were in his pockets and he was swaying from side to side. I was pretty sure that Niall wasn’t too far off with the ‘leak a liter’ comment.

Liam was out of it, like I said before, but he was still in it enough to react to his name being said. He walked over to me and worked his magic on my zipper.

I was happy that Liam had fixed that problem, but I knew I couldn’t make it back to the bathroom in time. There was a ‘don’t wee on the grass’ sign so I knew my only option was the fountain.

I think I said something like “I can’t hold it anymore” and I ran over to the fountain. I got myself in position, closed my eyes, and made a quick wish. I wasn’t tossing a coin into the fountain, but I figured that any kind of golden deposit gets you a free wish.

My wish was that I wouldn’t be too embarrassing weeing in a fountain in front of my best mates. I had only started to go when I heard the sound of someone weeing next to me. My eyes were closed, but I heard mumbling with an Irish accent.

About a second later I heard Louis sigh and the sound of a third person weeing into the fountain.

When I finally finished, Louis and Niall had already finished and zipped up. They were standing with their hands under the running water of the fountain.

Niall smiled at me and called me over. “C’mon Haz. I stole this starfish shaped soap from that fancy Men’s Room.”

And that’s what really happened.

Zayn smiled. “Now that sounds more like the real story.”

Niall frowned. “Harry’s eyes were closed, like he said. He can’t prove I weed in the fountain.”

Louis nodded. “That’s true. If he didn’t see it with his own eyes, he can’t prove it happened.
Besides, why does everyone believe Harry all the time? What makes him so believable?”

Zayn laughed. “Because the alternative means believing you three idiots.”

Niall shrugged. “That’s a good point.”

Zayn put his paintbrush down. “Anyone want to take a break or does anyone else have a story about having to take a leak?”

Louis laughed. “Nobody else wants to hear another story about someone having to use the loo.”

Liam shifted his weight. “I do.”

Louis raised an eyebrow.

Liam blushed. “I meant ‘I do’ about wanting to take a break, not about wanting to hear another story about, you know.”

Louis smirked. “Tinkle times?”

Liam bounced on his toes. “You’re such a child sometimes.”

Louis laughed. “Says the guy doing the potty dance.”

Liam frowned. “I’m not doing –.” He stopped short when he realized he was.

Zayn nudged his head toward the bathroom. “Go ahead while you can still make it in time.”

Niall laughed. “Yeah, otherwise we’ll make up four different stories about how you wet your pants.”

Liam laughed as he walked to the toilet. It took everything in him not to run. He called out to Niall before he closed the door. “You’re going to make up some crazy story anyway.”

Louis cupped his hands around his mouth so Liam could hear. “We would never.”

Louis lowered his voice. “Ok lads, when we tell this story to Ashton, let’s start with ‘Liam was a desperate man; desperate to hold it and desperate to hide it. As Zayn’s paintbrush danced across the canvas, the Bradford artist had no idea Liam was barely resisting the dance of desperation.’ How does that sound?”

Niall laughed. “Perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

This is the end of the story. I want to thank everyone who took the time to leave kudos for the story, share their thoughts about it, or even just read a chapter or two. It brings me so much joy to write stories that make people laugh or cry or just feel anything at all. If I did that, I accomplished my goal. I'm so sorry that i took so long to update this last chapter. I think in a way i didn't want the story to end. Thank you again for all the love and support. I couldn't have done this without you guys!
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!