**To Be Loved To Be In Love**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org) at [http://archiveofourown.org/works/4536045](http://archiveofourown.org/works/4536045).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Mature</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>No Archive Warnings Apply</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>M/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>One Direction (Band)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Harry Styles/Louis Tomlinson, Niall Horan/Liam Payne/Zayn Malik, Harry Styles, Louis Tomlinson, Niall Horan, Liam Payne, Zayn Malik, Johannah Tomlinson, The Styles Family, The Horan Family, The Payne Family, The Malik Family, Eleanor Calder, Dan Wootton, Anne-Marie Thompson, Nick Grimshaw, Ed Sheeran, Original Characters, Shahid Khan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Harry Styles, Louis Tomlinson, Niall Horan, Liam Payne, Zayn Malik, Johannah Tomlinson, The Styles Family, The Horan Family, The Payne Family, The Malik Family, Eleanor Calder, Dan Wootton, Anne-Marie Thompson, Nick Grimshaw, Ed Sheeran, Original Characters, Shahid Khan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collections:</td>
<td>AlreadyReadNight, Favs, readfics larry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2015-08-09 Completed: 2016-08-09 Chapters: 43/43 Words: 129407</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Summary**

At 18, every Sub must take a Match Test to find their Dom.
Poor, Farm kid Louis Tomlinson is matched with Rich, Businessman Harry Styles.

Or, where Harry thinks giving Money, expensive presents and luxuries proves how much you love someone, but Louis is about to turn his world upside down.

Twitter: @Angelic_Dusty
Youtube: Angelic_Dusty
Tumblr: angelicdusty

Notes

Big THANK YOU to whoever deleted this story.

Nice to know the minority gets that last say in what the majority gets to read.
Chapter Notes

The creator of the cover you see (made on 11/26) was made by @Anastasia131D
thank you so much!! ♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Fields of green were as far as the eye could see. Walking along the dirt road was a boy with a heard of sheep. He clicked his tongue when the heard began to roam too far, or started to break apart. Louis admired the sunset he was given; being late summer, the sunset was always beautiful. Today
it was a soft peach and gold that stretched across the endless sky, with just a touch of silver under every cloud. His happiness didn't stay very long, however.

A part of Louis didn't want to leave the pasture that night as he rounded up the animals into the cozy, warm, barn. He sat by the lantern, rubbing the very Pregnant Ewe's belly in a separate stall from the other sheep. Louis gave a thoughtful smile.

"Ready for your little lamb, Louise?" He asked. Of course the Ewe didn't answer him. Lou-Bell The Sheep (as Louis named her when he was ten) was pretty old, soon to be eight years old next month. She was an older one of the Heard and it surprised Louis she could still have lambs.

"Lou-Bell, tomorrow will mark my one week term before I turn eighteen. Meaning, I have to go into town to take my Match Test to find a Dom." Louis frowned, continuing to rub the belly, sadly. "I won't be here, so Farmer Bo next door will let you guys out tomorrow."

Being a farm kid, Louis was home a lot, so he didn't have many friends, or anyone he could really talk to. There wasn't anyone around and he got lonely from time to time, but that's why he had Lou-Bell. Lou-Bell listened and that's all Louis really wanted. Louis smiled, patting the Ewe one last time before covering her with a blanket. "Night' Lou-Bell." He waved, locking the pen.

Louis assumed his mother was sleeping already when he entered the farm house. It was a tiny home with not much space. Downstairs was connected with a tiny kitchen equipped with a black stove and small sink and table. The living room had a rugged, old couch, a tiny TV and old piano. Up the creaky stairs were two bedrooms, his mother's and his own and a small bathroom. Many people would be almost ashamed to have such a tiny home, but Louis loved his home. His father built it with his own two hands before he passed away.

Besides the house, it didn't take much of anything else to know that he was poor. His clothes, for example, his Mom had brought over from The Neighbors, when Farmer Bo's children hit the age to find a Dom, they didn't need their children's clothes anymore so they gave them to Louis. But Louis was built smaller than Farmer Bo's children ever were, even if they too were Subs like him. He was thankful, don't get him wrong; but, the clothes hung loose on his body, the shirt was low, revealing his collar bones and Louis had to roll up his sleeves a lot or they'd cover his hands. The pants were no less different and Louis was thankful he had suspenders, or he'd be hiking up his trousers all damn day.
Looking at the clock on the wall, Louis could see it was almost past ten o'clock at night. *Mum's already sleeping.* He knew. He turned to the TV to catch up on the late news. Nothing was different, a parade might be canceled because of the stormy weather on the weekend and there was a robbery in Manchester but the Robber didn't make it down the block before he was caught.

Louis was nervous. His mind drifted from the TV to his own thoughts.

*Tomorrow, I meet my Dom.* Louis didn't know if he was ready or not. He was so jittery that he was shaking. He gulped, turning off the TV and skipping dinner, feeling too nauseous to eat. He brushed his teeth and got ready for bed, sleeping in only his pants. Louis laid in his tiny room staring at the ceiling. His room, like the rest of his house, didn't have much, but the bed was comfortable and he had clothes in his closet.

The only thing in his room besides the two furniture items, was a picture Louis held dearly in his heart. Louis reached over to the said picture and gazed at it. It was taken a long time ago, it was of him and his father. Louis' father was holding him smiling, while Louis stood on the wooden fence, pointing towards something in the distance, smiling. Louis felt his eyes water and he set the picture down next to a yellow packet.

He sighed, he received this packet in the mail about a month ago. It had all the instructions and rules he was to follow. He felt his hands slowly open the packet. At first, he had been too nervous to read it, but seeing as he procrastinated, he now had no choice but to at least skim through it.

*At Birth, it's in your DNA if you're a Dom or a Sub. While neither gene is more Dominant than the other, it's quite easy to tell who's a Dom and Sub even without Medical records-*

*Blah, Blah, blah.*

Louis already knew that Subs were built more dainty and were prone to be more sensitive and quiet by nature, while Doms were built taller, more muscular in frame and were louder. He flipped the next page.

*One week before your eighteenth birthday, all Subs must report to the nearest Matching Office.* For Louis, that would be a three hour drive into town. He sighed, hoping his mother would have enough gas to get there and back home. *You are to bring your I.D, Birth Certificate, or other proof of identification, your pamphlet and your gift.*
Louis already felt like like a bad Sub. He had to turn away from the pamphlet. Subs and Doms, after they were matched normally gave each other a trinket as a 'I'm Grateful We've Been Matched'. Louis had been so busy on the farm that he hadn't had the time, or the money really, to go out and buy his future Dom a small thing.

Louis wiped a few stray tears from his eyes. When I meet them, they're going to think I'm ungrateful if I don't have a present for them. He had cried for days thinking that.

Once you are checked in, you will be greeted by a Match Maker, they will bring you your test.

You will have three hours to complete the test, use your time wisely. After you are matched, you will be brought to meet your Dom(s). You and your Dom(s)-

Louis looked closely at the word Dom(s). You mean you can have more than one Dom? He was shocked. He didn't know if that could be a good or a bad thing. He gulped and continued to read.

-will spend at least six hours (by the court of law) together, getting to know one another. It is up to the both of you how you spend your time afterwards*. Louis narrowed his eyes looking at the asterisk

You both are required by law to attend the Dom(s)/Sub(s) signature aproximatly one week after Matching. (Unless Sub(s) is/are rejected and returned)

Rejected and Returned? Louis closed his pamphlet and pulling the covers over his head. Louis allowed himself to succumb to a dreamless sleep.
"Bye, Lou-Bell. I'll be back later." Louis whispered to the pregnant Ewe as he raced out of the barn. Louis raced to the truck his mother had started, climbing into the front seat next to her. They waved goodbye to Farmer Bo and his wife as they stood at the edge of the driveway, wishing Good Luck to Louis.

Louis watched out his window at all the farms and land they passed. He was scared.

He looked over at his mother who kept her eyes darted on the road. She was aging, but beautifully in his mind. Her hair was put up in a messy bun and her eyes were always a determined dark brown. She wore her Sunday dress to look nicer as they drove through towns. He looked at his own attire of clothes. The only nice pants he owned had a small dirt stain on the knee and his white t-shirt was loose and his shoes had a hole in the side.

Louis bit his lip and he almost flinched when he felt his mother's soft hand rub his shoulder, comforting him. "... you'll be fine, baby."

Louis hoped she was right.

Even though it was a three hour drive from Yorkshire to London, Louis felt it went by much quicker. Jay pulled up on the curb in front of the Matching Office. The building was huge, almost like a skyscraper. Louis was about to leave when he felt his mother hold his hand. He turned to see
her holding a small black box.

"Its for your Dom," She smiled tenderly. Louis' eyes widened. "Mu-Mum, how...?" When did she have the time to go out and do this? He wondered.

"I had Farmer Bo's wife go get it for me, I knew you've been feeling terrible and scared these past few weeks." She admitted, stroking the palm of her son's hand with her thumb. "But don't worry, Baby. I was scared too. And then I was matched with your Dad." She beamed.

Louis did feel a little better.

"If your Dom truly loves you, Louis. He won't care what you have, he'll love you just the way you are," Jay kissed his forehead. Louis closed his eyes for a moment, if he thought really hard, he could remember being a little kid running around in the fields and the sunshine, his dad would call him over and his mother would be standing next to him. He'd run into their arms and his Dad would hug him while his mother fussed how dirty he had gotten himself and kissed his forehead.

Jay pulled away and the memory had to stop. Louis held the little black box close to him.

"I best be going now, love. Do good." Louis nodded and watched his mother leave. He knew she wouldn't be coming back. He knew his Dom would give him a ride home after the six hours they would have to spend with each other. He gulped, entering the building.

A group of teenagers came lollygagging out of the building. Louis could tell they were Doms by how tall and muscular they were. One Dome with highlights in his hair noticed Louis and pointed at him. "Oh my God, what is he wearing?" Louis tried hard to ignore their taunts and laughter and he was almost in tears when he reached the receptionist's desk. Showing a lady with red hair his I.D. Birth Certificate and Pamphlet, as well as the gift his mother bought, he was taken into a room that looked like one at a Doctor's office.

He was weighed (which really made him feel more insecure. Louis was a bit on the lanky side, the only real part of his body that had any fat was his ass), measured and given a blood test.

"Wait here." The woman with red hair commanded, opening a door to a room that had nothing but a table and chair. She had a strong tone to her voice, so immediately Louis knew she was a Dom. Louis nodded and sat at the table. He twiddled his finger for a moment before eyeing the black box. He was curious as to what was inside. He knew it wouldn't be proper to open a gift that wasn't
for him.

But don't I have the right to know what I'm giving my Dom? He wondered. Gently, he began to open the little black velvet box and his jaw just about hit the floor.

His mother bought his Dom a beautiful silver necklace with a silver cross. Louis thought it was very fitting for a Dom. He smiled, closing the box just in time for the same woman to hand him a sheet of paper and a pen.

"You have three hours. You are to answer the questions almost like you would for Colouring: Red, meaning No. Yellow meaning Maybe and Green meaning Yes." She stated, starting a timer on her watch. "I'll be just outside the door in case you finish early." She stated, leaving Louis alone.

Alright, this is it. Louis gulped, beginning the test. I can do this!

Question 1.) What is your sexual preference (please circle) Louis circled 'MEN'

This isn't so bad. He smiled to himself. This is just like taking a test at school.

Question 2.) How many children do you desire?
I can't do this.

It was two and a half hours later and Louis was just about finishing up his test. Some of the answers were easy, the others were terrifying. Choking, Blood play, Insect Kink and Knife Play almost gave him a heart attack. He answered as honestly and truthfully as he could.

Maybe it won't be so bad. He figured. If my test matches with my Dom, then I might end up with someone like Dad. He smiled at that thought. Really, he just wanted a Dom that would love and protect him, just like his Mother said he'd get. He hoped she was right.

He gently knocked on the door, handing the red-head the test. She nodded, looking to see if he completed all his answers. "Alright. I am going to send this to our Head Count where they will score and match your test; it shouldn't take more than an hour; Please wait here, would you like a cup of water?"

He nodded, thanking her.

Louis was back to waiting alone. It felt like forever before The Red Head came back with a file.
"We've found your Dom." She stated. Louis felt his heart race as he was led out of the isolating room and into another larger room with more tables and chairs.

There was someone else waiting as well. *Could that be my Dom?* Louis wondered. Louis was told to sit next to the other boy and Louis gave a small smile. "H-hello." He greeted. The other boy smiled back as well. "Done with your test?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I do say, it wasn't that bad. I wonder when The Doms will come in?" The other boy had short black hair and piercing Green eyes. He was really attractive and obviously better off than Louis. Louis shrugged, "I don't know, but I hope soon." Louis was nervous, but a part of him was really excited to see the person he'd spend the rest of his life with.

He gulped. *Unless I'm rejected and sent back here.* He hoped he'd be good enough. He didn't want to be a reject Sub. He heard that reject Subs were often looked down upon and seen as useless, a lot of them also didn't end up with Good Doms, or spent the rest of their lives alone.

Louis didn't want to live alone.

"You okay?" The boy next to him asked. Louis' head jerked up and he nodded. "Oh, I'm fine. Just... nervous." The other boy nodded.

"I'm Colin by the way." The other boy held out his hand. Louis took it and smiled. "Louis."

"Don't be nervous. We're matched up for a reason, I'm sure our Doms will have roughly the same viewpoint as us." Colin assured. That did make Louis feel a bit better and he eyed the black box in his hands. He hoped his Dom would like it.

"That your gift?" Colin asked.

"Yeah,"

"Here, I got mine a bracelet." Colin picked up a white bag and took out a gold and ruby red
bracelet. Louis' jaw dropped. The jewels sparkled under the fluorescent lighting and he could almost see his reflecting in the shimmering gold. Now Louis felt sick. Compared to Colin, his present might as well be from a gumball machine.

The woman with red hair came back and screamed: "HEADS DOWN!" All at once, every boy in the room lowered their head to look at the table.

"What?" Louis whispered.

"Keep your head down, we're not supposed to look at our Dom unless instructed." Colin whispered back.

Pretty soon a flood of men entered the room and each of them had a folder. A lot of them were dressed very nicely in suits, polished shoes and some even had jewelry on. Louis wanted to take a peak, just to see if his Dom was standing before him. Louis felt uneasy, when he heard voices around him of Doms commanding their Subs to raise their heads. Even Colin's Dom was here.

Louis didn't hear a voice before him, he didn't even feel a presence neer him.

Louis didn't know what he should do, so he kept his head lowered and tried to blink away tears. Louis heard one by one boys leaving with their Doms until it was just him in the room. He looked around the empty room, his neck sore from being bent at an awkward angle for too long.

He couldn't handle it anymore and he started crying.

He didn't understand it, he was matched wasn't he? What if my Dom saw my file and didn't want me? He thought. What if I was too fat, or too small? What if they wanted another Sub?

So many horrible and hurtful scenarios went through his head and his irritated blue eyes gazed at the black box. Not only did he let down his Dom, but his Mother as well. She must have spent a lot of money on the necklace and it was in vain. He sobbed, clutching the box closer to his chest.
"Please... Stop crying." He heard a voice above him command.

He gasped, slowly looking up to see a rather handsome man. He was bold, broad shouldered and wore a very elaborate black suit, Louis noticed that The Dom had rather long hair if it could be tied up in a bun and his jaw was sharp. What Louis noticed most of all, were the Forrest green eyes the Dom had. Louis blinked, resulting in his tears falling down his face. The Dom standing before him frowned.

"Did I say you could look at me?"

Immediately Louis jerked his head down. "N-No."

"Did I say you could speak?"

Louis shook his head, he began to shake, due to nervousness, resulting in him dropping the box out of his hands and it landed on the floor at The Dom's feet. Louis gasped, seeing the Dom's large fingers grip the small black box. Louis gulped. He felt like he was going to throw up.

He heard The Dom slid over a chair and sit down across from him.

"You may look up." The Dom's voice was gentler this time and slowly, Louis rose his head, his neck sore. Louis watched The Dom open the black box and take out the cross necklace. Louis was rewarded with a small smile that made him feel like butterflies were fluttering around in his gut.

_He's so beautiful._

"You may speak." The Dom instructed, closing the black box with a loud snap and putting it in his pocket. "Oh...um." Louis squeaked. Louis was shocked, he didn't know what to say. He was so surprised that he was even with a Dom. He was sure that no one would want him.
"I apologize for being late." The Dom replied, pulling out some sheets from the cream colored folder. "They called my office telling me that I was matched with someone and I work downtown, and let's just say that Lunch rush hour is NOT the time to be on the streets." The Dom gave Louis a small smirk.

Does that mean he came straight away? Louis gave a shy smile back, feeling flattered that The Dom would do something like that for him. Louis had heard horror stories about how a big majority of Doms were strict and sometimes cruel to their Subs. A part of Louis felt bad for judging the man before getting to know him. "Um. . . .I'm. . . Louis Tomlinson." Louis folded his hands in his lap.

The Dom smiled, "And I'm Harry Styles."

Harry Styles. . .

That named sounded both familiar and foreign to The Sub as he watched Harry look over the papers. "Hmm." Harry's mouth pushed his cheek aside in a disapproving side frown. Louis didn't like that noise and he became nervous again. "You have an awful lot of red here."

Louis had hoped that Harry had 'an awful lot of Red' as well as he was handed a folder. Inside was Harry's Birth Certificate, his I.D and a list of his 'personal information' (as it said at the top). Louis gulped, looking at what Harry was into. Harry really liked punishment, a lot of his 'Greens' were around spanking and other disciplinary actions. Louis didn't know what to think of Harry, really.

"Louis? I'm talking to you." His gruff voice snapped Louis out of his thoughts. "Oh? I-I'm- I'm sorry." The light-brunet apologized.

Harry sighed, "It's very rude to ignore me especially when I dropped everything for you. In my line of work, that's almost impossible to do."

That's something that Louis was curious about. "Um, where do you work?" He asked. Harry, without looking, pointed to the paper and Louis nearly paled.

He's a C.E.O?! Louis shivered, A chief executive officer, meaning he's the highest-ranking person
in a company. If he finds out I'm a poor farmer, then I'm screwed. Louis was afraid Harry would judge him by being a farmer and before Harry could flip the page to his own 'Personal information' Louis snatched the paper out of his hands.

There was dead silence as Harry starred at Louis in shock. Louis watched as Harry went from stunned to angry. "Did you just take that out of my hand?" Louis didn't answer and he began to cry. He was so overwhelmed by what he just foolishly did and he was scared of Harry would think—oh, what's the point now, he's already pissed.

"Louis, answer me." Harry demanded.

"I . . . I . . . " Louis couldn't stop stuttering.

"Louis, is there something you don't want me to see?" Harry asked. *It was the only logical explanation as to why Louis would even dare attempt to take something from me,* The Dom assumed. He was sure Louis wasn't really this defiant, but he still felt disrespected nonetheless and it was taking a lot to keep his temper.

"Louis. . . Are you a reject Sub?"

The wispy brunet shook his head. "No, I'm not." *Am I acting like one?* He blushed. Harry held out his hand and cocked his eyebrow. Louis gulped, slowly handing over the paper only to have it snatched out of his own. He knew he deserved it, after all, he did the same to Harry.

"You should be grateful on how lucky you are right now." Harry mumbled. "Now. Point out exactly what you did not want me to see."

Louis' blush intensified. Isn't it obvious what I don't want him to see? He felt humiliated as he slowly pointed under 'Occupation' at the word: "Farmer". Louis waited with his head lowered. He waited for anything, to be told he was stupid, or even laughed at. He was beyond surprised when Harry asked him, "Is that it?"

He's not ashamed? "You mean, you don't care?" Louis asked, baffled.
"Louis, I'm the seventh richest man in England. There are *Doms* poorer than I am." Harry sighed. *Don't tell me he's got Social Anxiety or something like that.* "Louis, are you ashamed of your job?"

Louis bit his lip. "No, it's not a job per-say, it's... well, it's my life." Louis twiddled his fingers together. "My Father was a farmer. He died when I was little, so Mum and I had to take over. I couldn't let Mum take over farming by herself, sometimes she gets horrible pains in her hands and her back, sometimes her feet. It gets really bad, sometimes she can't leave her bed, so I never could go out and get a paying job." Louis was rambling. "And that's why I didn't finish school." *Oh, God, why did I have to mention that? Now Harry's going to think I'm stupid!*

"Louis-LOUIS!" Harry's loud voice bellowed through out the empty room, making Louis freeze. "Louis..." Harry softly sighed.

"It's okay."

*It was? It was really okay?* Louis thought back to what his mother said:

"*If your Dom truly loves you, Louis. He won't care what you have, he'll love you just the way you are,*"

Louis knew she was right. *Maybe Harry really doesn't care that I'm a farmer.* That made Louis smile a bit and he sniffed into his hand. Harry handed him a tissue from a table over and Louis thanked him.

"Louis, Listen-can I hold your hand, first?" Harry asked. Louis looked down at Harry's enormous hands. Louis knew he was a Male-Sub, but his hands compared to Harry's made them look like tiny Barbie hands. He nodded and slowly placed his own hands into the palms of Harry's large, calloused ones. The Dom's hands felt rough and Louis thought about how odd that was, that he, a farmer, had smooth, dainty hands compared to Harry.

"Listen," Harry mumbled, stroking his thumbs over the top of Louis' hands in a loving gesture. "I don't care what you were, or are. All I care about, is that you're honest with me-and not take things out of my hands."

Louis blushed at that last part, guilty.
"Everything else is irrelevant. This-" He held up the sheet of paper. "Unless you have maybe a terminal illness; then I don't really care about: Your height, your weight, I just don't give a fuck, okay?" Harry's bold statement was both reassuring and stunning. He hadn't expected someone like Harry to really care a lot about him. Louis nodded, "I understand."

"Good. Now, I expect an apology. We've wasted too much time and we're still requited by law to spend at least six hours together, and it's almost past noon, we'll have to study each other at home." Harry stood up and Louis had to hold in a laugh.

"What?" Harry asked.

"Nothing." Louis blushed at Harry's choice of wording. Harry smirked, almost as if he had read Louis' thoughts. "You dirty boy." Harry slurred, he spoke too soon however because when Louis stood up, Harry got a really good look at the boy's attire.

"...please tell me that's dirt," Harry asked, looking at the boy's pants. Louis felt embarrassed again. His shoes had a hole and were about as dirty as his pants.

"Y-yeah, we had a party and I fell in the mud, the stain never came out though," Louis mumbled. Harry bit his lip. Just how poor was this guy? Not that Harry had a problem with poor people, but he wouldn't allow his Sub to go out in public any longer than he had to in those clothes.

"Well, it looks like we'll have to skip lunch." Harry sighed. Louis felt horrible. Was it because of me? It had to be. Harry noticed how distraught and upset Louis looked and he wanted to kick himself in the ass for it. "Don't blame yourself. I'm your Dom now, it's my job to make sure that your needs are fulfilled and if that means clothes shopping, well, shopping we'll go."

Louis gave a small smile. "Thank you. I've never had this opportunity before."

I'll bet. "No problem." Harry held out his hand again and slowly Louis took it, being led out of the room by his Dom, his Harry.

---

CHAPTER 2
Upon leaving the building, hand-in-hand, (which made Louis more confidant) Harry led Louis to a very large, black, shiny Range Rover. Louis was impressed, although not entirely surprised. Harry said himself he's the Seventh richest man in England, it wouldn't be a shock if he had one.

Harry approached the side of the vehicle, opening the door for Louis. Louis' mouth dropped. If he thought the outside looked nice, the interior was even better. Everything looked almost brand new and so clean. "Do you need help getting in?" Harry asked. He didn't mean to insult Louis, but the car was massive and it did look like Louis would have trouble.

Louis nodded. Harry smirked, picking the boy up bridal style to place him on the black leather seat when Louis asked him to stop.

"Something wrong?"

"Um, Harry, do you have a towel?" Louis asked, embarrassed. "It's not that. . . .I'm dirty, but. . . . I wouldn't want to ruin your seat." Louis would feel awful if he got a dirt stain or ruined Harry's seats. They looked expensive and were probably worth more than his house. Harry set Louis on the leather seat, buckling him in.

"Louis, you're fine. I could care less about the seat. If you did ruin it, I'm sure it was an accident." Harry assured. Louis blushed, smiling as he folded his hands into his lap. Harry climbed around to the other side and started up the engine. Louis was so used to riding in a rickety old truck, that he was surprised at how smooth the drive was.

At a stop light, Harry reached over to collect the white store bag with matching white tissue paper. He handed it to Louis. "This is for you. I was going to give it to you later, but I feel as if you should have it now." They had a while to wait seeing traffic was starting up so Louis gently dug through the present.

He gasped. "Oh. . . .Harry." He smiled, completely stunned. Harry smirked, fiddling with his own gift. "It's beautiful!"

Louis was looking at the gift. Louis had never seen something so beautiful. It was two peal necklaces strung together at the ends with two emeralds meeting each other in the middle.
Louis thought he was going to cry. He had never been given something so, valuable, before. It was such a beautiful thing too. He sniffed.

"Hey, hey don't cry." Harry chuckled, using his knuckle to wipe away a tear in the corner of Louis' eye.

"I'm sorry, it's just so . . . .thank you." Louis smiled, holding the gift closer to him. It made him feel so loved knowing Harry went out of his way to think of him that way. "It's nothing special really. I just saw it and grabbed it, seeing that I was late seeing you-

What are you talking about? Louis wanted to ask. Louis ignored Harry's words. Harry was so kind to leave work and pick something out for him. He was so humble. "Thank you, thank you." He kept repeating, smiling like an idiot, trying not to cry. Harry only smiled back, driving forward when the light changed.

It wasn't long before Harry pulled up to a mall Louis had never been to. Except, Harry didn't park in a parking spot, he pulled up to some garage in the back, Louis felt worried. "Um, what are we doing?" Louis asked. Harry looked up, stopping the Rover.

"Nothing to fear, Louis. I'm not the only one who parks here." Harry reassured, opening his door. Louis looked out the tinted window, he saw not only other Range Rovers, but a couple of Porsche and he was sure he saw a Lamborghini in the back. Louis felt a little intimidated by everything. Here he was in the lap of luxury, wearing practically rags, while surrounded by only rich people cars.
"Um. . ." Louis mumbled. Harry could see the boy was fearful. "It's only a mall, Louis." Harry explained, walking towards a silver door. That didn't make the boy feel any better though.

"Would you feel better if you held my hand?" Harry smiled, holding out his large hand. Louis did feel better, holding Harry's hand with both of his own, and walking though the mall. Louis tried so hard to not make eye contact with anyone that sneered at him.

"If anyone says anything to you, tell me, understand?" Harry ordered. It made Louis feel loved knowing Harry cared about his feelings. He nodded. Harry escorted Louis to a store where inside was brightly lit with mannequins wearing nice suits. There was a selection of shoes on some shelves at the side of the store and ties on the opposite end.

"Ha-Harry?" Louis squeaked.

"Yes?" Harry stopped walking. Louis took a look around, making sure there wasn't too many people watching or staring at them. Louis had a bit of Social anxiety and he shivered. "Is. . .there a limit?" He asked.

"Limit?" Harry was confused.

"Yeah, when you go shopping, don't you have a limit to how much you spend?" Louis questioned. Harry sighed, *I should have explained more in the car.* He noted himself.

"Louis, spend as much as you like, today is about you," Harry smiled kindly.

"But, I don't want to overcharge-"

"Seventh Richest Man--." Harry sing-songed, reminding Louis just how wealthy he was. Louis nodded, slowly looking at the ground. "Well, I mean, I could maybe spend. . .forty-dollars"

Harry had to chuckle. "Forty Dollars? If you can bargain *that* good, Louis, be my guest."
Bargain? Louis wondered. His eyes caught the price of a suit on a price tag a woman was carrying when she walked past the two and the Sub nearly had a heart attract. "T-t-two thousand dollars?!" He almost shouted in surprise. Harry shushed him and creased his thumb across Louis' palm.

"That won't even make a dent in my account, Louis. You're fine."

Louis shook his head. No, he couldn't ask this of Harry. Harry had spent enough money on him just on gas in his car and the pretty necklace. He didn't want to ask for even more from his Dom. "It's so much though."

"Louis." Harry grit his teeth and Louis tried to steady his breathing. Harry pulled them behind a large rack of clothes and creased his thumbs across Louis' cheeks. "Sssh, you're fine." Harry soothed. Harry kept doing that until Louis' breathing was even and he was in a position to listen.

"Now, listen to me: I am your Dom. As your Dom, I provide. Okay?" Louis nodded. "Just like a Sub, I have responsibilities too. What kind of Dom would I be if I let you be out in public any longer in those clothes." Harry asked. Louis bit his lip. Harry's words sort of made sense, but in actuality, Louis didn't care what he wore. He was in the same boat as Harry when agreeing he needed new clothes, but a two-thousand dollar suit?

"I don't know, Harry, could I maybe just have some jeans and a t-shirt?" Louis asked.

Harry nodded, "Yes, but not right now. I need you in a suit for where we're going." Louis gulped. Great, another fancy place. Not that Louis didn't like going to 'Fancy Places' but he felt this was a bit much.

_I mean, I'm not worth any of this I know Harry's trying to be polite, but I really don't need all of this._

Remembering his manners, he smiled and nodded. Harry surprised him by kissing his brow, making him blush a deep maroon shade. "Good boy," Harry whispered. "Now, you'd look stunning in a deep blue." Harry held his hand, leading Louis to the fitter's.

The fitter was an Sub-woman (which Harry thanked God for) she took Louis' height and waist
measurements before pulling out a line of suits. Harry had Louis try on a few of them before deciding that a royal blue suit fit Louis just fine. (Of course Harry was admiring the perky butt the Sub had when he turned around).

After they bought Louis three pairs of suits (which ranked in the high thousands, making Louis cringe) and some dress shoes, Harry had began to dart towards another store. It was a more casual store with Jumpers, pants and shirts but that didn't mean Louis didn't notice the price.

"A Hundred dollars for a jumper?" Louis bit his lip, feeling the soft, light blue material. Harry was behind him looking through shirts on a rack when he over-heard Louis. "It's fine, Louis. Really." Harry was getting fed up with how unappreciative Louis was becoming. It seems everything he purchased made the Sub upset. He didn't know any other way to please the kid.

"M'sorry." Louis mumbled.

"Do you like that jumper?"

*No, but Mum might.* "Could I have it?" Louis asked. Harry nodded. "You may."

Harry had cranked out a sum of over a thousand just in clothes for Louis. He had Louis change his clothes in the dressing room and discarded the "rags" in the trash bin.

"You won't ever have to wear something like that again, I promise." Harry whispered into Louis' ear. Louis felt a bit sad seeing his clothes in the bin, he was raised to keep what he could. He knew Harry only wanted the best for him, though and he was happy to be wearing shoes with no holes, pants that fit and a warm jumper.

"Thank you." Louis whispered, holding Harry's hand. He liked holding his Dom's hand. It made him feel safe and loved. Harry grinned, leaning down to nuzzle his nose against' Louis'.

*Mom was right. My Dom just wants to take care of me and love me. I know I should respect Harry and let him buy me stuff, but I really don't need all of this.*

"Harry, what are we doing next?" Louis asked.
Harry glanced down at his watch. "It's past three." Already? "How about we see a movie?" Louis hadn't been to a movie theater in forever. Last time he went he was really little and he didn't even remember what he saw. He nodded, excited. Before Louis could ask Harry what they would be seeing, a Dom walked past them. It wasn't the Dom that scared Louis, but the Sub. The poor Sub had a collar and leash on and was being harshly pulled by the Dom.

Louis whimpered and Harry tightened his grip. "Don't look at him." He whispered, putting his fingers on Louis' chin to gently pull his head towards him. "Louis, I know this is all new to you and it's okay to be afraid. But listen to me when I tell you this: I would never do that to you. There is a fine line between BDSM and abuse. I know that Dom."

Harry sneered, looking behind him at the Dom tugging his Sub.

"And believe me, that's his ninth Sub. I don't think he'll be with him too long."

Louis gulped. *His Ninth Sub?* The blue eyed boy looked up at his Dom. Harry was a whole foot taller than him, so if Harry had any idea to do something like that, there would be no way Louis could fight him.

"You... promise?" Louis mumbled.

Harry laid a hand on Louis' shoulder. "I never go back on my word," He crossed his heart. "I promise, Louis."

"Okay." Louis believed him. He had to trust Harry, otherwise the relationship wouldn't work. BDSM, he researched, was all on trust. Without trust, there could be no room for love.

Harry led them back to the garage where Louis noticed more cars had parked while they were gone. Harry helped Louis into the passenger seat while he attended to the bags. It was a twenty minute drive to the Movie Theaters from The Mall and Louis felt giddy. Harry held his hand the whole way and would glance over to smile at him.

Upon arriving at the Theaters, Louis noticed a group of men and women with cameras. "Who are they?" Louis asked.

"Fuck." Harry grumbled. Louis began to panic. Did Harry know those people? "Louis, I'm going to
have to ask you to do something for me." He started.

Louis nodded, "O. . . kay?"

"When I say walk: Look at the ground, don't speak, don't do anything but follow me." Harry sternly replied. Louis didn't have time to react as Harry went around the Range Rover and helped him out. Louis did as he was told and kept his head down. A lot of people were asking Harry who the name of his Sub was and how long ago was he matched.

Louis felt sick.

Is this how Harry wants me to be like in public? He had no problem with me at the mall, why the sudden change?

Louis was thankful Harry was holding his hand as he was led into The Theaters. "Thank God." Harry breathed. Louis didn't leave his gaze off the floor. "You can look up now, Louis." Harry chirped.

Louis slowly did so. He winced, rubbing his neck. It was sore from keeping it down for long lengths of time. "Sorry about that." Harry apologized, rubbing Louis'd neck. Louis liked the way Harry's large finger tips creased his neck, massaging him. He held in a moan.

"Who. . . where they?" Louis asked.

"Paparazzi. I'm fairly well known. Someone must have seen us in the mall." Harry muttered, turning his attention to the showtime board.

Was he. . . protecting me? Keeping my identity hidden? Louis beamed to himself. It seems every time he thinks Harry would be strict with him, turns out he's just showing love for him.

"Now, what movie would you like to see, Louis?" He smiled.
Louis shrugged. He didn't know what movies were out, normally if he wanted to catch a movie he had to wait till late at night to see what was playing on the TV. "I . . . I don't . . . know. Could you pick?" He asked. Harry nodded, speaking to the Box Host. Louis' ears perked up where he heard Harry discuss about a private theater.

"Oh, you don't have to-" Louis didn't finish as Harry gave him a glance that made him shut up immediately. _Shut up, Louis, you sound like you don't appreciate what he's doing for you! _He scolded himself. They skipped concessions and were escorted to their theater. The theater was fairly large, seating about 150. It wasn't dark inside yet Louis was thankful for, he couldn't walk in the dark without tripping over something.

It was awkward for a few moments with Harry checking his phone and Louis just sitting there.

Louis didn't know what to do. Harry was glaring at his phone and he didn't know if it was because of him or not. He gulped.

*Great, I just messed everything up.* He wanted to cry. *I just had to keep my mouth shut, but no. I had to ruin everything.*

"Louis." Harry's gruff voice called.

"Y-Yes?" Louis asked. Harry was leaning back in his seat, while Louis was on the edge of his. Harry smirked, pushing the cup holder divider in between them up and wrapped his large hand around the side of his waist, pulling him closer. Soon, Louis was laying on his shoulder and Harry had his head rested on the top of his head. Louis felt his heart race decrease. Harry turned off his phone.

"I know. . . you might not be used to this pampering," Harry whispered into Louis' ear, stroking the side of his face with his thumb.

"But. . . I just want to treat you, because I know you haven't had this. And if I have the opportunity to make your life a little better, be it buying you some clothes or taking you out to a movie, then I want to Louis. I want to, because. . . I'm your Dom."

Louis felt a lump in his throat, but before he could say anything, the theater lights shut off and the previews started.
After the movie, which Louis couldn't pay attention to, Harry took him out to eat. Harry had chosen an Italian restaurant in the (surprise, surprise) upper class part of London. Louis had marveled at the little candles lit between him and Harry at their booth in the back.

"This place is beautiful." Louis awed.

"Yeah, sure is." Harry mumbled, lovingly, not taking his eyes off of Louis. Harry had been to dinner parties, celebrity clubs and other functions that were guaranteed beautiful people, but he had never seen someone had handsome as Louis. Harry himself had never seen such blue eyes on a human being, he loved to gaze at them when Louis wasn't looking at him.

"Um, Harry?" Louis asked, holding a menu. "I don't know what I want."
Louis was shy, he noticed. The best part of being a Dom, was when you had shy Subs, you could do things for them. That's what being a Dom was all about, no one really liked a snooty-know-it-all Sub. Harry was more than happy to help Louis. Harry ordered them two plates of some pasta dish Louis couldn't pronounce.

Louis was about to take a forkful of his food when he noticed something in the corner of his eye: It was the Dom and Sub from the mall. He gulped, watching them take a table. The Sub went to reach for a menu but it was slapped out of his hands by the Dom. The Dom also shook his head, as if telling the Sub he wouldn't be eating.

Harry noticed Louis' uneasiness and he also saw the problem why. "Louis. Eat your dinner." He scolded like a parent. Louis turned to his own Dom and slowly ate. The meal was delicious, the best anything Louis had ever tasted. When they finished Dinner, it was seven-thirty.

"When are you expected home?" Harry asked, guiding Louis back to the Range Rover. Louis didn't know how to answer. His mother never told him when she wanted him home. "I... I don't." He mumbled, pushing both his index fingers together. Harry nodded.

"Alright, would you like to go home?"

Louis looked at him with sad eyes. He wasn't ready to leave Harry. He never wanted to leave the man's side, truthfully. Even though he just met Harry, he was warming up to him every second he was with him. But, he knew he had to go home. His mother probably needed him and would be wondering who his Dom was.

"I don't want to, but my Mum-"

Harry smiled, "Say no more." He ordered with a chuckle. "Where do you live?" Harry asked. Louis was a bit nervous about Harry driving him home. He knew Harry wouldn't judge him, but there was always the uneasiness of having someone over that just bothered Louis for some reason.

"... Yorkshire." Louis mumbled.

"That far?" Harry started up the engine and worked on the GPS. Louis nodded, "I live on a farm. It's not much." Louis continued. Harry seemed to like hearing about the farm that he lived on and asked Louis to continue telling him about what he did. Louis told him all about the animals he's
helped raise, about the vegetable garden in the back and Lou-Belle, his sheep.

"She's pregnant." Louis spoke. "She's due any day now, and I'm excited for her to have the baby."

Harry found everything about Louis so fascinating. "What do you grow?" Harry asked, turning on to a dirt road that would lead to Yorkshire.

"Just some carrots and potatoes. Nothing more really."

"Kale?" Harry asked, hopeful.

*Kale? "Um. . . No."

"Oh." Harry was silent afterwards. Louis giggled, "Do you like Kale, Harry?" He asked. Louis had never heard of anyone liking Kale. Louis continued to giggle and Harry flicked the headlights on. "Sorry to disappoint you by not growing any Kale. I wouldn't even know how to plant them."

It wasn't long before Louis pointed to a house where Harry pulled into the drive way. Harry looked at the house Louis lived in. It had seen better days, that's for sure. The white paint was chipping off and it didn't look like much from the outside. Apart from the house there was a red barn where Harry could hear Sheep.

"I don't think Mum is sleeping just yet." Louis spoke out loud.

"I'm excited to meet her." Harry smiled. It wasn't uncommon for Doms to "Meet the Parents" after the first date. It was the respectful thing to do. Harry let Louis lead him into the house. Taking a look around, Harry could see why Louis was dressed the way he was earlier. The Tomlinson's were the definition of Poor. Everything was either outdated, almost broken, or over used. The rugs over the wood floor looked like they were over washed and the couch was ratty.

"Mum?" Louis softly called. "I'm home."

There was a faint answer up the stairs. "Um, do you mind if I. . . ?" Louis trailed off. "Oh, no, do whatever you please, Louis, it's your home after all." Harry smiled.
"Have a seat, I'll put on a kettle of tea." Louis offered, hopping up the stairs. Harry took a look around the living room. He noticed a stack of pictures on a small table by the TV and he wondered over to glance at them. He smiled seeing pictures of Louis as a child. He had a cheeky grin on his face as he held up a fish on a fishing poll. Another one was of Louis in the arms of a woman, who Harry assumed was his mother.

Harry heard a faint creaking and looked up to see a crack in the ceiling. He frowned. *This house is unstable.*

Louis meanwhile, felt horrible. He had come home to see that his mother was in bed, red with fever. "Mum, are you alright?" He asked, sitting at the edge of her bed. This wasn't the first time Jay had gotten sick like this, what upset Louis was he wasn't there to take care of her.

*I shouldn't of had her drive me. I should have kept her home.*

Jay smiled sweetly, "How was the test? Is your Dom here?" She sounded ill and Louis didn't know if he should expose Harry to her or not. Louis bit his lip, nodding. "Bring him up." Jay smiled. Louis was unsure.

Slowly, the blue eyed boy entered his living room where Harry was sitting patiently. "Um, you'll have to come upstairs." *I'm the worst Sub ever. I shouldn't be demanding my Dom to do things.*

Harry rose an eyebrow. "Alright." He followed Louis upstairs and understood why when he saw a sick woman in bed. Harry gave a polite smile as he stood next to the bed with the frail woman.

"Hello Ma'am." Harry started.

Jay turned her head slowly, she had dark circles under her eyes and her lips were chapped, still, she managed to smile at him. "Are you going to take care of my son?" Was all she asked.

Louis looked from his mother to Harry a few times. At first, he couldn't believe his mother said something like that. Louis didn't what to say. Growing up a Sub, attending Sub School, he was taught under the impression that Doms were Strict, Harsh, and often Cruel. Louis had convinced himself that his father was the only Nice Dom in the world and that his mother was Lucky.
But seeing Harry crouched down on his knees, holding one of his mother's frail hands made him re-think all that he was ever taught.

Harry smiled, his eyes sparkling. "Forever." He replied.

And that's where Louis Tomlinson realized: his heart beats for Harry Styles.
After meeting his mother, Louis helped Harry bring in the bags of clothes Harry had bought him. Louis had assumed he'd kiss Harry on the cheek goodbye, he hadn't expected Harry to pick him up and carry him to his room. He was sure that other Subs and Doms didn't do this.

"Louis." Harry whispered, laying the boy on his bed. Harry didn't like Louis' cold, drafty room. He wanted his Louis to be in nothing but the best.

"I'd like for you to move in with me, tomorrow."

*Tomorrow?* Louis was stunned. Mainly Subs moved in after at least a week, right after they had their signature with their Dom. Harry wanted him to move in right away?

"But... Harry-"

"There's no room for argument, Louis." Harry spoke, stroking his hand through Louis' bangs. "Tomorrow, I'll send a truck for your things and we'll probably get you a hair cut as well." He mumbled that last part.

It wasn't that Louis was scared of living with Harry. In fact, he was sure it would be nice, comfortable and expensive. "But what about my mother?" Louis uttered. *What about the farm? What about Lou-Belle?*

Harry closed his eyes for a moment. "Louis... your mother is ill, badly ill. Do you know why?" Louis blushed, biting his lip. He was nervous as it is having Harry in his room and being told he'd be leaving her and all he knew behind to be a Sub.

"Louis?" Harry asked again.
Louis nodded, "She's... she's really sick. The Doctor said she just might have early arthritis, but my Mum's not that old, Harry." Louis started to get worked up. This had been bottled up inside of him ever since his father's death when he was young.

"I don't know what to do, Harry," He hiccuped. "There are days when she can't get out of bed, she feels so awful. And there's nothing I can do about it." Louis felt tears fall from his eyes and he quickly wiped them away. "I don't want to leave her alone. She's all I have."

_I must look pathetic crying in front of Harry._

The Dom slowly slithered his large hands under Louis' back, pulling his Sub up from the bed and resting him against his chest. Louis sniffed the crook of Harry's neck. He liked the way Harry smelled: Peppermint and aftershave. Louis wrapped his arms around Harry's large frame. Harry was so muscular. Harry took a free hand to rub the back of his head.

"I won't leave that woman alone, I promise." Harry whispered. "I'm having someone come over to watch her tomorrow. She's reliable and my family doctor." Louis' eyes widened and Harry hushed him before he could open his mouth to object. "I want to do this, Louis. I want to."

With Harry's soft voice and back rubs, Louis was having a hard time staying awake.

"Go to sleep, My Pet, rest your eyes. You've had a long day."

Before Louis knew it, he was fast asleep, happier than he had been in a long time. And he wasn't sure if it was because Harry was holding him, or not.
"Niall. . . Niall, sweetie, wake up."

The boy, Niall, moaned sleepily and tried to roll on the other side to fall back to sleep. The voice above him, however, was not about to let that happen and started to gently shake the boy awake.

"No-o-o." The bleach blonde groaned, digging his head further into the soft pillow. As a Sub, his instincts were telling him to do exactly what his Dom was telling him to, but his common sense cells were commanding him not to move. His head ached SO much.

"Niall, are you okay?" The concern voice asked. The Dom above Niall was Liam Payne, a charming man with light brown eyes and a scruff beard. He wasn't your ordinary Dom. Although, like many Doms, he had high expectations of his Sub, but when it came to Niall, something just made him go soft. "Nialler?" He called.

"Hmmm. . .?" Niall managed to open one of his blue eyes. Liam was shocked at the dark circles Niall had and how sickly pale the boy was. Immediately, Liam placed the palm of his hand against Niall's forehead and cheeks, not liking how hot the blonde felt.

"Are you sick, Baby?" Liam cupped the blonde's cheek. Niall said nothing and rolled over to go back to sleep. "...Dammit!" Liam swore under his breath as he left the master bedroom. Quickly, Liam rushed down the stairs searching for Zayn.
Zayn Malik, along with his Husband, Liam Payne, was a Chief Financial Officer (CFO). He was responsible for presenting and reporting accurate and timely historical financial information of the company he worked for. He wasn't a C.E.O. like his friend Harry Styles, but he worked with him.

Zayn Malik, a beautiful man with raven colored hair, tan skin and deep chocolate brown eyes, was a Dom as well. He and Liam were both Doms to Niall. It was a rare case, something that a lot of Subs would die for, but something Doms would loath. However, the condition actually brought Liam and Zayn close together and when the three got married, it was alike they had a little family: Liam being the protective Dom, Zayn being the strict Dom and Niall being the cute Sub that did what he was supposed to do (MOST of the time)

However, being CFO had it's fall backs. It was a lot of paperwork and sometimes Zayn and Liam spent hours in their office and work or home, leaving Niall by himself. They tried to make it up to their Sub as best as they could and today was a rare day off for the both of them and they planned on maybe going out today.

"Zayn?" The raven haired man looked up to see his fellow Dom, Liam. Liam was worried. "Something wrong?" Zayn asked.

"It's Niall." Was all Liam had to say before Zayn was leaving the office with Liam. "I don't know why, but he's sick. His face is pale and I think he's running a fever." The two Doms trotted up the stairs to their master bedroom that they all slept in. Zayn could see how sick Niall was from across the room. The poor Sub had cocooned himself in a mess of blankets and looked absolutely miserable.

"Hey, baby," Liam cooed, "I have Zaynie here, can you sit up for me dear?"

Most Doms would never speak in such a babyish tone to their Subs unless they were into Age-Play, but all rules for being "A Manly Dom" flew out the window for the two knowing that the blonde was sick. Liam more so than Zayn. Niall did poke his head out of the blankets and rested his head on Zayn's knee. The Dom began to stroke his fingers through the messy blond locks.
"Niall? How do you feel?" Zayn asked.

"Bad..." Niall whimpered. "Gonna' be sick." Immediately, Liam ran into the attacked bathroom and returned just in time with a waste basket for Niall to hurl in. Liam looked up at Zayn, the two shared a serious glance until Zayn shook his head and Liam sighed. "How about some tea, darling?"

Niall nodded to that and Liam wiped the corners of his Sub's mouth and tucked him in.

Zayn leaned against the door frame in the kitchen, watching Liam make their Sub some caramel tea. "Liam, if we take him to a doctor, he'd find out. Or pester us to tell him."

"Well, there's nothing else we can do." Liam sighed, "Besides, it could be nothing. Maybe he just caught the flu."

"Psh." Zayn rolled his eyes, crossing his arms. "Oh, yeah, I'm sure that's it." Liam scowled at his Husband. "Li, he's showing all the signs already. Morning sickness is just the cherry on top." Liam knew Zayn was right. But what could he do about it? Liam picked up the tea cup and started to leave the kitchen but Zayn blocked him.

"We're not to tell him a thing. Get it?" Zayn hissed.

Liam narrowed his eyes. "I think you're forgetting that I'm a Dom too." But Liam knew that Zayn knew that he couldn't say anything. Liam left to their bedroom while Zayn decided to finish up some paper work. Liam gently knocked on the door before entering their bedroom.

"Niall, are you okay?" Liam asked, walking in to set the tea cup on the bedside table. Niall was propped up against pillows and a blanket covered the half of him. However, the Sub had taken off his shirt and was whimpering while holding a wash cloth to one of his nipples.
"They...they hurt, really bad, Liam." Niall sniffed.

Liam bit his lip, walking over to look at what Niall was talking about. It was as he feared, Liam felt his stomach drop at the redness around both of the Sub's tender nipples. "Like, are they irritated?" Liam asked.

"No, they ache."

Liam handed Niall the cup of tea and the Sub thanked him. Liam rubbed Niall's back in small circles, watching the blonde Sub slowly sip his drink. There was a moment's silence before Niall spoke. "Liam, can you tell me what's wrong? Please?" Liam knew what Niall was referring to.

As Doms, Liam and Zayn didn't grant Niall access to his own medical records; they did this for a reason: To have Niall trust them completely. It did worry Niall a bit not knowing if he had just a cold or cancer, but normally Liam and Zayn patched him up. So the Doms obviously knew what they were doing.

"No, baby. You know why." Liam hushed.

"Then... Can you tell me if I'm dying?" Niall hiccuped. He didn't want to die. He was afraid of death. Liam chuckled, stroking some pieces of hair behind Niall's ear. "No love, you're not dying, I promise."

That did make Niall feel a bit better, but it made Liam feel like a shitty Dom. Niall was about to find out sooner or later. "But, if this continues, then Zee and I are taking you to a doctor, alright?" Liam stated. The blonde nodded, agreeing. Liam planted a small kiss on the Sub's forehead.

"Can you cuddle with me?" Niall asked.

"Always my darling." The Dom promised, taking off his nice trousers and dress shirt, switching them for sweats and a t-shirt. As a Dom, it was always your foremost and important duty to tend to your Sub. Nothing else in this world mattered more than the well being of your partner. Liam took that to a whole new lever and wrapped his arms around his Niall, smiling when the blonde nuzzled into his chest.
"Try and get some sleep, baby." Liam whispered.

And Niall did.

The Nurse's name was Perrie. A beautiful Blonde Sub from a few towns over. Louis kissed his mother on the cheek goodbye as he watched her be put into an ambulance. Louis had a huge scare this morning. He woke up to find Jay laying on the floor hardly breathing. Thankfully he awoke just in time for the moving van to arrive and they called for an ambulance.

Jay was being taken into London.

Louis couldn't concentrate. He was basically saying goodbye to everything he's ever known and it was a bit overwhelming. The thing was, now his mother wasn't even in the house and he didn't know if he should pack her things to. He gulped thinking that this might be the end for her.
Don't think like that, She'll be fine. He would reassure himself. But he'd never believe his own lies.

Louis had packed all the clothes Harry bought him, family photos that were in his room, his baby blanket his mother made for him years ago that he never seemed to part with. The final touches to moving were putting on the necklace Harry had bought him. He tried to force a smile, but it didn't feel right.

While the movers were putting boxes into the van, Louis had excused himself to say goodbye to Lou-Bell one last time. Farmer Bo and his wife would be watching their farm while he and his mother were away. Louis crouched down next to the pregnant Sheep.

"I'm leaving Lou-Bell." He sighed, holding back tears. He looked around the damp barn. A lot of people would say this place was a dump riddles with sheep crap and hay, but it was more to that to Louis. This was the place where his father had taken him to play in the hay when he was little. This was the place where he shaved his first sheep and made a coat out of the warm wool. So many memories laid in this barn that it made Louis choke a sob at the thought of never seeing his farm ever again.

"I'm sorry I won't be around to see your baby, Lou-Bell." Louis apologized. She 'Baa'd' and Louis swore she smiled. He stroked the soft wool then behind her ears. No one really knew this, but Lou-Bell was sometimes his only friend in the world. Granted she was just an animal, but Lou-Bell never judged Louis, never called him names in call, or left him standing alone when he wasn't picked to play footie.

"I have to go, Lou-Bell." Louis whispered, rubbing her pregnant tummy one last time. "Be good for Mum and Farmer Bo."

With that, Louis raced towards the entrance of the barn, stopping only to pick up a horse shoe that was hanging on the side. It belonged to his dad. Louis tucked it in his shirt and ran to the van.

It was a long three hour taxi ride to London. Louis hoped that his mother had gotten to the hospital okay. He had given the Nurse Harry's name and asked her if anything were to happen to his mum, to call Harry. Louis had watched the farm land become more suburban by the minute until he was
in the city. When he was sure the driver wasn't paying attention, he stuck his head out the window, laughing at the breeze that hit his face.

His sadness was numbed by the trill of crossing The London Bridge and passing The Tower of London. Lots of people who had seen him, smiled at his childishness and would wave at him. He put his head back in the taxi when he received snotty glared from a more upper-class group of Doms. Louis only had a small suitcase with him, everything else he owned was in the truck following them.

It wasn't until they came across a large gate did Louis feel nervous. He looked around the area. He couldn't see any houses nearby. We must have left the city. He assumed. The blue-eyed boy noticed a lot of trees over lapping the driveway and he liked how the area had lots of shade. The gates itself were black with a spiral design and a big Cursive 'S' In the middle. There were two stone pillars on either side. Louis licked his lips when the gates opened and the taxi began to slowly drive forward. This is it. He gulped. Once he got out of the car, he'd start his life with Harry.

The taxi had driven towards the entrance to the home and Louis was absolutely shocked. The house had to be larger than over fifty of his own. it was a white brick, blue roofed mansion with a circular drive way and a fountain in the middle. There were archways that led to the front door and Louis could see an attached garage.

Louis was so baffled and dumbfounded by where he was going to live for the rest of his life that he didn't hear his name being called by the driver.
"Oh, what?" Louis asked.

"I said, do you want me to open your door?" The Driver politely offered. Louis shook his head, "I've got this." He smiled, opening the door on his own. Louis held on to the handle for precaution. He didn't know if he would faint or not. Harry's money never meant anything to him, but this house was so stunning and beautiful that he almost felt overwhelmed again.

Louis' heart began to race when he saw Harry walking out the front door to greet him. Louis felt his legs move before his mind processed what to do and he found himself running into Harry's arms. Harry was more than happy to hold the Sub. He had missed him dearly.

"Hello my sweet." Harry whispered in Louis' ear. Louis gripped Harry's shirt and smiled, nuzzling to pick up on his Dom's scent. While Harry held Louis, the movers began to place everything inside the house. "Are you ready to move in with me, my pet?" Harry asked, softly, stroking the hair on Louis' head.

Louis bit his lip, "There's... something I have to tell you first." He admitted.

"What is it?" Harry asked.

"It's my Mum. She fell really ill this morning and she's in the hospital." Louis sniffed, "I... I don't know what's wrong with her and I'm worried and-and-"

"Sssh." Harry soothed, whispering in his Sub's ear. "Deep breaths, Louis. In and out." Harry continued to instruct. Louis listened and followed along to Harry's voice until his breathing was back to normal. "Now... I'm sorry to hear what happened to your Mum."

The Poor woman doesn't deserve it. Harry knew. "But, right now. We need to focus on getting you situated, alright?" Louis didn't reply. He missed his farm, dearly.

"Oi! Be careful!" Harry shouted to one mover who almost dropped a box. Harry smiled down at his Louis, petting the top of his head one last time and held the Sub's hand. "Let's go inside, shall we?"
Louis nodded. "I'm ready."

Harry smiled, leading his Sub into their home.

"Li..." A weak call came from the bed. Liam turned from folding laundry, a job many Doms would never do and pass off to their Sub. But Liam was a different Dom. He actually enjoyed house hold chores like laundry and cooking. He didn't mind at all. And knowing his Niall was sick, only made him clean more. Knowing Niall was in a clean room somehow just made sense to Liam.

"Hey, Niall. Have a nice nap?" Liam asked, putting down one of Zayn's shirts and walking over to the bed. He felt Niall's forehead and tisked at how warm the Sub was. *Maybe I was right, he's just ill.* "Would you like something to eat?" Liam offered. Niall only groaned, laying back down.

"Don't mention foood." He whimpered.

"How about some chicken broth? Would that work?" Niall only sobbed in response. His stomach was killing him. Liam slowly sat on the bed and began to rub his large hand across the blonde's smooth tummy. Liam stopped when he felt how much firmer it felt than normal.

"Fell's goo'd Li'um, do'n staup." Niall moaned, stretching his limbs. Liam continued to gently rub.
"His stomach was hard?" Zayn asked, chewing on the end of his pen. Liam nodded. "Yes. He's showing all the signs, Zee and I even felt it." Zayn threw the pen on the desk and covered his head with his hands. Liam only stood before the fellow Dom. There was nothing they could do at that point.

Zayn sighed. "Let's take him to a doctor, maybe he's just bloated. It's probably gas, you know how much he eats."

Liam's eye brows rose. "And then what? What do we tell him? He of all people is going to find out and when he does, he's going to be upset with us, Zee." Liam frowned, he didn't want that. He didn't want Niall to be angry with him or Zayn. Liam wasn't going to deny it, he had a spot softer than cotton for Niall. He got emotional, defensive and protective when it came to the bubbly blonde.

"Look, we'll take him to the doctors and discuss it there. In the mean time, he's got that flu and that's it." Zayn replied.

"I'm scared just as much as you." Liam reminded. "And hey-maybe this is a good thing."

Zayn wanted to roll his eyes.
No. This was the exact opposite of a good thing. This was a whole new level of Dom and Sub. Already they made national news and headlines for obtaining the rarest Dom and Sub relationship, and now this was going to whip into their lives?

"We're awfully lucky, aren't we Liam?" Zayn asked, sarcastically.

Liam chuckled. "I don't know. Maybe. All I know is, I wouldn't change it for the world."

Zayn smirked.

"But remember, it's not the Dom's choice. This is now going to be taken into the hands of the Sub. Subs control only housework and-"

"Yeah, yeah, I know that last bit." Zayn sighed, swiveling around in his chair. "It's just... I'm not scared. But I am worried about how this will effect our relationship."

Liam pulled up a chair to sit across from his husband at the desk. "Nothing. It won't change anything." Liam replied, softly. "Not unless you make it."

"Are you kidding me? This changes everything, Liam. Now, we'll be restricted, limited and have boundaries." Zayn pointed out.

"Yes. But what you need to ask yourself, Zee, is: Is this worth it?" Liam gently held his husband's hand, smiling over the wedding ring that had the first initials: N.L.Z for 'Niall, Liam and Zayn' It always swelled his heart to see their wedding rings. It made Liam feel worthy.

"If sex wasn't involved with this relationship... would you have ever married? Proposed?" Liam continued, tracing his finger across a vein in Zayn's large hands. "I know I would."

Liam was right.

Of course, Liam was always right.
Zayn sighed. "We'll take him to the doctors and have him find out there. And, if he decides then . . . I'll live with it." Zayn sighed. Liam smiled.

"I think you'll learn to love our new life, actually."

Zayn smirked, "Why not? I've learned to love this, I'm sure I can live with that as well."

Liam smiled and kissed his Husband on the nose before skipping away. "I swear, you're more of a Sub than Niall!" Zayn playfully called after Liam before going back to his paperwork.

"Harry, what?" Louis chuckled as Harry placed one of his large hands over Louis' eyes. "Sssh, it's a surprise, Pumpkin. I want to see your face when you see your lovely home."

Louis took Harry's word and let The Dom guide him into the home. Harry had taken off his shoes and helped Louis take off his own, seeing his eyes were closed. Louis could feel the floor was polished under his socks. "Now can I open them?" Louis asked, hearing his voice slightly echo.
"And... open."

When Louis opened, he felt his mouth go dry. The inside of the home was magnificent. The walls were a stunning white with a design etched on the corners of every pillar Louis saw. There was a large, gold sparkling chandelier that dripped from the ceiling with a grand staircase that wound up the side of the wall and window. Louis could see gold paint at the top of the beautiful pillars and the whole floor was so clean and polished, Louis could see himself.

"Oh... Oh my God." Louis gasped, looking all around him.

He was going to live here?!

Harry chuckled. "Let me show you around." He laid a gentle hand on the small of Louis' back and guided him through out the whole house. Louis had an amazing time just looking. Harry showed him the kitchen, where he asked Louis if he was hungry. Louis was too baffled to talk as he looked
about the kitchen with the attacked bar. There was a warm glow to the kitchen and The Sub couldn't wait to cook wonderful meals for Harry that he learned from his mother and school.

Louis looked into a small den and saw a table and chair set where he imagined inviting relatives over and eating meals together for the holidays.

"There's more to see my dear." He heard Harry whisper in his ear. Louis smiled and Harry led the way again to a back stairwell that led them to the second floor. "On this side," Harry pointed to the left. "are the bedrooms." Louis noticed some of the doors already open but the rooms were unoccupied. Louis got a warm feeling in his stomach.

"They were unoccupied for a reason. He told himself. And Louis felt giddy. . . . Harry wanted children.

"This is our room." Harry smiled, opening a double door entrance at the end of the hallway. Louis
was amazed, yet again. The room was beautiful in his opinion. There were large windows giving
the room a great view of the large backyard. Louis saw a bright TV on a stand, two plush chairs in
the back. But the main feature was the most comfortable bed Louis had ever seen. It had a large
headboard and dimly lit lamps on either side.

"Ha. . . .Harry." Louis was stunned. He couldn't muster up the words to speak to His Dom. Harry
chuckled, pleased with himself. He was happy that his Sub had grown so attached to the home
already. "Do you like it?" Harry asked.

Did he like it? Louis LOVED it! Everything was so clean, so perfect. It had a glow, a sense of
comfort and homeliness that Louis knew he would adjust to quickly. Louis nodded and wrapped
his arms tightly around Harry's neck. "I love it, so much!" He held back his tears. Harry could tell
the boy was about to cry with the way his voice was crackling.

"Darling, what's wrong?" Harry asked, concerned. "Why do you cry?"

Louis wiped away his tears. Because, never in a million years would I have thought that this would
be happening to me. "Noth- Nothing." He smiled. "I'm just. . . .so happy." And it was true. Harry
had given him more than a house that would guarantee no water leaks of cracks, but a home filled
with love. Harry smiled, placing a tender kiss to Louis' temple. "Come, let's grab your things and
I'll help you unpack."

Louis followed Harry, hand-in-hand out of the room when one door caught his eyes. It wasn't like the other doors, he noticed. This door didn't have a handle on the other side. And it was a plain brown compared to the white doors "Um, Harry?" Louis stopped walking. "What's that room for?" He pointed to the plain wooden door.

Harry's smile faltered and Louis gulped, hoping he didn't upset Harry. "We'll . . . talk about that room later, love. For now, let's get your things."

Louis nodded, not asking Harry anymore questions.

There wasn't much to unpack, because Louis didn't have much. Besides the clothes he bought Louis yesterday, Harry was sure that Louis would have little to almost nothing to bring with him. He'd change that, because he wanted Louis to have everything in the world. It was mainly photo albums and important documents that Louis had so the move wasn't hard and they were done in an hour and a half.

It was a bit early for Harry's liking, but he decided that now was the best time to go over "Their Rules."

Harry gently sat Louis down on one of the living room couches. The living room was spacious with a large white, wrap around couch a big TV entertainment center.

"Alright, Louis. Are you ready to go over the rules?" Harry asked, tying his hair up in a bun.

Louis nodded slowly. "And I assume that you read my 'Reds' and 'Greens' as well as my expectations of you?" Again, Louis nodded. He had woken up bright and early to read the papers Harry had given him. After all, it was Harry who lulled him to sleep so he didn't have a choice but to wake up early. He was thankful he finished it before his mother's fall or he was sure he'd be screwed.

"Good. I'll start by tell you this: I'm not very harsh like most Doms as you can tell, and I don't like punishments as much as you do. If you'd ask me if I'd rather be punishing you verses spoiling you,
let me clear your head by saying I'd rather take that trip to the mall," Harry started. "But like most Doms, I have rules too. You know that I'm C.E.O of a building company, meaning I have lots of meetings and paper work. It was hard enough to take off today, but to rush and see you yesterday is something that probably won't happen very often, so I want you to use whatever time you have with me being good, do you understand?"

Louis nodded.

"Excellent. All I ask of you is to be faithful," Harry listed on one finger. "Trustworthy," He added another. "and most of all, obedient. If I tell you to do something, its out of love."

Harry could see the tension the boy carried, it was written all over his face. So, gently, he held out his hands for Louis to grab. It always seemed to calm the boy down, and Harry loved it.

"If there ever comes a time when I have to punish you, I'll warn you first, okay?" Louis bit his lip, nodding his head. "The second time I tell you, will result in a spanking. And don't think that just because we're in public I won't smack your ass. Punishments, Louis, are not meant to just physically harm you, they're to teach you that you were out of line and that was the result."

Then Harry's tone changed from lecturing to serious. "Louis, I want you to know right now: If I am punishing you and you think I'm taking it too far, you tell me to stop and I will, Louis. Because I do not condone abuse, so I'll be damned if I become an abuser, alright?"

Louis nodded, feeling a lot better. He was so happy and lucky he had Harry as his Dom. "I understand." Louis softly spoke.

Harry grinned. "Alright. Now, as you asked before, the room upstairs." Harry pointed to the ceiling above them. Louis nodded, "Louis, that's your isolation room."

The wispy blonde felt his gut burst. *Isolation room? What was that?* Harry saw the boy pale and he immediately regretted what he said. "Do you need a glass of water? Because we can stop talking about this if you need to."

Louis nodded, "I'd like a drink, please."
Harry left to get one, leaving Louis to his thoughts.

*Isolation room? Like, left alone for hours on end?* Louis felt his heart pinch. He didn't know what would land him in such a position, but he didn't like it. Harry came back with a glass of water and Louis thanked him, taking a sip. Harry waited a moment before continuing.

"Would you like to talk about it some more?" He offered.

Louis sniffed, "I... I don't want to go in that room." He admitted.

Harry smiled gently. "And you won't. Louis, the most I'd leave you in there is probably over night, but no more than an hour for punishments, alright?"

Louis nodded. "What's... in the room?" He asked.

"Nothing." Harry simply said. "Although, I might throw a pillow and a blanket in there-I'm not saying that I expect you to land yourself in there. I'm just saying that IF and only IF I send you there, then I can promise you warmth. Alright?" Harry asked. Louis nodded. It seemed fair, but that didn't mean he wanted to rush and get punished just to see what it was like.

Harry smiled, "Besides, you're too good of a Sub to be punished, am I right?" He cooed.

That made Louis grin. "I'm a good Sub." He added.

"I know." With that, Harry landed a gentle kiss on Louis' forehead. "That's all for punishments baby. Let's talk about other rules, alright?"

Harry continued to tell Louis that because yesterday was his first day, he allowed Louis to call him 'Harry' in public. "For now on, I want you to call me 'Sir' is that clear?" Louis was also never allowed in public without a Dom around. Whether that be himself or his friends, Liam and Zayn (who Harry promised to introduce Louis to later).

"They have a sub named Niall, he's a very... hyper... thing, but he's friendly. I hope you grow to become best friends." Harry explained.
"Wait... Niall... Niall Horan? As in the Sub who achieved two Doms?" Louis asked. Niall was legendary. Everyone knew who Niall was. The First Sub in fifteen years to be matched with two Doms. But that's only half of what made him known, the other part was them STILL being together. On an occasion where a Sub was linked to two Doms, normally the two Doms either kill one off, or kidnap the Sub. But this couple lasted over a year.

Harry smiled. "Yes. In fact, Liam and Zayn are my co-workers, so you'll be seeing Niall a lot as well. He's what's called a 'Perfect Sub' so if you have any questions on how to act, and you don't feel comfortable asking me, you may go to him." Harry sat next to Louis on the couch.

Louis bit his fingernail, nodding.

"Okay..."

Harry frowned, "Something wrong?"

"No, no, it's perfect." Louis smiled. "It's just... It's all happening so fast and... I'm a bit overwhelmed." Louis set the glass of water down, hoping it wouldn't leave a ring on the table.

Harry took one of Louis' hands and kissed each knuckle, making Louis blush.

"I know it's a lot to ask you. But, I didn't want you being in that home anymore." Harry admitted. "I want nothing but the finest for my Sub." The Dom replied, brushing hair out of Louis' face. Harry looked down and smiled seeing what Louis was wearing. He traced his fingers over the smooth pearls and two emeralds.

"I still miss it." Louis admitted.

Harry couldn't help but scoff a bit. "How Louis? It was almost falling apart, it was totally unlivable." Louis felt hurt by the words his Dom spoke.

"But... it was much more than that," My Father built that home with his own two hands. It's a place where I first walked, it was the only home I'd ever known. "It may have been old and rusty, but even after my father died, Mum and I..." Louis didn't finish as he gasped, standing up.
"Oh my god, Mum!"

Harry was a bit taken back by Louis' outburst and watched as his Sub began to race to the front door. "Where are you going?" Harry asked, suddenly.

"I have to find my Mum," Louis cried, stopping in his tracks when Harry jumped in front of him. "She was taken to some hospital, I don't know the name of-I have to find her and see if she's okay-"

"Louis-LOUIS!" Harry's voice barked and it silenced Louis. "Calm down. Deep breaths." Damn, does he hyperventilate like this all the time? He's worked himself up so much. Harry wondered. "Listen, don't do that again. Okay? When I'm in a room talking to you, you just don't get up and leave like that. We just went over the rules, and I can understand your mother is ill; so I'll let this slide."

Louis nodded, thankful he was getting off easy.

"But getting worked up like this isn't helping anyone." Harry replied. "Now, it's nearly five in the afternoon, I'm sure visiting hours are over at hospitals, so why don't you just relax. I'm sure your mother would want you to."

Harry had a point. Louis thought. Mum wouldn't like me getting worried like this.

"O...okay."

Harry smiled. "Good. Now, let's have a bite to eat and then watch some TV. We'll just relax, it's a rare thing to do together, so I suggest you take the offering."

Louis smiled. As if I'd ever pass it off.

---

CHAPTER 4
"Li, where are we going?" Niall weakly asked as his Dom gently carried him out of their bedroom. He was still lightheaded and felt queasy and he prayed that he was strong enough to keep whatever bile he felt in the pits of his stomach down. He wouldn't want to throw up on his Dom. Liam gently laid Niall on the living room couch.

"Zee and I are taking you to a doctor's. We're going to find out why you're sick." Liam explained.

This worried Niall. He knew he wasn't allowed to see his medical records, normally The Dom handled all that information, Subs were lucky if their Doms told them anything. It sounded cruel and scary, but really it was more of a Trust-building exercise than anything. It was meant to assure the Sub that their Dom knew exactly what was wrong and they would care for it.

Normally Niall wasn't scared because Zayn and Liam always made him feel better, but Liam was shaky, Niall could sense it.

"Is... it bad?" Niall asked, lowering his head.

Liam shrugged, helping Niall with his shoes. "We don't know, baby, that's why we have to take you to get checked up." The last thing The Dom wanted was for his Sub to think he was dying. Liam gently stroked Niall's arm.

"Zee and I will be there with you the whole time, baby, I promise."

"I hate hospitals." Zayn grumbled, fetching the car keys.
As promised, Liam and Zayn held both of Niall's hands when they were checked in and waited in a room for the doctor. Niall groaned, feeling a sharp pain in his belly. Liam and Zayn gave a concerned glance and just as Liam was about to ask what was wrong, Their Private Doctor came in.

Dr. Francis was a Dom like Liam and Zayn, however, he was a lot like Liam, a very caring and understanding Dom. Dr. Francis wasn't like any ordinary doctor, he had researched the trio's relationship and had not only a doctor's degree, but was also in therapy, so if they had any relationship problems (which they hadn't, thank God) then they'd go to him too.

"Hello gentlemen, what sees to be the problem?" Dr. Francis greeted with a smile.

"Niall is sick." Zayn replied.

"Really? How do you feel Niall?"

Niall whimpered, feeling a gas bubble erupt from his inside before answering. "Horrible. I can't eat and I throw up."

"He's been experiencing morning sickness?" Dr. Francis cocked his eyebrow. "Any other symptoms?"

"My. . .chest hurts." Niall muttered, embarrassed. Although, he had no reason to be, he's been taken care of by Dr. Francis when his knee broke and when he had a bad cold.

"Hurts, how?"

"Like, they're tender. I want to wear a shirt, but it hurts to have fabric being rubbed against and I have to go without a shirt, but. . ." Niall sniffed, he was tired and fed up with feeling poorly. "but I just get cold." Liam wrapped a arm around Niall, pulling him close.

"Very well. Anything else? Like, tell me about your nausea, is it after you eat something?"

"No, not always." Niall admitted, feeling very small. Zayn placed his own hand on Liam's fingers
so both Doms hands were on the small of Niall's back. "Sometimes, it's when they're making me food."

"Anything you can't stand without having to vomit?"

"Chicken. . .because Liam made me chicken broth and I felt queasy then."

Dr. Francis had written everything down that Niall had said and nodded. "Alright, well, Niall, I'd like to run some tests because I think I know what might be wrong with you."

Liam and Zayn shared a guilty look that Niall didn't see. "am. . .am I dying?" Niall whimpered. Dr. Francis looked over at the Doms, sharing a look that asked if he could respond to Niall's question. Liam nodded and the Doctor gave Niall a kind smile.

"No, Niall. Far from it, I suppose. Come with me, I'll take you to my nurse's quarters while I speak to your Doms."

"Can. . . " Niall turned to his Doms, he didn't want to go alone.

"I'll go," Liam stood up. "That okay, Zee?"

"Yeah." Zayn nodded, the two already knew what to expect. Niall held Liam's hand when a nurse stuck a needle in him to draw blood. Liam gulped, hated needles as much as Niall, but he had to be strong for his Sub, so he gently picked up the blonde and placed him in his lap, laying his head on his shoulder and whispered in his ear of how Good he was being.

The two pretty Sub nurses couldn't help but 'coo' and 'aaaw' at the sight of Niall in his Dom's lap sniffing in pain while his Dom reassured him. It was a Sub's dream to have that.

_A Sub wants to feel wanted._

_A Dom wants to feel needed._
Dr. Francis and Zayn were in Dr. Francis' office. Zayn didn't make eye-contact with the doctor. "I'm not stupid." Dr. Francis spoke. "You knew all along. You and Liam."

Zayn narrowed his eyes.

"So what if we did?"

"Then why the visit?"

Zayn didn't answer. We want a confirmation. ". . . to be surprised with Niall." It wasn't a total lie, if it turns out Niall wasn't pregnant, then he and Liam would be amazed (for all the sex they've had, he was actually stunned Niall wasn't pregnant before.) and if it turns out to be just a scare, then he and Liam would do the best they could to cure their Sub of whatever bug he caught.

Dr. Francis nodded. "Seeing as I'm also your therapist, I pulled you aside so I could talk to you; seeing as you're the one who won't take this as well as Liam would; kill two birds with one stone."

Zayn frowned. "What makes you think I won't love the fetus?"

"I never said that. I just think that you might feel overwhelmed, or possibly even threatened." Threatened? Zayn rolled his eyes. It's an infant, how can you be jealous of an infant?

"I may be a Dom, but I'm not the jealous type. Whatever Niall wants is perfect fine."

"I wasn't talking about Niall."

It took Zayn a moment before Liam's face flashed into his head. "L. . . Liam? You think I'd be jealous of him?" Zayn snorted. No way, Liam was his husband. He loved Liam.

"Really?" Dr. Francis asked. "Well, Zayn, I have to say being the first polyamorous relationship in fifteen years is something special, however, being the ONLY polyamorous relationship to last more than a year is extraordinary. Something this nation has never seen or heard of before."
Zayn smirked, "It's because we get along better than the others." So jealousy is OUT of the question.

"True. But to add in a pregnancy is something very new. It's never been done before. You three will be first again in working things out between you guys."

There was a pause before a woman's voice on a small, black boxed speaker rang out threw the room. "Dr. Francis, Niall's testing is done."

"Send him back to the room, please."

"Sure thing."

Zayn stood up, ready to leave the Doctor's office before he was called. "Are you sure that you both can handle the results? Because it would be a real shame if something were to happen and strain your relationship and cause you to split."

The raven haired Dom felt sick. ". . . Nothing will happen."

This is why he hated hospitals.

"Are you ready for the results?" Dr. Francis asked, directing his eye contact to Zayn. The trio nodded, all of them holding hands.

Niall was confused. Normally he wasn't allowed to hear the results. He'd be outside the door trying to hear what his Doms were saying, he just hoped it wasn't life threatening.
"Niall, I had great news."

Niall held his breath.

"... You're pregnant."

Pregnant?

Liam threw his air, wrapping his arms out his Sub. "Oh! Baby, we're having a Baby!" He cheered, thanking silently for taking acting electives in high school. Zayn smiled softly watching his Sub; Niall looked so confused and stunned, really he didn't know how to deal with this.

It was such a surprise.

"I'd day your about five weeks in." Dr. Francis smiled, "Now, this might be a bit scary, but hear me out. This is your choice now, Niall. As a Sub, you and only you have the right to what you want to have happen next, your Dom has no say."

Choice?

"Would you like to keep the child? Or abort it?"

Niall's eyes widened. "No! No, I want to keep the baby." He replied, putting his hands on his flat tummy. Dr. Francis smiled, looking at Zayn who he could tell was forcing a smile. Liam it seemed was over joyed.

"Very well. I'll schedule you for another appointment. I'll see you three hopefully within two weeks. Would you like an ultra sound now?"

"Yes, please."
When they left the hospital, Niall was almost skipping with glee. I'm pregnant. I can't believe I'm pregnant. Niall smiled fondly at the ultrasound picture in his hand. The baby looked like a little bean. Granted the baby was nothing more than a black speck but it meant the world to Niall.

"Well, now we know what's wrong." Liam chuckled, helping Niall into the back seat. Zayn said nothing and when everyone was buckled, he began to drive to their home.

"Wait, we have to tell Harry!" Niall replied.

Liam and Zayn shared a look. "I think we should probably leave him alone for a bit, baby."

"Why?"

"Because Harry was matched."

Niall let out a gasp. "Really? Harry was matched? That's wonderful!" Harry was Liam and Zayn's boss, but he was also their very good friend. They made jokes about it Harry was ever matched then his Sub and Niall would be like those Suburban housewife Subs who do nothing but gossip and drink coffee.

"Really? To who?"

Liam smiled, turning to the back seat. "We don't know yet baby, and the proper thing to do is not ask unless you're introduced."

Niall nodded, keeping silent. He entertained himself by gazing at the ultrasound picture. He smiled. This was a baby. A baby growing inside of him. This was Liam's, Zayn's and his baby. He clutched the picture close to him. He loved this little one already.
"Wait, I have to call my Mama and Papa back home! Could . . I maybe use the phone when we arrive home?" Niall asked, remembering his manners.

Liam shrugged. "It's okay with me. Zee?"

Zayn just sighed. Liam frowned.

"Something wrong, Zayn?" Niall asked, worried.

"No." Zayn didn't say anything else after that. Liam glared at his husband and made a note to talk to him before bedtime.

Louis wanted to try out the oven in the kitchen. Harry was upstairs on his lap top because he received a message on his phone. Something about 'important documents' either way, Louis didn't mind and repeatedly accepted Harry's apology over and over again when the Dom promised to be just a moment.

Well, 'Just a moment' lasted over an hour before Louis got hungry.

*Maybe I should ask Harry first before using his food.* Louis thought. However, his stomach took over his brain and when he opened the bright fridge Louis was met with shelves stacked with food and produce. Louis almost fainted. He had never been in a room with so much food.

His Sub-head-space was telling him to cook every meal on the plant just for his Dom, but Louis controlled himself and seeing it was already past six, he figured that he could cook Harry a nice dinner.
What to cook, what to cook.

He was starstruck. He began to look around trying to get an idea before noticing a red book on a shelf above a cabinet. He was too small to reach it, so he grabbed a chair and pushed it over, hopping on it and extending his arm as far as it could go until he had a firm grip.

Louis noticed it was a cook book. He smiled, flipping through the dinner selection until he came across a yummy dinner dish.

"Chicken..." He muttered. Louis began to fish through the freezer and smiled when he pulled out a package of frozen chicken slices.

"...Stuffed with mozzarella."

Opening the cheese cabinet he used his seance of smell to find a block of white mozzarella cheese.

"...Wrapped in Parma ham."

Finding the ham with the rest of the meat, Louis began to cut small, thin slices and seasoned them.

"...With a side of homemade mash."

Louis was done mashing the potatoes when he heard the timer go off. He grabbed a hot pad holder and oven-mit before pulling the dish out of the oven. He smiled to himself and plated the dish in the dining room. He also added some steamed vegetables as a side dish.
With dinner made, Louis turned around to finish up some dishes but accidentally bumped into Harry. "Oh!" Louis blubbered.

"I'm sorry," Harry smiled, sniffing the air. "Something smells good. Did you make supper?" Louis nodded and he led Harry into the dining room where Harry marveled at the meal Louis cooked.

"It's my first meal." Louis muttered, looking at the ground.

"Look at me, Louis."

The Sub's head jerked up. Harry was smiling. "What were you saying?"

"Its... my first meal I ever cooked." Normally Louis' mother cooked because Louis would be so tired from working in the fields. Louis did take home economics, but never really made anything. Harry smiled, leading his Sub to the table where they sat next to each other.

"I'm sorry if it's bad, I just... wanted to do something as a thank you." Louis rambled.

"A 'thank you' for what?" Harry asked. What could Louis possibly thank him for? He hadn't done anything. The Dom turned to his Sub, who was giving him a 'Are you Kidding me' look.

"You've... done so much for me," Louis gently laughed. "So much."
Harry still didn't understand but he took a bite of the food and the gooey goodness from the melted cheese and tenderness of the ham and flavor from the chicken, all exploded in his mouth. Harry slowly chewed, baffled.

_This couldn't be his first meal, it's so good!_

Harry continued to eat and Louis nervously laughed. "Is it really that good?"

"It's excellent!" Harry had eaten at Five-Star restaurants that didn't taste this good. And he wasn't saying that because Louis was his Sub. The boy had talent. ". . .hmmm. Here try some," Harry turned Louis' cheeks so they were facing one another. Harry held up his fork with a bite of food on the end.

_He's going to feed me?_ Louis gulped nervously. _I hope I don't choke and embarrass myself._

Louis opened his mouth and let Harry feed him the bite of chicken. It was good.

"See? You are a great cook. Have some."

Louis began to eat off his own plate, but would occasionally let Harry feed him. He thought it was endearing. With dinner finished, Louis began to wash the dishes while Harry said he had to do something and that Louis was to meet him upstairs when he was finished. Louis wondered what Harry could want while traveling up the marble staircase.

He heard water being ran and this only confused Louis more. His blue eyes traveled to the 'Isolation room door' in the middle of the hallway. Louis shivered. He felt stupid for being scared by a door. But it was the only door in the hallway, was a lonely door in the middle. He whimpered, running away from it.

Once again he bumped into Harry. "Oh, I'm sorry!" Louis screamed.

"Louis?" Harry gripped the boy, softly. "What's wrong?"
"N-nothing." Louis lowered his head, sniffing. Harry gently held the Sub close to him. "Hey, hey, calm down. I have another thing for you."

More gifts? The Sub sniffed as Harry led him into the bathroom where Louis almost had a heart attack. Inside the master bathroom to their room was a nice bath drawn and the room smelled wonderful with vanilla scented candles. Louis put his hand to his chest, looking around. There was a shower next to the large tub that could easily fit two people, and seeing as the room was nothing but candle light, the room had a beautiful glow.

"Oh. . .Ha. . .Harry."

The Dom smiled, laying his head on Louis' shoulder. "Do you like?" He loved to hear the amazement in Louis' voice. He loved to know that he could light up Louis' world just by showing him a bathroom.

Louis loved it. Back at his old home, they had a wash tub and a prayer that there was hot water in the kitchen faucet. But this was a full blown bathroom. Something Louis never grew up with.

"I love it!" He gasped.
"Okay, take your clothes off." Harry whispered.

That's where Louis became silent. Taking a bath meant being naked, obviously. But, Louis had never been naked in front of someone (other than his parents when he was little). Louis was about to protest when Harry held a finger to his lips. "I'm not going to do anything, I promise. It's just a simple bath between us. Nothing more, my Love."

With that, Harry gently kissed his knuckles and Louis felt a little better. Still, looking down at his body, Louis knew he was a tad chubby. He had thicker thighs, a big butt and curvy hips. The perfect built for a Sub.

"You have nothing to be ashamed of," Harry spoke, as if reading his mind. "We'll take this slowly. Do you trust me?" He whispered.

Louis did. He nodded. "Okay. I'll take my shirt off at the same time as you. We'll do this together."

The Sub liked that idea and he began to slide his warm jumper off, folding it and setting it on the counter next to them. Now that Louis got a better look at his Dom, he could see Harry had multiple tattoos all over his upper torso. Harry smiled, "I got these as soon as I was legal." He chuckled. "Now. . .pants next."

It was a slow struggle for Louis, but he managed to slide off his pants and then his boxers until the two of them were completely naked in front of one another.

Louis' breathing hitched. Harry was. . .big.

"Something wrong, love?" Harry had mistaken Louis' rapid breathing for anxiety and went to console him. "No. no. Nothings wrong." Louis flashed Harry a smile. Harry nodded and walked his Sub over to the tub.

"Be careful of the candles. Go slowly so you don't fall." Harry guided his love into the tub. Louis almost moaned. The water was so warm and soft. The water he was used to bathing in was always so cold. Then, Harry climbed in, sitting against the edge of the tub. Louis brought his knees before him.

"Would you like to sit with me?" Harry asked. He knew he was asking a lot and truthfully, he
wouldn't be disappointed if Louis said no. Oh, how Louis did. He wanted Harry to make him feel safe, accepted, wanted.

"oh...okay."

Louis scooted over towards Harry until he was sitting on his thigh, trying to avoid the organ that should be handing from the ceiling in a deli shop. Harry began to press his finger tips in Louis' shoulders, rubbing in small circles. Louis shuttered, tilting his head back. Harry continued to rub while whispering in his Sub's ear.

"As your Dom, your well being comes before anything and everything," Harry planted a small kiss to the lobe of his ear. "And I know I have been rushing you into a lot of things you may be uncomfortable with, but nothing means more to me, than the trust you give me."

Louis melted at Harry's kind words and he didn't realize that his back was to Harry's chest. Harry smiled, giving tiny kisses to the Sub's cheek. He would occasionally rub his hands up and down Louis' hairless arms and sometimes his legs, admiring the smooth skin. Harry reached over to grab a bottle of white wine and poured two glasses. Louis had never had alcohol but he thanked his Dom and took a small sip. Harry fed his Sub little chocolates and small candies, in return Louis would peck Harry on the nose, the eyelid, or the forehead.

He forgot all about being self conscious.
"I can't believe I'm pregnant!" Niall sobbed happily into the phone, repeating that sentence for the millionth time he'd been on the phone with his family in Ireland. Liam watched in the doorway, smiling as he heard his Sub pour his heart out to his family. He could hear Maura, Niall's mother, on the other end cry with happiness of being a Grandmother.

Liam's happiness was cut short when Zayn walked past him. He turned and called his husband over.

"Zayn, what's wrong?" He asked, concerned.

"Nothing is wrong." Zayn replied softly, walking over to the bar they had in their attached kitchen. Liam sat in a stool and watched as The Dom poured two glasses of Scotch.

"This wasn't planned." Liam chuckled, taking a glass. "But at least Niall is happy."

At least Niall is happy. Zayn felt sick, so he dis-guarded his drink and began to walk to his office. "Hey, what was that about? you never just pour a drink and leave it." Liam asked. Zayn almost growled. He had enough of Liam following and pestering him. He's been doing that ever since they came home.

"Leave me alone." Zayn spoke, slamming his door. Liam narrowed his eyes and walked back up the stairs to check on Niall.

Zayn sat at his desk with his head in his hands.

He needed to talk to someone.

He called Harry.

There were four rings before Zayn figured Harry might be out with his Sub, but Harry answered before he hung up.
"Hullo?"

"Harry, it's Zayn."

"Can I help you with something?"

"Actually, we need to talk, but not right here. It is work related. Do you mind if Liam, Niall and I come over tomorrow?" He asked. Zayn was sure Harry might be busy with his new Sub, so he figured if he had a good excuse Harry would say yes. "Niall was wondering if he could meet your Sub."

"No, no, I don't mind. Um. Noon sound okay?"

"Perfect. See you tomorrow."

After getting some more paperwork finished, Zayn looked at the time. It was around nine at night when he decided to quit for the night. Entering the bedroom he shared with his Husbands, he found Niall and Liam already dressed for bed and holding a large book in their hands.

"What's that?" Zayn's voice seemed to startle the two.

"Oh! Zee, it's a scrapbook for the baby, look." Niall pointed to his Ultra sound picture and next to that, it seems Liam took a picture of Niall's flat tummy, above the pictures was a white sticker with writing in black sharpie was:

**LATE AUGUST, MONTH 1, TODAY WE FIND OUT NIALL IS PREGNANT.**

"We want to do one for every month and Liam also got a notebook so I could write important things down." Niall smiled, cuddling down into the pillows as Liam and Zayn got dressed for bed.

"Good." Zayn softly replied. "Let's get some sleep first, Niall. Tomorrow, we're going to Harry's."

"Really?" Niall asked happily, "Oh, are we going to meet his Sub?"
"Maybe, remember, he's new to all of this, so I hear he's shy." Zayn gasped in relaxation, sinking under the covers. With Liam on one size and Zayn on the other, Niall was directly in the middle of the bed. That's how they slept, knowing they're all holding one another.

"I love you both." Niall smiled, being awarded kissing on his cheeks by both Doms.

"And we love you baby. Both of you." He finished, placing his hand on Niall's tummy. Zayn was thankful the room was dark, so both husbands couldn't see how upset he looked.

When their bath water was becoming cold and Harry noticed how pruny Louis was, he declared that it was almost time for bed. He carried his Sub bridal style to the bed they would share, making Louis giggle. Harry pointed to the dresser next to them.

"In here are your night clothes, verses the closet where everything else is." He kissed his Sub's temple, excusing himself when he heard the phone ringing from the bottom of the stairs. While Harry ran to answer the phone, Louis opened the drawer to see rows of silk night clothes. He noticed something in the way back though. Unlike the shirts and pants, he pulled out a white cotton short dress. He narrowed his eyebrows, giggling.

Does Harry like cross dressing? he wondered. He bit his lip and quickly put it on, running to the closet when he heard footsteps coming his way.

"Louis?" Harry looked around, wondering where his Sub was.
Slowly, Louis left the closet and Harry turned around, almost blushing at the sight of Louis in a very short and very revealing night gown.

"Is it... okay?" He asked.

*It's fucking perfect!* "Y-yeah. It's nice." Harry babbled. Louis giggled, holding Harry's hand as he was led to the bed. Harry stripped down to his boxers and soon the two of them were under the covers. Louis shivered and Harry held him close. Louis wasn't in fact, just the feeling of taking a warm bath and then dressing in clean cloths and burying yourself in some crisp, clean sheets was just the best feeling in the world.

"Hey," He whispered again. "Tomorrow, we're having guests. Remember Doms Liam and Zayn and their Sub Niall?"

Louis nodded.

"They will be here at Noon tomorrow. Their Sub Niall would like to meet you and I want you to be on your best behavior." Harry smiled, stroking Louis' bangs out of his eyes. Louis promised he would be and Harry knew he'd listen. As if his Louis was bad. He was sure there wasn't a bad bone in the boy's body. Louis just made mistakes.

"Yes sir."

Harry chuckled. "Call me Daddy."

Louis giggled. "Okay, Daddy." Louis wrapped his arms around his Dom and with Harry soothingly rubbing his back, he fell right to sleep, feeling like the luckiest Sub in the world.

---

**CHAPTER 5**

Nervous would be an understatement.
Louis was downright scared.

He paced the living room, something he did when he was nervous. Today, the famous polygamy couple would be under the same roof as him, on top of that, they were coming to meet him! Louis gulped. If it wasn't nerve wrecking enough, he still hasn't heard word of his mother. He was very worried about her.

"Louis?"

The Sub looked up seeing his Dom. Harry was dressed very... seductive today. Well, maybe not so, but two of his shirt buttons were undone, revealing the cross necklace he had given him as well as showing off the bird tattoos.

"Are you alright?" Harry asked.

Louis himself was dressed fairly warm for today. He had on a white sweater and black pants. He knew they in no way matched the pearl necklace and emeralds, but he liked wearing the necklace. It made him feel safe. Harry reached over to stroke some pieces of hair away from Louis' eyes. "Might need that haircut after all, it's blocking your pretty eyes." He smiled, sitting next to his Sub.

Louis blushed, smiling softly. "It's just... I'm nervous." Louis had always been a shy person. Meeting new people somewhat scared him.

Harry gently patted Louis' back. "There is nothing to be scared of, Love. Liam and Zayn are good friends of mine; we're co-workers actually. And they aren't as intimidating as other Doms, I promise."

Louis felt a little better, but when the doorbell rang, he felt his stomach churn. Harry stood up to answer the door, taking Louis' arm and hooking it with his own. "Um, Do I call you 'Sir' or 'Harry'?" Louis asked.

"Call me Harry, love. It's only in public do you call me 'Sir' remember?"
"O ... oh." Louis nodded. With that, Harry opened the door and the first thing Louis saw was a tiny blonde and behind him were two larger men. The blonde gasped, smiling. Louis couldn't help but smile back, the blonde was so adorable. To Louis' shock however, the blonde giggled and leaped off the ground, holding his arms out to Louis.

"YOU'RE CUTE!"

With that, the two Subs fell to the floor.

"Wha. . what?" Louis wasn't appalled, he just wasn't expecting something like THAT to happen. Louis looked up in fear, the two Doms were staring at him. They were both handsome men, one with raven hair slicked back minus a tiny hair strand and deep, dark eyes. The other had a tiny beard that matched the quiff in his hair and had lighter brown eyes.

Louis did feel honored to be seeing the first successful polygamy Dom and Sub couple.

"Niall, please get off of him." A sigh came from the Dom with black hair.

"Sorry," The Sub, Niall, apologized. "It's just he's cute, Zee, look at him!" With that, the Sub began to pink both of Louis' cheeks. Harry chuckled seeing how delighted Niall was meeting Louis. He was happy at that because he wanted the two to become best friends.

"Yes, yes, we can see Niall, please let go." The other Dom replied. "Sorry, bout that Harry."

Harry smiled. "No, no. It's okay. I know how Niall is."

With that, Niall began to sway on the balls of his feet. "Hi Harry." Louis' Dom smiled, "Hello Niall." Then he turned to Louis.

"Everyone, this is my Sub, Louis Tomlinson. Louis, this is Liam and Zayn. You know Niall." Louis gave a small have and a tiny 'hello'. Harry dismissed his Sub so he could talk to the other Doms. Louis was a bit shy when Niall tugged him away, and he had a feeling Niall had been in Harry's house before he did.
"So, how are you getting along with Harry?" Niall asked as the two sat in the kitchen, sipping glasses of water.

"Fine," Louis replied. "Last night I warmed up a bit to him."

"Good, Doms like it when you trust them on the first date," Niall smiled, swinging his legs off his chair. "I know it's sudden and we just met. . .but have you guys had sex yet, or are you waiting for the first week mark?"

Louis paled, obviously Niall had no shame. Niall waited patiently, smiling. Louis nervously chuckled, "Oh. . .no. We did share a bed though."

Niall gasped, holding his hands to his cheeks. Louis smiled, he remembered falling asleep in the arms of Harry. He wondered if he should have counted last night as the second time he fell asleep with Harry. Louis remembered the night Harry held him when he was still in Yorkshire, how upset he was and how gently The Dom had put him to slumber.

"So, you're waiting for the First week?" Niall asked, breaking the silence.

First week? Louis thought. Then he gasped. "Oh, you mean the signing?"

Niall nodded. "Yeah. Not a lot of Doms and Subs do something like that anymore, it is a bit traditional and a lot of people see it as more of a 'hey, we made it a week, I guess we're forever' but no. It's not," Niall smiled into his glass. Louis liked Niall. There was something about the blonde that was different, like a warm aura surrounded the blonde and it just made people love him.

"Sorry for jumping on you earlier, my hormones have been raging from happy-go-lucky, to incredibly sluggish." Niall laughed.

"Hormones?" Louis thought for a moment then he gasped, "Are you with child?"

Niall gushed, "Yes, yes I am!"

Louis began to bounce in his seat. He loved little kids and babies. Since only Subs can have
children, whether they be male or female, being pregnant was always the sign of a good relationship. Meaning Niall would give birth to the first child born under a polygamy relationship.

"That's. . . that's great Niall, how long are you?"

"Doctor says about a month or so. Hey, Louis. How are you adapting to being a Sub?" Niall smirked. Louis frowned, he thought real hard. Was he being a bad Sub?

"Um. . .Okay I guess. I haven't gotten in trouble."

Niall tisked. "Still. . .How good do you think you are?"

Louis blinked.

"He's pregnant?" Harry asked. The three Doms were in Harry's office upstairs, all having a glass of wine. Zayn nodded. "He's about a month or so along."

"Five weeks." Liam corrected.

With that, Harry nodded. "So. . .are you all ready to make the headlines yet again?"

"No," Came a stern reply from Zayn. "Infact, we want this to be kept top secret." Zayn spoke
before Liam had the chance to. Liam gave his husband a look.

"If we attract attention the media will be all over us and I don't want that stress on Niall."

Liam bit his lip. "But, we can't just have him locked up in the house all day. What if he wants to go somewhere, get fresh air?"

"What's wrong with the air in the house?" Zayn frowned. Liam felt his blood boil. Zayn was keeping the baby a secret from the whole world and all Liam wanted to do was celebrate.

Then again, he has a point. If word got out that Niall was pregnant, then everyone would be on our case. we still get fucking paparazzi on our ass.

Liam felt torn from being a doting father and a cautious Dom. And he hated it.

"Anyway, I assume you'll need time off?" Harry asked, the two Doms nodded. "Very well, it'll be around January when the baby is born anyway, we're not too busy during then because of New Years. I don't mind, just tell me how long you'll be taking off a month ahead of time."

"Excuse me." Liam stood up, leaving the room. Zayn was silent and Harry knew not to intervene. "More wine?" He offered.

Both Doms continued drinking their wine and talked about the growth of the business.

Meanwhile. . .

"Hold it like this." Niall instructed, lifting up his pinkey finger. "And sit up, without your back to the chair." Louis was very uncomfortable.

Niall had decided to educate him on how to sit at Formal Parties he was sure to attend with Harry sooner or later. It wasn't that Louis didn't have manners, but the there were expectations from High Class Doms towards their Subs. A lot of "common rules" Niall listed for Louis involved sitting, standing, talking and even eye contact.
"It all depends on the Dom though. Liam and Zayn don't let me talk to anyone unless I'm spoken to first, of course Harry doesn't matter, cause we're so close, like family. But I'm also not allowed in public unless one of them is with me. I'm also not allowed to wear clothing unless they see it deemed fitting."

Louis gulped. He and Harry had only talked about house rules and punishments, he didn't think there were rules for outside.

"Don't be nervous though. They don't teach you these things in Sub-School, at least...not where I was from." Niall chuckled softly.

Curiosity got the best of Louis. "Um, where are you from again, Niall?" The blonde gave Louis a small smile. "Mullingar, Ireland. Moved here when I was placed with Liam and Zayn." Louis could related to how much Niall missed his family. Louis longed to see his mother, but Niall's mother must be thousands of miles away.

"It's okay though. I see them on holidays. Now, back to practice." Niall clapped his hands. Before they could continue, however, Liam walked into the room and gave a tender kiss to Niall's cheek.

"And how are you both doing?" Liam smiled.

"Great! I'm teaching Louis how to act in public." Niall stated as-a-matter-of-fact with a hint of childish humor. Liam chuckled watching the Sub sip from his tea cup like a 'proper Sub'.

"Well, you both seem to be getting along well. I'm happy."

Liam, Louis noted, wasn't like your stereotypical Dom. He was very kind and talked to Louis like an equal. Louis guessed that Zayn was more of the stricter type and he was right, because when Harry and Zayn came down, Harry called Louis over because Zayn wanted to talk to him.

"How are you liking Niall?" Zayn asked.

"He's very nice." Louis coughed up the courage to talk. Zayn looked scary to him: tall, bold and sharp. Zayn nodded, swishing his glass of wine.
"Are you enjoying his company? He's not annoying you is he?"

"No, no. Niall is a very good Sub." Louis was quick to answer, he didn't want to accidentally say something that would get Niall in some sort of trouble. Zayn smirked, chuckling.

"You've got that right." Then he looked over seeing his husband trying to straighten out Niall's bangs, much to the Sub's displeasure. He winked towards Louis and mouthed 'watch this'. Louis was confused until Zayn snapped his fingers, loudly, one time and Niall all but slid across the tile floor, on his knees, towards Zayn with his back arched slightly and his mouth wide open. Louis jumped out of the way and Niall's open mouth nearly collided with Zayn's crotch.

Louis' jaw dropped.

"Ha, ha. No, Niall. I was just showing Louis." Zayn patted his Sub's head. Niall giggled and stood up off the floor.

Louis was flabergasted at what he had just seen. With just the snap of his fingers...he could control him. It's like Niall gave up all rights of his mind, body and soul for Zayn!

"Good Sub." Zayn praised.

Harry chuckled, pulling Louis closer. "Don't worry, Louis." He whispered. "That's something they do, I'd never ask you to do that to me." He reassured in his Sub's ear. But that didn't stop Louis from shaking.

Liam rolled his eyes. "For Godsake, he's pregnant Zee, don't make him do that!"

Zayn frowned. "And why not? He doesn't have a belly yet."

"That doesn't mean he's not pregnant!"

Niall bit his lip. His Doms never fought like this. Come to think of it, they've been arguing since...
The Doctor's visit. He frowned, feeling very unsettled. Niall didn't know what to do and his Sub-gene was telling him to get his Doms the hell out of Harry's house.

"Well, it was nice to meet you Louis." Niall quickly responded, shaking Louis' hand. "Let's go!" Quickly, Niall rushed to get his shoes.

"Wait. . Niall!" Liam called, rushing after his Sub. Zayn sighed, "Looks like we're leaving. It was nice to meet you Louis, I apologize for Niall's behavior. He's under stress."

Louis blushed, he didn't think Zayn would apologize to him; not that Zayn seemed like the rude type, but it surprised Louis nonetheless.

"Oh, it's okay. He's pregnant, I understand," Then he smiled, "Congratulations by the way."

"Yeah thanks." Zayn mumbled, giving Harry a wave goodbye. With the trio gone Louis let out a breath he didn't know he kept inside. He shivered when Harry's lips came into contact with his cheek.

"You did very well for your first visit, Louis." Harry praised. Louis blushed and fumbled with the sleeves of his sweater. "Thank you, Harry."

"Did you like Niall?"

"Yes. He, Liam and Zayn are very nice."

"Well, I'm glad you do, because they are my close friends, my second family, so you will be seeing them for a while. Also, seeing that Niall is pregnant, I want you to notice how he handles it." Harry began to walk into the kitchen and he turned smirking at Louis. "Because one day you'll be like that."

Louis felt his heart skip a beat and his face flush.

"O... kay."
"What the hell were you thinking?!" Zayn screamed, he had Liam drive and thankfully so, because if it were him then he'd be speeding.

Niall was in his permanent seat in the back, whimpering. He knew what he did was a big 'No No' to a lot of Doms. The Sub DOES NOT decided when they leave. Whether it be in someone's home, the store or a party. The Sub is to stay as long as the Dom wishes.

"You just made yourself look like a horrible Sub with the stunt you just pulled!" Zayn was livid. Never has Niall acted up like this and he was furious.

"Zayn, stop yelling at him." Liam commanded.

"Liam, stop letting him get away with shit!" Zayn retaliated. "Everything was going fine until-" Zayn was quiet. Niall sniffed, looking up from his shoes to watch his Dom turn away in silence.

"Until when Zayn?" Liam narrowed his eyes.

Niall placed a hand over his flat tummy.

"When we get home, your ass is in the Isolation Room." was all Zayn said. "Understand?"

"Yes, Sir." Niall sniffed. When Liam reached a stop light he jerked his head towards Zayn. "You
"can't be serious?!” Zayn glared at his husband.

"I'm his Dom so-

"-as am I."

"-Then you should agree with me that he needs to be punished, he broke a rule."

"But he's pregnant and he needs to eat." Liam had a point. Zayn sighed, then said that Niall may have a quick dinner when they arrive home and then it's to the Isolation Room.

Niall wept while watching his Doms shut the door on him. He looked around the empty room. There was nothing inside, minus a thin blanket and pillow. There was a window, but with bars, making him feel like he was in prison. He felt like it too. Niall was raised in a Catholic Sub home, he was trained and taught how to be only the best Sub and Dom could ever want.

He sniffed, wiping away stray tears. *I'm a horrible Sub and Husband.*

Liam was upstairs laying in bed watching TV. He looked to the middle of the big bed and sighed. Without his Sub next to him, he felt empty. He hated it when they punished Niall. The boy was rarely ever in trouble.

The Dom looked up seeing Zayn walking towards the dresser with nothing but a towel around his waist, showing off the many tattoos he had on his arms.

"Don't you think we're being too harsh on him?" Liam asked.
"No. He disobeyed, now he's being punished for it. Simple as that." Zayn mumbled, finding a pair of boxers and a cotton t-shirt. Liam turned off the TV, tossing the remote away. "I mean, I just think maybe we should tone down the punishments. Niall can't have any stress, so I think we should rid some-"

"Like that?" Zayn's head popped up.

"Well," Liam started. "Like spanking for one, he can't lay on his stomach when he gets bigger, the Isolation Room will only stress him out even more and we can't have him slide on his knees when you whistle." Liam grit that last part. Zayn scoffed.

"Then how in the hell are we supposed to make sure he stays in line?"

Liam shrugged. "He's a good boy already. Just gets wild from time to time." Niall reminded Liam of a kid excited to go to the candy store. He was always jumpy, energetic and giggling. Zayn made his way to the bed, laying under the covers. "think about it." He mumbled, laying down.

"But, Zee, I'm serious. Niall could have a miscarriage and if anything were to happen like that then..." Liam didn't speak. Zayn could hear the hurt and fear in his words and he rolled over wrapping his arm around Liam.

"...s'not gonna' happen." He mumbled. "Niall will be okay."

"Zayn?"

"Hm?"

"Do you not want this baby?"

Zayn didn't answer and Liam didn't push it. It wasn't that Zayn didn't want a baby. No. It was something far deeper and more traumatizing than that. Zayn shivered and he blamed it on the coldness of the air conditioning and loss of body heat from the Sub missing between them.
Around one in the morning, Niall was still asleep on the floor when Zayn picked him up and carried him back to their room for a few more hours of shut eye.

"St. Thomas Hospital, this is Jane, how can I help you?"

"Hi, my name is Harry Styles and I was wondering if you have a patient by the name of Johannah Tomlinson?"

"Jo...hannah...Tomlin...son...Yes. She's currently in here."

"Okay. I need to know where she is right now. Is she in ICU or anything?"

"No, Mr. Styles. She is currently on our Recovery Floor."

"Excellent News. I'd like to schedule a visit, is there a time when my Sub and I can see her?"

"Yes. Visiting hours are from Nine-thirty until Six o'clock."
“Might I also have her Doctor's name?”

“I currently can not give that information, are you her son?”

“No, I'm her Son's Dom, though.”

“But you both have had your Signature, right?”

“No, but we will in a few days.”

“With all due respect sir, I can not give you family information until you both have had your signature.”

“Very well. Please have Styles and Tomlinson under for three o'clock tomorrow.”

“Alright, you both are in.”

“Thank you, have a nice night.”

“You too. . . “
Harry said he had a phone call but would meet Louis upstairs in bed. Louis did feel a bit antsy, he didn't know if Harry was talking about him or not. *It could be business related, stop pestering into his business.* Louis scolded himself. Louis felt bad for thinking that His Dom would be chatting away about him. He knew Harry wouldn't do that.

Harry came back into the room and began to undo his hair, letting it fall down his shoulders. He gave Louis a fond smile and Louis waved, shyly.

The Dom strolled over to the bed, sitting next to Louis on the edge of the bed. He began to stroke his fingers through Louis' hair. It was a simple touch that made Louis want to purr like a kitten. He smiled sweetly and Harry rested his hand on his Sub's cheek.

"We're going somewhere tomorrow." Harry spoke.

"Where?" Louis asked.

"You'll see." With that, Harry leaned in to place a gentle kiss on Louis' forehead. Louis felt his throat tighten and slowly, but surly he relaxed into the kiss. The Dom only pulled away when he felt Louis' tensions leave. "You've got to stop doing that." Harry stated. "It's unpleasant and it makes me feel as if you're uncomfortable with me."

Louis quickly sat up, "No, no that's not it at all!" He insisted. "It's just . . ."

*I've always been like this. I've always been timid, quiet and shy, it's just my nature.*

"Maybe this, will cheer you up." Harry smirked, disssing into his pants pocket, pulling out a small rectangular box. Louis was confused for a moment until Harry opened it, revealing a very classy and VERY expensive bracelet.
The bracelet matched his necklace and Louis was stunned. He hadn't expected Harry to buy him jewelry. "Ha. . Harry," Once again, his Dom had made him speechless.

"Like it?"

"I love it!" With that, Louis wrapped his arms around Harry's neck. Harry chuckled and rubbed his Sub's back. "Get some sleep my sweet. Tomorrow we have a busy day." While Louis got ready for bed, he put the beautiful bracelet along with the matching necklace in the jewelry box on his dresser.

Louis snuggled in Harry's arms again that night.

He couldn't wait for tomorrow.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW FOLKS :)

Chapter End Notes
I have a pretty good guess who might of had this story deleted and therefore blocked from you loyal readers.

I'm sorry this had to happen to you wonderful people. Hopefully this makes up for everything and if anyone knows how I am able to block someone on this site, could you please tell me?
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Louis receives his first punishment

Niall’s pregnancy seems to hinder the trio’s life, that doesn't settle with Zayn.

Chapter Notes

I feel so horrible for having you guys hang for a while, as a good portion of you know, we were having 'technical difficulties' because of one snobby reader which cause them to take down this story. But once again, thank you for being loyal, kind and patient with my ass.

Oh, also, 4 people thought it would be funny to just up and quit at my job. Happy days.

Follow me on Twitter :)

@Angelic_Dusty

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis was pacing the room as quickly as he could, looking for his shoes. He bit his lip, looking under the bed or in the closet. He was worried, he couldn't find his shoes.

"Louis! Are you ready?" He could hear Harry calling him from downstairs. Louis panicked, "Coming!" He cried, frantically searching for the sneakers Harry bought him. He couldn't believe how foolish he was to loose them. Louis whimpered, he knew Harry would be upset if he told him that he lost his shoes.

He hung his head in shame as he walked down the marble staircase. Harry frowned seeing his Sub so upset. "What's wrong?" He asked.

"I... I lost my shoes." Louis admitted. Harry bought me those shoes, I can't believe I can't find
them. Louis sniffed. Harry only pointed to the door where a pile of shoes were nearly put away. Louis went to search for a pair before Harry placed his hands on his shoulders.

"Louis, look, this has to stop. You can't beat yourself up over tiny things." Harry softly explained. "They're just shoes. If you did loose them, then I'd buy you another pair."

Louis bit his lip. He wasn't used to this whole 'I'll buy you more' thing that Harry had going. Louis was raised that if you had something, you kept it nice for as long as possible. "And..." Harry continued, "Don't fret, my pet. We keep shoes by the door cause I don't want to track mud or dirt into the house, so the next time you're looking for your shoes, check my the door. Okay?"

Harry smiled, kissing his forehead.

Louis felt a bit better.

"That's a nice outfit by the way." Harry commented, liking the way the black jeggings stuck to every one of Louis' curves and complimented his bum. Louis blushed. "Thank you."

With his pair of white vans on, Louis was ready to go. He had no idea where Harry was taking him, but he was sure he'd enjoying it. Louis felt like a little kid when he looked out the window watching all the tall buildings and fancy shops pass him by. Being a Farm kid, he didn't get out much, he had only been to London once with his parents when he was little, he didn't remember it though.

Harry's large hand covered Louis' smaller one as they drove through the streets. It made him feel safe.

"Um, Sir?" Louis asked, smiling as he remembered what to call Harry when they were in public. "Where are we going?"

"Surprise." was all the Dom said. Louis began to put two-and-two together when Harry pulled into a hospital parking lot. He bit his lip and held Harry's hand all the way as they walked through the nurse's station. Louis didn't like hospitals. They reminded him of snooty nurses, needles and yucky medicine.

Louis was terrified as to why he was here. He wasn't sick.
His fears soon disappeared when they entered a room and Louis saw his mother, Johannah sitting at the edge of her hospital bed.

"Mum!" Louis cried, running into her arms. Johannah only laughed, holding her baby. Harry couldn't help but smile at the sight of a son reuniting with his mother. "Mum, are you okay? Are you hurt or anything?" Louis began to spit out questions, rambling on and one until his mother calmed him.

"Oh, Lou, I'm fine; really I am." Johannah wouldn't tell him what she had been told just mere hours ago; it would break her son's heart.

Harry narrowed his eyes, almost immediately he knew something about Mrs. Tomlinson that Louis obviously didn't: Johannah Tomlinson, is a terrible liar.

"Thank God, it's nice to know you're better than." Louis breathed. Johannah looked up at Harry, giving him a kind smile. "Hello again, I don't believe I caught your name. . ."

"Hello Mrs. Tomlinson. I'm Harry Styles," Harry shook her hand. *It's frail and clammy*, he noted. "I'm glad you're better." She offered him a small smile.

"Call me Jay." She stated, "It's what my dearest friends call me and I would love if my son-in-law did."

Louis' head snapped up. "Son-in-Law?" He gaped. Harry tried to not laugh at Louis' embarrassment; however, the thought of being his Sub's Husband did send a satisfying tingle down his back and made him feel warm. His gaze turned to Louis who was begging his Mum to never say that again, blushing mad.

"Oh, why not? I think it'd be cute, we'd have the wedding in the backyard, you'd have a nice dress-"

"A Dress?!" Louis was red.

Harry tried not to laugh out loud at Jay's intentions of planning out the rest of her son's life.
Instead, his attention turned towards a picture standing on a desk next to the bed. He smirked seeing it. It seemed to be a picture of Jay in her earlier days of youth, holding a five-year-old Louis. Harry couldn't help but smile at how cute Louis looked.

![Image of Jay and Louis](image)

Harry glanced back at the mother and son. *They're so close.* He traced the picture with his finger.
However, he remembered what Louis told him back at the farm:

"I can't loose her, Harry, she's all I have."

Harry frowned. On this photo, he didn't see Louis' dad. He wondered what happened to him, but his attention was brought back to the mother and son.

"Was my child good, Harry?" Jay asked.

Harry looked at Louis, beautiful Louis. His Sub. He smiled. "Perfect. He made me dinner." Jay's jaw dropped as she looked at her son.

"I'll bet it was horrible." She whispered jokingly, but purposely let Louis listen in. "Mum!" The Sub cried, crossing his arms. Harry shook his head.

"It was quite good, actually."

"What did he make?"

"Chicken... stuffed with mozzarella, wrapped in parma ham with a side of homemade mash." Harry replied, his stomach growling. Louis said that was his first meal, he wondered what kind of magic Louis could do with food if he hired a chef to train his Sub.

"Sounds good." Jay smiled, "I'm glad you both are getting along. I have someone to care for my son, that's all I could ever ask for." Her voice was soft and it sounded as if she was holding back tears. Louis frowned, "No... Mum. Don't cry." Louis felt horrible, he didn't know why, but he felt he was the cause for her pain.

"No... it's not that Love, you're growing up is all." She chuckled softly. Oh, how she missed those days when a tiny boy would be free to jump in her lap while she cuddled or read him a story. Now he was a man, and with his own Dom.

He has his own life.
"There's nothing really for me to do, but make you worry about me." She admitted. It was her fault. Her fault for being sick, being weak. Louis' head jerked up hearing those words.

"Don't say that!" He spoke, "You're my Mum. I'm always going to worry about you. Sick or not. You're my Mum..." Louis hugged his mother tightly, but not too tight so he wouldn't hurt her. Johannah smiled into her Son's hold. He was getting bigger every day, she swore.

Harry felt his heart pinch.

"Louis, let's go." He spoke, turning. He can't be here anymore. Louis frowned, "W-what? But we just got here!" He didn't want to leave his mother so soon, he wanted to talk with her and be with her a bit longer.

Harry narrowed his eyes. "I said we are leaving right now, Louis!" Harry's voice held no room for argument and Louis couldn't sense it in time and he slipped out:

"But Harry-"

He caught himself, especially when Harry turned and glared at him. "I-I'm . . .I'm sorry." Louis quickly apologized but his Dom was already walking off.

"Com'on, Louis." Harry snapped.

Louis turned towards his mother; she pecked him on the cheek and told him to be good. He nodded and told her to get better.

With that, he waved goodbye, missing her already.
"And carrots, and red pepper and some celery might be nice too." Niall finished listing items of food on a sheet of paper. He and Liam were doing a 'food list' for him.

Recently, Niall had been feeling sick to items of food, whether it was by smell, taste or even looks, so Liam had him make up a list of items that he was okay to eat and others he didn't want to see for the rest of his nine-month pregnancy.

Niall liked food, everyone who had ever met him knew that, so it was difficult to say goodbye to some foods. He already knew he couldn't eat hot, spicy dishes and sea food was out the door (of course this was ordered by Liam) and so far all Niall could eat were soups, sandwiches, salads and fruits.

Liam, of course, was ecstatic that Niall was eating healthier, far better than those fast-food joints the Sub always demands to eat at.

The Dom began to cut up some cheese to put into the lasagna when Niall handed him the list. "All done?" Liam smiled. He read it over and kissed Niall's cheek. "You're glowing, you know?"

Niall snitched a cheese cube then walked away, making Liam roll his eyes. "Yeah, I love you too." the sound of footsteps running his way and arms wrapping around his torso made the Dom happy again.

"I 'uve yoo too" Niall muttered into his shirt.

"Please set the table?"

Niall did as he was told and soon the table was set and dinner was ready. The Trio tried to make it a regular thing to have dinner time together. It was really nice to have a time where the three can just talk about their day and not have to worry about paparazzi and work.
That is, until this "Baby" came into play.

Zayn poked at his food, hearing Liam and Niall talk about walls to paint on the nursery. "I mean, I'm not too found of making it the typical 'pink' and 'blue' like a lot of people do; I want more neutral colors," Niall rambled. Liam just nodded. "And should we have pictures, or maybe cut outs of the wall? Because I saw some really great lambs that I thought would look cute. That's not too girlish or anything, right?"

Liam chuckled, "I thought you felt you were having a girl."

Niall pressed his lips together.

"Well, I did, but then I thought about what if we had another boy running around? One we can show how to play sports, or something like that," Niall beamed. "Wait... what about a crib? Wait, babies can't sleep in those yet, right? They need bassinets first, then a crib."

Liam turned to see Zayn roll his eyes into his wine glass.

"But shouldn't we buy both? That way we don't have to go back... But the crib has to a specific colour, because it needs to match the walls."

He turned to Zayn, who had been rather quiet lately. "What do you think Zee?" He asked.

Zayn looked up at his two husbands. Niall, who was smiling and hyper, and Liam who was sending him warning glares. Zayn narrowed his eyes right back.

"What?" He snapped.

"You know what." Liam hissed.

Zayn rolled his eyes. "Why are we talking about this? We've got MONTHS to plan this." Zayn muttered, taking a bite of his food. Niall twiddled his fingers, keeping his head low.
"I don't know. . ." He mumbled, "Just, wanted to." The blonde spoke with sadness. Liam was livid. "What the hell is your problem?" He screamed across the table, using what many would consider a 'Dom' voice. Zayn's head snapped up and he tightened his grip on his fork.

"I'm just saying: I don't see the point in discussing this when the fetus is only a month old-

"*Five weeks.*" Liam corrected.

"Whatever. The thing isn't even born you, let alone will be able to see colour for the first 4 weeks of his life and you're stressing out about colours on a fucking wall it won't give a shits about?" Zayn hadn't realized how loud he was under he noticed the water in his glass had stopped moving.

Liam's jaw had dropped and Niall had tears rolling from his eyes. Zayn immediately paused, "N-Niall-*

Niall didn't say anything, he covered his plate with his dinner napkin and ran off. Liam stood up, running after his Sub, but not before turning to his Husband, "reminding" Zayn that his ass would be on the couch that night.

Liam found the poor Sub in their room, under mounds of covers and pillows crying his eyes out. Liam felt his heart drop seeing his Sub so upset. He could wring Zayn's neck for what he said downstairs to their pregnant husband. The Dom made his way to Niall's side and pulled him close.

"He doesn't mean that; you know that Baby." Liam whispered into his Sub's ear. "Zayn's just. . . ." Liam didn't know what Zayn felt. Liam didn't want to believe that Zayn hated the child, but with the way he acted, so carelessly flinging words as if they didn't mean anything, or would upset anyone made him think different.

Niall sobbed into his pillow.
"... He called baby 'thing' and 'it'. Just a Babe," Niall sobbed. "Only a small Babe." Niall's Sub genes and hormones were at a raging fight. He couldn't understand why his Dom sounded as if he didn't expect his baby; He was very confused and hurt. A part of him wished Liam wasn't here, but Zayn was. Niall loved Liam, but he wished it was Zayn comforting him, reassuring him that he was still loved.

"I know." Liam cooed, hoping the soft voice would pull Niall through, he managed to kiss the blonde's tummy. "So small right now, but soon he or she will get bigger and bigger and then we'll hold them-

"Alexander." Niall suddenly said. Liam looked up at his Sub. Niall was sniffing, rubbing his blotchy eyes. "I... I like Alexander for a name. And... Aislinn for a girl." The Irish lad replied, running his hands over his firm tummy. Liam loved talking about baby named with Niall. It might be too early, but he didn't care.

Liam smiled, "Those are all nice names. I like them."

"Zayn doesn't." Niall pouted, holding a pillow close to him. Liam rolled his eyes. "Zayn doesn't know what's good for him; and even though you're mad at him he's still your husband and you Dom; you need to still show him respect."

What the fuck has he done to even earn respect?! Liam shouted at himself, but focused on cuddling with his Sub.

Niall nodded, "m'sorry."

"Don't apologize, just rest baby, you've had a busy day. Remember, we've got an appointment next week, so think about that." Liam smiled feeling Niall snuggling close to him.

In a matter a minutes, Niall and Liam were sleeping.
Louis knew he was in deep. The ride was unbearable. It was too quiet and Harry had one of his hands on the wheel and the other against his side of the car.

The Sub knew he crossed the line, but he didn't know what would happen next.

He was afraid.

By the time Harry pulled up into the drive way, Louis had been shaking so badly, he could hear his teeth chatter. *I'm a bad Sub, I'm a bad Sub.* He gulped when Harry turned off the car. He figured they would just walk inside, but when he reached for the handle, Harry placed his large hand on his arm.

Louis looked up in fear. He was well aware that Harry's hands were huge, but to actually be struck by them was petrifying. Louis paled.

Harry's eyes were intense. Like a lion spotting his prey. "Louis, stop." Louis didn't know what Harry meant, looking down, he saw he was shivering.

"Listen, we're going into the house where you'll wait for me in the living room. Okay?" Harry commanded. Louis just nodded and Harry helped him out of the Range Rover. Harry left Louis alone in the large room and Louis tried told hold back tears. When Louis was sad, or anxious, and even scared, he would subconsciously come up with scenarios that might happen and it shook his to the core.
"What if he thinks I'm bad and sends me away?"

What if he doesn't want me anymore?

What if I become a reject Sub?"

That last one sent him bawling. He didn't want to be a reject a live alone for the rest of his life. He had come to care so much about Harry, as did his mother. Louis wouldn't be able to live with himself if he became a reject and disappointed his ill mother. Louis was still crying when Harry came back, dressed in more casual jeans and a t-shirt.

He was confused but rushed to his Sub's side.

"Louis, stop crying," He softly spoke, "What is wrong?"

"I... I'm bad." Louis sobbed, covering his face with his hands. I'm a horrible Sub." He couldn't believe he let it slip, calling Harry by his first name in public, he should be kicked to the curb and rejected by everyone and everything on this Earth.

'Mum... Dad... I'm such a failure.'

Harry shook his head, pulling Louis close. He held Louis for a good amount of time before he was sure the boy had calmed down. "Now, listen to me." Harry started. "You, Louis, are not a Bad Sub. You are, in fact, a very good Sub that I love very much." Harry brushed a piece of hair out Louis' eyes.

"And I understand that everyone makes mistakes, Louis. I'm not mad because you accidentally called me 'Harry' in public. I'm pissed because you almost defied me by wanting to stay when I said it was time to leave. Know this and remember my words: I do not, and never will, think you are a Bad Sub. I love you and I want to be your Dom."

Louis gazed into Harry's eyes. He liked to see the lively envisions that were imprinted in the iris of the vibrant colored orbs. "Do you understand?" The Dom asked. Louis nodded, he wanted very much to believe Harry's words. Not because he felt the need to feel better about himself, but because he wanted to believe Harry's kind, reassuring comments.
"Good. Now, since this is your first punishment and you are a bit shaken up, I'll let you get some water and cool down before we begin. I believe ten will be enough, as well as a fair compromise, yeah?" Harry asked. At first, Louis was confused before Harry smirked, giving a love tap to his bum.

"Oh. . ." Louis blushed.

"Get a drink, then come back. Okay?" Harry murmured sweetly, watching Louis walk into the kitchen. Louis was very nervous about what would happen next, so jittery he almost dropped the glass. He took three big gulps before Harry called him back, warning him about lingering.

Louis had never been spanked as a child, or even a teenager. He had never had a reason to be, so this would be his first spanking.

He gulped when Harry snapped his fingers at his knees.

"You are to lay your stomach across my lap. I don't want you to squirm around either," Harry warned, "This will be quick and easy."

"Do. . .do I have. . .to count?" Louis asked, standing before Harry. Harry looked like he was giving that question a lot of thought. When Louis went to open his mouth, Harry replied: "No. You do not, this time. Now, stop procrastinating. Sooner we get this over with, the sooner we can watch a movie or something."

Louis did want to cuddle with his Dom. He nodded and laid over Harry's lap. It was. . .different. . .being over Harry's lap. Harry's legs were very muscular, he wondered if Harry ran track.

"Ten spankings. Ready?" Harry asked.

No. "Yes."

"I know we did take a bath together not too long ago, but these spankings will be over your pants, because I know you're not comfortable with me touching you bare yet," Harry softly assured. "However, if you ever do anything that causes me to do this again, I promise you they will be on
"Yes, Sir." Louis whimpered and cried when the first smack came to his butt. They may not have been bare-spankings, but they still hurt nonetheless. By the time Harry reached five, Louis was crying. His bum hurt and he wanted Harry to stop, but he didn't dare say anything else that would cause him more trouble. The spankings didn't feel as bad as he did knowing he probably hurt his Dom.

Harry gave him rules to follow, and he disobeyed.

When Harry was finished, he helped Louis up. The Sub's lips quivered, but he tried to keep it inside, Harry wasn't having it though.

"You are a good Sub," Harry spoke firmly, cupping Louis' cheekbones. "You... are good."

Louis nodded, "m'good."

The Dom flashed Louis a smile. "You took your punishment very well my love, however, I wish to spend my precious time spoiling you, rather causing you harm, do you understand?"

Once again, Louis nodded.

Harry pressed a kiss to his forehead. Something inside Louis lit, like a single match in a dark cave, Louis tilted his head up and he was kissing Harry on the lips. Harry was taken back at first, but deepened then kiss as much as Louis would let him. Harry's thin pink against Louis' plump pink just felt right.

When they pulled apart, Harry was silent until: "Why did you do that?" The Dom ask softly. Louis feared he did something wrong. Could he had been ready for something Harry wasn't?

"Because I wanted to." Louis admitted, softly. "I-I'm sorry if you didn't want to-I rushed this and-"

"Do it again." Harry breathed, pushing Louis to the couch, his Dom genes firing up his whole body. Control him. Dom your Sub. Make him Submit everything.
Louis blinked, blushing red. "W-what?"

"I want you to kiss me again, Louis."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much, I felt you guys deserved a super long chapter for all the crap you guys had to endure with me with having this being deleted. Thank you once again for sticking up for me, for telling me how I do have talent in writing.

Thank you.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Niall tries to get Zayn involved with his pregnancy
Harry gives Louis a Test
and let's just say there will be happy tears at the end.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the comments and also for making He's Different obtain 1000 KUDOS!!! and 700+ COMMENTS!!! You all rock! Also, sorry for the wait, my family and I went to Chicago and my god, it was so much fun! I also took notes for a future fic . . . .

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Niall knocked before entering the room, waiting for an answer. "Come in." Zayn's voice called from inside. Niall would normally not bother Zayn and Liam if they were in their work office; he knew they were working and that it would be rude to disturb them if it wasn't an emergency.

"Zee?" Niall asked.

Zayn looked up from his paper work. Liam was out shopping and he asked Niall if he wanted to come, but Niall didn't want to leave Zayn alone; he had something to ask him.

"Are you okay?" Niall asked, softly. He knew the Dom didn't come to bed last night and he wondered why. Zayn gave his husband and Sub a small smile.

"I'm fine, Peaches, is there something you needed?"

Niall shook his head. "No, just . . . checking on you."
"Well, aren't you sweet? Come, sit on my lap." Zayn smiled, patting his thigh. Niall was quick to respond and curled up next to the Dom's chest, taking in the strong smell of cigarettes and aftershave. Niall hummed content, and happy. Zayn went back to typing.

"Zee?" Niall asked.

"You may sit with me, as long as you don't bother me." Zayn warned, ignoring Niall. Niall knew it was best to keep quiet and wait for Zayn to finish. Niall liked sitting with Zayn, while Niall was normally jumpy and couldn't sit for five minutes to save his life, there was something about being in the Dom's hold that made him still.

Niall didn't dare turn to look at the computer screen. Both Zayn and Liam made it known that the Sub was to know nothing about their work (Harry would be the same way with Louis) the only thing Niall was to know, was if they had a meeting or not.

After Zayn finished typing, Niall got the memo that he was done when the Dom began kissing his neck.

"Zee. . ." Niall breathed. Zayn always knew the right places to grab and touch. Zayn said nothing and continued to kiss at his Sub's neck. Niall's skin always smelled sweet and never felt dry. "Zayn, wait."

Zayn stopped his kissing, but kept one hand firmly under one of Niall's ass cheeks. Niall wrapped his arms around his Dom's neck, staring lovingly into the deep brown eyes he had fallen in love with at first glance. "Zayn, can we just talk?"

"About what, Baby?"

"Well, it's about the baby. Do you. . . not want our baby?" Niall sniffed, wiping his nose on his sleeve. Zayn handed him a tissue and waited for the blonde on his lap to calm down.

"Niall. . .that's not it." Zayn frowned, "I. . . I do want this child-

"Then why did you call our baby names?" Niall nearly sobbed; last night had burned his heart like
a hot iron. Trails of tears had left his face and Zayn went to wipe them. "Do- do you not love our baby?" Niall choked on his sob, covering his tummy with his hands.

Zayn looked down at the flat tummy. He couldn't find the words to answer Niall. Of course he loved the baby. This was someone he made with his two husbands. How could he not love the child his Sub carried? "Of course I do, Ni, I love this little one with all my heart."

"Then . . . then why did you say those things last night?" Niall hiccupsed. "They . . . they hurt me."

Zayn knew he fucked up royally. Doms are to love their Sub. Abuse was abuse, whether it was physical or not. He caused emotional distress to his Sub and he felt pretty shitty about it.

"I'm so sorry, Baby." Zayn left a tender kiss on his Sub's wet cheeks. "Never again will I say such things, I promise." And Zayn meant it. He fought his Dom's urge to rage in an uproar. His DNA was literally screaming at him for scumming to a Sub. Doms were born with a sense of entitlement and were known to have large amounts of pride. Apologizing to anyone was sometimes hard for Doms; but Zayn was sure even the harshest of Doms could fall to their knees for Niall.

"I forgive you. . . . I love you so much, Zee."

"And I love my Niall. . . and Liam. . . and Baby." Zayn, for the first time, allowed his hand to rub softly against Niall's tummy. It was different feeling the hardness that had replaced the pudgy tummy; Niall's insides were now a temporary home for the baby that he, Niall and Liam made together.

"Baby loves Daddy." Niall cooed.

Zayn smirked. "I hope so."

"I know so." Niall nuzzled into Zayn's neck, kissing him bellow the ear. "The Babe loves you too, Zee. I know. . . I know." Zayn said nothing and held his Sub. He loved Niall and Liam with all his heart. He was just afraid. The media was always around; always telling lies about their relationship if they get the chance so the trio were always on their toes. Zayn was afraid that something bad would happen if they brought a child into this.

He didn't want to ruin the kid's life.
"Hey, Niall. Go to our room and take a nap, you're pretty worked up, darling." Zayn whispered. Niall was tired, but he didn't want to be alone.

"Will you lay with me?" Niall asked.

"For a bit, but then I have to get back to work. I'll be there when you wake up, I promise." With that, Zayn picked up his Sub and carried him bridal style to their bedroom. Gently, the Dom laid his Sub on to the bed of satin pillows, silk sheets and fluffy blankets. Niall hummed contently as Zayn laid next to him and rubbed his back.

There was a moment's pause before Niall yawned, "You don't have to be scared, Zee." Niall closed his eyes. "Liam and I love you no matter what."

They say that Doms are often strong and sometimes harsh humans that would never take orders from their Subs; Zayn could overlook this one rule.

When Liam came home, he almost had a heart attack at the most adorable sight of his husbands snuggling together.

Louis moaned into the kiss Harry deepened. Currently the Dom was on top of his Sub, both captivated in a French Kiss. Louis liked kissing Harry. Harry's lips were warm and wet against his plump pink ones. He liked the way his tongue felt against his own. Louis had never licked a tongue before, but he was glad he was doing it with Harry.

"So good." Harry muttered, taking a breather. "Where...did you learn to kiss like that?"
Louis' eyes widened. He hoped Harry hadn't assumed he fooled around before taking his Sub test. "N-no where, sir. I just mimicked you."

Harry smiled sweetly, cupping his Sub's face. "Well, am I good teacher, Louis?"

Louis nodded. "Very good. Excellent."

*Don't Dom him yet, he has to pass the Trust Test first.*

Harry's breath hitched.

"Well, I'd like to continue this, but I'm afraid I have things to do, Louis," Harry stood up rather quickly, leaving Louis on the couch. "I'm going into my office to do some paperwork, please don't disturb me. I'll be back down in an hour for dinner."

Louis watched as Harry walked away, after a moment's silence, he scurried to his feet. He was sure Harry had just given him an order to cook something, so he scrambled in the kitchen to look for the cook book. He saw a recipe for Tomato Basil soup and began cutting up tomatoes and making tomato paste. It wasn't like the first time cooking for Harry; he wasn't too nervous and he felt more comfortable.

Louis let the soup sit in the pot on the stove before looking around. He didn't think that just soup would be enough for the Dom. He snapped his fingers and began to make garlic bread. He smiled when he took the basting brush of buttery liquid and began to paint the bread.

When the soup was ready, as was the bread, he dished up two bowls. To be a flirt, he used a heart-shaped cookie cutter to cut the bread in tiny hearts.

"I hope Harry likes this." Louis prayed to himself.
Soup

Louis waited half an hour with a grumbling tummy. He was hungry, but he didn't want to eat without Harry. He was sure he'd get in trouble if he ate without the Dom.

*Should I go get him? He said to leave him alone and that he'd come down. Still, there shouldn't be any harm in letting him know there's food ready.*

Slowly, Louis approached Harry's office door; he raised his hand but lowered it. He did this about three times before he accidentally hit the door with his knuckles. He covered his mouth and waited for a response. When he heard nothing, he gently gripped the handle of the door, pushing the wooden door open, praying it wouldn't creek or squeak.

"Harry?" Louis whispered.

To Louis' surprise, Harry was hunched over his desk, his head in his arms. Louis was confused and he tip-toed over to The Dom. He leaned in and tried not to giggle at hearing Harry snore.

Harry fell asleep.

Biting his lip, he debated on waking him up or not. He needs food, it wouldn't do him any good to go to bed without any dinner. Louis smiled and walked out of the office, coming back with the
bowl of soup, a spoon, extra garlic bread and a blanket from the couch on the other side of the room.

He kissed Harry's head as he covered him with the blanket. "...I...I..."

He wanted to tell Harry that he loved him.

Louis felt warm when the words left his lips.

"I love you...Harry. Sweet dreams."

When Louis left the room. Harry's eyes popped open and he smiled. A lot of Doms had what they called a 'Trust Test' It could be anything from walking away from their Sub in public to see what they'd do, to leaving them in the house for extended amount of hours to see if they'll be loyal. Either way, The 'Trust Test' was based on not only their loyalty, but how deep they were willing to Submit to their Dom.

Harry tightened the blanket around him and sat up to take a slurp at the tomato soup. Once again, whatever Louis had made him tasted delicious.

The Dom knew he has more than just a 'Sub' or even a 'Boyfriend'. He has something that only a few people in the world could dare admit they might possess.

Harry was sure he had obtained a soul-mate out of Louis.
"I'm sure I'll be able to visit you and the family this Christmas, Mam. I'm positive Liam and Zayn will take some time off so we can see you guys again."

"Oh, Niall, that's wonderful!"

Niall chuckled into the phone at his mother's excitement.

"I miss you so much, baby. Dad misses you too."

The Sub smiled. "How's Greg, Denise and Theo?"

"Oh, Greg is working hard still. Denise is well and Theo misses his uncle. Poor wee lamb runs to the door every time it closes cause he thinks it's you."

"I miss him too. . ." Niall loved his nephew to bits and he wanted nothing more than to drop everything and fly to Ireland to see him. "I can't wait to have my baby, so he'll have a little cousin to play with." Niall cooed at the thought of his adorable nephew playing with his child.

"Don't wish too early, Dear, Or they'll be off with their own Dom or Sub before you know it!" Maura laughingly joked with her son that she didn't know paled at the thought.

"It's too early Mam! I was just talking about a play date." Niall nervously whimpered.

"Oh, I'm sorry, little-lamb. Is Liam there by any chance?"

Niall knit his eyebrows in confused. It was weird of his mom to ask for Liam. Normally when Niall calls she just wants to talk to him. "Yeah, just a second-LIAM!"
"Indoor voice, Niall." Liam scowled after coming to his Sub's side.

"My Mammy wants you." Niall handed him the phone before skipping off.

"No running in the house!" Liam called after his Sub, putting his hand over the receiver. "Especially since you're pregnant! . . . Oh, hello, Maura-"

"Don't flatter me, Payne. Are you and Zayn letting my baby boy running around while he's pregnant?!"

Liam groaned. We've been married a year, can't they get over this?

He didn't know why he and Zayn didn't get along with Maura or Bobby Horan that well. Liam had hoped to get along with both his in-laws, especially his Sub's. In their case, The In-Laws were funny, because you had Zayn's parents, Liam's parents and Niall's parents. Three sets of In-Laws, basically. It was often confusing and weird to know Liam and Zayn's family got along, but not Niall's.

You couldn't really blame them. They seemed to of been on edge ever since Niall was matched up with Two Doms. The over-protective parents didn't like the idea of their little boy leaving home at only eighteen, more or less leaving the country. At first, Niall was worried, but he soon softened up to the idea and within the week of being matched, He, Liam and Zayn did their Signature, and moved to London.

Sometimes Liam caught Niall crying over a family picture or promising his mother 'next time' over the phone for a visit.

Liam knew Maura and Bobby were wonderful parents. They always knew what to do to make sure their two children and other members of their family to feel better again; However, you couldn't blame him for not wanting to see The Horans. Their Catholic Nature of guilt tripping, shaming everything in sight, and not being all accepting of their lifestyle didn't help either. (1)

"No Ma'am. Not at all. Niall is just super happy he gets to talk to his Mammy." Liam forced himself to sound happy.

"He'd be happier talking to me face-to-face I bet," Maura scowled. "So, you all are going to our
place for Christmas?"

Liam wanted to protest but Maura cut him off.

"Well, this is wonderful!" He could tell the woman wasn't happy to be seeing him or Zayn, but rather to see her baby boy. "I'll make sure to send out cards. Will your families be joining us? I'd like to know now."

Liam sighed, "Unfortunately, Mrs. Horan, I can't tell you if we can or not because Zayn and I are working-"

"Like always it seems. Poor Niall cooped up in that house. And the poor Boy can't go outside or he'll be attacked by that press that follows you."

It took a lot for Liam to not just hang up on the lady.

"You're right." He didn't want to fight her, it would break Niall's heart. "You're right, Mrs. Horan. I'll talk to Zayn and see what we can do."

"Very well, let me talk to my son some more please."

Thank God.

"Niall, your Mum is available to talk now." Liam called. There was a putter-patter and then Niall giggled, taking the phone to talk to his mother more. They talked for almost an hour about babies and what Niall would expect when being pregnant. "Niall, it's almost bedtime." Liam reminded, pointing to his watch.

Niall pouted but said a tearful goodbye to his mother, promising to call her soon and to see her at Christmas.

When the blonde hung up, he was immediately lifted into Liam's strong hold. "Bedtime for my little ones." Liam cooed.
"m'not a baby." Niall frowned.

"You're my baby. Both of you." Liam hushed in Niall's ear, sucking on his lobe, making the blonde go weak in his knees.

"Bedroom?" The Irishman asked.

"Bedroom."

So Liam let Niall run in the house. . . just this once.

Louis was getting ready for bed when he noticed Harry laying on the bed. He jumped in surprise. "Oh. . .I . . I thought you were sleeping." He admitted.

Harry shook his head. "No." He smiled.

Louis looked around, "What. . .uh. . . what's up?"
Harry chuckled, patting the bed. "c'mere. Wanna' talk to you." Louis nodded, he was a bit worried that maybe he had accidentally woken Harry up and maybe he was mad.

"That was a nice thing you did for me." Harry breathed, pulling Louis close. They were laying down awkwardly on the bed but Louis didn't care.

"Oh?"

"Making me dinner, it was delicious by the way. But also covering me with the blanket and... kissing me."

Louis blushed, "I'm sorry if I woke you-"

"I wasn't sleeping. That's the thing. I was testing you."

Louis paled. Had he passed?

There was a pause before Harry was smiling again. "...I love you too, Louis." Harry softly cooed, kissing his Sub's upper lip. Louis kissed him back, laying his hand on Harry's back and letting the Dom cover him. "I was seeing...if you'd listen to me or not."

Louis gulped, accidentally taking in a bit of Harry's saliva, but he wasn't focused on that. Thinking back, Harry had told him not to go into his office and he disobeyed.

"Am...am I getting punished again?" Louis asked, blushing madly.

"No, no, nothing like that, My Lou," Harry assured, littering Louis' cheeks with soft kisses. "Louis, you know that Doms give their Subs orders because they care about them, you know that right?"

Louis nodded.

"I gave you an order and although you disobeyed, you didn't do it out of spite. You did it because you cared about my well-being; you wanted to make sure I didn't starve, right?" Harry asked,
laying his head on Louis' collarbones. He traced a finger along his Sub's cheekbones


Harry smiled. "And why Louis?" He already knew the answer, but he just wanted to hear Louis said it, just once more.

"Because. . . I love you."

"Who do you love?"

"You. Harry Styles."

"Say it. . ." Harry breathed, kissing Louis' lips again. "Say it once more, please."

"I love you, Harry Styles." Louis smiled

"And I love you, Louis Tomlinson."

Harry had never loved anyone, or anything as much as he loved Louis Tomlinson. He felt his heart beat along with Louis' when he laid his head on his Sub's chest.

"H-Harry!" Louis gasped.

Harry was quick to see what was wrong.

"They-they match" Louis smiled. "Our heartbeats."
Harry beamed. Louis was right. As the Dom rested his head on Louis once more, he could make out each pump an every bump the organ made. Louis felt tears come to his eyes. Harry had tested him, and as much offence he should be taking to that, he couldn't help but find the outcome to be entirely sweet.

*Harry trusts me.*

"Ha-Harry?"

Harry gazed at his Sub, with lovingly, sleepy, green eyes.

"I. . .I am ready. To submit to you." Louis whispered.

Submission. The one thing a Dom wants more than anything in the world. To have their loved one to give them their mind, body and soul. Louis was giving just that to him. It took everything in his body to not take the boy right there. Harry had to contain his breathing as his DNA was commanding him to Dom his Sub right now.

"We'll go to City Hall tomorrow; and we'll sign our names." The Dom beamed.

"I'd like nothing more than that." Louis whispered, wrapping his arms around his Dom's neck. Both of them falling into a loving and deep sleep.

"Please stand on the platform before me." The Judge replied. Harry and Louis did so, holding each
other's hands while they listened to the Judge read off their Signature Vows. While a Signature Ceremony was like a wedding, it was only proving Submission.

Louis couldn't help but smile at the thought of a wedding and being married to Harry.

The Farmer also caught a look at Liam, Zayn and Niall smiling at them. Also attending the Signing was his Mother. She smiled sweetly watching her boy Sign off to his Dom.

"Family members or opposing sides, please speak now if you do not see why this couple should not Sign."

Silence.

The Judge continued:

"Please look down at the sheet in front of you," The judge continued. "Will Harry Styles, Dom, please sign your first name only, swearing your loyalty as you promise to have and to hold, in sickness and in heath, in good times and woe, for richer or poorer, keeping yourself solely for the Sub next to you."

Harry signed as soon as the Judge had finished talking, which automatically meant 'yes'

Louis sucked in a breath and held back tears that threatened to spill.

"Will Louis Tomlinson, Sub, please sign your first name only, swearing your loyalty as you promise to have and to hold, in sickness and in heath, in good times and woe, for richer or poorer, keeping yourself solely for the Dom next to you." Immediately Louis signed his name.

That was it. They were officially Dom and Sub in the eyes of Law.

The room filled with cheers as Harry held Louis close to him, both of them holding up the paper that proved their Dom/Sub status.
CERTIFICATE OF DOMINANCE AND SUBMISSION

OFFICIALLY AS OF:

12:00 P.M.

AUGUST 18TH 2015

LONDON, ENGLAND

SUB  +  DOM
As happy as Louis was, he couldn't help but think of one thing. . . .

*Where was Harry's family?*

Chapter End Notes

(1)

I have absolutely nothing against Catholics; Growing up in a catholic home, I just based this off of what I was (sadly) exposed to.

It's weird how I came from a family of Jesus Ass-kissers and turned out to be a Bisexual hippie.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Harry takes Louis' virginity.

Louis chooses the Honeymoon and Harry is surprised at his Sub's answer.

Religion and stuck up family values once again ruins a perfectly good three-way-relationship.

Chapter Notes

Okay, sappy, extra long chapter ahead. Lots of love and...smex :) Also, Niall is in his first trimester of pregnancy, so yay!

Enjoy :)

There was a small get-together at Harry and Louis' place after the signing. Jay was feeling a bit better today and decided to join for a few hours before Perrie, her private Nurse Harry paid for, took her back to the hospital.

Jay was utterly stunned at the place where her son was now living.

"It's beautiful Lou." Jay smiled, holding her son's hand. She then turned to her son's Dom, "Thank you once again, Harry. I can't express how blessed I am to know my son is safe and warm."

"Mum. " Louis blushed.

Harry only chuckled. "It's my pleasure, Mrs. Tomlinson. Would you like a drink?"
"Water, please."

Louis stood up to retrieve the drinks, "I'll get them."

"And bring some Scotch while you're at it." Zayn added.

"Niall can only have water, seeing he's pregnant. But I'd like some as well." Liam added.

"Me as well, darling." Harry smirked.

Louis nodded, liking his first "order" as an official Sub. Louis practically skipped to the kitchen where he pulled out a bottle of Scotch Whiskey. He poured three glasses for the Doms in the room as well as ice water for Niall and his mother. Louis finished the drinks and began walking out to the living room when he accidentally tripped over a corner of a rug, the trey of beverages flying right out of his hand and smashing onto the carpet.

Louis gasped.

"Oh, no, no no!" He couldn't screw up now, he just had his Signing less than an hour ago! "Oh my god!" He quickly ran and grabbed a towel, trying to rub the scotch out of the carpet.

"Louis?" The Sub gasped, looking up to see Harry looking down at him. "Did you just spill Scotch all over my Ushak Rug?"

Louis' mouth opened, but he couldn't form any words. "I-. . . I'm so sorry, Harry-er, Sir, I'm so, so sorry!" Louis was almost in tears. He couldn't believe how he could be so stupidly clumsy; especially at a time like this when he's supposed to show off how Submissive and caring he was for his Dom.

"Well, don't do that! You'll rub it in-oh, fucking hell!" Harry sounded pissed.

"I'm so sorry, Harry, I'll pay you back!" Louis begged.
Harry sighed, closing his eyes for a moment. "No, it was an accident, right? You're not hurt?" Louis tried to calm down, he nodded.

"Okay, well, let's just pick up this broken glass and I'll call someone to clean this." Harry muttered. Louis glanced up, hoping he could take this chance to get Harry's forgiveness.

"It's okay, Harry, I'll clean it. Just tell me where the supplies are and-

"I'd rather have it professionally done, Louis," Harry sounded a bit harsh and it stung the Sub's heart. "Let's just forget about this for now, we have guests, remember."

"Yes, Sir." came Louis' meek reply. Harry tenderly kissed his Sub's cheek. "None of that. Remember, we still have tonight to think about too." Harry lustfully smirked. Louis blushed, holding back a nervous squeak. He had been worried about tonight for the longest time.

Harry stood up, helping Louis to his feet as well. Harry poured more drinks and carried it out to the living room, Louis behind him with his head hung low. He screwed up.

Niall said nothing but moved closer to the Sub. "So... found out we're leaving to Ireland for Christmas." Niall announced, hoping to break the awkward tension in the room.

"Really?" Jay smiled.

"Yeah, me mam was happy to hear that."

"Are you doing anything special?" Louis asked, meekly, sneaking a glance at the three Doms who were enjoying their beverages.

"Um, I don't know. We might have a sleigh ride because we do that every Christmas. . . " Louis couldn't focus on Niall anymore. He was worried about Harry. Harry didn't seem mad at him, but the Sub couldn't help but feel as if he had upset his Dom. Louis noticed Liam softly nudging Harry and Harry nodded.

"Excuse us." Harry spoke after a moment, leaving the room with Zayn and Liam.
"Thank God." Niall moaned, going from sitting properly to slouching on the couch. Jay chuckled and Louis smirked. Jay turned to her son.

"Are you okay, Love?" She asked, seeing he looked a bit upset. Louis nodded. "m'fine."

"Hey, what was that noise earlier?" Niall asked.

"I. . .." Louis folded his hands together. "I dropped the drinks on Harry's Ushak Rug." He heard Niall wince, but it wasn't because he was in pain. Johannah frowned.

"It was an accident though, Dear. I'm sure Harry understands-"

"He did, but. . . I think he's still mad at me for some reason." Louis hung his head. "I didn't want it to go like this, not on our first night as Officials. That rug looked expensive too." He was close to tears. He didn't know how to please Harry, or to make up for what he did. Johannah only smiled.

"Darling, don't worry about it. There's more to life than money. Harry loves you more than that rug on the floor, I'm sure."

Louis wanted to believe her words, but he didn't know.

Niall pounded for a moment before getting an idea. "Louis. Since it's your first night as Officials, I'm sure you haven't had sex, right?"

Blushing because his mother was in the room, Louis slowly nodded.

"Well, that's how you make it up to him," Niall grinned. "Works all the time with Zayn and Liam." Louis was a deep red when Niall finished that statement.

"But I-"
"Mrs. Tomlinson." Perrie came through the front door, knocking. "Are you ready to go? We best be off before it gets dark." Johannah nodded, turning to her only child.

"Louis, you are perfect, just the way you are. I'm so glad Harry is part of our family." She spoke before kissing her son goodbye. She wished Niall a goodnight as well before having Perrie help her to the hospital van. Niall and Louis waited for Zayn, Harry and Liam before Niall faked a stomach ache, getting the trio out of the house. The Irishman winked at Louis before leaving.

Louis gulped, looking up at his Dom.

"So...we're alone now." Harry stated, fixing the two buttons on his shirt, revealing his bird tattoos.

Louis nervously laughed. "Yeah. We are."

Harry said nothing but jammed his hands into his pockets before leaning against the side of the arm chair where Louis sat. Louis fiddled with his tea cup, avoiding eye contact with Harry. He was so nervous. He was still a Virgin ("not for long" the voice in his head had to constantly remind him) and he was sure that Harry was still upset about earlier.

"Why are you ignoring me?" Harry growled. "Don't do that."

"Oh, sorry, Harry, I didn't mean to," Louis apologized. "It wasn't like that-really."

Harry narrowed his eyes in confusion. There was a lot spinning around in Louis' head and he had a lot of questions for his Dom.

"Just...jittery s'all." Louis smiled. Harry leaned down, planting a kiss at the top of Louis' head. The Dom took a moment just to inhale the sugary scent that was his Sub. He added another kiss at the window's peak of Louis' hairline and began to stroke some fly away hairs.

"Why?" As if Harry had no idea. He knew Louis was probably scared shitless about what was going to happen in just a matter of minutes. While The Dom was excited and trying to keep an erection from happening, Louis shivered.
"Well, Harry. . .why wasn't your family at our Signing?" Louis let blurt out. Harry said nothing. When he did, Louis wished he hadn't asked.

"Never mind them. Let's go upstairs."

Just shut up. You've already ruined tonight enough. His instincts were screaming at him. He nodded and Harry held out his hand, leading him to the staircase where he caught his Sub off guard and picked Louis up Bridal Style, running up the stairs with a giggling Sub in his arms.

Harry laid Louis on their bed after kicking the door shut with his foot.

Louis immediately laid on his elbows as Harry crawled towards him, smirking. Harry leaned in and Louis didn't cower away. The tow of them having a wet, passionate, and very long kiss. Harry slipped in his tongue and Louis remembered from the first time he kissed Harry like this on the couch. He allowed Harry's tongue to travel next to his. When Harry pulled apart, there was a saliva line connecting the two but it dripped on the bed.

"We'll take it slow." Harry promised, cupping Louis' left cheek bone. "No toys. Foreplay, role-play, or anything. Just normal sex."

Louis bit his lip, anxiously. "I. . okay."

Harry knew Louis was scared still. "Tell me what's wrong." He whispered, planting gentle kissed on his Sub's cute nose. "Please?" He wanted to make Louis' fears go away. Not because to get on with the sex, but because he wanted Louis to love him without any fear.

Harry wanted a fearless romance with his Sub.

It took a moment for Louis to conjure up his words, "Are you still mad at me because of the spill earlier?" Louis asked. Harry shook his head. "Was never mad at you."

"You came off as. . . I don't know."

"Louis." Harry took two fingers and lifted Louis' chin, making the Sub look at him. "What did I tell
you when we first met? Do you remember?"

The Sub shook his head, Harry said a lot of things. "I told you, that there was a fine line between BDSM and Abuse. Abusive relationships can be verbal too, you know. If I ever say, or do anything that harms you: we stop. What did I say or do, Baby? Tell me."

Louis took a deep breath, "You. . .you said you wanted the rug professionally cleaned and. . . that hurt me a little." Louis admitted. Harry waited for his Sub to continue. "I know it's-it's just the way I was raised Harry: if you make a mess, you clean it. And I know you want my life to be lavished with gifts and presents and all, but. . . .It's still nice to do things for you if I know you'll be happy."

Harry nodded, "Is that all?"

"No. . . I-when you yanked me from my Mother in the hospital. Why Harry? I just wanted to see my Mum." Louis tried hard not to cry, but he sniffed anyway and fat tears began to roll down his face. Louis' shoulder quivered and he hiccuped. Harry held him close, rubbing his Sub's back and offering him tissues that were by the bed when Louis had calmed down.

"I'm so sorry about all of that, Louis. I truly am. About tonight, I'll call someone to come over to teach you how to clean stains if you really want that. And at the hospital. . ." Harry bit his lip. "I . . . I just had to get out of there, Louis. I thought about my own needs before yours and I apologize for that as well."

Louis nodded, "I-I accept it."

Harry smiled sweetly. "Now, no more tears, Baby. No more. . . no more." Harry softly demanded, kissing each one that fell from Louis' baby blue eyes and grazed his cheeks.

"Let me care for you. . . tonight, it's all about you, Louis." Harry muttered.

"Us." Louis corrected. "It's about Us. Me and you, you and me."

"And nobody else." Harry smirked, taking off his belt. Louis opened his mouth, "could we actually get undressed together? like. . .like what we did when we took a bath?"
Harry nodded, helping Louis off the bed. "Together." Harry spoke, holding Louis' hips, leaning down for one last kiss before they both undressed. At the same time, they were naked before one another. Louis took in every sight, every curve of every tattoo Harry had on his upper body. While his own was untouched by ink, Harry rather liked Louis' virgin body.

"Still beautiful." Harry murmured.

Louis gulped. He never had any complications with his body, or sought to see himself as someone with a 'perfect' body, but Harry made him feel wonderful.

"And you're handsome." Louis added, smiling sweetly.

Harry smiled and led Louis on the bed. "Do you know how to perform intercourse, Louis?" Harry asked. Louis bit his lip, he had a vague idea, but he feared he was wrong.

"Talk to me, Love. Use your words."

"Sort of... I know... it goes in there." Louis blushed. Harry chuckled. "And you're not that small either." Harry almost burst at Louis' remarks.

"Well, I'm flattered, Louis. But, lets take things slow. Let me show you something. This is called 'Oral Sex'. Basically, it's just touching the outside of your body only. " Harry began kissing Louis' neck, making the boy bellow him gasp and whimper. Harry loved all the little noises Louis made. It only meant the boy was enjoying himself. Harry let his hands travel down the naked, toned body, lifting one of his hands to lay on the middle of Louis' tummy.

He stopped kissing and rubbed the boy's tummy. "In here... I'll give you children." Harry promised, leaning back down to lick across Louis' nipple. "Lots of babies..."

Louis' heart fluttered at the thought of having Harry's children. It was one of his roles as a Sub: To bear children. "Lots-lots?"

"A whole lot of children, Baby." The Dom whispered into Louis' ear.
"Love my Daddy." Louis breathed, wrapping his arms around Harry's neck

"And Daddy loves you." Harry smiled into Louis' ear. "Now... Louis, do you know what a blow job is?" Louis shook his head. Harry smirked. "It's basically sucking someone's cock. And baby, I want that right now." Louis was a bit scared, but he sat up, looking down at Harry's erection.

Will it even fit in my mouth? Louis wondered.

"Just a taste, darling. I don't expect you to deep throat me any time soon." Harry promised. Not wanting to disappoint his Dom, Louis lowered himself towards Harry's cock, taking tiny sucks and kisses around the head. He felt Harry pet his hair, he could tell he was growing impatient. Without thinking, Louis opened his mouth and took a sizable amount of 'Harry' inside of him. Louis was sure he was doing a good job by the grunts Harry made. He began to bob his head up and down sucking harder. He didn't take anymore when he felt his throat hurt.

"Yeah, baby!" Harry nearly screamed. "Oh...okay... Stop now, Louis."

Louis did so and jerked his head up. "Did... I do something wrong?" He asked.

"No, not at all, baby, I almost came in your mouth though," Louis looked back down, what he thought was saliva was actually mixed in with pre-cum. "and I know you're not ready for that. Now, lay on the bed on your tummy. It's your turn to feel good."

Louis did as he was told and yipped when he felt Harry slide his arm under his tummy, lifting him slightly. "Stick your ass in the air, Love. What I'm going to do to you, is called 'Rimming'."

"W-what's rimming?" Louis whimpered.

"Nothing bad, love. I promise you... you'll be begging for more when I'm done." Harry chuckled.

"Could you hold my hand?" Louis asked. He trusted Harry, but since he couldn't see what Harry would be doing, he felt the need to hold on to something. Harry was only happy to oblige. The Dom found it sweet actually. "Okay, here I go, Louis. Ready?"
"Ready."

When it happened, Louis gasped. He felt something wet go across his asshole and near his ball sack. "Aaah!" Louis moaned. He had never experienced anything like that. It was so pleasurable, he felt himself hardening. Harry heard every whimper and moan Louis made and continued to eat the boy out.

"Ha. . .Harry!" Louis dug his face deeper into the bed, squeezing the Dom's hand. Harry didn't stop and even added some extra saliva for some preparation for the anal-penetration he was about to do.

"That's enough for now." Harry stopped, holding back a laugh when he heard Louis groan. "Now the fun begins."

Louis blushed. If what he had before was so good, what could be better than that? Louis turned his head slightly to see Harry smirking.

"Can. . .can I lay on my back at least?" Louis asked.

"Yes baby, you may." Harry smiled, helping Louis turn over. "Now. What I'm about to do, dose not take your virginity," Harry whispered, "It's called 'Fingering' it's when I stick my finger inside where my tongue once was. It'll help you get ready for what I'll do later."

Louis nodded, giving a gentle squeeze to Harry's hand. Harry smiled, holding two fingers towards Louis' mouth. "Suck." He commanded. Louis opened his mouth and did as he was told, sucking on Harry's two large index and middle fingers. When Harry felt his fingers were lubricated enough, he took them out of Louis' mouth and inserted one finger inside of Louis.

The Yorkshire boy gave off a gasp but controlled his breathing as Harry began to rub him inside. It wasn't until two fingers were inserted, did he begin to feel differently.

"Such a nice hole, practically eating my fingers. Can't wait to see what my Cock does to your pretty hole." Harry wasn't lying. Louis had a nice ass. His Dom DNA was almost over powering him to just take the boy, but his heart told him to wait until the boy was ready. After a moment of fingering, Harry slid his fingers out and looked at Louis dead in the eyes.
Green and Blue, so different, yet they saw the same thing: Love for one another.

"Do you submit everything... mind body and soul to me, Louis?"

On instinct, Louis nodded as Harry laid him down.

"Me and no one else?" Harry continued.

Again, Louis nodded.

"Who are you nodding to, Louis?"

"You."

"And who am I, Louis?" Harry smirked, resting both of his hands above Louis' shoulders. Looking down the boy was absolutely beautiful. His hair may have been a bit sweaty and sticking to his forehead. However, Harry loved the blushing, breathtaking, begging for more Sub bellow him so much.


"...Call me Daddy, Louis." Harry winked. Without any warning, Harry began to enter Louis, making the boy tilt his head back and grip the sheets and blankets. It was so painful, like really painful. The Dom knew he should have prepped the boy before doing this, but his head was already in and Louis looked to be enjoying himself.

"D-Daddy!" Louis cried.

Harry began to slowly rock his hips, entering and then leaving, then re-entering. He did this for a few minutes until he was halfway in and Louis was screaming at him: "Don't tease me, please Daddy!"

"What do you want?" Harry smirked.
Hey, a Dom was supposed to give whatever the Sub wanted. On que, Harry began to thrust in and out of Louis, resulting in a shaking bed and a moan-fest. Louis loved every tingling sensation that ran through out his whole body. Harry would occasionally plant a kiss on his cheeks or his nipples to ease away from the pain, but Louis couldn't pay attention to all of that. Some of the decorative pictures began falling off the wall and Harry had to catch them before they hit Louis in the face, but The Sub didn't notice a thing.

"Daddy!" He screamed, wrapping his arms around Harry's neck. Harry leaned down to start kissing his Sub (after making sure there were no photos on the wall of course). He felt Louis' fingernails digging into his back, but he could care less. "Louis. . my Sub. All mine."

"Yours Daddy. . I'm no one else's." Louis promised.

Harry smiled and began thrusting harder and deeper into Louis. Louis felt his erection at it's peak and he felt like he would explode. "Hav' . . Have'ta. . .go." He whimpered.

"We'll do it together, baby. We'll cum at once." Harry whispered, leaving a few love bites on the side of Louis' neck. Louis moaned as he felt hot, sticky cum squirt all over the two Harry grunted when he came inside of Louis, filling him to the rim. Harry stopped moving and laid on top of his Sub.

Louis gently wrapped his arms around his Dom, hiding his face in the crook of Harry's neck. The room smelled like sweat and sex, but neither one cared. "Daddy. . Louis yawned.

"Sssh, go to sleep. You're tired, Daddy can tell." Harry licked the love bites he marked on Louis. Louis didn't retaliate, he did as he was told and shut his eyes, instantly falling to sleep. Harry held his Sub closer.

"Harry. . why wasn't your family at our Signing?"
Harry's jaw tightened.

He made it his sworn duty to make sure that Louis was to know nothing about that piss-poor excuse for a family he left nearly Six years ago.

"Liam? Where's my bump, why don't I have a baby bump?" Niall whimpered, looking into the floor length mirror in their master bathroom. Liam turned around from brushing his teeth.

"Oh, baby," Liam wiped away the toothpaste on the side of his mouth. "A bump won't happen for a while." Niall whimpered, tracing his fingers along his still flat tummy. Liam was quick to rush to his side.

"But don't worry, baby, soon we'll have a bump to rub and feel kick. It'll be here before you know it."

Niall smiled, Liam knew exactly how to make him feel so much better about himself. "Love you~" Niall sing-songed. Liam chuckled, taking a hold of his Sub's hand and swinging it. "I love you too~"

"Especially when you make me food~"
". . . Is that all you wanted?"

"Yes!" Niall giggled. Liam only rolled his eyes, holding back a smirk. "C'mere baby," The Dom instructed, holding his arms open for Niall to jump into and wrap his legs and arms around Liam's torso. Liam carried Niall into the kitchen where Zayn was reading the paper. Hearing his husband's walk into the kitchen made him smile, especially seeing Liam carry their Sub.

"Hello Nialler." Zayn smiled, Liam leaned down a bit, allowing Niall to kiss to Zayn's cheeks. "Make some breakfast, will ya?"

Niall nodded, squirming to get out of Liam's hold. Niall started to make some eggs and sausage when Liam spoke up. "Hey, Zayn, I don't think we should be having him make us meals anymore."

Zayn was confused, "Why not?"

"Well, he's pregnant now, I think we should be easier on him. Niall, come over here and sit, I'll make us some food." Liam stood up. Zayn scoffed. Never had they before made Niall stop doing his "Sub Duties" before; just because he was pregnant all of that had to come to a stop?

"Hold on a second!" Zayn spoke. "Just because he's pregnant he can't cook anymore? He's not even showing, yet."

That last comment really hurt Niall, who looked down at his slightly-still flat tummy. He wasn't showing yet, but he did look a tiny bit bloated. Liam frowned, "That's not what I was referring to. I just think that while he's pregnant, he should take a break on cooking some meals. I mean, we're capable of flipping our own eggs and bacon, Zee."

Zayn didn't respond and it resulted in an awkward breakfast until Niall spoke up. "I was thinking about maybe we could talk about baptisms?"

"Why?" Zayn asked.

Religion had never been a strong point in Liam's life, but he could tell this was going to be an issue.
The brunette placed his fork on the table. "Well, let's discuss this with our families, Nialler."

"That's what I'm afraid of." Niall admitted. It wasn't that his family was against anyone who wasn't Catholic, they just didn't see why everyone WASN'T Catholic. Niall feared that if he didn't baptize the baby, then his family would hate him. "I don't want them to feel as if I'm breaking family traditions."

"Well, what about mine?" Zayn replied, "You think my family will be happy knowing my only child won't be Muslim?"

Niall bit his lip. "N-no." He answered.

Liam frowned, "Guys, we're going about this wrong-"

"What's wrong about it? We're The Dom's, therefore we have a say in our Sub's and future Children's religion."In many cases, if a Dom was very religious, he or she had the right to force the Sub to change their religion. Religion was always a problem for a lot of families. In Liam, Niall and Zayn's case, it was two opposites colliding together.

"And how about me?" Liam glared, "I'm Christian."

"You haven't been to church in years, and it was for your cousin's wedding." Zayn rolled his eyes. Zayn had a point, Liam didn't attend Church regularly, unlike Niall who went every Sunday with a few other Catholic Subs he knew; or Zayn who went to Friday Prayers.

Liam shrugged. "So? That's not the point. The point is: Christianity is closer to Catholicism than Islamic traditions. Therefore it's two ta' one."

"Two ta' one?" Zayn growled. "What the fuck does that mean?"

Niall whimpered, he didn't like it when his Doms fought. "Come on, guys, it was just a thought-"

"Is that why you don't want to have this baby?" Liam narrowed his eyes. "Because you know you can't get your way with everything?"
"Shut up, Liam. That's got nothing to do with anything! And I spoke with Niall yesterday about this already, so mind your own business!"

Liam was mad.

"This is my business! He's my husband too, you know!"

"Stop!" Came a scream. The two Doms immediately turned to see their Sub in tears and a hand over his flat belly. "Just. . .just stop fighting, please."

"Niall. . ." Liam turned soft.

"I hate it when you fight, I hate it!" With that, the Sub left the room, wanting to be left alone for a while to cool down. Both Doms felt like horrible Doms and Husbands.

When Louis woke, Harry was right next to him, clicking away on his lap top with ear buds playing The 1975. Louis smiled, slowly crawling out from under the sheets and kissing his Dom's cheek. Harry turned, smiling and deepened their kiss by snogging his Sub. Louis pulled away when he caught a glimpse of the computer screen.
"What's that?" He asked.

Harry pulled his ear buds out. "Oh, I was looking at places to go. Now that we're Signed together, I figured a vacation is much needed. A getaway just for us."

Louis blushed, "Have you found any places yet?" He asked, laying his head on Harry's chest as Harry made room for Louis to lay on him. He liked the body heat the Sub was giving off and Harry was a Closet Cuddler. Harry shrugged. "I haven't found any places that intrigue me yet."

"... I have a suggestion." Louis softly spoke. "Could we... go to Yorkshire?"

Harry was puzzled. "You want to go to your old home?"

Louis nodded. He had a reason for wanting to go back. He wanted to check on Lou-Bell and he wanted to show Harry the beauty of English Countryside. "You're sure?" Harry asked again.

"Yes. Could we please? It's only three hours away, so if there's an emergency we could just drive back." Louis bargained. Harry thought for a moment before smiling. "Not a bad idea." He admitted. "Alright, Yorkshire it is." Louis was giddy. He couldn't wait to see his animals again and see Farmer Bo and his wife. He missed them dearly. Also, he would like to catch up on how his mother's property has been taken care of since her absence.

"We'll leave on Friday, that way we have time to pack." Harry informed. Louis was listening; the way Harry had just promised to take him back to his childhood home had made him hit a sudden urge of infatuation and, honestly, a man who listened turned Louis ON like nothing else. The Sub began to kiss and suck on Harry's neck, getting The Dom's attention quickly.

"What's this, now?" Harry asked, smirking.

Louis fluttered his eyelashes, "I think... I'd like another 'round, Daddy."

Harry chuckled, "You dirty, horny, Sub."

"Your, dirty, horny, Sub. Daddy."
Ok guys, something very... awful happened to me. I got a job in retail (not saying where) and I liked it a lot. The people were friendly, the managers were understanding and the hours were great. For someone who has severe social anxiety and panic attacks and fears that everyone and anyone is judging them; it's a big step for me. I went to work about 4 maybe 5 hours ago when I had this RUDE lady come into the Express lane with more than 10 items.

IN MY STORE WHERE I WORK AT, YOU CAN NOT HAVE MORE THAN 15 ITEMS IN THE EXPRESS LANE BECAUSE THE REGISTER CAN NOT RING UP PAST 15 UNLESS YOU MANUALLY PUNCH IT IN.

Knowing this, I said, "Ma'am, I'm afraid this is an express lane and you have more than 10 items."

She glared at me, and sneered: "Well, I'll just go to the next lane then."

Not wanting to be in trouble, I rang her up and even double bagged her stuff. Later on that night, she called my manager and said that I tried to "force her into another lane," and that "I was rude, sarcastic and gave horrible customer service." and since I rang up nearly 45 items under an express lane register, ON TOP of getting a customer complaint, I was automatically fired on the spot.

Right now, I'm just trying not to cry. Because ONE PERSON wanted to have their way, it costed me my job.

I'm shaking, I'm sobbing and I don't know how I'm going to afford my bills this month.

I'm sorry, but I have to take a hiatus until I can find another job or I'll be evicted and on the streets.
I'm sorry.

-Angel_Dust
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Harry's Dominate side comes out more than Louis had anticipated.

Lou-Bell gives birth!

Chapter Notes

Hey ya'll, not luck on the job hunt and now that I've read that artical that "Liam" (or Liam, hopefully it wasn't what he truly said) was in. . . .I'M PISSED. as some of you may have seen my Twitter. (@Angelic_Dusty)

So. . . .no Zaniam for a while. I need to focus on the Larry part anyway. Please enjoy, sorry for the wait.

SHOULD I MAKE AN INSTAGRAM?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis had his hand out in the air and his lungs full of sweet, country air. They were getting closer to Yorkshire and the Sub was pretty much jumping in his seat.

"Louis, calm down." Harry firmly spoke. Louis blushed, "Sorry." He mumbled, holding his hands in between his thighs. Harry just chuckled, patting his Sub's knee and keeping his hand there.

"I just don't want you to get over excited. So, what exactly are we doing when we get there?" Harry asked.

Louis blushed, "Not saying, Daddy. Want it to be a surprise."

Harry raised his eye brows at the word 'surprise' and smirked seductively at his Sub. "Oh, really
"Y-yes," Louis giggled. "I'm serious!"

"I believe you." Harry would be lying if he said he wasn't excited about what Louis had in store for tonight. They hadn't explored the sexual part of their relationship yet and he did want to talk to Louis about his 'Reds' and 'Greens'. Harry couldn't wait.

Louis smiled seeing Yorkshire. They were a bit much for the rural community in Harry's white Hemi Cuda. Just an added touch would be the sun-glasses and maybe the expensive clothes.

They were defiantly flashy. The drive to Louis' farm didn't take that much longer afterwards as soon as Harry stopped the car, Louis bolted out and towards the barn.

"Lou-Bell!" Louis cried, happily hugging his pet sheep who 'baa'd' happily at his arrival. Harry smirked at the scene. "I missed you so much! And you're still pregnant." Louis gasped, gently creasing his hand across the sheep's belly.

"She'll be due any time soon, Louis." Harry turned hearing a gruff voice behind him. Harry saw a rather tall and large man in overalls and a dirty work shirt walk towards them. He had on a straw hat and a toothpick in his mouth. Harry noticed a woman standing next to the man, she looked a bit younger, about Jay's age, and was dressed in farm boots and a worker's dress.

"Farmer Bo!" Louis smiled, standing up. "And Jane. How are you?"

"We're just fine, the woman, known as 'Jane' gave a warm smile. She turned to Harry and gasped. "Louis, is this your Dom?"

Louis nodded, making his way to Harry's side, his "rightful" place. "Yes. This is Harry, My Dom. Harry, this is Bo and his wife, Jane. They're my parent's friends."

"Nice to meet you." Harry shook their hands.

"What are you doing here, Louis? I thought you had moved?" Jane asked. Louis shook his head,
"Not really, I just went to go live with Harry for a while."

Harry's head jerked 'a while'?

"Oh! So will you be moving back in, or?"

"Not decided yet, but I was planning on cleaning it out a bit."

"Excuse us." Harry interrupted, grabbing Louis by the wrist and pulling him out of the barn and by the apple tree with a swing next to the house. "What was that all about?" Louis asked, annoyed.

"What was that all about? Excuse me? Since when do you call the shots?" Harry asked, crossing his arms. Louis blinked. "What do you mean you were only moving in with me for 'a while', Louis?!"

The tone of voice Harry was using certainly did a number on Louis' anxiety. "Can... can you calm down first, Harry?"

"That's Sir to you, Louis! And I will once you tell me what the hell that was all about."

Louis gulped, "Har-Sir... to be honest. I want to move back here." He replied, rubbing his arm, nervously. Harry was lost. "What?"

"I want to move back here." Louis repeated. "This is my home." Louis missed his farm and the animals and all the open space. He wanted to live like his parents had, happily and full of love. He was very happy the way he grew up and he hoped any future children he'd have with Harry would be like that too.

Harry narrowed his eyes. "What's wrong with the home that I live in?"

"Nothing-it's perfect, but..."

"But..."
"I just," Louis looked around. "I miss it here. I miss it so much."

"Oh, so you miss being poor? Is that it?" Harry snapped. Louis' jerked his head up, angry by Harry's comment. "That-that's got nothing to do with anything."

"Really? Cause last I checked, you were wearing rags when I met you!" Harry pointed out. "And secondly-STOP RIGHT NOW!" Louis was marching away from him. A big no-no for many Doms. Harry reached out to yank of Louis' sweater. "Let go of me!"

"Stop walking away from me when I am talking to you!" Harry demanded. "Was this your plan? To use me for my money and move back in here?"

Now Harry was jumping to conclusions. "No-no, that's not what I meant at all-"

"Because it sure sounds like it!" With that, Harry began to walk away. "Hey! You can't do the exact same thing I do and it be okay, we're still talking-"

"No, this conversation is over! Any chance at romance tonight, you just blew it, Louis. Don't talk to me!" Harry shoved his hands in his pants, searching for his keys. Louis ran after Harry, just as Harry closed the car door on the diver's side.

"Wait, where are you going?" Louis asked, hurt that Harry was leaving.

"...I need a drink." Harry growled, driving off immediately. Louis whimpered seeing the white Hemi Cuda drive down the gravel road. They hadn't unpacked yet, so the bags were still in the car. Louis was left with nothing. Louis wiped the tears away from his cheeks and bolted back to the Barn where he sat next to Lou-Bell and sobbed.

This wasn't the first time he's done it.
It was two hours and Harry still hadn't returned. Louis felt lonely and awful. He had done some stable cleaning to keep himself occupied and even cleaned inside the house. Jane had kept it tidy for them while his mother was away and he thanked her for that.

This wasn't how today was supposed to go at all. Louis had planned a romantic dinner by the lake a few miles away from here and to build a tent and hang lanterns in the hay loft. Instead, he was crying while stuffing his face full of bread and butter. The only food he could find still edible in the house. He sniffed while munching on a dinner roll.

"I just don't get it." He sobbed, spreading some butter and handing it to Lou-Bell who he made come into the house with him so he wouldn't feel as lonely.

"I mean, I was a good Sub. . . . I thought. . ." He cried. "I just wanted this one thing. . .I don't Harry for his money." That was the last think Louis wanted. Harry had done such nice things for him, like expensive dinners, movies and clothes shopping and bought him countless gifts; but Louis could care less about those in a relationship.

"All. . . all I really wanted, was to be like my Mum and Dad." Louis could remember the way his parents used to be so Harry together. How lovely they looked holding one another, staring into each other's eyes and how much love they gave off. Louis wanted that. He swore he felt like that for Harry too. . .if Harry hadn't blown up in his face.

He couldn't believe Harry at the moment. He yelled at him, said he 'dressed in rags' and Louis took it that Harry was stating that his life was crap before he was matched with "big, strong Harry." The Sub sneered.
"I can get along just fine without Harry." Louis sniffed to himself, "Got you, don't I Lou-Bell?"

Lou-Bell was fast asleep on the bed of pillows.

"...you better not pee on the floor."

Harry Styles sat in his convertible for some time down. He hadn't gone too far from the farm, just down to the liquor store and bought a six-pack. The store didn't carry wine or expensive liquor so he decided to try their stuff. Six cans were dumped into the river next to him.

He was toying with the necklace Louis had gotten him at their 'Match'. He was so upset with Louis right now, it wasn't funny. He knew he was in the wrong for stating that his Sub only liked him for his money, when countless times Louis has asked Harry not to buy him things or take him places that were so fancy. He knew he was in the wrong there and he just needed time to cool off before he confronted his Sub.

But he was also hurt.
He had worked YEARS on earning his own worth and status to even afford such a nice home for a kind, loving Sub he dreamed of being with, only for Louis to throw it away. He was pissed knowing Louis wanted to live in a run-down house when he had a MANSION in London. Why would Louis not want to live in such a nice home?

Was it the decor? The lighting? Anything Louis hated, Harry could fix.

Harry sighed, starting up the engine, he back tracked back to Louis' old house. He was gone for quite some time, six hours to be exact. He was sure Louis was more than worried about him. He didn't bother knocking when he entered the front door and his suspicions were correct. Louis was surrounded by tissues and a sleeping sheep at his feet.

Louis noticed Harry and frowned, "Why do you want?"

"First off, don't talk to me like that. I'm your Dom, respect me as such."

"Oh, sorry to disappoint, but I don't respect those who've disrespected me." Louis didn't know where all this sass came from. If a fight were to have happened like this before, he wouldn't have been responding the way he was.

"Why are you being a brat today?"

"Well, you're an ass all the time, so I guess we're even." Damn. Well, that wasn't the truth. Harry was a good Dom. He was just angry right now.

Harry's eyes narrowed. "I mean it, Louis. I'll spank you if you don't stop it and let me explain myself."

"Enlighten me. Maybe this time I won't cry." The Sub responded, blowing his nose. Harry sat next to his Sub, mindful of the pregnant pet at his feet.

"I'm sorry I made you cry, Lou," Harry was sincere as he wiped any stray tears Louis had drizzling down his cheeks. "I shouldn't have done that."
Louis nodded, "...sorry I was bad." His Submissive genes kicking in. Harry shook his head, "No, no, baby. You weren't bad. Just upset. I shouldn't of also said that you dressed in rags and were a money grabber. I was angry at what you said." Harry held Louis in his arms. "I've worked really, really hard for the money I've earned Louis. From the bottom to the top. And I've wanted nothing more than for my Sub, or future family to have nothing but the finest in life, and it hurts to say that you didn't want to live in the home in which I provided."

Louis felt like an idiot. Here he was pushing his own dreams and desires before Harry's. How could he forget that Harry was human too and probably had envisions of his own? "Har-Sir-"

"Call me Harry, it was wrong of me to use my status against you too, babe." Harry whispered, kissing above Louis' ear. Louis gripped on Harry's shirt tighter.

"Harry. . . I just. I wanted to take you out here and show you how fun it was. I just wanted us to live like my parents did because they looked so happy. . . .and I was selfish and put my wants before yours. I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

"Sssh, sssh." Harry kissed him, Louis kissed back. The kiss became heated only for Harry to break it off. "Tell me your dream, baby," He asked, getting comfy on the sofa. "What is it?"

"I wanted to raise my family out here. Yes, we wouldn't have much money, but we'd be happy. There's open space and we don't have to worry about paps like we did at the movies and the mall."

Not a bad idea.

"I see baby. Well, I mean no disrespect, but your house is falling apart," Harry looked at the cracks in the walls that seemed to be bigger than the last time he was here. Louis hung his head in shame. "But that doesn't mean we can't keep this place as maybe a summer home? yeah? A getaway?"

Louis nodded, "Oh, please, Daddy, I'd love it!"

Harry smiled, this was the Louis he wanted to be with forever. "We'll talk about it some more later."
. . Now, what was that surprise you wanted to show me?” Harry wiggled his eyebrows.

Louis giggled, "Well. . .it was-"

"BAAAAAAAAH!" Louis and Harry looked down immediately to see Lou-Bell screaming in pain. "Lou-Bell?” Louis quickly jumped off of Harry's lap, tending to his sheep. He quickly noticed what was wrong and tried to warn Harry but it was too late and Harry stepped in a pool of blood.

"Oh, that's sick!” Harry cried.

"Harry, go get Farmer Bo!” Louis demanded.

"I've got blood on my Saint Laurent ankle boots! They were over a thousand pounds!"

"Then go barefoot!"

"In the dark? What if I step in shit next?"

"Quit complaining and help me!” Louis began to help the sheep to her feet. Harry had already taken off running out to Farmer Bo, who was thankfully in the field and quick to Harry's aid.

Louis and Jane laid down blankets and towels while Lou-Bell cried in pain. Louis gently placed the sheep's head in his lap. "It's okay, girl. You'll be fine."

"The lamb is coming, Bo!” Jane replied, holding warm, wet towels. Louis whimpered, worried while Harry watched in disgust as Lou-Bell birthed her little lamb.

"Oh! It's beautiful!” Louis sobbed, very emotional that his "best friend" just gave birth.
"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A girl." Jane replied, wiping off any afterbirth of blood that was on the squealing Lamb. Lou-Bell wasn't moving, Louis noticed this.

"Farmer Bo, what's wrong?" Louis asked, worried. Farmer Bo sighed. "Louis, Lou-Bell was an old sheep. You know that."

Louis whimpered, "But...she's a Mummy now. She can't die!" Harry watched with a broken heart, as his Sub began to cry. "She...she was my best friend." That sheep was the only one who didn't judge Louis, or ridicule him. He loved Lou-Bell and he didn't want her to die.

"Love," Harry whispered, "It'll be okay."

"No it's not, Harry. Lou-Bell's Lamb doesn't have anyone to care for her." Louis sobbed into Harry's shoulder. Harry looked at the naked lamb. The lamb had very little fur and seemed to be shivering and trying to nurse from it's dead mother. The Dom then glanced at his quivering Sub.
"Well...we can take her when we go back." Louis’ head popped up. "It'll give you something to do while I'm working." Louis hugged his Dom tightly, slightly startling Harry.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you, Harry!" Louis smiled, going back to the Lamb. Jane and Farmer Bo left; Bo carried Lou-Bell, telling Louis where he'd bury her and that he'd make a grave marker. Louis coddled the little lamb in his arms holding a nursing bottle to the sheep's mouth. It wasn't the first time he fed a sheep and he liked it.

"What should we name her?"

Harry shrugged. "Name it something cool. Like: Killer."

Louis frowned, "Not for a bitty-widdle lamb. I like... Lou-Lou. After her mother and me of course." Louis smiled. Harry grinned right back, gently stroking the lamb's forehead. It was so soft.

"I like it."

It seems Lou-Lou did too, and it erupted it's first mewl. "Harry, let's raise Lou-Lou in our house, that way we can have a pet."

Harry didn't like that idea. "What if it craps on my floor?"

Louis shrugged, "I'll train Lou-Lou. I promise. I've done it before. When I was a baby, Mum had a sheep named Ginny who would do her business outside and come sleep at the foot of my crib."

Harry sighed, "Alright, but one step in sheep droppings, Louis, and I'm buying a dog house, got it?"

Louis nodded and continued to cuddle the newborn sheep. "In fact, I think Mum still has my crib in the basement, Lou-Lou can use that." Louis began to list off other things Lou-Lou could have before Harry shoved his hands in his pocket.
"He'll be an excellent Mummy." He told himself. He went to walk back into the house before he heard a branch snap loudly behind him. He stopped and turned around, looking and listening but all was quiet, minus the sounds of crickets and occasional bird call.

That didn't settle his concerns though.

Chapter End Notes

SHOULD I MAKE AN INSTAGRAM?

Twitter: @Angelic_Dusty
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Date night doesn't go exactly as planned when Louis has a near-drowning experience.

"Who the fuck is Stan?" Harry screamed.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry I haven't been responding to any of your lovely comments, but I've been busy lately. . . .I'VE GOT A JOB! Thank you all so much for your encouraging and motivating replies of comfort. I love you all.

Enjoy another chapter. Some tweets sent to me would be nice too.
Follow me: @Angelic_Dusty.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry looked down at the lamb. Lou-Lou's head was in his lap and boy, was the animal ever so soft. Harry smirked, curling his fingers to gently rub at the soft tuffs of fur on Lou-Lou's head.

He was reluctant about the Lamb, but as Louis assured him, the lamb was surprisingly easy to take care of. Of course it 'Baa'd' loudly if it was hungry, but Louis had the lamb on a scheduled bottle time and it seemed to be working.

"Aw, Harry, I think our baby likes you!" Louis cooed, coming into the living room to sit next to his Dom.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Not quiet. Just sleeping on me. And since when did a sheep suddenly
"I just think this might be good practice. . . for the future. . .you know?" Louis mumbled, blushing as he looked away. Harry smiled. He knew what Louis was talking about. Honestly, he was very nervous about someday becoming a father, but he knew he'd be a better father than the one he was stuck with, so he was sure he'd be fine.

"Don't hide." Harry whispered, gently stroking Louis' jaw. "I love hearing you talk about babies. . . gets me excited 'bout makin' one." He whispered in Louis' ear. Louis giggled. "Baby. . . " He cooed, clutching his empty stomach that would soon harbor a life. As a Sub, Louis had taken health classes (before he dropped out of high school) and Subs were born with capabilities to produce children, where as Doms cannot. Harry recalled Louis' medical papers and he knew how fertile Louis was, so he'd take advantage of that, making sure that his Sub would be pregnant-and soon.

Louis looked at the clock on the wall. Jane said she'd be over in an hour so Louis could take Harry to the river.

"What are you thinking about?" Harry asked, picking up the sleeping sheep and moving her to the old crib Louis set up downstairs that Lou-Lou took a surprising liking to. Louis chuckled, "Nothing. Mind waiting here and not coming into the kitchen?"

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Alight . . . ?"

Louis jumped up, turning around to make sure Harry wasn't watching him before he began making lunch. His idea was to have a picnic out on the river in his father's old boat. Louis smiled at memories he had of riding with his father and mother, fishing and riding along with the currents in the river.

He was always scared while being out on the water, but with a gentle hand against his back, his father assured him he'd keep him safe.

*And he always did.*

"Louis!" Jane called, entering the kitchen.

"Thank Goodness you're here. I need you to watch Lou-Lou while I take Harry out, would you be
able to do that?" Louis asked. Jane nodded. "I don't mind. What time are you fixing to be home?"

Louis thought for a moment. "Not till late-

"Then hurry, hurry, you're loosing daylight." Jane shooed him as Louis chuckled, grabbing a hold of the sandwiches, water bottles, chopped fruit and putting them all into a picnic basket. Harry heard Jane rush Louis out and stood up intime for Louis to inform them that they were leaving.

"So... where is this?" Harry asked.

"Just over there. Here we are, park the car."

Louis hopped out, now dressed in a nice white and yellow sundress and matching straw sun hat. He looked very pretty with his attire and was happy that he was able to wear it publicly. While getting dressed, Louis asked Harry if he didn't mind dresses; all Harry did was stare, nod slowly, and watch with a raging bonor: Louis putting on a beautiful sun dress.

Harry hoped his pants hadn't shown off his little show. He wanted Louis in dresses all the time.

The Sub liked how freely his legs and whole body felt in a sun dress, which is why he put it on in the first place. Harry had grabbed the brown backpack that Louis had packed as well.
"Help me down the hill a bit?" Louis asked. Harry nodded, holding his Sub's arm and guided Louis down the rather steep hill until they were at the bank of a flowing river. Harry noticed a boat that looked big enough for four people tired to a post. While Louis unpacked his items, Harry noticed a carving on the side:

"GLORY"

"Glory?" Harry asked.

Louis nodded, "It was my Dad's. That what he named this boat." Harry turned to see Louis had set up an elaborate lunch. Complete with a wool blanket and two cups of cocoa.

Harry grinned. "You planned this or . . .?"
Louis nodded. "And it didn't cost me a dime." He held his hand out once again for Harry to take and the Dom helped Louis on to the boat. Harry stayed on land to untie them and push the boat onto the water. The Dom jogged into the water, joining Louis on the boat.

"Are you too wet?" Louis asked, handing Harry a towel for his legs.

"Nah, it'll dry." Harry whispered, pulling Louis close. They let the tine waves move them across a patch of lily pads were frogs croaked and birds sang. Harry sighed, relaxed. "This is peaceful."

Louis nodded. "I used to be afraid of the water, a lot of things too, actually." Harry looked over at his Sub. "But, my Dad always helped me conquer those fears, made everything alright." Louis smiled, remembering how small and timid he used to be; standing at the edge of the water and running away if it got too close to him. However, a pair of strong arms would pick him up, swing him around and hold him close. Then, Mark would walk closely to the water and, if Louis should cower in fear, then Mark would assure him nothing would ever happen to his little boy whenever he was neer.

"Sounds like a good man." Harry smiled.

Louis nodded, "Oh, yes! Dad was the best man I've ever known-" Louis caught himself, "Not-not that you're not a good man, or anything-"

"I get it, Louis, I get it." Harry held his hands up. "I'm just glad you had such a wonderful man as a father in your life, you deserve to talk and praise him." Unlike me. Louis had caught the frown Harry tried to hide, he had to hurry. "But-Harry... I wanted to bring out here for another reason..."

"I'm listening."

"I want... I want to give you Glory."

Harry's eyes widened. "What? Louis, no-"

"Please Harry, You've been lenient with me and you've given me so many nice things and... it's the least I can do, to show you that you, like this old boat, you're such a big part of my life and I..." Louis placed his hands on top of Harry's knee, Harry responded quickly by holding Louis' own
hands. "I... I love you so much Harry... you've helped me more than money ever could."

Louis gave Harry one of his brightest smiles that made the Dom's heart skip a beat. Louis had given him-almost everything he held dearly. So, why does it feel like I've done nothing for him? Harry wondered. He gave Louis a new home-a fucking MANSION be at that-new clothes, new everything. But, when Louis gave him this old boat, it seemed to have measured out EVERYTHING Harry gave him.

Harry held his head low.

"Harry?" Louis asked. "Are you okay?"

"Y-yeah. Thanks, is all." Harry faked a smile. He loved this boat. Louis' father owned it and he'd make sure he'd take care of it, maybe even polish it up a bit. But... why did he feel so damn guilty!! "Let's just relax, enjoy the view." Harry leaned back, Louis lay on his chest as they watched birds fly above them and even various fish flop into the air. The sky had turned from a light blue to a beautiful gold with the sun setting and after going around in circles, Harry decided that it was time to hurry back home.

He wanted to show Louis just how much he appreciated the sights of him in a dress.

"Can you get the car while I tie up Glory?" Louis asked, starting to rope the boat together to the docks. Harry tensed. He wasn't ready to leave Louis alone in such a sexy dress.

"I don't think so." Harry spoke, firmly. "It's all the way over there." Harry pointed around them bend where the Range Rover was on the top of the cliff. Louis smiled. "Don't worry, Harry. It's just us and it'll only take a moment."

A few moment of thinking, Harry realized how stupid he had sounded. He could speed and be over here in a second. "Alright. I'll go get the car, it's still by the slope. Stay here." Harry spoke. Louis laughed, "I'm not a dog, Harry. I won't go anywhere, I promise."

Harry smiled and promised to be back in a moment. Louis nodded and went back to tying up Glory. He smiled. He was glad of the outcome of his plans with Harry. They had a nice lunch and bonded on the river together. He hoped they would do this every summer when they came back.
Louis was just finishing up the last knot on the rope when he felt a pair of large hands shove him in his back and he screamed, falling off the dock and into the water. Louis flopped around, trying to kick himself up. The only problem was, he couldn't swim. He may have conquered his fear of water a long time ago, but that doesn't mean he learned how to swim. He felt his throat tighten when he began to run out of oxygen.

He was scared. He was drowning and going to die! He didn't want to die, he wanted to live and continue loving Harry!

HARRY! His soul cried out.

A pair of large hands reached into the water and pulled Louis out; the Sub let out a huge breath and a few coughs, trying to get the natural flow of oxygen back into his system. He was set down on his bum and when he looked up at his rescuer, he was surprised to see it wasn't Harry that saved him but-

"S-Stan?" Louis shivered.

Stanley Lucas, Louis' old bully, had saved his life.

Harry hopped into the range rover and began to speed down the dusty road, all with a smirk on his face. He hoped Jane wouldn't still be at the house when they returned, he didn't think he could wait any longer. If he had to do Louis in the car than so be it. Harry made his way down winding ridges until he was on the main road again.

His eyes narrowed in confusion seeing Louis standing in front of a man. Another Dom, Harry could tell. Harry immediately parked the Range Rover and almost speed walked towards the two. They
seemed to be pretty chummy with the Dom smiling softly and Louis giggling.

"Hello." Harry made his presence known. "Oh, Harry!" Louis smiled. Harry frowned, "Why are you wet?" Louis looked soaked, head to toe.

"Oh, I feel in the water-"

"Are you alright?"

"Y-yeah, Stan here saved me."

"Who the fuck is Stan?"

Louis nervously pointed to The Dom. Harry got a better look at the man. He was as tall as Harry and very well built too. Stan took out his hand to shake Harry's. "Nice to meet you sir."

"Likewise." Harry replied, not at all happy meeting Stan. However, the man did save his Sub's life. "Thank you for saving my Sub."

Louis frowned, 'My Sub', since when did Harry refer him as that? Stan laughed, "It was nothing. Louis has always been clumsy, even when we were kids." Now Harry was curious. Was this guy a friend of Louis or something? "So, you are friends?" Harry asked.

The Sub nervously chuckled, "Actually... now that you put it like that, Stan and I... well, we didn't get along very well-"

"I was a bully to him." Stan blurted. Harry's head jerked up to Stan. His patience and anger livid. Did this jerk just admit to making Louis' life a living hell? Harry narrowed his eyes, pulling Louis closer.

"Well, I'm sure you've got a lot of explaining as to why he's wet then!" Harry growled.

Stan's eyes widened. "What? You think I did it?"
"Who else is here?" Harry asked, looking around and seeing that he was correct, no one was there. "And you admitted to bullying him!"

"I actually left Yorkshire years ago; I came back and heard he was in town and wanted to apologize, thank you very much." Stan rolled his eyes before turning to Louis and his glare softened. "Louis... I'm so sorry for all the awful things I did to you when we were growing up."

Stanley sounded very sincere and as if he wanted Louis to accept his apology. Louis licked his lips before nodding, "I forgive you." He spoke. "And... thank you for saving me."

"Who pushed you then, Louis? Because do you expect me to believe that you just 'fell' in?" Harry wanted to get down to the bottom of who harmed his Louis, cause if there was someone who had a problem with his Sub, then they now had a problem with him.

Louis shook his head, "I don't know who, but it couldn't have been Stan. I know it."

"Yeah, sounds awfully cowardly pushing someone into the water when they can't swim. I prefer to sock them in the face where they can see it." Stan laughed. Harry glared, "Nothing to be proud of, but alright. Let's go, Louis."

Louis nodded, following his Dom.

"Hey, Louis! Still live at that farm?" Stanley called. Louis turned. "Um, No, I don't. I live with-"

'He lives with me. Let's GO." Louis didn't say another word and followed his Dom back to the Range Rover. Louis looked out the window at Stan. Stan had grown a lot since he last met him and, dare Louis think, maybe Stan had changed some too. Louis looked over at Harry who hadn't said two words on the drive back to the farm.

"Harry? Are you okay?" Louis asked, softly.

Harry shook his head. Louis was drowning. He could have died and I wasn't there! "Don't worry,
m'fine." Louis could tell Harry was lying. "Harry, if this is about Stan, then-

"Be quiet Louis."

"But Harry-

"Be quiet or I'll spank you right here!" Harry shouted, startling Louis. He had just gone through a traumatic experience of near death and now Harry was screaming at him for no reason! Louis felt his bottom lip quiver and his eyes fill with salty tears. He wasted no time in quickly leaving the Range Rover and running to his old room to cry on his bed.

He just wanted to be alone for a while.

Louis sat on his bed, feeling Lou-Lou her nighttime bottle. The little Lamb was curled up on his pillow and near sleeping. Jane had left a note saying she had to see her Son in the next town over but that Lou-Lou had been fed earlier. For that, he was thankful.

He heard a knock at his door and knew it was Harry.

"What. . ..?" Louis asked.
The door opened and Harry wasn't pleased. "Do not talk to me like that."

"But it's okay to talk down and threaten me?" Louis spat. Harry sighed, walking further into the room. "I'm sorry about that, I need to learn to handle my anger."

Yes you do. Louis wanted to spit back, but kept his mouth shut, focused on feeding Lou-Lou. There was a pregnant pause before Harry spoke up. "What happened today. . . It scared me, Louis."

Louis looked up, baby blue eyes sparkling.

"To think that my Sub-my partner, could be dead right now all because I left him alone, frightened the absolute shit out of me." Harry's accent was thick and deep, as if he were holding back any cries he might spill. Louis nodded. "To think I wasn't there to prevent you from drowning. . . ." Harry said nothing but Louis didn't want to hear anymore. Instead, he placed the bottle on the bed, propping it up for Lou-Lou and wrapped his arms around his Dom's neck.

They said nothing, content with just holding each other.

Louis knew that all humans felt scared and worried at times, he knew that Harry was no exception. However, Louis couldn't help but forget that even the biggest and bravest of people needed comfort sometimes too, and he would be more than willingly to be that person for Harry.


Harry gripped Louis tightly.

"I love you, Louis."

"I love you, Harry."

Lou-Lou was fast asleep.
Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the short chapter, I wanted to keep the romance in. And so sorry for not replying to any comments, been a pretty busy week.

Some tweets sent to me would be nice too.
Follow me: @Angelic_Dusty.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Louis and Harry start to get to know each other's 'Reds' and 'Greens'.

Stanley harasses Louis.

Chapter Notes

Yay! Another chapter is up and so quickly too! Please leave a comment, kudos or even send me a tweet :)

Twitter: @Angelic_Dusty

"So, no 'Wax play' right? That's off our list?" Harry asked. Louis nodded, currently he and Harry were at the kitchen table in Louis' old kitchen talking together about their preferences. Harry was pleased that Louis had Submitted to him during their first sexual encounter, now, as Dom and Sub, they were ready to take their relationship to the next level.

"Are you alright with 'flogging' and 'whipping'?" Harry looked up.

Louis licked his lips, "Will it . . .be by my face?"

Harry shook his head. "Never. That's abuse Louis. I promise if we were to do it, then I'd never go higher than your collarbones." Louis then nodded, "Okay, we'll try it once, if you don't like it then we'll stop." Louis smiled, holding Harry's hand in which Harry responded by rubbing his thumb along Louis' own thumb.
"How do you feel about 'Orgasm denial'? It does included cock rings, chastity belts and some bondage."

"Alright. I think that should be more for punishments though."

Harry chuckled, "Smart one you are." He murmured in Louis' ear, kissing his neck gently. "Okay, now, Daddy has some fun items in his bag in your room and if you're good, we'll try some out."

Louis giggled. "Okay."

"Remember Louis: Good boys get rewards." Harry almost had to pry himself off of Louis so the Sub could race upstairs. They were trying to be as quiet as they could, because Louis moved the crib into his parent's room. For a good reason too.

("Harry, Lou-Lou is just a baby, she needs me."

"Louis. . . I'm not having sex in the same room as a goat-"

"-A lamb!"

"Whatever!")

Louis immediately darted to the large black bag. It was Harry's his was the tiny Adidas back pack, he was sure this was the bag Harry was talking about because Louis hadn't been able to see Harry pack it. He was right and to his sight came a whole bag full of nothing but chains, whips, and dildos sorting from metal, plastic and even rubber. Harry entered the room, locking the door.

"We're going to try out whatever you'd like, Louis." Harry smiled.

The Sub brushed his fingers along the toys and pulled out a purple dildo with attacked rubber balls, one Flogger and two pairs of black scarves. He held them up to Harry.

"Is that what you want?" Harry asked.

Louis nodded, "Go-go easy on me, please?"
Harry kissed his Sub gently on the forehead. "Always, baby. Now, lay down on the bed and get undressed. Promise you Daddy's gonna' take care of you." Louis did as he was told, sliding his short white skirt off, revealing his lacy panties that Harry grinned at. Louis was about to pull them off too, but Harry did the honors and used his teeth, allowing his nose to glide down Louis' shaft and pick up his Sub's sweet vanilla scent.

"We're going to try 'Orgasm Denial' okay, Louis?"

Louis nodded.

"Answer me, use your words."

"Yes, Daddy."

"Good boy, such a sweet boy aren't you, Baby?" Harry whispered. Soon, Louis' shirt was gently taken off and he's as naked as the day he was born. "So beautiful." Harry made sure to kiss at Louis' curves, his thighs and his tummy, proving to Louis that he loved every little bit of curve or fat on his body that the boy may be insecure about.

Louis blushed, brushing his fingers through Harry's hair. He kissed the Dom on the forehead before Harry sat up. "Now, I'm going to tie your hands behind your back as well as blind fold you. Will that be okay?"

Louis whimpered. He wasn't sure about doing something new without seeing what was in store for him. Harry glided his hands down Louis' arms. "I'll talk to you the entire time, telling you what you'll expect and if you don't feel safe, use the safe word."

"O-okay. . . .what is it?"

"What would you like it to be?"

The Sub thought for a moment, "...Kiwi." His stomach growled and Harry laughed, "We'll eat later darling, but Kiwi is your word?" Louis nodded. "Alright. I'm going to blind you now." The smooth, cool silk scarf went around Louis' eyes. He was completely blind. Harry made sure to tie it tightly, but not so if he were to hurt the poor Sub.
"Can you hear me, Louis?"

"Yes."

"Okay, now I'm going to tie your hands." Harry did so, making sure he wasn't too tight with Louis' tiny wrists. "How do you feel, Louis?"

"Alright. . .sort of. Not in a bad way, just. . . different."

"Different is okay too. I'm going to lay you on your front then prop you up." Harry replied. True to his word, Harry grabbed two pillows so now Louis was crouching down on his tummy with his ass in the air. The Dom smirked, gently rubbing his hand across Louis' jiggly bum, gently patting it a few times. "I'm going to prep you first, because I'm sure you don't want to have any rough play yet, right Princess?"

"Yes, Daddy."

Louis moaned as soon as Harry's fingers were inside of him, twisting and turning around and pumping him inside. While being tied up, his DNA became more Submissive and his body felt tingly as he started to grind into Harry's hand. Harry laughed, "None of that, Louis." While he wouldn't mind if Louis did such a hot action, "It's called Orgasm Denial for a reason, Love." Louis whimpered, allowing Harry to stretch him inside and feel upset he didn't get to have any fun.

Once Harry figured Louis was all lubed and prepped, He reached over for the toy. "I'm going to put it inside you Louis." Harry began to stroke the head of the toy along Louis' jaw. "You picked a good one. A nice big one, didn't you, Louis?" Louis nodded, just wanting something inside of him, he missed the contact.

"P-Please Daddy, want it inside me!"

Harry was happy to oblige. Slowly, the purple object was entering Louis and Harry watched with a bitten lip and a full hard on at the sight of Louis' asshole just eating up the dildo. Harry wanted nothing more than for Louis' ass to be eating up HIS cock, but he had better ideas in mind. While he watched the Sub bellow him squirm and moan with delight, he soon made his way in front of Louis, cupping his cheekbones.
"Da-Daddy?"

"Daddy's here, he's got ya' love. And Daddy needs some loving too." With that, Harry began to unzip his pants. Louis heard everything and didn't realize what Harry was going to do until he felt something wet against his lips. He trusted his Dom, so he opened his mouth and instantly Harry's cock began to fill him. Louis bobbed his head up and down while Harry reached over to the side of the bed where the flogger was and began to hit at Louis' bum, watching in delight of it jiggling and hearing Louis' gasps and moans against his aching cock, causing vibration.

This went on for a moment before Louis started to hump on the pillow, Harry noticed and immediately pulled out of Louis' mouth. No matter how much he wanted to stay, he knew he had to keep Louis to uphold his end of the promise. He jumped to the bag, hearing Louis call back for him.

"Right here love." Harry promised, slipping a cock ring on his Sub. Louis was frightened, what had just happened? I was feeling so good but it stopped and now I feel like I'm going to burst! "It's a cock ring, love. It'll help." Louis feels the cold metal ring being pushed around the leaking head of his erection and soon, he can't come. He looks down, with blushed cheeks, at the tight of his cock unable to produce anymore pre-cum because of the cock ring.

Harry can't contain himself as he pulls the toy out from Louis, with much protest from the Sub. The Dom then grips Louis' hips, giving a few pats to his bum and enters his aching Sub, loving the warmth and the tightness his cock is given inside Louis' ass. The Dom then jerks his own hips back and fourth in a thrusting motion leaving Louis feeling full.

"D-Daddy!" Louis cries. "So-o-o go-o-od."

And that's what Harry loves to hear from his Sub. His lovely Lou. A few more whines and whimpers came from Louis even as Harry came inside of him with a hard and final thrust. But Harry wasn't done just quite yet. "Lou?" Harry called, keeping his cock inside of the Sub. Louis only moaned in response. Harry could tell the Sub was sleepy.

"Don't rest yet, Love. I want to try something with you as well." Harry, still inside his Sub, reached over to the bag, pulling out a dark blue plug. Harry wanted to keep his cum inside of Louis as much as possible. He smirked, "I'm going to pull out, then stuff you with this." He reached over to Louis' face, tracing the plug across the Sub's pink, plump lips. "Then, I want you to get dressed and make us dinner. With this and the cock ring on."
Louis whimpered. He wasn't going to get release? *That's probably why they call it 'orgasm denial' stupid!* His mind screamed at him. Louis nodded, obeying his Dom. The plug may be small, but it was enough to keep the amount of Cum Harry shot into Louis. Harry untied his Sub and even helped him up, making sure the ring would be kept on tight. Louis' poor erection was still at full reach and Harry knew his baby wouldn't be able to last long with it on.

"We'll keep it on for a few more minutes, maybe an hour. But, we're doing is for pleasure love. If I were punishing you, it's be no more than a day." Harry promised, helping Louis put on his light blue sundress. Louis nodded and Harry carried him back into the kitchen so he could prepare their meal.

While Harry attended to some e-mails on his computer, he'd catch glimpses of Louis limping across from the table to the stove and The Dom loved knowing that he was the cause of it. Louis in a dainty dress, cooking meals and—since his imagination was running wild—hopefully, a large pregnant belly in the future to go along with it.

Harry could get used to this.

The next morning, Harry wasn't next to Louis in his bed. The Sub wasn't worried after reading a small note left by Harry saying he left to go do some grocery shopping. The Sub felt a bit upset and wondered why Harry didn't wake him so he could go too, but he assumed that Harry felt bad for tiring him out last night.
Louis smirked, Last night was very interesting. Louis decided that he liked being filled up with Harry's cum, plugged and forced to hold his own orgasm. He had been plugged for an hour, just like Harry's promised, and when he released-oh God! It was the most intense action he had ever achieved with Harry. He even checked to make sure he didn't bust a nut.

"Baa' baaa!" The tiny lamb cried from the crib. Louis had started to make the lamb a bottle but frowned when Lou-Lou discouraged it. Louis was worried. Lou-Lou wasn't eating as much and he wondered why. Could she miss her Mummy? Louis frowned. He missed Lou-Bell too, but he wasn't sure that was the cause for Lou-Lou's nightly 'baaing'

"Sssh, it's okay, Lou-Lou. Have your drink." Louis waved the bottle towards the Lamb, but the Lamb wasn't having any of it and tilted it's head away. Louis pouted. He called over Jane and she examined the Lamb. "Nothing seems to be wrong with her, she's probably just fussing."

So, Louis took her outside and, with some trouble, she started walking around in the grass. Louis stood by her side and helped her if the Lamb should stumble and fall. Lou-Lou seemed to like the outdoors. While Lou-Lou did her thing, Louis couldn't help but notice a truck pulling into his drive way. It was a faded blue and older truck that Louis had never seen before.

Stepping out of the truck was Stanley Lucas.

"Oi, Lou!" Stan smiled.

"Hi Stanley." Louis politely waved. "What are you doing here?"

Stan shrugged, "Just came by to see ya', seeing that we're alight together and all." Louis slowly frowned. He remembered how mad Harry was the other day when Stanley mouthed off to his Dom. He didn't know when Harry was coming back and knew that when he did, he wouldn't be happy to see Stanley.

"I-I'm glad too, Stan. But you should go." Louis replied.

Stanley's eyebrows knitted together in confusion. "Why? I'm not here to harass you, or hurt you. Plus, I don't own you."

"That's the thing. Harry's a bit. . .passionate, about me and-"
"What Harry don't know, won't hurt him." Stan winked. "Besides," Stanley turned towards his truck and pulled out a basket of eggs and two sacks of sheep feed. "I owe you, for all the crap I put you through." Stanley handed Louis the eggs and began walking to the barn with the sheep food. Louis ran after him.

"I-I think you already re-paid me by saving my life." Louis insisted. He had to get Stan out of here. "So, as grateful as I am, you need to leave."

Stanley nodded, setting down the sacks. "You're right." Stan smirked, "Know where I live?"

Louis shook his head, he never once cared to find out where his bully lived. Stanley took out a piece of paper, it had his address and number on it. "Give me a call, or come see me if you need anything. Cause..." Stanley bit his lip, "I'd like to be friends one day, Louis."

The Sub didn't say anything but watched as Stanley hopped into his truck and drove off. Louis gulped. Stanley sounded really sincere with him, but Louis couldn't help but feel that the man came off as...a bit demanding. Louis gulped, looking down at the paper in his hand. Years ago, if Stanley were to of even approach him, he'd be terrified.

... 

"Where ya' going, twink?!" Stanley's loud, booming voice filled the school halls as Louis tried to run away, only to end up tripping over his own two feet. Louis coughed, having fallen on his front. He was just lucky he didn't smash his face on the tile flooring. He was about to get up, but Stanley had caught up to him and started kicking him.

"Is this what Subs do? Do they run away from their Dom's?!"

Stanley wasn't his Dom, but in Stan's mind he had all the right to punch, hit and kick Louis like he belonged to him. "Stop! Please stop!" Louis begged while Stanley's blows continued to intensify.

"Stupid bitch!" Stanley cursed. "Learn to deal with it, cause when we're matched this will be your
fate!"

The next day, Louis dropped out of school. He told everyone that he had to care for his Mum, he told his Mum that he wasn't learning anything, but only Stanley knew Louis dropped out to avoid him. Stanley glared at The Sub when Louis left the school for the last time with his Mum.

He'd find Louis

and make him his.

Louis shivered at the memory. He knew that's why Stanley must be all nice to him. Louis knew he had to tell Harry.

Harry smiled, walking into the house with a bag of groceries. He had a Kale hankering and since Louis didn't grow any, he knew his best option was to go look for some. With a bag of Kale in his hand, he was hoping for a pretty Sub, mainly Louis, to be in his lap while he enjoyed his snack.

Instead, he came home to a crying Sub. Immediately, he rushed over to Louis. "What's the matter, Love?" Harry asked.

"N-nothing." Louis poorly sobbed, he didn't know why he even bothered lying, Harry wasn't going to believe him. Harry frowned, "Don't lie to me, Louis. Tell me what happened, are you hurt?"
Not physically. "No. I'm just... Just..."

"Speak up, I can't help you if you mumble."

Louis sniffed, "Stan came over and-" Just at the mention of Stan's name, Harry was already pissed. "What did he do?" harry possessively demanded to know. If Stan so much looked at Louis wrong, oh Harry doesn't know what he'd do, but he'd probably be sent to jail.

"He didn't do anything, but he gave me some eggs and sheep food. . . and . . gave me his number and-" Harry yanked the paper from Louis' hand and immediately ripped it up. "We're leaving." Harry stated, standing up. Louis' jaw dropped. Their honey moon wasn't even over yet!

"Wha-what?" Louis asked.

"We're leaving Louis, go pack your stuff, I'll tell the neighbors-"

"But, we've just got here and-"

"Don't argue with me!" Harry boomed in his Sub's face. "Do as I say and get your ass upstairs and pack!" Harry was mad. Another Dom was basically trying to steal his Sub. He knew he shouldn't be yelling at Louis, but he was just so angry that he didn't see how his shouting had affected Louis until it was too late and Louis ran upstairs crying.

Then he knew he fucked up big time.
It wasn't that Louis had refused to pack, he was going to, but it was going to take him some time. He sat on his bed, currently wiping away tears from his eyes. *Why did he yell at me? I didn't even do anything!* Louis sobbed, stuffing clothes into the bags, not caring they'll get wrinkled.

What Harry did was uncalled for. Louis tried to calm himself down and focus on packing when he heard his phone buzz. He frowned, seeing Niall was calling him.

"Hello?" He asked, trying to not sound as sad as he really was. Niall on the other line started screaming. Louis froze when he heard one particular line:

"Wait. . .what do you mean by: 'they know'? Who's 'They' Niall?"
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Niall is stalked by Modest!Media and the trio's secret is exposed, but this is only the start of their troubles.

An unexpected visitor has made themselves comfortable in Harry's house.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the kudos! Keep them coming.

Do ya'll think I can obtain 30 comments or more? *smirks* I know you guys can do it!
Enjoy this chapter. It's mainly Zaniam.

Date time was always a pleasure for Niall. It was an excuse to use his 'cuteness' to get him whatever he wanted. But mainly, it was time for him to enjoy the company of both his Doms. Today, they were eating out at a little French Bistro on the outside patio. Liam was the one to choose where they ate; not that any of them minded. Niall liked being told what to do and Zayn was just hungry. Liam made sure the place didn't have any seafood or anything that could harm the baby.

"No alcohol, Niall." Liam replied, taking away his Sub's drink menu.

Niall 'awwed' "Man, I forget being pregnant isn't fun."

"Sssh!" Zayn turned, looking around to see if anyone heard them. Thankfully, no one did. "Keep your mouth shut!" He whispered. Niall bit his lip, nodding. He wanted to hide in embarrassment, he couldn't let little things like that slip. Liam glared at Zayn.

"Don't yell at him-"
"I'm not. I'm telling him to watch it." The Dom then turned to Niall, "One more like that and you will be punished, understand?"

"Yes, sir." Niall nodded. Zayn ordered Niall a water. The three of them had ordered and while Niall munched on his salad, he couldn't help but hear a flutter of 'clicks' not too far from him.

"Don't look up." Zayn ordered. Niall nodded, he knew it had to have been paps. They were always taking pictures of them, ever since they were matched. "Eat your food and be quiet." Zayn spoke, but he placed his hand on Niall's knee, patting it softly. Niall smiled and continued eating.

It was odd for a few moments before Niall felt the urge to use the bathroom. "May I use the restroom? Please?" Niall asked. Liam stood up, "I'll take you. Got the bill, Zee?"

"Yeah, I'll pull up front for you guys. Know the drill, Niall?"

Niall nodded and Liam and Niall left for the bathroom. Liam was about to go inside with his Sub, as some Doms don't like it when their Subs went to the bathroom alone, Liam being one of those kind because like fuck will he let his Sub go into a bathroom where other Doms will be. However, they were stopped by a waiter. "I'm sorry sir, this is a Sub only bathroom."

Liam nodded, having some comfort. "Okay. I'll be outside, Niall."

While in the bathroom, Niall knew he had to hurry up, but he couldn't help but notice something different about him today. He traced his fingers along the bottom on his stomach above his crotch while facing the mirror. He turned his body just a bit and smiled.

He was showing.

Not much, but he was beginning to earn himself a tiny tummy bulge. He grinned and continued to rub. "Hi baby." He whispered. His Sub-genes and Maternal instincts were taking over him and he didn't notice another Sub walking out of a bathroom stall and gasp.

"Baby-baby." Niall giggled.
The other Sub quickly grabbed his camera around his neck and began filming. "Niall Horan?! Is that you?!"

Niall gasped, turning around and seeing the Paps talk on his walkie about seeing 'Niall Horan acting suspicious in the bathroom' Within a split second Niall came running out of the bathroom, not giving Liam an explanation as he was being tugged by his Sub out of the building. "Niall! Niall stop running!" Liam demanded. Niall just wanted to get out of the restaurant before any more Paps swarmed them.

It was too late and when Niall reached the exit, camera lights were flashing and video cameras were rolling. Liam stood in front of Niall, this time it was Him who was dragging Niall. they weren't far from the Range Rover but someone yanked on Niall's shirt collar, causing him to stumble backwards.

"Niall! What was that about you muttering the word 'Baby' in the bathroom?!"

"Niall, where is Zayn?!"

"Niall Horan, are you pregnant?!"

The Sub only screamed for his Dom, in which Liam turned around, running to his Husband and yanked him off the ground and started to bolt for the car. Zayn didn't even wait for Liam to shut the door before he sped off. The two men in the back were gasping, trying to catch their breath.

"What in the fuck happened?!" Zayn demanded. Liam turned to Niall, frowning. "What happened, Niall?" Niall only sobbed. "Oh hell no, crying will not get you out of this. Tell me what happened, Niall. What happened in the bathroom?"

"Zayn!" Liam shouted. "The poor boy was just traumatized."

Niall clung to Liam. Liam never yelled at him unintentionally. Zayn was fuming. "Fine. Keep me in the dark."

"That's not-"
"Just shut up, Liam!"

"What are you telling me to shut up for?!"

Niall cried harder, causing the two Doms to stop arguing. "Stop! Just stop!" Niall curled up in a ball, leaning against the chair. "I was just harassed, will you both just stop fighting for one goddamn moment?!" The Doms normally wouldn't take any kind of lip from their Sub, but right now they both knew they deserved it.

"I mean, fuck! I was just assaulted! Can't you stop your bickering for just a fucking minute!?!"

The car ride was quiet, all except Niall's cries. When they pulled up to the house, the three stayed in the car until Niall's crying had ceased and reduced to whimpers along with tiny sniffles. "Niall. . .baby? Tell us everything." Liam whispered, tracing his fingers along Niall's cheeks.

"Let's go inside first." Zayn declared.

Niall told them everything. About how he was just admiring the new bump he found, to the Paps in the stall next to him and how he filmed him and when he was yanked away. Zayn and Liam listened carefully, and filled with anger. How dare someone do that to their Sub.

This crossed a very fine line.

"I'm calling the fucking cops." Zayn decided.

"For what? They're doing their job-

"By harming our Husband?! Niall, did you get a look on the bastard's name badge or anything?" Niall shook his head and Zayn cursed. Liam, being the calm one, stood up. "Okay, we've had a
very hectic afternoon, but we can't focus on this. Niall, are you hurt, honey?"

Niall shook his head. "No, just-just scared."

"About what, baby?"

"I-I mean. . . they have proof now! The world is going to know." Niall felt horrible. His Doms made it very clear they didn't want anyone to know about his pregnancy and here he was pretty much showing the world his not-so-flat-tummy. Niall sniffed, tears threatening to break free again.

Liam shook his head, "No, no baby. Don't be scared. They were going to find out eventually. We just. . . " Liam looked towards Zayn for backup. "We didn't want them to find out so soon, Niall. We wanted you to have as much privacy as possible before they hounded you."

Niall nodded, understanding. "O-okay."

"Let's go have a nap, yeah? I'm sure the baby needs rest after this stressful day. Com'on, I'll lay with you." Liam picked Niall up bridal style.

"Zayn too." Niall reached out for the other Dom, only to have his hand kissed by the raven haired man.

"Always, baby."
After the paparazzi terror, Zayn and Liam went back to work, making sure to keep Harry up to date with e-mails and texts. Niall, of course, being a Sub of such rich Doms, didn't necessarily need to work. In Ireland, he had a small job when he was sixteen and seventeen, but had to quit when he was matched.

Besides, he didn't mind not working. He giggled while doing dishes in Liam's pajama shirt and Zayn's sweat pants. They hung low on him but he didn't care and focused on flipping his french toast. With a plate full of french toast and some sausage, Niall made his way to the living room to watch the news. Clicking on the TV his smile immediately frowned.

"Later today at six, Trouble in Paradise? Our cameras had exclusive taping of Niall Horan, year-long sub to two Doms, Zayn Malik and Liam Payne, racing out of a local restaurant bathroom-"

Niall immediately clicked off the TV, fumbling in his pockets to search for his phone. He went to call Zayn and Liam, but feared they'd be in a meeting. He scrolled through his contacts before dialing Louis.

"Hello?"

"Louis! I'm in deep shit, they know everything!"

"Wait... hold on, what do you mean they know, who's they Niall?"

"The Paps!" Niall cried, "Yesterday, I was taped in the bathroom and I'm scared the world knows about my pregnancy." Niall broke down. "I've... I've ruined everything!" Whether it was hormones or not, Niall felt worthless. "I'm a horrible Sub."

"No, Niall, no you're not. You're a better Sub than I am, I mean, you were so kind to teach me when we first met, don't talk about yourself like that." Louis' comforting voice on the end of the receiver didn't help much as Niall continued to whimper.

"Can you come over? I don't want to be alone-"
"I can't. I'm in Yorkshire."

"Why?"

"Harry and I are-or we were on our honeymoon." Louis sighed. Niall frowned, wiping away some tears to listen. "Why are you out there? And what happened?"

"Well..." Louis stopped for a moment. "Long story short: my old bully Stan came to apologize for how he treated me as kids, he even saved my life after I drowned, but I don't know, Harry and I had a fight and now I'm sure I just ruined everything...

Niall frowned, "Well, we're just a bunch of screw-ups, huh?" He softly chuckled. "Well, when are you coming home?"

"Today, probably. Maybe later tonight." He heard Louis sigh. "On a lighter note, my pet sheep, Lou-Bell had a baby Lamb." That made Niall coo. "Harry said we can take the sheep back with us."

"A sheep as a pet? That'll made the neighbors gossip." Niall laughed, hugging his belly.

"Just don't listen to the pap rumors, Niall. Liam and Zayn love you, that's all that matters."

"That's Lou... You know, I'm glad I made the right choice."

"In what?" Louis sounded confused.

Niall cackled, "My best friend, duh. Hey, I'm gonna' eat now that I'm happy again. Call me when you get home, okay?" Niall said his last goodbye before flipping the channel.
Louis looked at his phone, smiling softly. "Best friend." The way Niall said it so happily made him feel warm inside. Louis never had a best friend before. Louis continued to pack, not wanting to face Harry's wrath if he didn't do anything. While packing, the door opened and Louis shot up, staring at Harry.

"Yes?" Louis tried his best not to cower back, Harry did look pretty mad still. Apparently Harry didn't like this new attitude Louis had. "Don't talk to me like that."

"Oh, and you shouting at me was justifiable?"

"I mean it, Louis! Are we packed?"

"Yes. No help to you though."

Harry's eye twitched and the Dom yanked his bags off the bed, not taking Louis' like he did when they arrived. Louis sighed, picking up his own bags. When they were in the Range Rover, Louis wrapped Lou-Lou up in a towel and searched for the old dog bed. They'd put Lou-Lou on the back seat during the trip back to London.

Farmer Bo and Jane came over with a pie for Louis and Harry to take home. "Come back and visit us too, Louis." Jane smiled, handing him the pie. "This is for you mum." Jane gave him a jar of homemade blackberry jelly. "Hope she gets well, dear."
Louis nodded, "Thanks." He smiled. He waved goodbye before hopping in the front seat, struggling as he had no help from Harry. While driving out of the yard, Louis looked back at the home he wouldn't see for however knows long and he gave a small wave.

Lou-Lou's head was rested on her hooves and she slept quietly. An hour out of London, and Harry hadn't said a single word to him. Louis was pretty sure he was in trouble.

"Har-Sir? Sir?"

"Oh? Where's that cocky attitude I had earlier? You sure you're my sub?" Harry spat. Louis felt his bottom lip tremble. "I... I'm sorry. Am I in trouble?"

"I don't want to see you until dinner when he get home and you're to be quiet the rest of this trip." Harry spoke without a breath. Louis nodded and folded his hands in his lap. Maybe if I knew why Harry was angry in the first place, this wouldn't happen. He sighed. I guess Harry had a way of showing his emotions without saying why.

Louis settled for watching buildings come into view then fly back until he started to recognize the area. When they pulled up to the house Harry immediately stopped without entering the gates. Louis noticed this and frowned. He spotted a limo in the circular drive way and by the look on Harry's face, he was just as confused as he was.

"Who's that?" Louis asked, forgetting all about being quiet.

Harry didn't answer but drove up slowly to the house.

"Fuck." The Dom muttered. "It's her."

"Who?"

Harry began to unbuckle himself and rush out of the Range Rover. "How the fuck did she get in?" Harry grit his teeth. Louis went to the back to carry Lou-Lou in his arms and raced to catch up with
Harry at the front door. Taking a better look at the limo, he noticed how spotless, and sparkly it was in the sun. Obviously whoever owned it made lots of money.

"Harry, who-?"

Louis was cut off though, the front doors swung open and standing in the door frame was a very pretty woman who resembled the perfect female-Harry. Her eyes sparkled and her long brown hair was up in a fishtail braid. She wore Harry's bathrobe and Louis' slippers as she crossed her arms smirking.

"Gemma." Harry's hands balled up in fists as he grit his teeth. "Hello, Harry." Gemma smiled.

Louis was confused. "Harry, who's this?"

"Seriously?" Gemma laughed, "Harry didn't tell you about his wonderful, brilliant and *dashing* *beautiful* big sister?"

Louis' eyes popped open. *Big sister?*
Chapter 13

Hey guys, long time no see. Getting lots of hours at work. :) Thanks for being patient. Sorry this chapter is such crap, it's important though. Keep in mind.

Twitter: @Angellic_Dusty

The alarm clock went off and Harry rubbed his eyes, rolling over and smirked when he felt a curvy body next to him. He smirked in his sleep, slowly rubbing his hand along the curved of Louis' hips and back.

"Hmmm, baby." He muttered, moving close, his eyes still shut. "Sleep well my Princess?"

"Yeah, thanks for asking," a giggle came. Harry's eyes popped open.

"GET THE FUCK OUT OF THE BED, GEMMA!" Louis jumped, bolting away and saw his Dom screaming at his sister who was wedged between them.

"G-Gemma?"

"Aw, com'on, Hazza, don't be like that." Gemma stuck out her bottom lip.

"What in the fuck are you doing in my bed?! Get out!"
"I got cold." Gemma stated as-a-matter-of-fact. "Besides. . . .widdle Louis here had the body like a
furnace. Good pick, Hazza." She giggled, holding Louis close to her and petting the Sub's head.

"Get out of here, Gemma!" Harry growled. Gemma huffed, "Fine." she muttered, leaving the bed
and dressed in Harry's bathrobe and Louis' slippers. Harry muttered some curses before Louis got
out of bed.

"Sorry for waking you, babydoll." Harry apologized.

"I'm okay. . . .I wish you didn't talk to your sister like that, Harry."

"She, is not my sister." Harry crossed his arms. "She's an annoying minx that I've been trying to
avoid for the past five years."

"Well, maybe she'd leave if you didn't treat her badly. She clings to you."

Harry was about to say something, when he noticed a magazine he didn't recognize on the
lampside table. He pointed to the magazine. "What the hell is that?" Louis turned and picked up
the reading material. Harry took it from him, turning it over. "She forwarded her fucking mail to
us!" He growled, stomping out of the room.

"Gemma!" He shouted. Gemma looked up from the living room couch. It seems she had made
herself at home already. Harry narrowed his eyes. Gemma had blankets, pillows and even some of
her clothes strung out all over the once clean couch that was now riddled with potato chip and
cookie crumbs.

"Sup my lil' bro?" Gemma smiled.

Harry turned off the TV and threw her magazine at her. "What the hell are you doing forwarding
your mail to us, Gemma?!"

"I was going to be gone for a while, didn't want my mail all messed up while I was gone." Gemma
simply answered. Harry balled up his fists.
"Well, now you're leaving! Get out of my house, Gemma!"

Gemma 'pouted'. "Without breakfast or tea? How rude, Hazza-"

"Don't call me Hazza!"

"Um..." A meek reply came from the doorway. "I have breakfast cooking, it'll be ready soon." Harry bit his lip as Gemma cheerfully jumped over the couch, thanking the Sub. It was an awkward breakfast at that. Harry glaring at Gemma and Gemma praising Louis for how good of a Sub he was to make such delicious food. Louis didn't know what to do.

Later that morning, Harry stood in front of the mirror by the door, getting ready for work. Today, he'd be leaving Louis all by himself—well, not entirely and that's what he wanted to talk to Louis about.

"I'm leaving, Louis." Harry called from the doorway. Louis rushed over, helping Harry with his tie. "What time will you be home?" Louis asked. Harry smirked, cupping his Sub's left cheek. "Soon. I promise." Harry's smile faltered. "Don't listen to Gemma. If she becomes too much, call me and I'll call the police-"

"No, it's okay, Harry. I won't mind her at all." In fact, Louis was very grateful Gemma was here. It was his chance to find out more about Harry. That, and he wanted to know why Harry was avoiding his sister so much. Harry nodded, "Alright." He kissed Louis' forehead. "I'll be back around four."

"I'll be waiting, come home safe." Louis snuggled.

When Harry left, Louis went looking for Gemma. He looked around the house before checking the backyard. Gemma sat in a lawn chair, this time fully dressed to the nines in a stunning outfit of a white floral printed crop top and shorts to match. Louis gulped, he was a bit nervous in approaching Gemma. After all, she did invade their home and he didn't know her very well.

"I won't bite." Gemma called Louis over without turning around.

Louis walked over to the girl sitting next to the pool, she had some photos in her hand, one particular one she handed to Louis. Louis' eyes widened. It was a picture of Gemma in a UNI
graduates gown with Harry next to her. Harry had shorter hair, more of a youthful look and they seemed to be like any normal brother and sister in the picture.

Harry and Gemma

"That was taken years ago," Gemma smiled, "I had just graduated and was going to work for our father."

Louis' gaze was fixed on the photo as Gemma continued talking. Her voice went soft. "That was also the last picture I had with Harry. Just days after this was taken, he went missing."

*Missing*? Louis frowned.

"... not kidnapped or anything, just, one day I woke up and he was gone. I don't know what he did
during that time he was gone, but seeing he's got a company now, I assume he left for London to go to business school." Gemma folded her hands together, starring at the sparkling pool.

"He hates me you know."

Louis set the picture down with the rest. "No. . .he doesn't."

"Oh, yes, he does. I was horrible," Gemma frowned. "Our parents weren't the most. . .caring. . .of people. And when he reached out to someone for some sort of love-" Gemma stopped talking and gave a bittersweet smile to the photos.

_I followed in my parent's footsteps and rejected him._

"Look. Look how he fakes his smiles. I know they're fake, because when he's with you. . ."  

Louis blinks as he sees Gemma wipe away tears.

". . . that's when I know he's happy. The way he looks at you, is the way a blind man looks at the sun for the first time. And, I thought-" She paused. "I thought that if I came back, I could make ends with him, apologize. But, I see that's already been done." She smiled at Louis.

Louis bit his lip, "Did, did I interfere with your plan to reunite with your brother?" Louis would feel awful if he ruined a bond. "I-I didn't mean to-"

"Don't. . ." Gemma smiled. "I'm sure whatever relationship I want to have with my brother is disintegrated already." Gemma went back to the photos and Louis blushed.

"I-I don't think so. I think you should take every opportunity you have to make up with Harry. As much as you can, because nothing good will happen when that time is up." While telling Gemma this, Louis thought of Stan and how his old bully apologized to him, wanting to make amends. "So, you should keep trying, Gemma, always be there for Harry. That's how you show him that you care about him."

Gemma blinked and Louis blushed deeper.
"I... I mean..."

"You're a smart one, you know that?" Gemma sweetly commented. "Harry is very lucky to have you in his life. I wish you both nothing but the best."

Louis smiled back and the two spent the afternoon catching up, telling stories about Harry and soon, time flew by and Harry was pulling up into the driveway.

"Louis?" The Dom called. Louis turned away from the stove, he was currently mixing together some stir-fry while Gemma cut up pieces of meat. "Aw, dear brother, home at last."

Harry scowled. "Why are you still here?"

"Because, I am your dear older sister and making sure my little brother-" she patted his head "-has all the sensual vitamins in his proper diet has me worried to the bone."

"What nonsense are you spitting?"

"She's worried about you, Harry," Louis cooed.

"Like the good big sister I am." Gemma praised. "Now, food, yes. Let's eat." They set the table, Harry curiously watching Gemma and Louis getting along very well. Something like that shouldn't bother him, but it did. While eating, Louis heard Lou-Lou 'baaa' really loudly upstairs and he ran to check on her, leaving Gemma and Harry in an uncomfortable silence.

"So, nice place." Gemma complimented.

"Thank you for not disrespecting it, by let's say: breaking in."

Gemma winced. "Uh, how much did it cost?"
"One-point-five million." Harry muttered.

"Damn, bro, you rollin' in that dough." Gemma laughed.

"What about you? Do you have a job, or are you still living off of Anne and Des?" Harry snapped. Gemma sucked in her bottom lip, "-but-but enough about me, little bro." she blushed, embarrassed. "How long have you been with Louis? A few days or so?"

"No." Harry spoke, taking a bite of his food. "A few weeks."

Gemma's eyes widened and her face plastered a hurt expression. "So... you've already signed?"

"Yup."

A Signing was a very important matter to both families. It made them come together, almost like a wedding. Gemma was hurt that Harry hadn't bothered to contact anyone about this. "Oh, I see..."

If she hadn't known about it, no doubt her parents or aunts, uncles hadn't either. "What will you do when they find out?"

"Nothing. And they're not going to—you're going to keep your mouth shut. I don't want them in my life, especially not Louis'." Harry sternly spoke. Gemma glared. "He's family now, Harry. Of course I want Louis in my life—"

"That I can tolerate, no matter how annoying you are. But if you fucking tell Anne and Des—"

"They're your parents Harry, show some damn respect!"

"Shut up!"

"-And what happens if Louis has children? Are you going to keep your children away from their
"Sounds like a damn good plan to me. Now, are you finished? Cause I think it's high time you left!" Harry glared. Gemma felt her bottom lip tremble and she stood up quickly.

"You're my little brother, Harry. Whether you like it or not, hate me all you want, but don't you ever say that I never want to be in your life. I know my past mistakes were horrible, but I'm trying to make up for all of that-" Gemma shouted, startling Louis who tip-toed down the stairs with Lou-Lou in his arms. He heard fighting and wanted to know what was going on.

"Don't even dare tell me that you can just walk-or break in-and apologize and that all will be well. You were never around before so I don't expect you to be here now!"

The words were like daggers to Gemma's heart and she nodded. "I see... so, I'm not wanted here, then?"

"Absolutely not." Harry folded his arms.

Louis gasped, "No! Please, don't go, Gemma!" He cried, holding Lou-Lou close to him. Harry glared. "Louis." He warned. "Leave, now."

"But-"

"Get out of here, Louis!" Harry screamed, making Louis shiver to the bone. Harry had never yelled at him like that before. It made him scared. Gemma glared as Louis did as he was told and scurried out of the room. She snorted, catching Harry's attention. "First you look like him, then you act like 'em? Not what someone calls progress, Harold."

The Dom grit his teeth, "You shut the fu-"

"No, YOU shut the fuck up. Before you lose your Sub's trust." With that Gemma jerked around, muttering about getting her things. She left Harry alone in the room, food cold and forgotten about. Harry felt his heart crush with the way he recalled how he has been treating Louis. First at the farm, now at their home? Harry turned to a nearby mirror, catching his reflection of cold green
eyes and that worried him.

He looked just like him.

"My biggest fear is he was becoming our father." Gemma spoke to Louis. Gemma stood next to her limo, still wearing Louis' slippers and she decided to take Harry's robe and a few bottles of wine while she was at it. Louis frowned, "Do you hate your father?"

"Loath the man. Harry hates him more though, as I've grown to tolerate him." Gemma lit a cigarette. "Sorry my brother yelled at ya' kid."

"No-no, it's okay." Louis stammered. "I'll live, we've fought before but gotten over them."

"Don't care. What he did was wrong and if you need me to stick up for ya'-."

"I don't think Harry would like that."

"No shit, because he's an asshole."

"Not all the time. . . you should see him when he smiles." Louis recalled all the happier times in the beginning, how sweet, and caring his Dom was. "It's like he has no worries at all and. . . I want to keep him feeling like that." Gemma took a drag on her cigarette, offering one to Louis, but he declined.

"He should make you feel like that too, you know. It takes two to have a relationship. You remember the Sub-Help-Hotline?" Gemma asked. The Sub-Help-Hotline was a number all Subs
called to report any abusive manner, much like '999' only quicker and more efficient in their job. Louis prayed he wouldn't have to come to that situation. "Yes. I do."

Gemma turned her head back to the house. "My brother has made something of himself, I don't want 'asshole' to be in that category."

Louis nodded, "It was nice meeting you, Gemma."

"You too, Louis. Don't think I'll be back for a while, he still hates me."

"But don't stop trying!" Louis begged. "If you stop, then, Harry knows it's true... he thinks you don't like him, but don't let him get to the point where he believes it."

Gemma smiled, warmly, patting Louis on the head a few times before entering her limo. "I'll be seeing you soon, Louis. I know we're overdue for a shopping trip." She winked, telling her driver to start the vehicle. Louis frowned, he really wanted Harry and Gemma to make amends while she stayed with them, but he'd give it time; because with time, things change, grow and become more clearer.

Louis didn't go back into the house right away, in fact, he stayed outside, wandering to the backyard. He hadn't explored it much and it was relaxing walking around the archers or land Harry had mowed while they were gone. Louis shivered, wishing he brought out a jacket to keep him from the blustery October weather. It had been a lovely blustery day and was ending to a cool night.

Louis frowned, sitting on a garden bench. Gemma hadn't told them everything about their parents, but apparently their Dad isn't liked very well. What about their Mother? So many questions, and he was too afraid to ask.

Louis walked back into the house just in time to see Harry put his cell phone down. "Oh, Thank God, I thought Gemma kidnapped you."
The Sub shot his Dom a glare. "What?" Harry asked.

"That's horrible how you speak about her." Louis blew up. "She was nothing but kind and friendly to me and you kick her out? Who does that, to their own sister, Harry!?"

The Dom shoved his hands in his pockets. "The same person who was left alone, that's who. The person who's tired of being fucking left behind! The same person who doesn't trust his sister because his sister is a manipulative bitch, that's who!" Harry glared. "And you're falling for it. I'm not forgiving Gemma for what she did for nearly Eighteen years!"

Louis said nothing. It wasn't like he could force Harry to want to have a relationship with his sister. "Fine. . .fine. ." The Sub left it at that. Harry took a few steps forward and held Louis close to him. "But, I do apologize for yelling at you. I was mad at her, not you, I shouldn't have said those things to you. I've been nothing but a dick ever since we signed to each other. I love you, Louis." The Dom nuzzled his face into Louis' neck, pulling him tighter.

Louis closed his eyes, wishing this moment wouldn't leave. The Sub felt something flip in the pit of his stomach.

Why was this feeling redundant?

Why would Harry scream at him, apologize, then do it again? It seemed like a cycle that was bound to happen and it scared The Sub.

"You okay, Louis? You're shaking."

"Y-yeah, just sleepy."

"Let's go to bed then." With that, The Dom carried his lover bridal-style to their bedroom where he tucke Louis in and crawled in next to him. The two fell into a dreamless sleep.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Louis attends his first socialite party and his manners are put to the test.

Niall is bubbly

Chapter Notes

Damn... Long time, eh? Sorry for the wait. I made this chapter extra Larry, cause holy crap this whatever is happening in this life, fandom related or not, is freaking me out! Anyway... ya'll like drunk Louis? *tee hee*

Follow me on TWITTER!!!! @Angelic_Dusty

ALSO! CHECK OUT LUKE POTTER MUSIC!!!!!!! Tell him @Angelic_Dusty sent you

Nervous would be an understatement.

Louis was downright FRIGHTENED. Harry had given him a three-day notice when he climbed into bed and whispered to the Sub that they would be attending a garden party in honor of Harry landing a promotion in Tokyo, but that only made the Sub anxious.

He gulped, putting on a nice white shirt and black trousers that Harry had chosen. It was obviously going to be a very formal party with the way Louis looked, his hair was combed back slightly frizzing off on the ends. He began having trouble with the pearl and emerald necklace Harry bought him on their first meeting. He couldn't see the clasps behind him.

"Let me." Harry's voice came to his ears, Louis shuttered at the cool fingertips at his warm neck. With the necklace on, Harry didn't move, instead he rested his chin on his sub's shoulder. "Excited me love?"
"Yeah."

"Nervous?"

"Truthfully."

"No need my pet, you will be right with me until you're comfortable. Besides, Liam will be there."

"What about Zayn and Niall?" Louis was it was weird knowing he'd see Liam but not his husband and Niall. "Niall is staying home and Zayn is caring for him. There are some rules I have for you, Louis: Don't talk unless you're spoken too, don't give out any of my personal information and you are to tell me when that happens, alright?"

Louis nodded, "Yes, Sir."

Harry smirked, "I like that, call me that all day today." Louis blushed and he was rewarded with a kiss to his forehead. "Where will the party be?"

"They booked an outdoor rooftop venue." Harry chuckled at how excited Louis smiled. He assumed Louis had never seen one before. "And if my pretty girl is on her best behavior~" Harry smirked. "I'll make sure you're properly rewarded."

Louis smiled. "Thank you, Daddy."

There was a soft mewl from next to the bed and Louis and Harry turned to see Lou-Lou baaing at them. "Aww, Harry, Lou-Lou wants to go with us."

Harry sighed, "I'm not bringing a goat to the party, Louis."
"She's a lamb. A baby, just a baby, please, Harry?"

"No. We've already agreed that security would watch her." Well, actually they didn't agree on it, Harry just said what was happening and had no room for argument. Louis sighed, patting the sheep's head and giving the animal a kiss. "Don't worry baby, Mummy with be back soon."

"Mummy?"

"Yeah, you're Daddy."

Harry sighed, rolling his eyes. "My first born is a sheep. Terrific."

"A cute lamb."

It was only a thirty minute drive to the party, which was at a hotel. Harry led Louis by the arm into the hotel. "Mr. Styles." A chorus of happy cheers came from the lobby. Louis smiled nervously as Harry thanked them. "Glad to see ya' boss; who's this? he's adorable."

"This is Louis, my Sub." Harry answered, making Louis feel warm. Louis was given compliments and cheery greetings before he and Harry headed towards the elevator. "We'll meet you upstairs, Mr. Styles." the co-workers called. When the doors closed, Louis spoke up. "They were very nice."
Harry rolled his eyes. "They're just kissing up to me, Louis. Nothing more. They were right about one thing...."

Louis blinked.

"I am very lucky to have you. With that, Harry cupped Louis' cheeks and Louis blushed. "Do you remember your rules?" Louis ran them over in his head before nodding. "Good boy."

The elevator 'dinged' and the doors opened, making Louis gasp at the party. Thank goodness it was a beautiful day for an outdoor party, because the scenery was absolutely stunning, with tables set up with purple napkins, next to silver plates and wine glasses. There were floral plants in various areas giving the roof a garden theme.

Louis smiled, whoever planned this did such a good job. "Mr. Styles!" a cheer came from the crowd. Louis looked over seeing a woman almost racing to them. She was very pretty with a chopped, short-blonde hair and a tiny red dress and heels on. Harry gave a polite smile. "How do you like everything?" She asked.

"It's wonderful, Miss Swift." Harry complimented.

"Call me, Taylor, Harry. Don't be so formal." The blonde flirted.

"You designed this?" Louis asked, looking around, very impressed. "It's wonderful."

The girl, Taylor, seemed to not hear Louis as she continued talking to Harry. "I'm so glad you could make it, I worked really hard on this, making sure everything was perfect." Taylor rocked on her heels, folding her hands together not breaking eye contact with Harry. Louis bit his lip, "I say it looks perfect." He spoke up.
Taylor gently jerked her head and gave a soft smile. "Thanks."

Harry looped his arm around Louis' waist. "This is my Sub, Louis. Louis, this is my receptionist, Miss Swift." Harry smiled. Taylor's face fell but only for a second. "Oh, well, congratulations." She grinned. "So, you're the reason why Harry hasn't been to work in a while." She joked. Louis only shrugged, giggling. "Well, it'll be weird having him gone a lot, won't it?"

Louis frowned, "Um. . ."

"I think you should go now, Miss Swift." Harry curtly replied. Taylor looked almost surprised but Harry cut her off. "You have other guests to say hello to, don't want to be rude now, do we?"

Taylor nodded, saying goodbye to Harry and Harry only. Louis frowned but Harry pulled him aside, walking deeper into the room. "Pay no attention to her, Love. She's not the only girl who's thrown herself at me." Harry replied. Louis looked up with sadness in his eyes. He obviously knew Harry was incredibly handsome, but the thought of other girls (and dare he believe men) putting themselves out to him made him nervous.

"Oh. . okay."

"No tears now," Harry smiled, "Let's enjoy this."

Eventually Liam showed up and Louis felt better knowing he knew someone at this party. "Hey mate." Liam congratulated Harry. "Nice going on that deal in Japan."

"Thanks, but now this is probably a set back as well." Harry murmured.

"How so?"

"Traveling." was all Harry spoke and Liam nodded. Harry glanced at Louis who had been puzzled
to see a waiter carrying drinks and tried to hand Louis one. "Wha-what is this?" Louis asked, showing the glass filled with light gold bubbly liquid to Harry. Harry smiled. "It's alcohol Louis, don't drink it."

Louis frowned. He was of age, and he just wanted a sip. "Please, Sir? Just a sip?" Harry tensed and Louis saw it. Oh shit, I just said 'No'. Well, he didn't really say 'No' but he didn't listen. Harry gave an annoyed sigh. "You may have a sip." Harry narrowed his eyes. Louis went to reach for a glass but frowned not seeing any left.

"There is more served in the downstairs lobby." The waiter answered. Louis blinked his large eyelashes at his Dom. Harry frowned, "Fine, but only if Nick goes with you." Without even looking behind him, Harry yanked Nick Grimshaw aside. "Take Louis downstairs for a drink."

Louis bit his lip, nervously. It sounded as if he pissed Harry off. "Uh, okay." Nick replied, sheepishly. Louis was led back to the elevator where he looked at his Dom's back with teary eyes. "You okay?" Nick asked. Louis nodded, "Yeah, just wanted to try something new is all."

Nick nodded, "Oh, what would that be?"

"Alcohol."

Nick chuckled. "Well, if you want some of that, then you've come to the right man."

An hour later, Harry would make a mental note to himself as to not let Louis have alcohol, because
right now he was loudly chatting away with his co-workers.

"And-and we were on my farm where he stepped in crap and cried about his shoes getting ruined." Louis finished the story, ending in a rupture of loud laughter. Louis had never had alcohol before, so he didn't know his limits. However, he didn't seem to care right now.

"One time, at the office, Harry ordered something from Amazon but wouldn't tell us what and we snuck into his office and saw they were some dress ties." Nick Grimshaw piped up. Louis giggled, "Hey, has Harry ever told you he's scared of spiders?"

Louis rasberrried his laughed and slammed his head on the table.

"Started screaming loudly one day and we didn't know what happened until it crawled from under his door." Nick continued.

"Harry is such a nut and I love him!" Louis cheered, raising his glass. "To Harry!" He cheered along with the others. "And that ass. . . i'mma hit tonight!" He hiccuped. Louis downed his drink before slamming his glass down on the table, accidentally breaking it, causing the group to stare. Louis lifted his cut hand and nervously giggled, leaving the lobby in a tipsy state to go find his Dom.
Harry clinked his glass with a knife, getting everyone's attention. Standing like absolute boss in the middle of the party on a chair. "I apologize to interrupt. I just want to take a moment, to really tell you all how much I appreciate your help. Because of everyone's hard work, we've managed to land another company in Japan." The audience clapped respectfully. "Profits are through the roof right now, and, as quick as this may be, but our next project will be hopefully expanding our company to America."

Once again the crowd cheered a bit louder this time.

"I, along with my partners Liam and Zayn, will be working hard to ensure that this successful, respected business is at the top of the market. And I expect everyone of you to work as hard as you possibly can." He raised his glass, others following him. "So here is to a successful launch and a wonderful staff, friends and co-workers." Harry went to sip his drink when someone called out to him.
"Hey, Louis wouldn't have anything to do with the production in the business would he?" Everyone laughed and Harry had to chuckle.

"Louis is a very supporting and sweet boy and I'm lucky to have him."

Taylor made a face and Harry went to enjoy his drink when the door slammed open, startling everyone. Harry slowly lowered his hand, not caring if his drink had spilled on the floor or not. The lower part of his eye twitched as he watched his Sub stumble into the room, bumping into people and repeating "sorry miss" whether it was a lady or not.

"Louis..." Harry growled, trying to keep his posture.

Louis looked around for a moment, "The fuck am I?" He asked out loud, causing some workers to giggle. "Holy shit is it your birthday?" Louis pointed to a random guy before shaking his hand. "Aw, man, sick day then, happy birthday, dude."

Taylor smirked, sipping her own drink.

Harry could smell the alcohol Louis drank. Louis reeked of it. "Aw, man, this some party or somethin' was I not invited or, or?"

Nothing but gibberish came out after that and Harry stomped over to the Sub, Liam followed, making sure Harry kept his temper. "Sorry, he's drunk." Liam laughed over his shoulder as he and Harry helped Louis to his feet and to the elevator. Harry was ready to snap but Liam put his hand on his shoulder. "Not here, mate, he's drunk and it won't look good."

Harry glared at the hiccuping state that was Louis Tomlinson. The more he looked at his Sub, the angrier he became. But, he couldn't blame this on Louis entirely. He was at fault too. He should have never let his Sub out of his sight. Louis fell to his knees, letting out a small burp before giggling again.
Harry had never been more embarrassed in his whole life then right now.

Liam helped him guide Louis to the Range Rover, all the while Louis kept singing a non-existent song he called *No Control*. "Don't be too hard on him mate, he didn't know his limits I'm sure." Liam almost begged.

Harry sighed, "but what he did just now, embarrassing me in front of the whole company, I'll make sure he doesn't sit for a week." Harry huffed, turning to the Driver's seat. The Dom sped off, not caring if Liam was calling back for him. All he wanted was to get home and forget this horrible night. Louis mumbled some incoherent things next to him but Harry ignored him.

"S'arry that'ou?" He asked.

"Don't talk to me, Louis."

"Awww, com'on, why you gotta' be a buttmuncher? let's rockin out, eh?" Louis smiled, reaching for the radio and turning it to *Foghat's Slow Ride*. Louis cranked the volume to the max and began headbanging like a rocker in the 80's only stopping when Harry's fist collided with the radio, stopping the music entirely.

"Aw, hey, wha's tha' for?" Louis groaned. "killin the tunes?"

"I said, shut up!" Harry screamed, stomping on the breaks. Louis's eyes widened and Harry began screaming while slamming his fist on the steering wheel. "Shut up! Shut up, shut up, shut up!"
There was a pause before Louis mumbled, "You're the one shouting."

Harry growled turning to Louis and raising his fist. Louis screamed, covering himself and started to shake. Harry's breath hitched as he saw himself in the window reflection. His face went pale and he lowered his arm. Louis slowly peeked out from under his arms, lifting his head. Harry turned away from his Sub, gripping the wheel with both hands before he began to shiver and shake and finally, cry.

Oh, God, how Harry's cries hurt Louis. It hurt him to hear and live seeing his Dom cry. It was so weird seeing his Dom shed tears, yes Harry is human and all humans cry, but knowing someone was so strong and powerful and crying made Louis realize how much alike Doms and Subs were.

"Ha. . . Harry?" Louis called gently.

Harry said nothing but cried harder. Louis may not of ever been in this situation before, but he knew exactly what to do. He gently wrapped his arms around Harry's torso, pulling his Dom close to him as much as he could. The tipsy and drunkenness was starting to fade away and he could function clearer. The reality of this was just hurtful.

"Harry. . . I'm so sorry."

"Oh, God!" Harry bawled. "I. . . I. . . I need help!" I'm just like him!

"Harry. . . " Louis cooed, kissing his Dom's head. "Let's go home, Harry. Home." It took a moment,
but when Harry calmed down a bit, he started the car again and they drove in silence, not once glancing at one another. Harry's bloodshot eyes and Louis' drunken tiredness was enough for one night.

Neither of them helped each other into bed, and slept with their backs turned to each other but sometime during the night, their souls yearned for one another and the two were now sleeping in each other's arms.

"Oh no, Poor Louis," Niall gasped as Liam filled him and Zayn in with the latest gossip of what happened at tonight's party. "I wish I came, I could have prevented this from happening."

"No, Niall, it wasn't your fault. Louis didn't know what would happen, neither did Harry." Liam patted his Sub's head. Zayn shook his head. "I just hope the press doesn't hear of this."

"They won't. I made everyone in the room swear this to secrecy and offered a five-pound pay raise." Liam sighed, "Harry might kill me for that, but I don't care. Anyway, how's the baby doing?"

Zayn and Niall gave each other a small smile before Niall lifted his night shirt and Liam couldn't help but 'aww' at the sight of Niall's baby soft pudgy tummy. The blonde now had a small belly full of their baby. Liam cooed, leaning down to kiss the warm tummy.

"Zee took a picture to add to our book, Li!" Niall smiled, cradling his tummy. "And it's good to have you home early, we're gonna' watch a movie and eat popcorn tonight."
Zayn said nothing but walked away and Liam knew things were looking better for them. He was glad that Zayn was now actively participating in whatever mushy first-time-parenting activity they wanted to. "Also! My Mam called, she said that they have the summer house in Dublin ready for when the holidays come so we can go there for Christmas!"

Liam faked a smile. "Great!"

Niall giggled, "I know you don't like her, Liam."

"Got that right!" Zayn called from the kitchen.

"I know Niall, I just don't know what we did wrong to make her hate us so much." Liam sighed, laying next to his Sub on the couch with his head in the blonde's lap. Niall shrugged, playing with his Don's quiff hair. "Maybe you smell and I don't know it."

"I don't smell."

"Smell like alcohol to me. And that's torture."

"You don't even drink that much, even when you weren't pregnant."

"Doesn't mean it doesn't hurt."

"Alright, Smart ass, what movie would you like to watch tonight." Liam rolled his eyes, sitting up. Niall reached out, grabbing Liam's arm and pulling it close to him until the Dom's ear was near his lips. "I wanna' watch... our private movies."

Liam blushed and smirked. "Oh, so one of those movies, eh?" Liam was a kinky bastard and in the beginning of their relationship had offered the idea that they taped themselves while they
performed love. They are what Niall called their 'Private Movies'.

Zayn came out with a bowl of popcorn and Liam turned to him, "Oh, put that back, Zayn we won't need it."

Zayn cocked his eyebrow. "What are we gonna' eat while we watch the movie then?"

"Niall." Liam answered, straight face.

The pregnant blonde only laughed. "Liam! You sound like a jigglypuff!"

Liam laughed, "What?"

"A jigglypuff!"

"But why am I a jigglypuff?"
Niall giggled, Liam smirked and Zayn held his boys close to him. And that was how that night ended.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Harry contemplates his status as a Dom.

Once again, Modest!Media ruins everything.

Chapter Notes

There is no physical abuse in this chapter, but talk of it. ALL ABUSE IS BAD. AND EVERY ABUSER IS A SCUMBAG.

FOLLOW ME ON TWITTER: @Angelic_Dusty

When Louis woke up the next morning, the first thing he did was drag himself out of bed so he wouldn't ruin the sheets. He didn't sprint, but hazily stumbled for the bathroom and began throwing up in the toilet. He did so for a few minutes before his stomach decided it was empty.

"Never drinking again." Louis mumbled to himself. He flushed the toilet while leaning his head against the cool porcelain that seemed to dim his headache.

Last night was a blur up until he held Harry in the car.

Louis' eyes popped open. Harry. "Harry?" He called, looking back to the bed. Harry wasn't in bed. Louis brushed his teeth and changed out of last night's clothes and into something more comfortable, like his sweatpants and a plain t-shirt. Each step he took down the marble staircase was a throb to the head and while he searched for Harry, he popped in two aspirins. "Harry?" He called once again.

He peaked out the front window seeing that the black Range Rover was gone. He frowned. Harry had left without telling him.
You deserve this you idiot, you embarrassed him to hell last night! His mind screamed at him. Louis groaned, covering his face as all those drinks came back to his memory. Louis felt foolish, and he felt like he betrayed his Dom. Harry had told him he didn't want him drinking and yet he had to whine like a little bitch to get his way.

Louis sniffed. He wouldn't be surprised if Harry didn't come home. "I . . . I deserve to be alone." Louis whimpered, falling on the couch and curling in a ball. "Stupid. . . I'm so fucking stupid!"

"Who are you talking to?" Harry's voice came into the room, causing Louis to quickly look up. Harry stood in his bathrobe and a mug of tea in his hands.

"I . . . I thought you went to work."

"No. I'm not going back today." Harry sternly replied, sitting down on the couch, but far away from Louis which made the Sub feel a bit heartbroken. The two said nothing to each other and Harry didn't bother with eye contact. It was Louis who started the apology, he felt it was only right.

"Har-Sir. I am so sorry for what I did last night. It was wrong of me to drink that much." Louis held Harry's free hand with his own. Harry looked down at the soft, tiny baby hands holding his much larger one. He set his mug down on the table before him and let Louis continue. "And. . .and I'm terribly at fault for what I did to you-embarrassing you in front of everyone, oh, God, Harry, I'm so sorry."

"Calm down." Harry firmly replied. Louis knew he was getting worked up and with a simple tone of voice by Harry did seem to do the trick, but he didn't wipe away his tears. He waited for Harry to do that, but no such action came from the Dom and it crushed the Sub. "Now. Obviously it's my fault first, I let you drink without being in my sight and for that, I blame myself. You cowering into the room and making a fool out of yourself and me, I will not be so light about."

Louis nodded, laying himself over Harry's lap waiting to be stuck. When no strikes came, Louis looked up confused. "Aren't you going to spank me?"
"Oh no." Harry calmly replied. "I have a more fitting punishment at hand."

Now Louis was afraid. "Will...will it hurt?"

"I won't be touching you." Harry answered simply. Louis blinked. How could Harry punish him without touching him? It took him a moment before the Isolation Door flashed through his head and he began to panic. "No, no Harry, no! I don't want to go in there!"

"Too bad." Harry didn't wait for Louis to get off his lap before standing up and hauling the Sub to his feet. Louis was sobbing while Harry forcibly led him up the steps to the wooden door. Once again, for any chance of hope of getting out of this punishment, Louis sobbed and begged. "Please, please, Harry. You can spank me, take away my phone, anything but this!"

Harry said nothing but pointed into the room. Louis whimpered. The room was empty and it seems there was a draft in the room, because it was cold inside. "I'll bring you a pillow and a blanket, and all three of your meals. You will be led out for bathroom breaks but if they happen too often then I'll limit those." Harry's harsh voice rang in the room. With that being said, he shut the door, leaving Louis alone.

The Sub fell to his knees and cried. He cried for Harry to let him out, he cried for his Mum, he even sobbed for his Father. But neither came and that's what hurt the most.
Harry wondered if maybe he had been too cruel to Louis. He could hear his cries all the way downstairs, so he had to sink further and be left alone in the basement. It was a nice basement with pool tables, a small kitchen for BBQs and a patio door that led to the pool in the back.

But Harry was not down here for entertainment. Now, he was down here for his own pity party.

*The way he raised his fist at Louis last night. The way he saw dead fear in his Sub's eyes and how cowardly he was crying in front of Louis!*

He sucked in a breath.

Was he a bad Dom? Of course, he tried to hit his Sub! Harry's hands shook and he felt cold. He curled up on the sofa pulling his robe close to him, it being more of a purpose for security than warmth. He was a horrible Dom. How dare he try and hit Louis. Louis had been nothing but kind and gentle with him, ditsy, clumsy and sometimes forgetful but never in spite.

Harry sighed. He didn't deserve Louis. Louis was too kind for him.

The Dom heard a faint trotting sound coming closer and knew that it was Lou-Lou the lamb
coming his way. He turned over and picked up the sheep to lay it on his chest, liking the warmth the tiny animal brought. Lou-Lou was starting to grow her first coat and it was the softest thing Harry had ever felt.

"Am I a bad person?" He whispered to nobody.

"You're just like him, Harold!" Gemma's scream echoed through out his head. He held Lou-Lou closer, turning on the TV

He flipped the channels until he saw his picture on the screen. "Trouble in Paradise? Newly Matched: Harry Styles: A bad Dom? Our cameras at Modest!Media captured a shocking photo of what appears to be Harry Styles in a position to strike his Sub. Articles of a Mystery Man by the name of Louis Tomlinson from Yorkshire have been popping up, but none like this one. Better take it down a notch, Harry."

Harry was furious. How dare they call him abusive! He didn't even touch Louis! He growled. He really hated the media.

Louis was trying to sleep, but it was hard to in a cold room with a thin blanket and lumpy pillow. He hated this room, it was too quiet, lonely and it made him upset more than any spanking ever would.

He didn't know how long Harry had put him in here, since he didn't have a clock. But it felt like hours. He sniffed, he thought he was done with crying, but he couldn't stop.

He tried to think of an apology, a proper one, to give to Harry. The man deserved it after all, he did make a fool out of not only his status as a Dom, but made mockery of his company and disrespected him.
It was at a time like this, did he want to call his mother.

Now his thoughts were to her. He missed her dearly and would often call up to check on her. Last he heard, she wasn't doing too well, the doctor said she had a cold.

Louis trembled as he craved a long, hug from Harry.

Somewhere between laying on the floor and crying, Louis had fallen asleep and his memory took him back to his farm, during a simpler time, a happier time.

"Hungry, aren't they, Lou? Want some, tell me if it's tasty?" Mark tickled Louis on the cheek with some stray Hay, causing the boy to giggle. "No, ewie, Daddy, that's Sheepy food!" Louis laughed.

"Yeah, you're right, doesn't look tasty, might need some seasoning." Mark joked, watching fondly as Louis gazed at the hungry sheep. "Louis?" Mark asked, a bit more serious.

"Yes, Daddy?" Louis smiled, big, blue eyes twinkling.

"How was school?"

Louis grew quiet and Mark becamce concerned. Louis being six was at the age where teasing might start. "John brought in his new Nintendo 64 to show to us."
Mark looked upon his only son and couldn't deny the twindge of guilt he felt in his heart. His son deserved better than a ratty farmhouse and damp barn. Mark was always and forever will be ashamed of himself, no matter how many time Johannah told him that she didn't care.

He wished he could give his son all the toys in the world, a fine education and everything else money could buy. But reality hit hard and Mark gabe a soft smile.

"You know, I'll bet that John kid doesn't have his own heard of sheep, or a tire swing." Mark coed in Louis' ear. "A-a-and, I'll bet you he doesn't have a dad to SWING HIM AROUND, AAH!"

Immediately Louis was in a fit of laughter as Mark tossed him in the air, tickling his sides.

Louis had learned a very important lesson that day: It's not the objects that give you the best memories, but the people you shared it with. Oh, and being flung into the air by your dad was better than any Nintendo game ever made.

Louis was given his three meals and took two bathroom breaks before Harry wanted to talk to him. Louis prepared for the worst and hoped for the best. His stomach was starting to knot again as he sat down on the bed with Harry.

"I want to talk to you about last night." The Dom started. Louis nodded, waiting for either a long lecture, or even a spanking. Harry took a deep breath before continuing: "Louis, I am sorry that, I tried to strike you in the car." Harry sounded so soft, almost afraid. He was afraid, but tried not to show it. "It was wrong of me to do that."

"I'm sorry for humiliating you at the party." Louis added, looking down. "I'll never drink again-"
Harry's eyes adverted to Louis' grumbling stomach and watched The Sub race to the bathroom to hurl all of his lunch and dinner. Harry patted the smaller boy's back in small circles, helping Louis to his feet. They had bigger issues to deal with. "I forgive you, Louis. But, I'm not taking you to another office party for quite some time; and I'm taking away shopping for a week."

"I don't mind that at all." Louis softly chuckled, making Harry smirk.

"Are you alright?" Harry asked. Louis nodded, "I think it was the alcohol from last night. I wanna lay down." Harry was more than happy to cuddle with his Sub, pecking tiny kisses to his burning forehead. "I want to get you in to a doctor if you're not well in the next two days." Harry replied.

Louis nuzzled his face into Harry's shirt, sniffing. "Now you have to go to work tomorrow all embarrassed because of me."

Literally, Harry couldn't give two fucks as to what the others said about him. He had a different matter to take on, one with Modest!Media. "Don't cry, sugar. You'll get sick again." Harry cooed watching the boy fall asleep in his arms.

Lou-Lou came in later, laying on the tiny dog bed Harry bought for her that she had taken a liking to. Harry sighed, closing his eyes. Today was not the best, but they apologized, had time to think, and were still in love and ready to take on tomorrow.

Zayn was in the home office when Niall knocked on the door, smiling. "You should be asleep, baby." Zayn spoke without looking up. "You know Liam has you on a schedule."
Niall rolled his eyes, Liam had him on a diet, sleep schedule and even a bath routine. But that was just doting, loving Liam. "I know, but, I missed you and wanted to see you." The sub climbed into Zayn's lap, kissing his lips. "Daddy?"

"Hmm?"

"Do you want a boy or a girl?" Niall placed a hand on his tiny, bulging tummy.

"As long as it's healthy, I'm okay." Zayn smiled. Causing Niall to roll his eyes. "That's what Liam said! com'on, please tell me!" The raven haired man chuckled.

"Well, I wouldn't mind a boy first-"

"Me too! I wanna boy too!" Niall bounced, giving Zayn a sneaky smirk. Sometimes Naill's food craves grossed him out and he didn't like how lazy the boy had become, but if there was one thing Zayn liked about this pregnancy: it was Niall's crazy sex swings.

"Is that so?" The dom asked, feeling Niall grind into him deeper. The blonde nodded, "I also want to cuddle and snuggle." Niall stated. Zayn chuckled.

The paper work could wait.

Chapter End Notes

This was crap. :( not proud of this chapter, but it gets better. Love you all! Comment
and leave some kudos ♥♥
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Louis visits his mother and gets some disturbing news.

Niall misses his family.

Chapter Notes

A bit of D/S Culture in my own theory is explained in this chapter. Happy Thanksgiving to everyone reading this, I am so thankful for all of my readers. Thank you for your messages of support when I lost my job, was harassed or when I had writer's block. I love each and every one of you from the bottom of my heart ♥♥

Follow me on Twitter: @Angelic_Dusty

I've only got maybe 100+ followers, am I worthy of having more than that?

Nine hours and seven minutes, one-hundred and five minutes, thirty-two hours. Niall repeated in his head while looking at an old family photo of himself, his older brother Greg, and his parents.

 Nine hours and seven minutes, represented how long it would take Niall to drive to his home. (not counting the boat ride across the sea) one-hundred and five minutes was walking distance and thirty-two hours was biking. Niall had always remembered this when he was a Sub and first matched to Liam and Zayn.

He couldn't help but crack a smile at how he used to be then: so timid, scared and uneasy.

Niall rubbed his belly where he felt a tiny pressure softly kick against him. He cooed, pulling the covers closer to him as he laid on the couch. Liam and Zayn had to work today, so to occupy
himself, he went looking through some old albums. The trio had albums from Zayn's, Liam's and Niall's family, bringing them when they first moved in together, wanting to get to know each other better.

"That's your Mama right there, little Alex." Niall cooed, pointing to a picture of himself in a school uniform. He had been calling the baby 'Alex' for a while, feeling that he was carrying a boy. The blonde sighed, feeling bubbly and warm. He laid the book aside and patted his tummy gently.

He wondered what Alex would look like. Would he have blue eyes, or dark hair? Niall knew that there was only a slim chance of his child being blonde, but it would be adorable to have a little baby with blonde hair. Niall smiled sweetly, he couldn't believe that after just a year and a half, he was married and pregnant.

He remembered how horrific he thought of the situation: being the first Polygamy couple in over fifteen years. To say he was frightened, would be an understatement.

On Niall's seventeenth birthday, his family drove him to the Matchmaker's office. Niall was born a Sub, which made him often jealous of his older brother, Greg, who was born a Dom. However, Niall assumed, maybe Ma'm is more worried than I am.

He watched how his mother shivered in the front seat next to his father. "Excited Niall?" Bobby called out.
"Don't rial him up, Robert! The poor baby's scared to death." Maura turned, placing her hand on Niall's hand. "Don't worry, my sweet, I know you'll end up with a nice, Irish Dom, I know you'll stay close to home so you won't get lonely."

Niall heard her words carefully, knowing she was more scared than he was. The blonde knew he was the baby of the family, but after Greg presented himself as a Dom and got matched with Denise a while ago, it had been hard on Maura, who loved her children more than anything. Naturally, she clung to Niall, her baby.

"Ah, leave em' Maura, you'll ruin the moment. This is supposed to be a happy time, our son is going to find his one true love." His Dad turned to smile at him. Niall gave a polite smile back but gazed at his shoes. He was nervous. When he saw Greg come home to introduce Denise, Denise seemed to be in her own world, keeping herself distant from the family, eventually she came around and they all love her, but Niall soon found out that Denise was all the way from Dublin, and even though it wasn't that far away, Greg had wanted her to stay in Mullingar with him; apparently he was "so in love" and "didn't want her to leave" and was adamant on not letting her return to live with her parents.

That's what Niall was worried the most about: Would he see his family again?

It felt like the shortest drive to Dublin where Niall would take his test. Being dropped off was the worst, because his mother started crying and holding him tightly, embarrassing him to no end. When it was over, he sort of wished she'd never let go.

Niall sucked up the courage and entered the Building, handing over his I.D. Birth certificate and pamphlet. It took him almost the entire time to finish up his test, because he was a horrible test taker and the wait for The Doms to enter the room was agonizing. However, he was lucky enough to make a few acquiescence to talk to before it was time to be matched.

Niall waited with his head down, any moment he knew his Dom would approach him. However, when time passed, slowly and painfully, Niall found himself alone in the room. The pits of his stomach churned and his throat tightened until he couldn't take it anymore and he cried.
He wasn't matched.

The blonde felt hope of ever having any sort of happiness was gone until one of the matchmakers bursted in the room and said Niall was to follow him immediately. Niall was frightened, had he done something wrong? He gulped sitting in an office, he wasn’t alone for very long, two matchmakers entered and asked him if he knew why he wasn't assigned a Dom.

"I must say, Mr. Horan, this is exciting news." one man with glasses smiled, giving that Irish charm. Niall was confused until, "Never in fifteen years has this happened, you've been assigned not one, but two Doms."

Niall felt faint after that, he briefly remembered the media trying to get a hold of him, and his mother was more worried than ever. Sometimes Niall felt he let her down by not obtaining an "Irish, Catholic Dom" like she had wished for her son. Bobby assured Niall that this was a cause for celebrating, it's not every day someone is matched to two Doms.

The blonde had mixed feelings. His mother's worried and slightly hurtful responses and mutters made him rebellious and ready to leave, but his Sub genes had him terrified to meet the Doms.

"Niall? Are you okay?" Bobby had found him outside on the old tire swing. Niall looked up before nodding. "Don't look okay, are you nervous?" Niall didn't need to say anything for Bobby to know he was right.

"Listen, I know it' scary right now, but I'll bet when you meet these fellows you'll love them."

"That's if they don't kill one another first." Niall mumbled. "Da' the last polygamy relationship ended with the doms killing each other and their sub was left to live alone for the rest of her life; I. . .I don't want that." Niall choked up.

Bobby sat on the ground, ushering Niall to sit next to him, nothing but the sound of the trees
rustling from the gusts of wind in the distance and Nialls sniffles could be heard. "I know it's frightening to think of such a thing happening to you, Niall. As your dad, it breaks my heart to imagine that."

If his son was left without someone to love him, what was he, as a father, to do?

"But, if I know anything about these Doms, I'm sure they'll respect one another."

Niall wiped his nose on his sleeve. "What?" Niall asked.

"I might have snooped around a bit, got to know these boys before I let them neer my son." Bobby held Niall tighter, "and truthfully, I trust them. It's a big and sometimes scary world, Niall. But if you don't start to have just a little bit of faith, then it's going to be a rough one for ya'."

Niall didn't have time to say anything before the sound of a car pulling up into the drive way came to their ears. "Let's go and greet them." Bobby smiled.

As it turns out, his father had been right. The Doms were wonderful, and they got along well with each other. Niall wasn't expecting a fight to the death on the first night, some arguing maybe, but neither came. He was delighted.

Liam Payn and Zayn Malik were their names. They were in partnership with their friend, Harry Styles back in London and were also surprised themselves that they ended up in a poly relationship.

They were staying at a hotel while in Ireland, every day they took Niall some place new. Tonight, they were in a pub, in a private booth in the back. Word had gotten out that an actual poly relationship was going on and it wasn't just the media that sometimes bothered them. Sometimes random people asked them numerous questions or, even autographs.

"Thank you again for taking me here, I love me a pint every now and then." Niall giggled, sipping his beverage. Liam gave a soft smile while Zayn nursed his own beer. "Well, this is just a treat,
drinking age in London is 18 and Zayn and I will not have you drinking underage."

Niall nodded, fair enough. "So, I was thinking, we could skype every night until maybe when you’re ready to take me to London." Niall offered. Zayn was confused. "What?"

Niall blinked. "Or….am I wrong?"

"No, what do you mean skype? you’re leaving tonight." Liam explained. Niall’s jaw dropped. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing. "T-tonight?" he asked. It was all so sudden for the irishman.

"You mean, leave for London tonight?" Niall had never left anywhere beyond Dublin. It was a bit overwhelming for him. Zayn took the blonde's hand. "You'll like it, Niall. Tonight will be the start of your greatest adventure" he joked.

Niall had a tearful goodbye to his parents before he was handed a photo album from his mother. The album did help a lot, he did like showing Zayn and Liam photos of him, Liam would make remarks of how cute Niall was and how precious he must have been.

Meeting Liam and Zayn's family was a big step but an easy one. Both families were happy to meet each other and, it was the perfect opportunity to fill in their own scrapbook. Which Niall planned on never finishing.

Pulling himself back into reality, Niall closed the books and patted his tummy.

He sighed, knowing Christmas wasn't that far away. He was more than excited to see his side of the family and show off his baby bump, but he was sure that tensions will be high between his mother and his Doms.

Maura had nothing against other people's religion, but she was very upset when Niall's Doms turned out to be Christian and Muslim. Not once had she sputtered and racy comments, but you could tell she was still touchy on the whole aspect of her son following into his Dom's footsteps.
It wasn't uncommon for Subs to convert to please their Doms. That's what Maura feared.

Still, she was his mother and Niall respected her wishes and found a church to attend. Liam went with him while Zayn worked, neither Dom pushed him to choose a religion, but with a baby on the way... Niall shook his head,

"It doesn't matter now," he assured himself before curling up and falling asleep, hoping by the time he wakes up, his doms would be home.

Jay was laying on her side, back to the door when Louis entered the room with a small vase of flowers. He smiled softly, setting them aside and kissing his mother's cheek, waking her.

Jay grinned, hugging her baby. "Oh, my Louis! I missed you so much!"

"I missed you too, Mum. How are you feeling?" He asked. "Better than before, I can assure you that." The mother hen laughed.

"Wonderful! Hopefully you'll be out before Christmas." Louis hoped. He wished this not only for his mother's health, but because no one wants to be stuck in a hospital on the holidays.

"Maybe, Lou. How did you vacation with Harry go?" Louis bit his lip. He wouldn't tell his mother everything but she deserves to know some things. "Sadly, Lou-Bell passed away, but she gave birth to a baby lamb! I named her Lou-Lou."
"After who, I wonder?" Jay laughed, cooing when Louis showed her a picture of the tiny lamb asleep on the dog bed Harry bought. "She's precious, Lou. And Harry is alright with Lou-Lou living with you all?"

Louis nodded. "Yeah, Harry is wonderful."

The Sub felt his cheeks blush pink. He loved everything about Harry. How strong and gentle he could be at the same time, and how he made Louis open up more about himself. Harry was making him into a better person, he believed.

He felt guilt creep up on him. *What am I doing for him?* He wondered. Jay noticed the look of discomfort on Louis' face and asked him what was wrong, but he just smiled, claiming to be alright.

The mother and son chatted for a long time until visiting hours were over. Louis was just about to leave when he was pulled aside by his mother's doctor. "Louis, I'm afraid I have some bad news."

Louis frowned instantly feeling sick. "We found out what was wrong with your mother, Louis. And I fear she might have had it for years and just didn't know it, or tell anyone."

The sub heard nothing but the sound of his own heartbeat when the doctor said the words: tularemia pneumonia.

"What's that? Is it like regular pneumonia?" The Sub hoped, because pneumonia was treatable. The doctor shook his head. "I'm afraid not. She's showing all the signs: fever, chills, headache, muscle aches, joint pain, dry cough, and progressive weakness. That was our first clue, soon she'll gain puffy eyes, inflated throat and maybe even vomiting."
Louis felt his eyes sting, knowing he would cry at any moment. "Well, what do we do? How do we cure this?" He's sure Harry will pay anything to keep his mother alive.

The doctor folded his hands together and said, "We make her comfortable." that sentence killed Louis. Those were the exact words spoken to him just weeks before his father died. And now, he was going to loose his mother. The sub nodded, thanking the doctor before rushing out of the hospital, bawling.

Thankfully, Harry was just pulling up but a great look of concern hit him seeing his Sub racing to him with tears in his eyes. "Louis?" He asked, hopping out of the driver's seat and allowing Louis to engulf him into a big hug. The sub cried loudly, attracting lots of stares but Harry didn't care.

"Baby, what's wrong?" He asked.

"My, my, mummy!" Louis sobbed. "She's....she's."

"She's what?" Harry feared the worst.

Louis couldn't even muster up the words to tell Harry what was wrong but The Dom waited, even after the sun had set and it grew darker. Louis was ruining his shirt with the salty tears, but Harry continued to rub his Louis' back. It was obvious the Sub was in a state to where he couldn't function properly so Harry took him home, pampering him with a bubble bath, cubed fruit and tucked the exhausted boy into bed, tear stains still on his face.

"Oh my sweet, Lou. You're such a good boy, why do you deserve this?"
Follow me on twitter!!!

@Angelic_Dusty
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Louis' depression is affecting his role as a Sub.

SEXY TIME!

Chapter Notes

A long-(but not) forgotten fic will be returning. . . . *grins*

Follow me on twitter: @Angelic_Dusty

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis hadn't left the bed in days. All he does now is cry, hug Lou-Lou, cry some more and maybe sleep. Harry hates it. Not just because seeing his Sub crying breaks his heart with each whimper Louis makes, but it's also driving him a bit insane. He walks over to the bed side, rubbing his Sub's exposed back.

"Kitten, let's draw you a bath." Harry soothes. Lord knows the boy needed one.

Louis says nothing but cries harder which makes Harry groan. He doesn't know how much longer he can take it. He understands that Louis is going through some intense trauma, but that's no excuse for not taking a shower at least. "Com'on, Lou, I'll take one with you." Harry offered.

"No, don't touch me!" Louis sob's muffled into the pillow.

"Louis," Harry warned, his voice growing stronger as his temper is tested, a typical Dom trait. "I know you're hurt, but you need to take care of yourself. You've gone three days without a bath. You stink."
Louis hiccuped. He did smell pretty bad, but he just didn't have the energy to pull himself off the bed and pour a bath. He reached out to Harry, holding his hand. "Take one with me?" He almost begged, his throat sore from crying so much. Harry nodded and soon the two of them were in warm bath water, enjoying the feeling of added bath salts.

"Baby." Harry whispered, kissing the back of Louis' neck. "I know you're upset. I am too, the woman doesn't deserve this. But we can't just give up on life, Louis. You have to be strong for her." Harry's wise words were heard, but had no effect yet.

After the bath, Harry convinced Louis to come downstairs and eat something. The two ate Chinese leftovers and watched a movie, sneaking a kiss every once in a while. Louis didn't know why he thought of it then, it might have been because he was only curious, but when the kiss broke for a moment, he opened his mouth to ask: "Harry? Will we ever have a baby?"

Harry smiled, "Yeah, eventually. I promised you a baby, didn't I?"

"Well, yes. But when?"

"Whenever you would like, my sweet. You're very fertile and honestly, I'm surprised you're not pregnant right now. If it's okay with you, I'd like to try some things with you." The last part was spoke very seductively but Louis didn't care, he only giggled, wrapping his arms around Harry's neck.

"If it won't be a bother if I don't like it. . ."

"Never." Harry whispered, sucking on his Sub's pretty neck, loving the moans he heard erupt from Louis' mouth. The part he liked about kissing Louis' neck, was the fact that he could feel the little vibrations Louis made when he cried in pleasure. It tickled. Harry gazed with half-lidded eyes at his beautiful Sub.

"Baby," he stopped sucking, much to Louis' displeasure. Harry smirked, "Let's take this somewhere else, I want to care for you properly." The Sub nodded. Poor Louis went through too much. Harry wanted to help Louis forget all about this horrible week.
"Lou-Love. . . I wanna' see how much you can take with a flogger."

Louis was anxious about the flogger, but when Harry led them into their playroom, he was allowed to feel the leathery strands and even test it out on himself on his wrist. It did sting, but the room was set purposely to a cooler temperature, so the frosty air against the fresh red mark actually felt nice.

"I won't chain you up or anything, this is our first time so we'll take it slow. No blindfold so you can see where I am, you have access to your hands and do you remember our safe word?"

"No. . . but it's Pineapple for now." Louis mumbled.

Harry laughed, "Alright: Pineapple. Go lay on the bed, face up." Harry instructed, walking to the other end of the room to hang up his white dress shirt, fearing he'd rip something. He's heard stories from other Doms about them ripping their jeans and shirts because of careless sudden movements and Harry liked his clothes, he wanted them to stay intact as long as possible. Harry with no shirt on was an instant turn on for Louis as he watched each muscle in the Dom's body flex as he strolled over to the black satin bed.
"What's your colour, baby? Talk to Daddy."

"Green." Louis was sure of himself.

Harry smirked, raising the whip, not too high, and letting it strike down with a 'FLWAP' across Louis' thigh. Louis let out a cry and Harry held his breath. It was only when Louis belted out a shaky moan afterwards, did he know the Sub enjoyed that. Soon, he was placing them everywhere, his favorite places: on the boy's bubble butt and across his chest and tender nipples. Soon there were marks all over Louis' body, making him red as a lobster.

Harry placed the whip away for a moment, kneeling on the bed and pulling Louis up. They began to deeply french kiss, tongues running over one another and even awkwardly licking one's teeth. It made The Sub giggle every time Harry planted an unexpected smack across one of his cheeks, or to the back of his thighs, it purposely pushed him towards his Dom (if that was even possible).

"Just how good are you with your tongue, Louis?" Harry broke the kiss.

Louis licked his lips, already bending down to unzip Harry's trousers. He marveled at how big Harry was, this was not the first time he's seen the large organ that tore him open the first time they made love. He felt honored to serve such a large man. "So big, Daddy." Louis slurred.

Harry's pupil widened and he grew harder.

Louis lowered his head, taking the tip of 'Harry' into his mouth, sucking gently at first, even being so kind as to leave a trail of kisses. Harry believed an award was to be given. "Louis, stop what you're doing...Louis!" Harry breathed, as proud as he was to have such a good Sub, he needed Louis' attention.

"Pineapple, Louis, Pineapple."

Immediately, Louis stopped.

"Daddy?"
"Here, let Daddy take off his pants, I want to give you something for being *sooo good.*" The Dom Eskimo-kissed his precious Princess. Louis let out a giggle and watched as he did as he was told. He laid on his back, waiting for Harry, when his Dom said something that surprised him.

"Louis, you're going to be on top." Harry whispered ever so gently into his ear. Louis blinked, confused. "But... Subs Bottom. I don't even think a Sub could handle being on Top." And Louis was right, they couldn't. A Sub would not have the control a Dom would and would aimlessly grind, hump or stick their poor erections in and out of a Dom. Subs were simply too horny to concentrate on pleasuring their partners, unless riding, that is why Doms top and Subs don't.

"Such a smart boy you are," Harry praised, loving the way Louis blushed at the comment. "And you're right, but I'm doing something differently. I'm treating you treating me."

_Treating you treating me?_ Louis wondered.

Harry laid on his back, patting his tummy at the butterfly. Come, sit on my butterfly but face the back wall. Louis did as he was told, sticking his ass playfully in Harry's face, thinking of it only as a joke but yelped when Harry's tongue licked him clear from the end of his balls to the bottom of his spine. "Da-Daddy!" Louis shivered.

"Did my Louis like that?" Harry grinned. "I'm going to eat you out, while you suck me off."

Louis looked over his shoulder, nodding and began to bob his head, resuming his sucking. While Louis did have trouble containing his moans, it only added vibration to Harry's hard on, making him eat Louis out faster, slurping and biting at the pink hole. He left many good bite marks that were sure to turn a deep red on the outer part of the boy's ass as well. He wanted Louis to know who he belonged to.

The Sub relaxed his throat, after doing this many times with Harry, had finally been able to take a good portion of the man in. He was upset with himself when he saw he was one fourth away from actually deep-throating his Daddy. But he knew Harry would wait a little longer. After all, practice makes perfect.

This went on for about a good five more minutes before Louis heard Harry warning him about cumming. Being a good boy, Louis swallowed every gulp. Turning around to give a sweet smile, knowing full well that there was cum still dripping from his chin. Harry smirked, taking two fingers to signal him to come closer. Louis scooted around, his ass dripping with saliva and sore, but he didn't care.
"I'm glad you haven't came yet, my sweet. There's one more thing I want to try." Harry whispered. Louis nodded, "Yes, Daddy?"

Harry pointed to a box with no lid. "Fetch it, my Princess." Louis wanted to make some sassy remark about how 'Princess don't fetch things' but he didn't want his daddy to be mad at him. Inside, Louis could already see things, but he didn't know what they were called. But he knew they were plugs.

"What is this?" Harry asked, softly, smiling warmly.

"Uh. . . a plug?" Louis asked, hoping he was right. He was, Harry nodded. "I want you to pick out the prettiest plug you like and I will insert it in you. You won't wear it forever, and it's mainly for punishments," Harry put his hands on Louis' arms, looking at him in the eyes. "Let's get one thing clear: You are not being punished. I am simply doing this so you can get used to something being inside of you without the action of sexual intercourse. We're learning, baby."


Louis looked at the many shapes and sizes. A few were outrageously big and could be considered dildos, while others were as tiny as his thumb. Some were fat, super skinny, some had sharp tips, some had crazy amounts of glitter, one even had spikes. The Sub licked his lips, picking out a silver plug with a ruby at the end for decoration. It was the size of Harry's middle finger and the width of an egg.
"That one?"

Louis nodded, tossing it to Harry and instantly turning around, spreading his cheeks. He blushed hearing Harry chuckle. "Such a good Sub you are, my sweet." The Dom kissed Louis' cheeks for a moment before returning behind him. "Just relax your hole, baby. In it goes."

Harry had no prepared him, so it did hurt a little, but thankfully he was still full of saliva from Harry eating him out earlier. The plug went in and it felt strange to have such a tiny object inside. It was full, but not enough to touch him in a sweet spot, worst of all, it was uneasy to walk or stand.

"Does it hurt?" Harry asked almost immediately.

"No. Just... weird."

"Okay, I'm letting you know now, baby: If you were to disobey Daddy, he'd use one just like that on you, maybe a chastity belt or cage if needed too. This is designed to make you uncomfortable,
not pleasurable. Can you wear it just for an hour?” Harry didn’t need to beg, but lord he would if it meant for Louis to be plugged.

The Sub nodded, "Okay, Daddy," he yawned. "Carry me, though?"

Harry laughed, "Tired?” He obliged, picking up his Sub bridal style. Louis nodded, he was tired. All of that crying earlier wore him out and they also tried new things in their sex life. Of course he was worn out. Louis mewed like a kitten as Harry carried him to their master bedroom, tucking him in and kissing him. "I'll be back in an hour to take that out, okay, Boo?"

Louis didn't respond, already half asleep and almost dead to the world.

"Sweet dreams, my Princess." He whispered, cuddling under the covers with his Sub. His beautiful Louis.
Sorry, short chapter. Who's ready for another awesome interview with James Corden and One Direction?!!!!! This girl is!!!!!! Whoo! I can't wait for The Larry Larry Show to air tonight, I'm pumped!
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Louis tries for a baby, when nothing seems to be working, he goes to a clinic. When the results come up, Harry can't help but think of it as a life saver.

Niall experiences The Three H's: Hungry, Hot, and Horny.

Louis wants to do Sub Sports

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the comments and kudos! We're almost at 1000, think I can get that many? Also, a fic is returning soon, which one do you think it is?

Follow me on Twitter: @Angelic_Dusty

"Is it working?" Niall asked.

"I don't know." Louis whined into the cell phone. Currently he was at an awkward position: he had his heels on the headboard of the bed while keeping his hips bucked up. "I don't know why I'm not pregnant, Niall. We've been going at it for a while now." Louis sounded defeated, upset there wasn't a life growing in his belly.

"Don't worry about it, Lou, just do what I told you and I'm sure you'll be pregnant." Louis rolled his eyes. He hoped Niall was right because his neck was starting to hurt. desperate for a child, Louis had plugged himself after Harry came in him that morning, The Dom was confused (and turned on) as to why Louis was doing that, but The Sub was already dialing Niall and the two have been talking about this for nearly an hour.
"I mean, did you do this to get pregnant?" Louis asked.

"Yes and no. This little one is accidental, but still loved," Louis smiled at the warmth in Niall's words. "That and Zayn and Liam double penetrated me with a cream pie-"

"Shut up!" Louis cried, now mentally scarred. The Sub bit his lip, he felt full, had to pee and his head was throbbing in the back from laying the way he was. "Can I get up now? This hurts."

"Alright, you should be good. You'll probably be pregnant later this week, hopefully."

Louis prayed. Nothing would excite him more than knowing he would be carrying his Dom's baby. Louis smiled at the vision of the baby, he wished that the child would have Harry's curls. He'd be a sucker for those twists and cork screws.

"Hey, know what's really good? Baked pickles and nacho cheese." Niall randomly said, followed by a crunch at the end of the line. Louis gagged. "Oh my god!? Are you sick already?"

"Not from morning sickness. . ."
"Quite often, almost every day now for the past two weeks." Louis answered. "I mean, I don't understand, I'm very fertile."

Dr. Francis nodded, "Well, I'm going to run a few tests on you just to see how accurate that assumption is. This isn't the first time a Sub claimed to be fertile and isn't." Louis' breath hitched and he grabbed for Harry's hand. The Dom watched how frightened Louis looked, he prayed it wouldn't be anything serious, Poor Louis has been through enough.

Louis was given a blood sample and the two waited for the results. Harry was texting Zayn when he heard Louis sniffling. "Hey, hey, my baby, what's wrong?"

"What if I'm... what if I'm infertile? Like he said." Louis blubbered. "You said you wanted children, but now I can't give you any because I can't carry and-"

"Hey, who said you were? We haven't had the results yet." Harry hushed his Sub, holding him close and patting his back. Louis sniffed into the crook of Harry's neck. "Now, Louis, listen to me: If it turns out you are fertile; then it'll be okay. There's plenty of children out there who need adoption."

Louis hiccuped. "I... I want them to be your babies."

"Then we'll find a carrier."

"But I want to carry them!" Louis wailed. Harry groaned, not wanting the whole clinic to hear Louis sobbing. "Louis, Louis-CALM DOWN!" His Dom voice silenced any cries the Sub made. Louis shivered as Harry tenderly rubbed his fingers along his elbows and the tops of his arms.

"I know you're scared, Louis. But you can't break down and cry. I'm here, baby, I'm here." Harry whispered, feeling a bit calmer himself. Louis nodded, thanking Harry for the tissue the Dom took from the stack on the counter. The minutes felt like hours when Dr. Francis finally arrived with the results.

"I have good news. Louis, you are fertile."

Louis smiled in relief.
"However, it's not very much. My recommendation is taking these," Dr. Francis wrote down a prescription for Louis. Harry read it before asking what it was. "It's a hormone pill. It'll enhance Louis' fertility. Take one a day, everyday, until you find out if you are pregnant or not."

"Do I continue taking it even during my pregnancy?" Louis asked, worried that if he stopped it might harm his baby. Dr. Francis shrugged. "We would have to see, Louis, if you are in a condition to have to take them. Many Subs who take it don't have to continue during pregnancy, but there are a rare few who do. Just come back when you believe you are pregnant and we'll take it from there."

"Yes. Thank you, Dr. Francis." Harry shook the man's hand before linking it with Louis' both leaving the Clinic happier than ever before.

On the drive home, Louis pointed out The Drug Store Harry had passed. "Um, Harry, I think you missed the turn." Louis softly spoke.

Harry sighed, "Well, actually, Louis, I've been thinking about it and . . ."

"About what?"

"Let's talk about it when we get home."

"Yes, Sir."
"I'm helping Louis get pregnant!" Niall announced at lunch, causing Liam to choke on his water and Zayn to drop his fork. Niall rolled his eyes, "Not like that, I gave him some tips on how to carry."

"Oooh? Well, that's kind of you." Liam cooed.

"Please don't announce that at the table." Zayn replied dryly. Niall pouted, but kept his mouth shut. However, he couldn't help himself making this remark: "You know, when I have my baby, and then when Louis has his baby, they'll be able to grow up with one another and become best friends, like we are!"

Liam nodded while Zayn poked a this food.

"Maybe we should schedule our sex life with theirs and have babies at the same time!" Niall proudly announced. Zayn blinked, giving Niall a long, hard look.

"Niall, eat your food, please."

"Oh! yeah, don't wanna' starve little Alex." Niall bit a few pieces of carrot before apologizing to his tummy, "I'm sorry widdle, Awex, I won't deprive you a food ever again, I'll make you a chubby widdle one. Yes, I will, yes I will!"

"Niall." Zayn growled. Liam frowned, he couldn't understand why the other Dom was so annoyed. "Zee, what's wrong?"

"What's wrong is our Sub won't take orders! Niall, be quiet and eat!" The blonde shrank back, doing as he was told and munched on his salad. It wasn't what he wanted, he wanted to eat a cheesecake, but Liam had him on a strict, organic diet for the baby. Lunch was awkward and quiet, after they ate, Niall said he was going to take a nap. Liam took this time to ask Zayn what was wrong.
"Zayn, is something bothering you?" Liam leaned into him on the couch as the raven-haired man typed away at the laptop.

"No. Everything is fine."

"Com'on, you can lie to Niall, but not me. What's wrong?"

Zayn sighed. Taking a minute to conjure up his answer. "I don't want to go see his family." He answered, "All they do is shelter Niall as if we're some abusive husbands, Bobby's okay I guess, but you know he doesn't like us. Greg gives us the fucking evil eye, and Maura is the worst. She hates me especially."

"She doesn't hate you." Liam wasn't so sure of his own words, remembering an incident where she "accidentally" split potato soup on Zayn's brand new Saint Laurent shoes. Or the time where she smeared flour all over the back of his black, work shirt and it was stained forever.

"She does. She acts like I corrupt her son. Remember time time she freaked out because she saw that scratch on his arm?" Liam did remember, it was because of a rather... hot night... and the two Doms had marked up Niall's back pretty good with their fingernails, but Niall had told her he fell down, but it didn't help their case as she even threatened to take her son back.

"Thank god for Niall and those stunning blue eyes, I don't know how he convinced her." Zayn smirked. Liam smiled, "Well, let's just talk to him, baby. He probably knows how we feel anyway, maybe we can cancel the event? - "

"No, he wants to go so we'll take him. Besides, they might not like us, but they adore him. And he loves them too. Who are we to deprive him of his family?" Zayn continued to type. Liam smiled, hugging The Dom around the waist, planting a kiss into his shoulder.

"And that's what's so great about having this baby. This child will officially bring all of us together. Isn't that great?"

Zayn had no answer.
He was still very, very reluctant about having this child. It scared him.

"Louis." Harry started. The two had returned home and Louis was anxious as to know why Harry didn't stop at the Drug store. The Dom bit his lip before beginning. "I mean, it's great to know we can have a child and this medication can help with that." Louis nodded, smiling.

"And...now we sort of have the power in our own hands." Harry continued.

Louis was confused, "What do you mean?"

"I'm talking about choosing when we have a child, Louis. We put you on the pill, then you're pregnant."

"I'm not following you, Daddy."

Harry blushed. "Let's wait, Louis. Wait to have a child, let's do something with our lives, travel, go to concerts, have fun while we're still young. Let's put off being parents for a little while. Besides, I have a company to run and you to take care of first before I want to care for a child."

Louis was heartbroken. "But. I thought you wanted a baby."

"And I do, just not right now, Love," Harry ended that with a kiss to Louis' cheek. "Who says we have to immediately have children?"

"But, Niall is-"
"Niall has been with Zayn and Liam for a year now. And there's also a lot of publicity they deal with that I don't want to at the moment. Please, respect my wishes Louis."

"But!-"

"Louis!"

Louis shut his mouth. He knew that if he didn't want to carry a baby right now, Harry would be okay with that; so he had to be the same. But, then again, he couldn't. He was lonely at home with just Lou-Lou, and cleaning house. He wanted a baby to raise and care for.

"I'm lonely at home, Sir. I want to raise a little baby who looks like you."

Harry smirked, flattered by the comment. "And you will, just not now. Besides, you have Lou-Lou. And, if you're really bored, I'll buy you some nice things, maybe a new diving board for the pool? Or would you like a spa day?" Louis sighed, giving a small smile.

"There's my pretty boy," Harry kissed the ends of his lips. "Now, Daddy has some work to do. Please don't bother me."

Louis frowned as Harry walked away. He felt his empty tummy for one last time before deciding to call Niall.

"Well, that's great! You can have kids, that's amazing Louis!" Niall cheered after being told the news by his best friend on his iPhone (which by the way he has saved under the contact: MyLouisLove).
"Yeah, but Harry doesn't want to have kids right now."

"What?! Aw, man, I had such great things planned, we were gonna' go to yoga classes together and be in the same delivery room." Niall pouted, clearly disappointed by this.

"I don't know, I mean, he's right, we gotta' live life ourselves, but it's just lonely you know?"

Niall chuckled, he knew that feeling all too well. "Yeah, soon you find TV Ads and Court Shows slowly becoming your friends. Judge Judy certainly has a spot in my heart," the blonde stated, hearing Louis chuckle. "No, seriously, man, I think I should become a lawyer, like, I take notes on that stuff and everything."

"I much rather enjoy BBC and Dr. Who personally. But, how did you deal with it, Niall?"

The blonde bit his lip, laying on the bed, "That's a hard one, really it was just TV, working out in our gym, cleaning, cooking and sex."

"Wasn't that boring?"

"Oh yeah, but there's nothing I want to do other than that. I'm content with that life, you've only lived with Harry a few months. It will get some time to get used to. Maybe what you need is a hobby?"

"Like what? It's late November, Christmas will be coming up soon." Louis looked at his calendar, time flew with Harry. "Not to mention, we still have some relationship issues to deal with."

"It might help. You're cooped up and he's working. Maybe ask to join a Sub Sport they have, I know indoor football is starting up."

Louis' eyes glimmered at that idea. "Really? They have indoor footie here? Is it a far drive?"

"I don't think so. There's a place by your guys' neighborhood. I was in sports once, never did too
good though. But I fell like I'm paying the price for it, lemmie tell you how it feels to carry ten pounds in your front, not that fun."

"Okay, I'll ask Harry later tonight. Thanks Niall."

"No problem. Bye, Lou, love you."

"Shut up."

Niall half-whimpered. Zayn walked in, taking off his shirt when Niall complained, "Zee, Lou didn't say 'I love you' to me even though I said it!"

"Niall, be quiet." Zayn muttered, removing his pants. Niall licked his lips, "I'll be quiet if something were to occupy my mouth." Damn these pregnancy hormones. Normally Niall was (as Liam described): The Three H's. Hungry, Hot, and Horny. But with carrying a baby, it seems he doubled those feelings. He sat up, taking off his own shirt.

"Not now, Ni. I'm taking a shower then getting back to work."

Niall pouted, crossing his arms. "No one likes me!" He whined, crying into his pillow. Why that set him off, he hadn't the slightest. First Liam said no to cheesecake, then Louis says he didn't love him (sort of) and now Zayn won't do the frick-frack with him. Totally unfair.

"What's your issue," The Dom asked, annoyed.

"Oh, you don't care! Go take your stupid shower!" The blonde cried. "LIMA! I WANT CHEESECAKE!" Zayn covered his ears when Niall screamed. "G-Goddammit, Niall! Don't shout, you sound like a fucking child!"

That last comment sent the Sub crying. He didn't know why these little things bothered him so much; well, he did but they were hard to control. A chemical reaction in The Dom's brain fizzed and immediately he was at Niall's side. This only happened when Doms and Subs were bonded more than sexually or romantically. It was a soulmate thing, Doms felt that buzz when their Subs were upset and Subs typically felt a sting in their chest if their Dom was in pain.
"Niall. . . " Zayn was softer. "What's wrong? Tell me what's really bothering you."

The blonde sniffed. "No cheesecake, Louis hates me," (okay, he exaggerated there) "and you don't care about me." The blonde blubbered. Niall had never been the one to cry like this, not as far as Zayn was concerned. He held the Sub tighter in his arms, kissing his forehead.

"I love my little Irish Creme." Zayn planted a tender kiss to Niall's temple. "Sorry I yelled at you, baby. I have to get used to these hormones as well."

Niall sniffed. "Can I take a shower with you?"

"Of course, baby. Would you like a chair to sit down?"

Niall shook his head, "Want you." Zayn laughed, "Alright, baby, let's go."

As tradition in many Sub and Dom households, The Sub stays home while The Dom provides. Many Subs enjoyed that, because it meant time for themselves, but TV, working out, cleaning and (if you have any) children, can all become old-FAST. Louis waited until he had dinner done, finally deciding to grill some steaks, potatoes and have some seasoned green beans on the side, to ask Harry.

Louis had always been great at Footie, he loved playing in school when he was younger, but as he grew up, he was often rejected (even if he was really good) and bullied out of the sport. He would play with his sheep (as much as sheep could play) and still had a passion for the game.

"Smells good, darling." Harry complimented as he sat at the head of the table. Louis served him his plate, waiting to be told to sit after Harry took a few bites. "Beautifully cooked, too. Sit and eat,
Louis took a glance at the large table. It could seat eight and he couldn't help but imagine the festive dinners they would host with their children. He blushed, smiling at the daydream of having that many children with Harry. Eight little darlings, squealing, giggling and playing. Louis always wanted brothers and sisters, being an only child, so he'd make sure his family would be a big one.

"Louis?" Harry waved. "I'm talking to you."

"Oh, sorry, Daddy, yes?"

"I asked you how are you?"

"I'm fine. Um, Sir? I was talking to Niall this afternoon." Louis continued, getting up from the table to fetch a dog dish and placing it on the floor, filling it to the top with forbs and clover, whistling for Lou-Lou to trot over and eat dinner with them. She had gotten bigger and could walk without struggle. She was also officially potty trained, going out the back dog door and under the bushes.

"And, Niall said that Indoor Fottie was starting for Sub Sports, and. . . since I already don't do much around here, I was wondering if I could sign up?" Louis gently pleaded. Harry swallowed his food, thinking. Louis dare not say anything, fearing it would jeopardize his chances.

"I don't know, Lou. That would mean I'd have to pick you up, drop you off, probably leave work-"

"But, it's in our community, I could walk." Louis insisted. "I don't mind."

"I'd like you home." Harry continued.

"Please, Sir? I don't have anything to do besides take care of Lou-Lou. And Niall is my only friend." Louis bit his lip. Harry did feel sorry for the other boy, he folded his hands together. "When are sign ups?"

"I looked it up and they're next week, and we have to try-out."
Harry sighed, "Great, that means I have to be there."

Louis felt guilty. All he wanted to do was be involved in something. "Please, sir? I'll do anything!"
Harry smirked, was this boy really that desperate? It would be cruel to keep him at it like this, Harry knew. "Alright, you can go. On one condition-"

Louis nodded.

"Louis, If I don't like it, you don't get to do it. Understand?"

The Sub nodded. "Okay. Thank you, Daddy." Louis hopped into Harry's lap, giving him kisses around his forehead and cheeks. Harry squeezed the boy's bum with his large hand, reminding Louis all too much of their nightly activities, getting him excited.

"Really? You're thankful? Well, after dinner, let's go upstairs and show me how thankful you really are."

Louis giggled. Today hadn't been so bad. He was excited for Football Try-outs, but most of all, he was excited to finally be able to make his own decision in something, even if it was a sport.
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Louis tries out for Sub-Sports.

Harry enrolls Louis into online school.

Modest!Media needs a new story and Harry Styles is their perfect candidate.

Chapter Notes

This is such a short chapter, but it will be the building block to our PLOT. That's right I have one ;) Since the holidays are here, it will be tough to try and update, but I'll do my best, peeps. I love you all as much as carpool karaoke. ♥

Almost at 1000 kudos guys! You all are awesome. I love you all! ♥♥

Follow me on Twitter:@Angelic_Dusty

Louis had been excited all week, it was a bit hard trying to contain that excitement on the night before try-outs. He was sure he was annoying Harry with his happy remarks (and million thank you's for letting him go) but soon, his confidence was starting to diminish and he was suddenly beginning to doubt himself.

"What if I fall and embarrass myself?" He asked himself while laying in bed that night. He blushed at the thought of going to kick the ball but landing on his bum while the whole stadium laughed at him. He whimpered, crawling deeper into the bed. Noticing the sudden warmth change, Harry squeezed his eyes tighter, waving his arms around to try to find Louis in his sleep but with not success. He blinked his eyes open, lifting the covers.
"Lou? What are you doing?"

"Forget it, Harry! I'm going to fail, I don't want to go!" Louis sniffled.

"Come back up, cuddle with me."

"No. I don't deserve to be with the pillows I belong among the feet." The poor boy sobbed.

Harry had to giggle at Louis' innocent nonsense, he manually tugged Louis back to the pillow, hugging him tightly. "Did you have a nightmare, baby?" The Dom asked the sniffling Sub. He was given a shrug. "Sort of, more like a day dream. I'm anxious about tomorrow. What if I don't get picked?"

"Then you'll have tried. And that's what counts baby. Don't fear success, sweetheart."

"Were you ever scared? of failing? I mean."

Harry lost track of how terrified he used to be. Running away from home the second he turned Eighteen without telling anyone to peruse a business wasn't something to NOT be worried about failing. Harry had his fair share of anxiety. "Of course, baby. But now look where I'm at. I have lost contacts and business partners in the running, but Liam, Zayn and I are still on top. Because we never give up. I don't want you giving up too."

The Dom rubbed his nose against Louis' and kissed each closed eyelid. "I want you to close your eyes and dream of winning, baby. Cause I know you can do this."

And Louis believed him.
The next morning at Eight-thirty, Louis was dressed in a sport outfit of tight knee shorts and a black jacket. Harry admired the outfit from behind, liking the look of Louis' butt. "Wish me luck?" Louis whispered, giving his Dom a tight hug that Harry returned.

"All the luck in the world, sweetie."

Harry left to the bleachers to sit with the other Doms he knew, leaving Louis on the sidelines with others Subs. There were both Female Subs and Male Subs chatting away and it made Louis very nervous. He was never the one to approach others and start a conversation; but he wanted to make some new friends, so, he introduced himself to two Subs talking.

"Hi, I'm Louis." He mumbled.

"Hi." One Sub with dark purple hair smiled, "Hello. You're the one that walked in with Mr. Styles, right?" The other, a Sub male with blonde hair asked.

Louis nodded, "He's my Dom."

"Damn, you're lucky. He's the seventh richest man in England, did you know?" The blonde asked. Louis nodded. "Yeah, I'm excited for practice. Did you play before you were matched?"

"No. My Dom is forcing me, so I dragged him along. I'm Luke by the way, this is Michael." Michael waved. "I'm Ashton Irwin's Sub and Mikey here belongs to Calum." Luke pointed to the two Doms texting on their phones. "Did you use to play?"

Louis smiled sadly, "Only when I was a kid. I just want something to do outside of cleaning house and waiting for Harry to come home."

Luke snorted, "Calum wishes Mickey would clean."

"Hey, I cleaned up after that New Years party, didn't I?" Michael blushed.
"You cleaned your plate." Luke laughed. The trio stopped talking when the sound of a whistle blowing. The Subs watched a Male Sub dressed as a referee come walking towards them. "Alright, listen up! I am your physical trainer for the day. I will observe you and give you a series of tests. You will all be based on a point chart of thirty. Anyone who obtains twenty points or above, is guaranteed in."

The Subs began to whisper among themselves for a brief second before the whistle was blown harshly and they were told to do laps.

After a intense jog of ten laps (which Louis didn't stop for) they were told to kick a ball as hard as they could. A lot of Subs managed to kick the ball into the nets, even Louis who surprised himself by being able to kick the ball and not live his wort nightmare of embarrassing himself. They had to work on their footwork with cones and zig-zag without knocking any over. And finally, each Sub was given the chance to be goalie.
"Results will be posted in an hour." Their trainer replied, leaving them to rest their aching, sweaty bodies. Luke groaned while Michael fell to the ground next to Louis who sat to catch his breath. "I think I'm dead. I'm never doing this again." Louis tried to contain his breathing but his head jerked up when he saw someone standing above him. He smiled as Harry helped him to his feet.

"Did you see me?!" Louis gasped.

"I did." Harry replied, texting. Louis frowned, he had a feeling Harry didn't see ALL of what he did. "Did you see when I made that shot? And no balls got past me when I was goalie!" Harry made a noise, sounding in response, but didn't look up. Louis frowned. He felt insulted and hurt, it took him a lot of courage to do what he did and he was angry that Harry wasn't responding to him.

"Harry!" He almost shouted.

That caused The Dom to glare up. "Do not address me by my first name, Louis!" Harry wasn't loud, but a few Sub, including Luke and Michael grimised at the tone Harry had with Louis and Louis' mistake. The Sub held back his frustration. He didn't think Harry was paying attention and it hurt. He didn't say another word to Harry, making it a long, agonizing hour until the results were posted.

The Subs who didn't make it in didn't cheer or run to their Dom excitedly, in fact, a handful of them kept their heads lowered while their Doms stormed off in annoyance or shame. Louis hesitantly waited his turn and saw he scored a perfect Thirty Points. Luke got in too, and weirdly, Michael as well. "For those who got in, congratulations! Practice will start next week on Sunday, please have your uniforms!"

Louis marveled at his all white uniform. White shorts, a white t-shirt and a white jacket to match. He made note to wash these when he arrived home.

"Louis." Harry called him over from talking to Luke and Michael. Louis was sure he was going to be scolded or expected to apologize for pissing off Harry earlier, but to his surprise Harry said he had a surprise for him when they got home.

Before leaving, Louis saw a Sub getting screamed at by her Dom for not making the team. He clutched the back of Harry's jacket like a small child and lowered his head. "What's wrong?" Harry asked, noticing his Sub's uneasiness. Harry got the memo when he turned around, so no words were needed to be spoken.
"Let's get my Lou home to some hot chocolate, yeah?" Harry offered a kind smile.

"Tea?" Louis asked.

"That too. And don't look at him, he's a dick. Don't ever feel that I will punish or yell at you for failing, Louis. I'm happy you made the team, you tried your hardest and you were the best one out there!" Harry patted the boy's head.

Louis blinked, "wait, you saw all that?"

Harry nodded, "recorded it, actually. Might watch it with you later on tonight." Now Louis felt silly. He blushed, "I thought you weren't watching, that's why I got mad and called you by your first name, Sir." He admitted. "I'm sorry."

"I forgive you, baby. Now, remember, I have some news for you when we get home."

Louis smiled sweetly. He was beginning to like surprises.

"A mac computer?" Louis asked, dazed. Harry chuckled, "No, not quiet. You may use this computer, in fact you'll be expected to. If you want to continue with this Football thing, I want you to make a deal with me." Harry turned to Louis, "If you are serious about football, then I want you to be serious about your education as well."

Louis blinked. "My education? but, I dropped out of school when I was sixteen."

Harry nodded, "I understand, but I can't have that. I'd love for my Sub to be sexy, but intelligent"
too. I want you to have at least the basics of education. We'll talk about college later." Louis covered his mouth, blinking away tears. Harry gave a small smile, opening his arms for Louis to rush into them, knowing all too well how sensitive and slightly dramatic his Sub is. Louis held on to Harry with all his might.

"T-Thank you!" He cried. "I'll get good grades for you and graduate, but you'll help me too, right?"

Harry chuckled. "I know you will, and I'll help as much as I can. High Marks only, Love."

Louis giggled, "Can I call Niall and tell him I made the team?" Harry let go as Louis ran out of the room looking for his phone. On Que, Harry's own phone vibrated and he gave a confused glance at the text:

Unknown Number

Got yourself a new Sub, I see.

Harry's irises widened and he felt sick. It can't be.

Downtown London, (91 Peterborough Rd, to be specific) was home to Modest!Media. In fact, the whole area was nothing more than their little photographic playground. They specialized in Celebrity Paparazzi and writing atricals. Leader of this facility, is Anne-Marie.

She was a tall Dom, long sunshine blonde hair water falling to her hips and tight black dress suit. She ran and operated Modest!Media and everyone and everything was kept under her watchful eye. Nothing went past her, nothing tore her down. Defiantly a Dom trait, but it was terrifyingly good.

"What's the latest?" She asked to her group meeting.
One woman raised her hand, Anne-Marie nodded for her continue. "Well, Tom Daily was spotted out in Manchester having lunch-

"Next." Anne-Marie spoke, obviously that story wasn't going to make the papers.

One man voiced, "There's always that cheating rumor between that polyamory couple."

Anne-Marie rolled her eyes. "We have no evidence, just old articals for them. People aren't going to find it believable, or even worthy of gossip." Of course, lots of their "news" was made up, and sent to the newspaper: The Heat to be published the next morning. Anne-Marie was responsible for looking over "the news" before sending it.

"We could always bash The Matching System." a girl, more than likely a Sub, softly spoke up. Anne-Marie shook her head, sucking in her cheek. Too typical. She had a lot of enemies at The Matchmaker. After she had been revealed as a Dom and went through both Sub men and women, they refused to match her up with anyone else. You can only go through so many Subs before you're convicted as 'non-match able'.

If a Dom frequently visited a Matchmakers, he or she can easily be marked as a 'non-match able' Dom. Many of these Doms were abusive, harsh, and coincided. Just plain Evil they all were. Anne-Marie wasn't too different from them. She would take her anger and frustration out on the company, scaring Subs that read her "heartbroken" atricals about how it's their fault she couldn't find a decent Sub.

"Com'on people! Think! What the fuck is wrong with all of you?!" She screamed, her patience wearing thin. The Subs in the room lowered their heads by natural instinct of having a Dom scream at them and The Doms in the room glared, not liking being yelled at.

"You mean to tell me that there is NOTHING in all of England?!!"

"Prince Harry flew back from Vegas!" one Dom tried to help.

"Last week!" Anne-Marie spat. "What else?!" Her arms were stretched out as she slapped them on the hardwood table.
"Isis is a threat!"

"As it is to the rest of the world! Next!"

"The Royal family-!"

"Already covered!"

"The Kardashians-"

"No one cares!"

"Harry Styles," a calm voice from the doorway offered. Anne-Marie went to scream, but shut her mouth, turning to the door. Standing in the doorway was a man about thirty or forty years of age, his stature labeled him a Dom and he had a cup of coffee in his hands. "You are familiar about Mr. Styles, yes?"

Anne-Marie gave a confused glance. "And you are?"

The man cleared his throat. "Sorry about that, pardon my rudeness. My name is Dan Wootton. I'm an editor for The Heat. And I believe I have a story for you that you'll love."

Anne-Marie crossed her arms. "Who sent you?"

"Actually, The Head did, I was to inform you they're growing impatient," Anne-Marie rolled her eyes. "But, I've come to help. You see, there's a man by the name of Harry Styles, he owns a fairly booming business. What makes him stand out, is he's only in his early twenties. Recently there was a photo of him attacking his Sub," Dan handed her the poorly snapped shot that was seen in The UK a few days ago. "and while this is a story that's been covered. . . I think we can update it."

Anne-Marie smirked, "What did you have in mind?"

Dan sipped his coffee.
Harry had trouble sleeping that night. He was wide awake while Louis was peacefully dozing against his chest, dreaming about football. The Dom felt a sick feeling at the bottom of his stomach that never went away since he saw that text.

*It couldn't be him, could it?* He wondered. *I switched my phone number and everything!* How he got his new number, was beyond him. Harry turned his head to admire Louis sleeping. The boy's lashes lay gently against his cheeks, his breathing evened and, dare Harry assumed, he swore he saw Louis smiling in his sleep.

*Forget him. I have Louis now. Louis is better anyway.*

It's hard to forget nine months, but Harry was determined to push it as far back into his memories as possible. Harry held Louis closer. What a lot of Subs didn't know, was, Doms were very possessive. While their attitude could display that they could care less, that was not the same as how they felt on the inside.

As Harry once told Louis:

"Though you kneel before me, my darling, you shall never be bellow me."

And Harry meant every word. Granted, he knew he came off as a douche bag, but that was only because he wasn't good at expressing himself, a faulty Dom trait. He'd have to work on that. For Louis' sake. He smiled at the pretty doll-face in his arms. Louis was so, so beautiful. How could the boy not see that? Did he not see the dainty, china glass that was smol Louis Tomlinson as he did?

Harry kissed the start of Louis' hairline. He loved this moment of the night, where Louis was fast
asleep and he could kiss and peck his cheeks however much he wanted. He could do that during
the daytime too, but he worked too much. So, he reserved these nightly kisses for his collection of
secrets.

He knew the boy had been bullied, lost a father and was now on the verge of loosing his mother.
How Louis did that without breaking down was unknown to him. While Harry couldn't relate to
knowing the love of his parents, he had to imagine it was hard to deal with.

But he'd be there, he promised. He'd be there for Louis, no matter what.

What he didn't know was of the storm heading his way. The storm of paper, words and revenge.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Who's texting Harry?

Louis is excited for his first day of practice, but is shocked to see the conditions. He is also uneasy about the coach who keeps winking at him.

Zayn isn't too keen on leaving for Ireland

Chapter Notes

*watches aao3*

Aaah, a Christmas classic. I showed the videos to my nieces who are major One Direction fans and they loved it! But now, something for the adults (or teens) to enjoy.

Happy Christmas everyone!

Follow me on Twitter: @Angelic_Dusty

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Time to go!" Louis cheered, dressed in his footie uniform. Today would be the first day of practice and he was excited. Harry was dressed and ready for work, fixing his tie in the mirror.

"Just a second, Louis. Dammit!" Louis giggled, hopping over to tie Harry's silk red tie.

"There you are. All ready to fire people and make money." Louis beamed.

"You make me sound like a villain."

"Isn't that what you do?" Louis wished he had more insight on Harry's job. He had always been cautious about asking what he did specifically, not wanting to sound nosy. Plus, it wasn't a Sub's business to know what his or her Dom did for a living, in fact, in some countries, it was considered a privilege to know what they did all day.
"Sort of," Harry opened the door, letting Louis leave first. "actually, Zayn is the one who fires people. Gets a kick out of it." Louis struggled to get up in the front seat, Harry helped him, smacking his butt playfully before shutting the door. Louis buckled himself in while Harry started the car, immediately it became warm with the heat coming from the vents.

"How long is practice?" Harry asked.

"About four hours. I'll just walk home."

Harry sighed heavily, he knew he lived in a safe neighborhood, but Doms didn't like the idea of their Subs out in public without them, or someone they could trust. Call it paranoia, but really, its just a Dom's way of showing affection. Not to mention, some un-match able Dom could kidnap their poor Sub. "I'd rather you not. Just wait until I get off."

Louis frowned, "But, you don't get off until seven or eight some days. And I'll spend more time waiting for you than actually prati-

"Louis!" Harry barked. Louis cowered back, frightened that Harry screamed. Shit. "Look-I'm sorry for startling you, I just don't want you walking home alone."

"I could take a cab or-Hey, maybe Michael or Luke could give me a ride."

Harry blinked. "They're Irwin and Hood's subs, right?" Louis blinked, trying to remember. "Y-yeah."

"Good, they're our neighbors anyway, get to know them." Harry turned into the parking lot, stopping the vehicle. Louis went to leave but Harry held his hand. "Got your phone? Keys?"

Louis nodded, "Yes, Daddy."

Harry smirked as Louis leaned in to give a kiss goodbye. "Do good my precious. Call me when you're done and if you need a ride or not." Louis nodded and walked into the building. He smiled entering the arena that he tried out in when someone called him over.
"Hey, what are you doing in here?" the man looked like a janitor. Louis frowned, "Um, Sub-Sports?" He asked. He had the right area, right?

"Not in this room, it's at the end of the hall, take a right."

"Thank you." Louis smiled, leaving the football field. At the end of the hallway, taking a right, he gasped. This couldn't be right. Surely this wasn't the right room. He looked as puzzled as the other Subs. Louis ran over to Luke. "Luke, what's going on?" Louis asked, looking at the all concrete room. There weren't even goals set up, just two bright orange cones. There was one wooden bench off to the side, but it was split in half and some of the lights were flickering on and off.

"What did you expect, Louis?" Luke asked. "We're Subs. This is what we get."

Louis' jaw dropped. "What does being Subs have to do with anything?"

Luke laughed, "were you born yesterday? You think Subs get all this fancy stuff?"

"But, we practiced on the other field-"

"That was for The Doms, Okay? Don't worry, we'll play out there when we get our game."

Louis was heartbroken. Looking around the "field" he could also see really large cracks in the floor, as well as parts of the area not leveled. "The area isn't even flat, what if someone falls or-"

The sound of a loud whistle silenced everyone's chatter. Standing before the Subs was a large man with greasy, slicked back, black hair. He smelt of cheep alcohol, beef and cheese and wore a track suit that didn't fit him properly, showing off his large stomach and thighs. He was gross.

"Roll call." He announced, calling everyone by their last name. When he got to Louis' he paused, catching The Sub's eye and licked his yellow teeth. "Alright, I'm coach Shahid. Now, laps, ten of them, get moving!"
The Subs started running, but all of them were careful. There were cracks in the flooring and one could fall and scrape or hurt themselves. After a few laps around the poorly constructed gym, Coach Shahid began passing out footballs, telling everyone to take turns kicking them. Louis looked at his, it was covered with duct tape.

"Um, coach, this won't work." He said.

"Excuse me, Tomlinson?"

Louis gulped, "Sir, this ball isn't going to help any of us. It's covered with tape and almost out of air."

"Don't know what to say, Tomlinson. This is the equipment you've been given to work with, deal with it." He snapped. Louis frowned and went to follow everyone else, but Coach Shahid called him back. "Tomlinson, you know I didn't mean it." He winked.

Louis frowned, walking away Coach Shahid made him very uncomfortable.

Practice ended with three scraped elbows, Michael chapped his hands when he caught the ball because the tape was so rough, Luke was irritated because pebbles kept getting into his shoes and Coach wouldn't let him take them off And two other Subs had bloody knees because they fell down. Louis was tired, and thankful when Noon came around so he could go home.

"Hey, Luke, mind if I get a ride home with you?" Louis asked.


"Yeah, why?"

Louis shivered, "I don't know, he makes me uncomfortable."
Luke nodded in agreement. "He's gross. Oh, sorry, Lou, Ashton says 'no' he says bringing home Michael is enough."

*Maybe I should call Harry.* He knew Harry would pick him up, but he wasn't going to wait hours on end, or have his Dom leave work early on his behalf. "Okay, thanks anyway, I'll just walk."

"You sure?"

"Yeah, it's only a few blocks away." Louis smiled. "See you next week." He waved goodbye to Luke and began texting Harry.

*Practice is over and I'm on my way home.*

*I have a ride.*

He knew it was bad to lie to his Dom, but it was only a thirty minute walk, Harry would never know. Louis flung his gym bag over his back, inside had his key card to get past the gates and his house key. (Harry gave them to him after their signing, officially making Louis more than a gust in his home-their home.)

He smiled, looking at the sights in his neighborhood. He could see a park next to a school, across the street was a health market and a large pond. Louis knew gated communities had it good, he didn't know it was this good. He couldn't wait to raise a family here and had half a mind to research how the schools in the area were.

"Tomlinson!" He heard his name being called. He shivered as he turned to see the a beat up, junker of an el camino pulling up beside him. The vehicle needed a muffler, and black smoke came out from the back. Inside was Coach Shahid.

"Need a ride up the street?" He asked, smoking a cigar. Louis shook his head. "No thank you." Shahid shrugged, driving off. That slightly scared him. He was close to his own house and he felt uncomfortable that his coach knew that. He rushed home, unlocking the gates and the door. He shivered, closing the front door behind him.

Coach Shahid made him uneasy and he didn't know why.
Every time Harry’s phone buzzed, he felt a lump in his throat. That person kept texting him and he didn’t know if he should answer or not. If he did then maybe he could make the texting stop, but if he intervened, it might also be fuel to a fire.

Harry tried concentrating on his work but his phone buzzed again. Checking the time, 12:00, he knew this might be Louis.

Lou-bear

Practice is over and I'm on my way home.

I have a ride.

A breath of relief left him. He had been worried about that all day. They did live in a tight security neighborhood, but being the Dom he was, he worried. He smiled and went to reply. Halfway through his text, his iPhone buzzed again.

Unknown number:

Stop ignoring me. I know you read these

You used to text me all the time.

Harry glared, finishing his text to Louis before putting down his phone. He wanted to shut it off completely, but he was also waiting on a call from a client in Manchester. Plus, he was on break and he had time to text his ‘Lou-bear’ as he saved in his phone. Harry was a complete nut when it came to sappy things like that, Louis was worse, he knew for a fact he was saved as: Daddy♥ in Louis’ Phone.

His phone buzzed, it was Louis.
Lou-Bear:

Come home safely, I'll have dinner ready.

I love you.

Harry smiled and went to reply when his phone buzzed AGAIN. He groaned, seeing what this other person sent him:

Unknown Number:

I bet he can't suck cock as good as me.

Harry drew the line there and turned off his phone. He quickly turned it back on five minutes later, fearing he'd miss the call from his client, only to see even MORE messages from this unknown person:

I'll bet he's horrible in bed

Does he sleep in the bed WE shared?

Did you give him MY things?

Did you give him MY clothes?

I bet you've taken him to Paris already, just remember WE fucked there FIRST

Answer me Hazzy, you know you want to~

and a billion more. Harry glared at the screen, the buzzing stopped for a good twenty minutes. Harry felt sick. He knew he could just block the number and erase the messages and move on with Louis. But, then he'd be hiding something from Louis. He didn't want to do that either.

But what the fuck would I tell him? He'd be heartbroken or worried knowing I had a Sub before him.

Harry decided to leave early, he needed his Sub. Telling Liam and Zayn he'd be back tomorrow, he left without another word. The drive home felt agonizingly long and his phone started to vibrate again. He feared the worst but hoped for the best when he stopped at a red light to see the message.
He almost dropped his phone seeing it was a picture of an erected penis.

*Did this little fucker send me a dick pick?* He began to type furiously, claiming how disgusted he was and threatened to call the cops. He threw his phone aside and sped home.

"Louis!" He called happily, entering the clean mansion. "Louis...." he looked around until he spotted the boy curled up on his side on the white couch. Harry smiled, kicking off his shoes and taking off his jacket, walking to sit next to his Sub, but to his surprise, Louis was crying.

"Oh, baby, what's wrong?" Harry cooed, rubbing the boy's shaking shoulders. Louis sobbed. "Hey, now, I'm home early and you had your first day of footie practice, why so sad?"

Louis sniffed. He was confused. Wasn't Harry mad at me? "You....you said I was vile and disgusting." Louis cried, his eyes red with irritation from the salty tears. Harry paled. "You said you were going to have me arrested-" Louis coughed, crying harder into his pillow.

He didn't know what was wrong, he was trying to be seductive and send Harry a little something as a thank you for being so understanding, only to be punished.

Harry felt like an idiot after seeing the text, checking who it was from and the picture was indeed from Louis. Harry bit his lip. "Oh, baby, I am so, so sorry. I sent that to you thinking you were someone else. I'm sorry my Princess, Daddy is sorry." Harry pulled Louis in his lap, holding the dainty and distressed Sub close to him, patting his back.

"Daddy didn't mean to hurt my baby's feelings. I made a dumb move."

Louis sniffed, "Who did you think I was, Daddy?" Harry had replied pretty quickly and it made Louis wonder who Harry had beef with so bad to curse and threaten. Harry felt his stomach tie in a knot. He couldn't tell Louis. Not yet, at least.

"Just.....someone else, baby doll. Let's get you a bath and some new clothes on. How was footie?"

Louis didn't answer as he held Harry's hand, walking up the marble staircase. The Sub didn't know how begin, he feared saying anything because then Harry might think he was ungrateful. Louis shut his mouth. "O....okay."
Harry chuckled, "Just okay? You were very adamant on getting in."

Louis said nothing else, so Harry didn't push.

"Let's get you clean and then order take-out. Much better than making a mess, yeah?" Harry grinned. Louis smiled back. A part of him felt loved while the other half scolded himself for not telling the truth. Little did he know, Harry felt the same way.

Niall yawned, "Time for bed." He stood up, clutching his hard tummy. Liam laughed, "You're already tired? It's only seven." The Dom was happy Niall was finally getting to bed early, before, Niall would pull all nighters and pestered his Doms for constant sex (which wasn't bad in the beginning,) but Liam was concerned for Niall's health.

"Yeah, just tired lately. Hey, can I actually call my Mum before I get to sleep?" Niall asked.

Liam nodded, "Don't take too long." He watched as the blonde skipped off, cringing in fear for the baby's safety. "He's gotta' stop doing that." Liam spoke to himself. Zayn flipped the channels, "Yeah, I'd appreciate if he didn't call her either, I don't wanna' hear Maura bitching."

Liam frowned, "I don't like her either, but she's Niall's Mum."

Zayn rolled his eyes. The two were quiet enough of over hear the joyful responses Niall had for visiting them during Christmas. "I'm out." Zayn stood up. Liam grabbed his arm, "I don't think so. Listen, we'll be civil with Maura. And you better not start anything with Greg-

"No, but Greg can suck a dick."

"Stop that!"

Liam and Zayn turned to the den, hoping Niall hadn't heard them. They waited until he was
laughing again before speaking. "We will say 'hello' 'nice to see you again' and 'goodbye' nothing else!"

"Nothing but that?" Zayn arched his eyebrow, a serious tone to his voice. Liam sighed, "Yes, Zayn. Look, we have only one week before even leave for Ireland, let's not worry about it yet." Liam smiled, sitting next to his husband just in time for Niall to get off the phone.

He entered the room, sitting in between his Doms. Liam petted his blonde hair. "Thought you were off to bed?" Zayn asked, leaving back and crossing his arms, getting comfortable on the black, leather sofa. Niall shrugged, "Not tired anymore. I'm hungry!"

Liam laughed, "That's not new, sweetheart. What would you like?"

Niall thought for a moment, "something hot and spicy! Please, sir." Liam bit his lip, a bit worried about giving Niall such a request. Zayn opened one eyelid before speaking. "It's fine, just give him a little bit. Niall, cut back on the hot foods, can't be good for the baby." To everyone's surprise, Zayn lowered his arm and rested his hand on top of Niall's swollen belly. Liam grinned while Niall cuddled deeper into the Dom's side.

"Okay..." He promised.

Niall could see it now. A happy family, no arguing, just peaceful times ahead. "Can we talk about the baby?" He asked, a bit perplexed, not wanting to ruin the moment. He knew Zayn was still a bit touchy on the topic and he wanted to ease The Dom into it a gentle as possible. Zayn shrugged, "What's there to talk about?"

"Well, Liam and I like the name Alexander if it's a boy and I like Aliann if it's a girl. Do you like those names, Zayn?" Niall asked.

Zayn bit his lip, "Well, Alex is okay, but Aliann? What name is that?"

"It's Irish. I tried going for something my family would approve of." Niall answered, patting his tummy gently. Zayn let out a huff through his nose. He didn't like how Niall was always looking for his immediate family's approval in anything. Liam and He are his Doms, Zayn felt as if Niall didn't take their opinion seriously.
"Well, don't think about what they'd like, Niall." Zayn replied. "Think of something else."

Niall sucked in a breath at the change of Zayn's mood. "O-okay, how about Kelly? Or Sasha?"

"Those sound like fucking names for a Sub Stripper." Zayn's annoyance from previously was turning into anger at the mere thought of his future child Niall was carrying becoming a stripper. Not that Zayn had anything wrong with strippers, he just didn't want his daughter to be one. Than angered him to no end "And no fucking daughter of mind will be-"

"I never said that!" Niall was quick to reply just in time for Liam to rush in, hearing the fuss from the kitchen. Liam saw how distraught Niall was and the angry tone of Zayn's voice and wanted to know what had happened.

"Hey, Zayn, stop it!" Liam's voice booming Dominance. The tone of a Dom would become louder and almost deeper than their normal shouting voice, it was used to command their Subs into total Submission or to engage into a fight with other Doms. Liam and Zayn's Dom voice always scared Niall, because he feared things would escalate into something more than a petty argument.

Zayn's neck snapped so quickly in Liam's direction, Niall feared he may have broken it. "Stop what? What exactly am I doing?"

"You're scaring Niall!"

Zayn looked down to see tiny dew drops of tears escaping Niall's bright blue eyes. Zayn's anger immediately vanished, along with his hateful visions. "Oh Ni, I'm so-"

Niall didn't stick around to listen as he walked off, shouting that he wanted to be left alone for a while. Liam crossed his arms and gave a disapproving glare to his husband. "One step closer to being two steps father, huh?"

"Shut up!" Zayn barked, leaving the living room. He didn't want to admit how right Liam was. Right now, Zayn felt like a total first-class-jackass. It was never his intention to make Niall feel scared, upset or lonely, but he's managed to do all three in the span of nearly a month. Not to mention fighting with Liam isn't solving anything either. He retired himself to his study to catch up on some paperwork. It calmed him down to do his work, not focusing on his emotions for a minute.
He knew he couldn't avoid Niall and Liam forever, it wasn't his intention to avoid them, just isolate himself till he could calm down. He pulled out his phone, texting Harry, when his phone started to ring. His eyes narrowed in confusion seeing it was Dr. Francis.

"Hello?" Zayn answered.

"Zayn, I was wondering how things were going."

This is weird, Dr. Francis didn't normally just call and ask things. "Fine. How about you?"

"I'm doing well, just calling to remind you that Niall's next appointment is scheduled for next week on the twentieth." Dr. Francis answered. Zayn was about to protest when he struck an idea. Next week, they were supposed to be headed to Ireland. He couldn't contain himself and smirked.

"Alright, we'll be there, what time?"

"Is noon okay?"

"Sure, and can I also schedule an therapy appointment? I think we all need one." *Looks like we won't be headed to Ireland after all.*
Chapter End Notes

Ooooh! Zayn is such a dick! Dick move! Dick move, buddy. And what's up with grease ball Shahid hitting on Louis? And who's texting Harry???

Leave kudos and a comment, please
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Someone tries to sneak into Harry and Louis' home.

Niall is devastated to hear he can't visit Ireland and decides to do something about it.

Anne-Marie and Dan plot.

Chapter Notes

Happy Christmas my loyal readers! And Happy Birthday, Louis Tonlinson♥♥ I hope you all are enjoying the holidays. I'm sorry to tell you all this, but I had this written already but decided to publish it today specifically, as a Christmas present. :)

Also, this chapter is dedicated to: trysomecats
The autor of: Trinity's Fate. Go check out her story, it's amazing! ♥♥

I might never be a well-known author
and this might never be the book your show your mother
but I can be the one, who brings you smut tonight!!!!

-Perfect (the fanfic writer's verse)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis smiled, opening the boxes of new ornaments Harry and he had bought. Louis was excited, it was Christmas time and he was so excited to decorate the tree.

That is, if they had one.
"Harry, when will the tree be coming?" Louis asked.

"Soon, they said they's have it delivered this afternoon." Harry smiled, opening more boxes and shooing away Lou-Lou when she got in the way. Louis beamed, "Could we have it in front of the curtains?; I'd love to have it there, it would look spectacular." Harry turned to where Louis pointed and nodded. It would look good there.

"What did you pick out at the department store, baby cakes?" Harry asked. Louis licked his lips. He and Harry had gone Christmas shopping and picked out some things to hang on their tree. He really couldn't keep his eyes off his Dom the whole time; and because Harry had taken off the day to be with him, he didn't dress as fancy as he normally would, sticking to some black jeans and an overly large black shirt with white angel feathers.

He looked so warm and cuddly, which was weird for a Dom.

"Uh, just some large ribbons, red, gold and silver ornaments and a star."

"Sorry, wasn't paying attention." Harry smiled, reaching out to tenderly stroke Louis' cheek. Louis blushed, "It's okay. I wasn't really either."

"We're not safe shoppers." Harry chuckled, causing Louis to giggle as he brought the Sub closer. Harry leaned down to peck Louis' lips but somehow lingered on (and it wasn't very hard to) causing a full make-out session next to the Christmas lights and shopping bags. "So beautiful. You're my star. Put you on top of the tree."

"I prefer my Dom's wood up in me." Louis giggled, covering his mouth. Recently, he had been replying to Harry's crude and slutty remarks with cute comebacks. Harry didn't mind, it was an odd turn on for him. Harry pinned Louis to the floor, sucking on The Sub's jaw and neck, leaving tiny bite marks and nips. "Is that so? This wood right here?" Harry began to grind on Louis' thigh.

Louis wanted more.

"Oh, yes, your big, hard wood. Oh, I want it so bad, Daddy."
"Getting better on the sex lingo." Harry praised, kissing Louis some more, sliding his hand up The
Sub's Christmas sweater to twist a nipple. Things would have gone much further if there hadn't
been the ringing at the gate. Harry groaned, "Just a minute." he promised, leaving to see who was
at the gate. Louis sat up straight, opening more boxes and admiring the ornaments.

When he was a child, he didn't have many ornaments to hang up on the tree, so he went all out this
year. He bought lots of little tiny stuffed animals and even figurine toys to put on a branch, wanting
to make his tree look exactly like the magazines in SubHomes, a popular magazine for Subs that
included recipes, celebrity gossip and fun ways to decorate the house or to please your Dom. Louis
wanted this Christmas to be extra special for his Mum too. He felt a twinge in his heart, not
wanting to feel as if this would be his last Christmas with her.

Think happy thoughts, he reminded himself, shaking his head.

"Louis!" Harry happily called, "The tree is here."

With that, the Sub jumped for joy, rushing to Harry's side and watching as two strong men carried
in the largest Christmas tree Louis had ever seen. It was taller than Harry, not nearly reaching the
ceiling, but it was close. Harry helped the men place the tree into the tree holder and straighten it
out, brushing off some pine needles that fell on his shirt. Louis beamed as Harry wrapped his arm
around his waist.

"Do you like it, my love?"

"I love it! Thank you!"

After the men were paid and thanked, Harry and Louis began decorating the tree. While Harry
fumbled with the lights, Louis neatly placed an ornament on a branch. The Sub squeaked when
Harry surprised him by picking him up so he could reach to a higher branch. Being together and
spending time decorating was such a cherish-able moment in both their hearts; by the time they
were done, it was dark outside and Harry had Louis turn off the lights to see what the tree looked
like.
When the tree was lit, there was a sparkle in Louis' eyes as he watched the lights to the tree give off a warm glow. Gold, Red and Green were all that he saw standing next to his Dom. Past memories came flooding to Louis as he remembering being a child and enjoying this holiday so much with his parents; and now here he was celebrating it with his Dom.

"Louis?" Harry gently asked. "Are you okay?"

The Sub hadn't realized that he was even crying. "Oh, yeah, just so happy, Harry. This means a lot." The Sub lowered his head. "I mean, I know my life hasn't been the greatest, but spending it with you makes it all worth while." Harry opened his arms, welcoming his lovely Lou into a tight
hold. He'd never admit it, but Louis' little speech had him feeling the same way. They kept the lights on all night while they sat on the couch admiring their handy work.

They turned on a Christmas movie, made hot chocolate (Louis' with extra marshmallows) and were snuggling together under a wool blanket on the couch. Harry had never been one for children's Christmas movies, but he couldn't wait to see what type of revenge Rudolf had in store for the assholes that picked on him.

"So, his nose is weapon?"

"No, Harry, it's just a light."

"Is it a tumor?"

"No!"

"That blonde elf wants to be a dentist but he's seen as an outcast? Why?"

"Because elves make toys and only toys. The big elf just said so-"

"But why? Like, all they eat is candy right? Do you know how much money he'll make if-"

"I can't hear, Harry."

Harry groaned, watching as Louis sat up becoming engulfed by the characters of the animated movie. "Santa's kind of a douche in this, huh?" He chuckled, earning a 'sssh' from Louis. Harry rolled his eyes and just so happened to turn to the window to see a dark figure move away quickly. He scrambled to get up, telling Louis to pause the movie and be quiet.

Louis felt afraid with the sudden mood change and did as he was told. "What's wrong?"

"... I think I just saw someone outside the window." Harry answered, turning off the lamp so the only lights were from the TV and the tree. Harry began walking to the window. "Stay here, don't
move.” Louis clutched onto the blanket shivering on the couch as Harry tip-toed over to the large window by the tree. Harry leaned by the wall, opening the window a crack. Suddenly, as he was watching in anger, a slim leg and foot began to make their way through the opening of the window. Louis winced, closing his eyes.

Once the figure was inside, Harry pounced on them, tackling the trespasser to the floor. Louis screamed just in time as the person did too.

"What the fuck?!" Harry shouted, recognizing the voice that hollered in pain and raced to turn on the lamp to get a better look at who tried to break into their house. Louis lowered the blanket and held his hand to his heart.

"Gemma!" Harry screamed.

Kneeling on the floor was none of than Gemma Styles, wearing a long faux fur, red and white cheetah coat that reached her ankles to her black stylish boots. In her hand was a small bag and she looked cold. "Is that any way to treat you loving sister?" She barked at Harry. "Is that how you treat all your guests?"

"And what the fuck do you think you're doing sneaking into my house?!!" Harry demanded to know.

"I would have gone through the door," she rolled her eyes before smirking in Louis' direction. "As if you'd answer it with that hot piece of candy on you. I wouldn't either." Gemma winked. "Speaking of which, for you, dear Princess." Gemma handed over the bag to which Louis thanked her for. Gemma turned to smile at the tree. "Nice tree, Haz, did you get it today?"

Harry didn't answer but folded his arms. "Get out, Gemma! I'll call the police."

"On your own sister? On the holiday season?" Gemma stuck out her bottom lip. "Besides, I want to spoil Louis and treat him as a princess."

"Get your own fucking sub!" Harry belted, annoyed and very angry beyond words. How could Gemma scare him like that?
Gemma tsked at Harry. "A Dom doesn't shout in the company of his beloved. Open it, Louis. I wanna' see!" Gemma squealed.

Louis looked back and forth between his Dom and Gemma. He bit his lip, opening the bag and gasped. Inside was a very expensive and very fitting silver crown, with tiny diamonds sparkling and twinkling along the pointed design. He nearly lost his breath holding it.

Harry didn't look impressed. "Where did you steal that?" He growled at his sister.

"Hmph. To think you would assume I stole something, Hazza. I do have friends in the Royal Jewelers, or have you forgotten?"

Louis was trying to conjure up any words of thanks, but all he did was stutter at the priceless jewelry in his hands. *And did she just say Royal Jewelers?* He was lost for words. "Well, Louis is my Sub and if I want to spend that much on him then I will. Not you, you have no right in buying him gifts like that!"

Doms were often infuriated and insulted when someone 'out gifted' them. Normally this argument
would be between the parents of a Sub and the Dom that beat them, not a brother and sister of their own. Gemma rolled her eyes, helping herself up to the couch next to a sputtering Louis Tomlinson. "Aw, who cares? He likes it, eh, Lou?"

"I-I-I- ..."


"Enough already!" Harry shouted, "You did what you wanted, now go!" Gemma bit her lip, nervously looking at the ground. Causing Harry to give her a glance of confusion. "What? What's wrong?" But he wasn't concerned as he sounded.

Gemma giggled, "Well, you see. . . . Mum and Dad sort of. . . cut me off."

Harry blinked. "So? They did that to me too. In fact, I'm surprised they kept paying you after all these years."

"That's the thing. . . I sort of spent all my money on. . . " Gemma nodded towards the crown and Harry shook his head, worried about to what she was referring to. "Oh, goddammit, Gemma!" Louis frowned, taking off the crown and giving it back to the woman.

"Here, take it back, please, I have everything that I could ever want." He begged. "Please, don't spend all of this on me!"

Gemma laughed, "Uh, sort of did already." She clutched the back of her hair, itching her head. "But don't worry, Auntie Gemma is going to get a job and pay rent while she stays here."

At that last sentence, Harry's head snapped up and he paled. "W-what?"

"Oh, yes!" Louis cheered. "Oh, please, please Harry, please let Gemma stay."

"No, Louis, she can go to her own house-" before Harry could say anything else, Louis was on his knees in front of him, holding his hands together and looking up, Gemma copied Louis' stance and
playfully begged with The Sub. "Please, Harry, please?" Harry looked down at Gemma's smirk and scowled.

She's up to something.

"She can stay for a night." Harry mumbled. "And I want to talk to you." He pointed to his sisted. "Louis, go upstairs and get ready for bed." He commanded, earning a kiss on the cheek from Louis as he raced up the marble steps, holding his crown. Harry snapped his fingers and pointed to the couch. "What do you want?"

Gemma smirked, laying down and crossing her legs. "Nothing. Just spreading the holiday spirit."

"Cut the crap, Gemma. Mum and Dad didn't cut you off." Harry was right. "And I know damn well you have money, what the fuck are you playing at?"

Gemma shrugged, taking Louis' cup of cocoa and sipping it. "I have something important to tell you." She turned to her brother, giving him a very serious glance. "Watch you back. My friend who made that crown for Louis said that more articals from The Matchmakers have been flying around."

"What does that have to do with me?"

"Well, as per-say last time that pap caught you almost striking my future brother-in-law, they're bound to use that against you. They're already publishing atricals about other Doms and Subs in the London area, including celebrities and even some members of parliaments and even cousins of The Royal Family. This sin't the first time it's happened, but it's happening more frequently. I'll have some personal friends snoop around for me to see what's going on." Gemma replied, sipping her up.

"Just, don't want you looking like a bad guy in the public eye, ya' know?" she gave him a sweet smile and cuddled deeper into the soft blanket and started up the children's movie.

Harry didn't say anything and left for bed. Not before stopping and shouting: "What do you mean future brother-in-law?!"
Gemma giggled. "Louis is too cute to only be a Tomlinson his whole life! Put a ring on it, my lovely brother, and add some Style in his name!"

Harry bit his tongue from telling his sister to shut up and walked up the stairs to his and Louis' room. The Sub was laying in bed waiting with a smile on his face. "Thank you for letting Gemma stay, I know you don't like her very much Harry."

"Not liking her is an understatement." Harry muttered, taking off his pants and shirt, only in his black boxers that made Louis lick his lips. Harry smirked, standing next to the bed by Louis. "See something you like?" He asked the obvious.

Louis nodded. He blushed, hiding his face but Harry wasn't going to have any of that and gently casted aside Louis' hands. "I wanna see that pretty face while you suck it." He commanded, sending Louis into a heated frenzy. Almost immediately, Louis crawled out of bed, instantly on his knees in front of Harry. Harry stroked his fingers through Louis' beautiful carmel fringe and spoke, "Although you kneel before me, My Louis, you shall never be bellow me. I hold you to the highest ranking in my books."

The Sub was flattered and melted at the praise, kissing Harry's thigh tattoo. Harry kept both hands on Louis' shoulders as the Sub pulled down his boxers, enjoying the semi-hard on that sprung to life once exposed. Louis licked his lips before pressing tiny kisses to the head of Harry's cock and down to the shaft. Harry closed his eyes, breathing in and out of pleasure. Louis began taking tiny amounts of the erection in his mouth until he had a good portion of The Dom in him. Although Louis had never sucked all of Harry's cock before, his Sub genes were telling him to; Louis relaxed his throat and bobbed his head. Harry flung his head back in pleasure, moving his hands up to Louis' head and bucking his hips, face-fucking The Sub. Eventually, Harry felt himself having to burst and moaned as he came inside Louis' mouth.

"Keep it in your mouth, Louis." he commanded, seeing the sub with cute chipmunk cheeks full of his seed was very pleasing. He smiled and watched Louis gulp every drop.

"That's a good girl, Daddy's princess." Harry praised. Louis wasn't done just yet, he frowned at his own hard on that Harry noticed right away. "Of course, I can't leave my baby so distressed. Hop on the bed and let Daddy care for you."

Louis did as he was told as Harry walked over to the dresser, pulling out a toy Louis didn't know about, Harry smiled, "You've been good for Daddy, so good, that I want to treat you. Face the front of the bed and stick your bum out."
The Sub did as he was told and waited. Louis felt tingly when Harry kissed his exposed back, trailing the kisses down his spine to his black, lace panties. They were taken off quickly and Harry admired the beautiful, large ass that was his to claim. He pecked some more kisses on the outside of Louis' pink hole before turning on the white and blue vibrator.

"You'll feel real nice baby, I promise." Harry spoke as he lubed up the tip and turned it on the lowest setting. Louis whimpered as the vibrator made contact with his hole, Harry hadn't stuck it in yet, wanting to tease his baby a bit and began to roll it around and up and down the inside of his ass to the base of his balls. Louis would move or jerk suddenly, causing Harry to give him a harsh spanking, but that felt good too. The poor baby was in a whirlwind of pleasure. Loving the noises his Sub was making, Harry amped up the speed and stuck it in Louis.

Louis moaned, shaking his hips in a rocking motion. Harry chuckled, letting Louis do all the work. It was important that Louis go at his own speed before Harry tried anything on him. He was content with watching his baby learn.

Soon, Harry had it on the highest setting and Louis was nothing more than a pile of kitten goo, passed out from the sensation and coming on his tummy. Harry tossed the toy aside and leaned down to plant little pepper kiss on Louis' ear. "Mmm, my sweet Princess."

Louis held his hand up with half-lidded eyes. He was tired. Harry knew all too well what Louis meant and leaned in, wrapping his arms around The Sub. Against Harry's soft skinned, toned chest was Louis' favorite place in the world. He could hear Harry's heartbeat and the warmth was perfect. Not to mention the amount of security he felt from his Dom was the best.

"Rest your sleepy eyes, Princess. Daddys got'cha."
Louis did, falling asleep and dreaming of Harry. The Dom tucked in his lovely Sub into bed, cuddling next to him. Forgetting all about his worries for the night.

"What?!" Liam asked and Niall stood with his mouth wide open. Zayn nodded, shoving his hands into his pockets. "'Fraid so, my loves." The Dom had just given his husbands the news of the "much needed and can't reschedule appointment" they would have to attend, making visiting Ireland a no-go.

"Are you sure we can't reschedule?" Niall pleaded. "I've waited all Summer to see them again." Upon hearing that Niall had another appointment next week, on the day they were supposed to leave for Ireland had devastated the Irish Sub and confused Liam. Poor Niall was close to tears. He had looked forward to seeing his side of the family and friends that he had to leave almost two years ago.

"I'm sorry, baby. But this time, we'll have pictures for your scrap book, won't that be fun?" Zayn assured Niall, holding him close.

"I guess so." The Sub frowned, not seeing Liam behind him fold his arms and give Zayn a cross glance. Zayn didn't reply and patted the blonde's head. "Let's unpack these bags and focus on next week. Liam, you and I will be able to see the baby this time, won't that be exciting?"

Niall giggled, patting his hard tummy. "I would like to see them."

Zayn smiled, happy that he got Niall side-tracked from being upset about not going to Ireland anymore. Liam, he was sure already figured him out. "Also, we have a therapy meeting with Dr. Francis. He wants to see how our relationship is going as well."

"Oh really?" Liam arched his eyebrow. He didn't believe Zayn for a second. One second he was arguing and fussing about leaving for Ireland and then the next he was suddenly so worried about
not making it to a baby appointment? Something was fishy.

"Yeah." Zayn kept a straight face

Niall hopped into bed while Liam hauled the suitcases over to the couch. They'd unpack later tomorrow, right now, it was time for bed and when Niall had drifted off, Liam pulled Zayn out of the room. "And what was that all about?!" He hissed. Zayn shrugged.

"Dunno what you're talking about." He replied, lighting up a cigarette that Liam took and smashed on to the ground with his slipper.

"I can't believe you!" Liam growled. "You did this on purpose and don't act dumb, you've made it obvious that you didn't want to go to Ireland and now you're suddenly interested in the baby's well being!" Liam folded his arms. Zayn snorted, "Maybe I am, maybe keeping that kid away from those people won't sent Niall into a miscarriage."

Liam's jaw dropped at the statement. "That-that was horrible of you to say!" To think Zayn assumed that Niall being around his family would cause such a thing was horrible to accuse; as much as he didn't care for Niall's family, he knew that they loved Niall with all their hearts and would never cause any harm to him. Zayn rolled his eyes.

"Don't act like you don't feel the same way too. Besides, what are we missing out on? Being cursed at by Maura? Ignored by Bobby and threatened by Greg? Not much if I recall." Zayn turned to go back into the room when Liam said something that made him re-think his action.

"I won't say anything to Niall. But when we go to this therapy session, you better tell him the real reason why we didn't leave." Liam walked past Zayn and laid next to Niall, cuddling him. Zayn closed his eyes for a moment when he got into bed. He knew what he did was probably the worst thing he could to Niall. He was breaking his promise of letting him see his family again, and lying to him. Double time.

What the fuck am I becoming?

Zayn was never like this. He was always an honest person who cared for his family, friends and everyone important to him. He was The Dom that pepper Niall's face with kisses and guided Liam when he felt confused on what to do.
He blamed the cigarettes, even if he knew he was at fault.

The next morning, Liam and Zayn went to work, promising Niall they'd be home before dinner. After they left, showering him with kisses and hugs, Niall had to give the sad news to his mother. It didn't go very well.

"I'm sorry, Ma'm, but I have an appointment and you know it's hard for Zee and Lili to take off work-"

"But to keep you from your family is just despicable. I mean it Niall, they're purposely keeping you from us! And what about Greg? He took off work to come see you and it's just as hard for him as it would be for your Doms, I'm sure." She pouted. Niall sighed.

"Well, maybe-" He got an idea. If he couldn't go to Ireland... "Maybe you all could come here for the holidays? We have more than enough room and lots of space." He wasn't wrong about that. They had more than enough guest rooms and bathrooms to suit at least seven more guests. Niall was happy to live in such a big, lovely home.

On the other end, Maura couldn't help but drop her jaw. "R-Really, Nialler?"

"Sure, why not? Hey, we'll make it a surprise! I'm sure Zayn and Liam wouldn't mind if you stayed for a few days. I'll buy you guys plane tickets and everything."

"Oh, but are you really, really sure that Zayn and Liam will not care if we just pop in?" Truthfully she could care less what they thought of her and her family showing up. She missed her baby boy and she had no problem staying in the Doms' big house. Niall thought for a moment. Maybe he really should tell Liam and Zayn his idea.

"I'll give them a call later on and talk to them. I promise, Mammy."
Maura smirked, she could hardly wait.

Anne-Marie sat at her desk. It was after hours at Modest!Media and she had arranged for Dan Wootton to talk to her. She watched as he poured himself and her a glass of wine. "I had to admit, I can't remember anyone bribing me with wine." The Domme answered.

Dan laughed, "Bribe? Who said anything about that? I'm merely giving you my ideas."

"You said you were sent here. Who sent you here?"

Dan held up his arms. "Came on my own free will, ma'am. Although, we have noticed that you are coming up with a lack of stories and I volunteered myself to come and help." Anne-Marie said nothing and watched as the fellow Dom before her sit down and sip his drink.

"You see, I don't necessarily have a problem with that. We can actually create our own stories, or have PR arrangements and stunts handled without Modest!Media"

Anne-Marie sucked in her lips in anger. "What are you getting at?"

"I'm just saying, I like your ruthless work." Dan replied. The female Domme snorted, "I don't buy into flattery." That was a lie, Doms thrived on being flattered and praised, just like a Sub loved being doted and cared about. Don shrugged, "I'm suggesting we move up."

Anne-Marie blinked.

"I'm sick and tired of working with people who don't know what they're doing. I tell you, none of idiots I work with passed third grade English! You see, if you and I work together on this Harry Styles story, then we could gain all the profits from it to start anew." Dan smirked. Anne-Marie sucked in her cheek, giving a squint with her eyes.
"And what does 'Harry Styles' have to offer us? Abusive Dom stories happen all the time."

Dan chuckled, "Harry Styles found his Sub at the Matching Center in Downtown London. You've had history with them, I know." Anne-Marie narrowed her eyes, gulping her wine. "Not only would we be attacking Harry Styles, but we will be attacking them too, throwing them out of business. . ."

Anne Marie looked up at Dan and her eyes shined as if she were watching Jesus resurrect. "...and if they go out of business." She added her own input. "Then. . . unmatched Subs in London will have no other choice but to go to either Dublin or somewhere else to find their match-"

"Oh, but what if a poor Sub were to accidentally get lost or, mislead to the match makers? Some Dom would have a field day." Dan sing-songed. "But they might not stop at one Sub, let's say ten or twenty or even a hundred go missing. . ."

Of course, Dan was referring to an arranged brothel. Brothels, were highly illegal. Unlike Strip Clubs where Subs were monitored and protected, brothels were normally a group of kidnapped or abused Subs forced to give up their bodies for the sole pleasure of a Dom, normally without consent.

That's why the Matching System was created, to put an end to those horrible things. But with a brothel going on, Anne-Marie and Dan could charge by the THOUSANDS for Doms to pay to pleasure themselves on some poor Sub. And no one would know it was them because they were employed 'over worked' Doms.

They'd be rich within a month.

Anne-Marie folder her fingers together, resting her head on her hands. "I like the way you think, Dan." She her sinister smile on display.

Dan raised his glass. "Let's get started then."
Chapter End Notes

This chapter felt rushed even though I went back and edited it, like, a million times. Oh well, that just means we're picking up speed ;) Also, seeing the holidays are here, I have to act straighter than I am for the relatives visiting

Tell me what you thought and the next chapter will be out soon.

My twitter: @Angelic_Dusty
Chapter Summary

Louis' love for football is being jeopardized by his coach and he and Gemma hatch a plan.

Harry can't stand Gemma

Chapter Notes

A lot happens in this chapter, thanks for being so patient ♥♥ Also, I have a YouTube!!
Yay! Don't forget to follow me on twitter and subscribe to me on YouTube :)

Twitter: @Angelic_Dusty
You-Tube: Angelic Dusty

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The holidays really flew by for Louis, although he couldn't say the same for Harry. The Dom was annoyed with his elder sister walking around in nothing but a towel or a bath robe (which were in fact HIS) and eating all the food Louis made.

He blinked and felt his eye brow twitch seeing Gemma just burst into his study munching on a bag of potato crisps. "Hey lil'bro, vas happenin?" she asked with a mouthful of salty barbecue flavored crisps, crumbs falling from her mouth.

Harry's eye brow twitched. "Get out."

"You're no fun. You make Louis clean house and do your laundry!" she pointed a finger at him, "he's a princess and deserves to be treated as such!"

Harry put his pen down, folding his hands. "Louis does chores on his own free will cause he's avoiding you." of course that was a lie, Gemma knew that, Louis did chores cause he wanted to please Harry.
"Don't say such things. Besides, his lamb is sleeping and I don't wanna bother anyone-"

"You're bothering me!" Harry growled. "Go back to your own house!"

Gemma chuckled, "Haven't been there since twenty-fifteen." she joked, to which Harry rolled his eyes. "Hey did you know that the average female looses to about a cup of blood each month during-"

"Will you shut the fuck up?" Harry shouted, disgusted. "I mean what the fuck, who the hell starts a conversation like that?!"

Gemma smirked, showing off her pearly white teeth. "So we're chatting then?"

"No, you're fucking leaving!" Harry pointed to the door, just in time for Louis to open the door gently and ask timidly what was happening only for Harry to shouted "GET THE HELL OUT!" at the top of his lungs.

The two Doms froze seeing Louis in the doorway.

"O-oh-oh, okay." Louis frowned, lowering his head and backing away quickly. Gemma folded her arms while Harry laid his head on his desk.

"Well that was professional." Gemma rolled her eyes. Harry jerked his head up and gave Gemma a glare that sent her rushing out of the room, leaving a trail of chip crumbs. The Dom was emotionally drained. He had to get Gemma out of his house before he went insane! First things first, I have to apologize to Louis.

The Sub was washing dishes when Harry was done with his work. "Louis?" Harry called, causing The Sub to turn around. "I just want to say that I'm sorry for screaming, that wasn't meant to be at you, it's just Gemma is pissing me off and. . ." The Dom tried to explain himself but was caught off guard when he saw that Louis wasn't looking at him.
"Something wrong, Louis?" He isn't upset because I screamed at him. "Baby? Talk to me."

Louis sniffed, "Just, I miss my Mum and I'm worried about her." Louis lied. While he was worried about his Mum, that wasn't the reason for his anxiousness now. Tomorrow was the first day of practice after break and he wasn't feeling too hot about going. The Coach made him feel uncomfortable. Harry held Louis close, rocking on the balls of his heels for a moment and smelling the sweet scent of Louis' shampoo before hushing at the tip of Louis' ear.

"We could go see her if you'd like." Harry offered.

"I already tried and we missed visiting hours."

"We can go tomorrow after your practice." that made Louis cringe.

"Yeah, about that." Louis frowned. Harry stepped back, blinking in confusion. "What about it?" He asked The Sub. Louis bit his lip, prepared to tell Harry that he didn't want to attend practice anymore. Harry's reaction was not pleasant and it sent The Dom in a bit of a frenzy.

"What do you mean you don't want to go? Do you know how much money I paid for those practices and your uniforms?!!" Harry bellowed.

"Yes, I know, but I don't want to do it anymore!" Louis whined.

"And why not?"

"Because," Louis trailed off, trying to think of an excuse, not wanting to make Harry any madder than he was. "because...I have chores to do around here. Yeah, I wanna' be more of a Sub-homey-type." What he spoke was almost utter gibberish and Harry was left more bewildered than ever. Louis didn't have any specific chores to do, just keep the place tidy which it was pretty much always.

"What are you talking about? Look, I didn't spend nearly thirty-five pounds for two uniforms and an additional one hundred for your practices for nothing." Harry barked. "You whined about this for weeks and you're going and that's final!" The Dom turned away, leaving Louis in a worse state than what he was before. The Sub walked over to the living room to silently cry to himself.
He didn't understand what was going on, he thought he and Harry were on good terms again, but he can feel all the hard work they had back tracking.

*I'm at square one again.* Louis held onto a pillow, sniffing.

From the staircase, Gemma watched the poor boy cry on the couch. She had overheard Harry and Louis' little argument and knew she had to do something, because whether Harry liked it or not, he was acting just like their father and she had to stop him.

The next morning, Louis had woken to find Harry already gone. He frowned, he had gone to sleep before Harry and he wished to have woken up before the Dom left so he could apologize and hopefully put behind what happened yesterday. Looking at the clock, he saw that it was seven-thirty, he had just one hour before he needed to head to practice.

*Maybe I can quit there,* he assumed, however that thought was followed by a large jolt in the pit of his stomach and another thought: *But what happens if Harry finds out? But I don't wanna' do this anymore!* That wasn't totally a lie, Louis wanted to play football, but on a decent turf, with footballs that are actually inflated and without the perverted coach. The Sub sighs as he dresses in his white uniform and heads downstairs seeing Gemma in the kitchen and eating a bowl of cereal.

"Oh, morning Gemma." Louis smiled sweetly.

"Mornin' kid, hey, since uh-" Gemma stopped to drink out of the milk carton "-uh my brother ain't here, I'll take you to practice."

Louis was suddenly nervous and Gemma sensed it. "Don't worry, the other Subs will be so jealous that you're riding in Auntie Gemma's hot pink limo, you'll be the talk of the town." Gemma cheered with the carton of milk. Louis sat down next to her and she kindly poured him a bowl of frosted boo-boo-bears. "Now, about last night-"
"Did you hear that?" Louis asked, worried.

Gemma nodded, smiling sadly. "Yeah, I did, kiddo. Now, listen, tell me, why don't you wanna' go to practice anymore? You sounded like you really wanted to go."

Louis didn't know how to tell her. Hell, he hadn't even told Harry! How do you even being to tell someone that you love that someone was creeping you out? Louis knew he had to say something. Gemma would help him for sure. "Well, I don't like the coach." He admitted.

"Why?"

"He's just... a creep." Louis blushed. Gemma nodded, "Alright, and what makes Coach Creep "Coach Creep"?" Louis told her all about Coach Shahid winking at him, starring at him and all the uncomfortable moments he had to endue while being under the same room as him. Gemma listened attentively and deep inside she grew angry.

"Well, Louis, I'm sorry you had to endure that," She firmly spoke. Louis sniffed, "Are you going to tell Harry?" He asked.

Gemma shook her head, "No. Not if you don't want me to." Louis didn't know why, but it was much easier to talk to Gemma than it was Harry. Harry was easy to talk to in the beginning, but lately he's become so distant and even mean that Louis has no one to run to, he's happy Gemma is here or he wouldn't know what to do.

"I don't know why." Louis fiddled with his spoon, "But I just can't tell Harry this. I've already upset him, telling him this will upset him even more."

"Unfortunately, I can't help you just yet. But I have an idea. Do you mind going to practice just this once?"

Louis gulped, he hadn't the slightest idea as to what Gemma was thinking, but if she was going to help, then he'd go. He nodded, giving the reward of a kiss to the head from his Dom's sister. "Good boy." Gemma praised. "Now, Breakfast, wash up, and off to the arena!"
The Sub bit his lip, "But, what if something happens to me?"

Gemma reached into her pocket, pulling out a hot pink bedazzled phone. Louis gave her a blank stare. "I-I already have a phone-"

"Oh, no, this is no ordinary phone, Louis. It's a Dom phone." Gemma explained. Louis gave her a puzzled look before Gemma continued. "You see, Louis, this is a very special phone that only wealthiest of Doms can afford or are allowed to have. The reason being: is there is a camera that allows you to take pictures without ever turning on the phone." Gemma skirked, turning off her phone completely.

"You just his the button in the center and-" she turned on her phone and showed Louis the photo. The sub was speechless. "But, how?"

"Louis, I want you to gather evidence on this creep. Whether is being him doing something illegal or harassment, anything, and I promise you, you will not have to deal with him anymore." Gemma smiled. Louis nodded his head, thanking her.

Louis blushed as every set of eyes were on him as he left the hot pink limousine with Gemma poking her head out the sun roof window. "Bye, bye, Lou, Auntie Gemma will be back at noon to pick you up!" she waved.

The sub hung his head as Luke and Michael approached him, giving him questioning looks. "Who was that?"

"My Dom's sister, she's visiting us for the holidays."

"Thought New Years was over like a week ago?" Michael asked. Louis groaned, covering his hands. No sooner than when Gemma had left, did Coach Shahid arrive. Everyone backed away from the parkling lot in a scramble as to not get hit by his junker car.
Louis tried whipping out Gemma's to capture the moment, but groaned as Shahid parked awkwardly, covering up two lanes. "Oi! Watch where you're going! You could have killed us!" Luke screamed.

Shahid smirked, helping himself out of the car with difficulty, losing his balance and falling to the ground, much to The Sub's amusement. Shahid quickly stood up, hiking up his sweatpants. "ALRIGHT! Just for that comment, Hemmings just gave you all thirty laps!"

All the Subs groaned but Luke, who crossed his arms. "Make me, fat ass!"


"What did you say?" Shahid narrowed his squinty eyes.

"I asked 'when was the last time you saw your toes?' lard ass!" Luke challenged. While most Subs would have been fearful of speaking to a Dom that way, Luke was obviously different, believe he shouldn't have to submit to every Dom but his own.

Shahid grew red with anger, "That's it! Fifty laps!"

"Go ahead, I don't care!"

"Hey, we do!" one sub spoke up. Shahid had enough. "So, you all think my weight is funny?" he challenged. "Well, how about this? One extra hour of practice with no breaks, how's that?!

Everyone gasped and Luke's eyes widened. "Fuck you, fat boy my Dom will be hearing this!" after Luke spoke, to everyone's shock horror, Coach Shahid slapped Luke across the face, taking him by surprise and tumbling to the ground. Louis couldn't believe what he was seeing.

Luke sputtered a tiny amount of blood from his lip and cried as Shahid grounded his foot into his back. "Not so tough now, huh?" The coach smirked, ignoring Luke's pleas to get off his back. "Remember this you worthless lot: You are Submissives, the very bottom of the fucking food chain. You're only here today because your Doms need something to screw!"
Those words hurt each of the Subs standing there, making them feel degraded, and just awful. Coach Shahid blew his whistle and told everyone to get inside, not before stopping on Luke once more. Michael and Louis came to his rescue. "Oh, Luke, are you okay?" Michael asked.

"Bastard!" Luke growled. "I fucking hate him!"

Louis looked down at the hot pink bedazzled phone in hope. He had just recorded the whole thing behind Michael, which was why he wasn't caught, and all there was left to do, was show this to Harry and Gemma.

Michael pointed to the phone, "Is...Is that a Dom phone? Louis, how did you get one of those?" Louis explained the plan to Michael and Luke, who both happily agreed to help him. Throughout practice they'd shield him to take a video or a photo of Shahid calling the players' names, or if he'd chuck at ball at their backs ("watch where your running, that ball could be anywhere." was his excuse). or, if he'd flirt or sexually harass one of them.

Louis was grateful when practice was over, but cringed as his name was called by the coach, telling him to meet him down in the gym office by the locker rooms. He handed Luke the phone and told to wait for him.

To say he was nervous about being in the gym, let alone Coach Shahid's office BY HIMSELF was an understatement. He was frightened. Louis' nose wrinkled at the smell of dirty laundry and sweat in the locker rooms, even more so when the stink of old greasy fast food and farts came from Coach Shahid's office.

"Sit down, Louis." Coach started.

"I'd prefer to stand thank you." Louis stayed by the door as much as possible. Coach Shahid stood in front of Louis, crossing his arms. "So, Louis, are you into photography?"

Louis felt sick. He had to of caught of then. "Not really, why?"

"Well, it seems you were when you were taking pictures with your phone. Can't get enough of me?" Shahid smirked, causing Louis to silently gag. "I suggest you hand it over right now, before you're in big trouble."
Louis said nothing as Shahid grew impatient. And more demanding. "Listen to me, SUB, give me that fucking phone right now!" Knowing he was caught, but not knowing what to do about it, Louis began racing out of the room, screaming as Coach chased after him on to the pathetic cement court, hauling Louis off his feet.

"Let me go! HELP! SOMEONE!" Louis cried, kicking and screaming; fearing Coach would go as far as to inappropriately touch him to get what wasn't there.

From afar, Luke and Michael turned seeing the whole scene. Luke turned on the video camera, handing the phone to Michael as he bolted to help his friend. After a minute of struggling, both Subs were able to get away from Coach Shahid and raced out the doors with the phone in hand.


Gemma sat inside sipping a smoothie when Louis jumped in, bawling. "Baby, what's wrong?" She asked, hugging the shaking Sun. Gemma spotted the phone and shoved it in her pocket. "Louis, when we get to Harry's you are going to tell me everything."

It would be hard to tell, but the truth had to be heard.

"Okay." Louis sobbed. "But...I want Harry there too." He longed for Harry. He didn't feel safe without Harry, he needed his Harry.
Chapter End Notes

Okay, ya'll, I wrote this on my tablet with my THUMBS. Don't say I don't love you all.
Ya'll are my children.
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Harry and the rest of the Doms hear and see what went down under the supervision of Coach Shahid.

Here comes the in-laws.

Chapter Notes

I do have to warn you all: This chapter does have discrimination that some might find offensive; please know that Not all Doms are abusive, and not all Subs are weak.

I OBTAINED 1000+ KUDOS!!!!! DAMN, You all rock!!!! ♥♥ I'm sorry for posting this chapter twice, I accidently posted this when it wasn't ready. I'm sorry about that.

ALSOOOOOO!!! My You tube is up and running, the first trailer is out for He's Different. Please check it out and subscribe :) ♥♥

Youtube: Angelic_Dusty
Twitter: @Angelic_Dusty

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry frowned in confusion seeing a large amount of cars in his drive way. He gripped the sterring wheel, trying to figure out why the whole neighbor hood was at his house. He caught glimpse of Gemma's limo and feared the worst. He's had nightmares of Gemma having house parties in HIS home and he feared that might be reality.

Harry parked the car and rushed inside. His suspensions were correct, the neighbors were in his house. Harry didn't dislike his neighbors, but coming home to this was a surprise, but not in a good way.

"Excuse me?" Harry bolted, grabbing the attention of everyone who was standing in his living room. Harry frowned, recognizing some of his neighbors and some other Doms he didn't know. "What is going on here?"
Louis walked to Harry's side, taking his hand while Gemma took out her phone.

"Come in dear brother, we have matters to discuss."

Harry gave a bewildered glance before taking a seat. He was angry, but he wasn't going to make an ass out of himself in front of everyone here. He had a feeling all of this was Gemma's doing, and he'd kick her out later tonight.

"Everyone, thank you for coming." Gemma started. "I am here, along with my brother's Sub, to discuss with you the horrendous conditions and disrespectful Coach that your poor Subs, Wives and Husbands had to endure."

Harry gave Louis a questioning look, as did many other Doms.

"Now, on my phone here, which I gave Louis, are pictures, and videos, of everything that I am disgusted and sad to admit happened to your loves while under the care of Coach Shahid." Gemma turned to the TV, pulling out a sape USB cord and hooking the device up.

"Fair warning, these images are graphic." Gemma stood back.

The first picture was that of Coach Shahid kicking balls at the Subs who were running on the track and then laughing and pointing at them as they fell and skinned their knees, or hands. "Excuse me, what is that they're in?" one Dom asked.

"This place, my dearest friends, is the arena that the practiced in." Gemma explained, "notice there are no windows or brightly lit lights? and how about the cracks in the concrete?" as if on cue, the next picture was of the arena. Harry's mouth fell open slightly as Louis shyly looked down at his feet. The slide show continued until it was time for the videos.

The first video was repulsive. Coach Shahid was sitting on the bench, cat whistling at the Subs as they ran past him. The next video was when Luke was standing up for everyone and Shahid slapped his face.

Louis looked over at Luke, seeing his Dom, Ashton, tighten his jaw.
The video ended with a bang that made Louis hide his head in his arms. Harry watched in absolute rage as he was on video, Louis screaming for held while that bastard lifted him up off the ground. Harry jerked his head to see his Sub frightened and embarrassed; he was livid.

"And this fat, greasy sausage, is where all your money for practices, uniforms and money for equipment went to. I am sorry this had to happen to your Subs, fellow Doms. But right now we need to take immediate action." Gemma explained, causing a spurt of outbursts from every Dom in the room.

Louis finally had the courage to look up and when he did, he noticed Luke's gaze on him.

"I'm fucking suing." Ashton Irwin spoke up, causing other Doms to agree with him. "I'm suing the center for hiring that scum and I'm suing him for every cent he owns!"

Louis heard a tiny 'pop' next to him and saw Harry cracking his knuckles. Gemma noticed this too and narrowed her eyes. It seems like all the Doms in the room were content on just suing Shahid and taking their Subs out of Sub Sports all together. Hearing that, Louis' head jerked up.

"No!" he cried. Causing the room to grow silent. Harry's fuming glare was now on Louis. "No, please, don't stop Sub Sports-"

"Louis, enough!" Harry growled, shutting Louis up. Ashton sighed, "I'm sorry, Louis. But I'm afraid Sub Sports might come to an end." the discussion was left there and everyone made arrangements to take the day off tomorrow, head down to the Police station to file a Dominant Abuse and then take this chump to court. Gemma happily agreed to vouch for everyone and bring her phone for evidence.

Once everyone left, all apologizing to Harry for intruding, Harry wasted no time in swiftly turning to Louis. He wanted to scream, he wanted vent all of the pent up anger he had about this whole thing o to Louis. And yet, when he opened his kouth, the only thing that came out was a deep hitch, followed by silent tears.

Louis quickly was at his Dom's side, engulfing him in a bear hug. Harry held on to Louis for dear life. "How long.....has this been going on? How many times did you try to explain to me but I didn't listen?" Harry sobbed into his Sub's shoulder. Louis didn't know what to do or say. He heard every broken word Harry whispered and tried to etch it together, but he wasn't getting anything but incoherent cries.
Harry Styles, felt like the worst Dom ever.

Because a Dominant's true fear, is not giving His or Her Sub what they need, or want. And right now, Harry hadn't given Louis the protection he deserved. He failed to protect his Sub.

"Harry...." Louis sniffed. "I love you."

That seemed to be all that Harry needed to hear, because he held Louis in a bone crushing hold; feeling as if a heavy mass had just been lifted off his shoulders. "I have loved you since...." Louis cried. "Since I was eighteen, and when I'm with you, I know exactly what it's like to be loved and to be in love. I love being your Sub, Harry Styles."

After Louis' little speech, Harry carried him up the steps, not before turning and seeing Gemma. Harry licked his lips, trying to conjure up a 'thank you' for her but the big sister just waved him off, returning to the living room.

"Let's get my baby a warm bubble bath, and a clean nightgown, yeah?" Harry murmered. Louis nodded, holding on to his Harry. His Harry. The one who made him feel safe and loved. His beautiful, Dom.

---

UNKNOWN NUMBER:

Aww, ignoring me still? You never used to ignore me before~

UNKNOWN NUMBER:

Don't you rememver those fun times. Just me and you and a bottle of wine? We can make
that happen again.

UNKNOWN NUMBER:

How about a text back, huh, Daddy?

Gemma sneered at her brother's phone. She immediately erased the messages and blocked the number. She never did like HIM anyway. Her brother was too good for that money-sucking Sub anyway. She liked Louis a whole lot better.

She smiled sadly, taking a few dopy selfies on her brother's camera (just for the sake of teasing him) and rested her head on the sofa pillow.

She felt good inside, knowing she did something right for a change. Her happiness didn't last long as the memory of her turning her back on her sobbing toddler brother came floating back to her head. She covered her eyes with her arm and smiled bitterly.

Gemma knew she had some apologies to make as well tomorrow. Her change came the next morning when she heard footsteps come into the kitchen and she smiled seeing Harry, holding Lou-Lou and reaching for the dog bowl.

"Morning lil'bro." she grinned. Harry ifnored her, in favor of pouring some water into the dish and setting the lamb down to have a drink. Harry halted in his tracks and pointed to the bowl of cereal Gemma was eating.

"What is that?" he asked, but obviously knowing the answer. Gemma munched for a moment before blushing. "Uuuh, the last of it?" she chuckled.

Harry raced to the recycling bin and groaned, seeing the empty cereal box with a smiling rainbow bear on the front. "You ate all of my Frosted Boo-Boo Bears?!"

There were only three things Harry liked in this world. Most redently was Louis (who always took top of the chain) expensive wine, and Frosted Boo-Boo Bears Rainbow Cereal. It was only the most delicious cereal known, with its 6 rainbow colored marshmallows and sugar oats, many would consider this a cavity causer, but Harry didn't care.
Gemma handed Harry her bowl. "You can have the rest, I didn't touch it much."

Harry rolled his eyes, ignoring her to get himself a cup of coffee. Gemma sat in the most uncomfortable awkward silence, she didn't know how to start her apology.

"So, uh, big day today, yeah? Suing that rotten bastard." she lightly punched Harry's shoulders in eager. Harry only glared at her, standing up to leave. "Wait, Harry, can we talk, please?" Gemma almost begged. Harry turned.

"No."

"Please? Just, hear me out?" Gemma pleaded, "I'll be quick and then I won't talk all day." Harry raised his eye brows at Gemma's promise to shut her trap, this was an offer he couldn't pass up. Reluctantly, he sat back down, sipping his coffee.

"Harry," Gemma started. "I know, in your eyes, I'm childish, I'm a lousy older sister. I'm loud, I'm not a proper Dom, I drink too much, I impose on others-but most of all. . . .I abandoned you."

Gemma grew really quiet at that last part as the image of her sickly toddler brother reaching out to her came back to haunt her.

The male Dom rolled his eyes. "I got over it." he dryly spoke.

"But I didn't." Gemma smiled, bittersweet. She gazed at her brother with identical green eyes. I was a terrible older sister to you, Harry, always running off with my friends in favor of ignoring you. I left you alone when you needed someone the most. So, it's no surprise that you've turned on me.

Harry stayed quiet, his focus dead set on his older sister. In all his years of living, Gemma had never shown interest in him until he was in his twenties and she "found him" and wanted to rekindle. Of course he blew her off, but she kept coming back, sometimes more annoying than ever.

"And, while my doings in the past will never be forgotten, or forgiveable; I know Mum and Dad don't care about us, but that's why we have to stick together. Just know that. . . I care about you, Harry. I love you."
Harry's irises widened and he almost jumped out of his seat when Gemma shrieked in glee. "OOOH, YOU'RE SO CUTE, LOU!" Harry turned and softly blushed at the sight of Louis in a pair of dress trousers and dress shirt. His hair was slicked back and his eyes sparkled.

"Oh, um, thanks." he smiled, looking at the ground, blushing at all the attention.

"Let's go kick some hairless ass!" Gemma cheered, "and we'll take my Rad wheels. I'm driving!"

"I wouldn't be caught dead in that obnoxious, pink fuckery you call a vehicle!" Harry protested.

Upon arriving at the court house, Louis immediately saw Luke and Michael with their Doms. Luke gave Louis a polite nod to which Louis returned. Court was nothing like the TV shows Louis watched. Harry told him not to outburst and keep quiet, that he would have his turn to talk.

Louis, along with Michael and Luke sat in three chairs next to their Doms and Gemma who were standing at a post. "Look!" Michael pointed, the Subs turned to see Coach Shahid walking to his side of the room, wearing a too small suit and held a file of papers in his hands.

The Subs gave a worried glance at each other while Their Doms tried to contain themselves from jumping over and beating the shit out of him.

"All Rise for Judge Cowell." an officer spoke. Louis, Luke and Michael all stood. Waiting for Judge Cowell to sit down. "Please be seated; Your Honored, this is case 17B* Styles, Styles, Irwin and Hood, vs, London."

"Thank you." Judge Cowell was handed a piece of paper by the officer and looked at The four Doms. "may you all introduce yourself properly?"

They did and included their Subs. "Are you all related, or living under the same roof?"
"No, Mr. and Miss. Styles are siblings, but Mr. Hood and I all know each other. We're neighbors."
Ashton replied.

"And you are all suing Mr. Khan?" Judge Cowell asked, his eye brow arched. Ashton nodded,
"He's lucky it's just us four this time, everyone else behind me wants to as well."

Judge Cowell rolled his eyes, rubbing his temples for a moment before glaring at Coach Shahid.
"What in the hell did you do?" Obviously not looking forward to today.

"Just my job, your Honor." Coach Shahid replied. "And they are only suing because their Subs
can't handle my drills and they give up too easily."

Louis' jaw dropped and Luke rolled his eyes. Judge Cowell nodded, putting on some glasses and
looking at the paper he was handed. "So, this is your testimony and this is theirs. Two of the
complaints are very different, and one is highly illegal." Judge Cowell didn't miss the nervous gulp
Coach Shahid did.

"Let's see how this turns out."

All five Doms explained their side of the story. But all Coach Shahid did was complain of how The
Subs would never listen, run fast enough or complained and questioned his teachings. It was then,
did Judge Cowell call The Subs to stand, starting with Michael.

"Michael Clifford, you are Calum Hood's Sub, correct?"

"Correct."

"Now, in your own words, Michael, how would you describe the area in which you had to pratice
in?"

"Filthy, dangers, and it smelled like expired Doritos."
"Why was it filthy and dangerous?"

"Well, we had to run and play on an unleveled concrete floor that had cracks in it that sometimes we'd trip over. There were little, to no windows, so it was always hot and stuffy inside. And, Coach Shahid would throw things at us, like Footballs and-

"Not true your honor!" Coach Shahid blurted, causing Judge Cowell to hammer down his gavel.

Next to talk was Luke.

"Luke, tell me why you wanted to join Sub Sports." Judge Cowell asked. Luke shrugged. "I really didn't want to, my Dom forced me to cause he was tired of Mikey and I tearing up the house."

Ashton closed his eyes for a moment, trying to block out the memories of coming home and the place was absolutely trashed. Judge Cowell continued. "Coach Shahid wrote down, and even I can see it: You do have a bit of an attitude."

Luke narrowed his eyes in Coach Shahid's direction. The smell sausage didn't know this, but Luke was severly bipolar; and it pissed him off to know that Coach Shahid just wrote down whatever he wanted. Coach Shahid didn't know him! How dare he write that!

"Only to bitches who dont shower." Luke spoke, earning a courtroom of laughter and a warning glare from his Dom. Once again, the gavel silenced everything.

When it was Louis' turn to talk, Judge Cowell started off with an annoyed command. "Please don't make me smack that gavel down." Louis nodded.

"Louis, how did being under the care of Coach Shahid feel?" Judge Cowell asked. Louis licked his lips, looking at Harry for a moment who gave him a reassuring nod. The Sub didn't like talking in front of people, but he didn't have a choice in the matter.

"Scary." he admitted. "Especially when I saw him following me home."
Harry's head snapped in Coach Shahid's direction. The fat man only blew silent raspberries. Harry felt his anger rising.

"and frustrating because he didn't know what he was doing, I mean, I've never played much before and I know more than him." Louis covered his mouth when the room erupted in laughter again and The Sub nervously looked up at the judge, who waved him on to continue.

"I just... I wanted to do something with my life, something other than watching TV and cleaning house. I wanted to do Sub Sports, because I never had the chance to when I was a kid. But it hurts because we have a Coach who makes us feel like trash and... he almost hit Luke with his car."


"But, your Honor, please don't take away Sub Sports. It's... it's all I ever asked for." Louis was close to tears. Harry bit his lip and wondered if he should ask that Louis come back to sit with him.

Judge Cowell scratched at his chin. "So what you're saying, is you don't want Coach Shaid teaching you, but you want to continue Sub Sports?"

Louis nodded.

"I am going to retire for an hour to look at the evidence provided. I will come back with my verdict."

Niall patted his tummy. Today should have been a fun day, since Liam and Zayn took him to their work. Normally, Niall would be off the rails, riding the elevators and sneaking up behind people's desks and scaring them.

But being almost six months pregnant was a challenge, and all he did really was lay around,
colored a picture for Liam (who proudly displayed it on his award wall with all his diplomas) and drink endless cups of water.

"I'm bored." Niall sighed. Last night before bed, Harry had called and informed the three of what happened with Louis and his teammates; needless to say, Niall cried a river, saying it was his fault for telling Louis to sign up for the sports, it took a whole hour before Liam and Zayn could calm him down.

Without Harry, the two were swamped with work. "Try taking a nap." Zayn mumbled, his eyes not leaving the computer screen.

"You were up pretty late, darling, just rest your head." Liam smiled, printing out some papers. Niall groaned, rolling over on the couch a few times before giving up. The leather couch had no pillows, and he needed something soft to lay his head on. He spotted in Harry's office something furry and waddled to get it.

He came back with a rainbow bear with the Frosted Boo-Boo Bears logo on the front paw and stuffed it under his head. Niall had gotten a few minutes of sleep before Liam's phone rang. "Hello? Wait, what?"

Zayn looked over and Niall gave a confused look.

Liam nodded and said that he and his Sub would be right down, hanging up the phone. "What's wrong?" Zayn asked.

Liam turned his attention to Niall. "Ni, did you invite your family here?"

Niall paled.
"In what universe, did it ever ocur to you, Mr. Khan, that you had the right to give corporal punishment to a Sub that was not yours?!" Judge Cowell asked, furiously. After looking over the evidence and complaints, that hour was cut to twenty minutes and now he was roasting Coach Shahid.

"Never, in my thirty eight years of being a Judge, did any Dom have a good explication for reprimanding a Sub that was not theirs. So give me a good answer"

Coach Shahid stuttered. "They-they were out of control. They may give you tears and all that, but those Subs are spoiled and-"]

Judge Cowell heard enough. "Shahid Khan, you not only broke the law once, but I can see you've done it seven times! Including: Stalking, Controlling an assigned Sub, attemptive MURDER for that time you nearly hit a Sub with your car! Assault, on three times, but you also have not paid the fundings to which these Doms have paid for uniforms, equipment and other necessities. Where did the money go?"

"To his fat ass," Luke muttered, earing another slap to his rear from his Dom.

Coach Shaid said nothing.

"You have a fine of €500,000 pounds total, and will be sentenced to no less than forty years in Dom Pentintuary. Case closed!"

Outside, many Subs were in cheers while Louis raced to his Dom with open arms.

"We did it Harry!"

Harry chuckled, holding Louis close. He thanked Calum and Ashton for their support first before turning to his sister. "Gemma. . . I-"
"Don't say it bro, we all know you don't wanna cramp your style." Gemma winked, she turned to Louis, placing a kiss on his forehead. "Be good yeah? And don't be afraid to talk to Harry-" Gemma faced Harry "- Let up every once in a while, so this doesn't happen again."

Harry nodded. He wasn't going to let anything bad happen to Louis, EVER.

Chapter End Notes

*17B =17 black, lol Larry reffrance there.

Also, I have no idea how court goes in the UK, I was watching People's Court while writing this, so don't kill me please.

ALSOOOOOO!!! My You tube is up and running, the first trailer is out for He's Different. Please check it out and subscribe :) ♥♥

https://www.youtube.com/watch%3Fv%3DdAccTyhzU7A&ved=0ahUKEwjCneu_rZ7KAhVE7B4dH4wsQJNLCumg1vOyP-22cDQ&sig2=6T6I0-GgReBcX1PVfGzoDQ
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Zayn looses his mind with The Horans living with them

At the meeting with Dr. Francis, Zayn confesses everything.

Chapter Notes

Aaaah! Guys, please don't hate me for the amount of time I took to update.

As you can see, it's mainly Zaniam in this chapter, so I apologize to all you Larry lovers, but I will include a scene that will (hopefully) make you happy. :)

My YouTube is now up!

Twitter: @Angelic_Dusty
YouTube: Angelic_Dusty

"Be careful with that! My grandmother gave that to me on my wedding night!" Maura snapped as Zayn struggled carrying in boxes of luggage into the house. He had two handles in one arm, three small boxes tucked under his other and wasn't even close to being finished.

"It's just clothes, thought." Zayn answered back. He didn't mean to sound rude (lowkey, he didn't care if he did) but he hadn't known that there were crystals in the boxes he carried.

"Well if that's how you treat my belongings then you won't dare touch the hope chest!" The Irishwoman snipped, walking away with empty arms into the house.

"Hope chest?!" Zayn called, nearly tripping over his feet trying to carry and walk at the same time.
Inside, Liam was showing Greg the room he was going to share with Denise and Theo. "And the bathroom is at the end of the hall."

Denise held Theo in her arms, looking around nervously. Greg carried in the baby bag."It'll do, I suppose. Thank you." while not sounding grateful at all, Liam ignored him.

"Dinner will be ready soon, but if you'd like anything don't hesitate to ask, you're family now."

"We've been family for a while now." Greg turned, shutting the door for Densie to feed Theo. With the door slammed in his face, Liam let out a breath.

_This was going to be a long visit._

"And there's my Grand baby." Maura cooed, crouching down to kiss and snuggle her youngest son's bulging belly. Officially, Niall was six months pregnant, his belly full of his Dom's child. Niall and Liam had filled in their scrap book with sonograms, and other medical reports about the baby, along with pictures of Niall's belly growing month-to-month.

"Do you know if it's a Dom or a Sub?" Maura asked.

"Mum!" Niall blushed. "My Baby isn't even close to being born yet. And I don't want to think about that!" Niall huffed, his child wasn't even born yet, hell, he didn't even know the SEX of the baby and his mother over here is wanting to know if the baby is a Sub or a Dom. Normally, you can't tell what a child will grow up to be until they're a teenager, in most cases.

Maura only shrugged, "Sit down, Nialler, let Mammy cook you something, when was the last time you had Shepard's Pie?"

Niall smiled sweetly at her. He knows she means well, but she can be very over bearing at times. Giving himself a friendly reminder to not be like that when his Child was born. "Sure, Ma' sounds good. Are Greg and Denise done packing? and are Liam, Zayn and Da' done bringing in things? Maybe they'd like some?"
Maura waved him off. "Oh, they'll come when they're hungry. I want to spend time with you, I missed you." She hugged her son once more before pulling out pots and pans. "So, Nialler, have you any idea as to what color you're painting the baby's room?"

Niall shook his head. "We don't even know what gender the baby is, Mum."

Maura jerked around. "That's bad luck, Niall!"

The blonde cocked his eyebrow. "Anyway... I have found some furniture though. And I had a theme for baby lambs going, but now I'm advertising to ducklings." Niall smiled, patting his belly and giggling when he felt a tiny kick. While Niall and Maura chatted for a while, Niall heard a pitter-patter come running into the kitchen and he opened his arms widely for Theo to jump in.

"Uncle Nia'wl!" Theo cried, happily.

"Nephew Theo!" Niall laughed, hugging his nephew tightly. He loved Theo with all his heart. The kid was a bouncing ray of sunshine that he adored with all his heart. Maura bit her lip, not liking that her Grandson just jumped on her pregnant son.

"Now, Theo-" She warned.

"Aw, I'm fine, Ma'm." Niall bit back from snapping. He was beginning to remember why he liked living away from home so much. "How are you, Theo?" He smiled at his nephew.

"Miss'd you." Theo replied quietly. "Com' home?"

Niall didn't miss the jaw drop-hand over her heart-maneuver Maura did, nor Greg and Denise's smug grins when they came into the room. He knew that his family would do anything to get what they wanted, and while it was disgusting that they did that, they were still family. He sighed, a comeback sparking in his brain.

"But this is my home, Theo. Wanna' explore it with me? Find treasure?" He cooed.
Theo bounced in his lap, excited. Niall held his Nephew's hand, turning to the fellow adults in the room.

"Nice try." He spoke before following his nephew.

Lighting up a cigarette, Zayn plopped down on his favorite chair in the living room. He had just kicked back and put up his feet when the said cigarette was yanked from his fingers and smashed on the ground.

"Zayn!" Liam cried, looking around. "You know they'll throw a fit!" He was referring to the Irish family cooking dinner in the kitchen not far from them. "And I thought you were only smoking outside!" The Dom crossed his arms. A few months back, Zayn had promised to cut back on the smoking, when that didn't work, he vowed to only smoke outside. It was working until now.

The Dom narrowed his eyes at his husband. "I just carried in over a hundred pounds worth of luggage and furniture. They act like they fucking moved in. So excuse me for having a cigarette break." Zayn struck another match, ready to smoke when Maura called from the kitchen.

"Are you smoking, Zayn?"

"Am I doing what I please in my own home? Yes, Maura."

There was no response from the kitchen, but Liam caught Bobby and Greg's challenging glares. Liam knew that Zayn was being snippy, but he did have the right to do as he pleased in his home. However, the manner his husband spoke was just asking for trouble as it wasn't often Doms were "disrespected" and fights occurred.

It wasn't law but Doms had a code: "You disrespect me, I'll fuck you up."

Subs had something similar, but it wasn't as bad as Doms; in fact a lot of Subs tended to talk it out,
but there have been reported Sub-Fights captured for the internet and TV's enjoyment. Of course, Liam and Zayn had made it very clear to Niall that if he had any problem with another Sub, to not start anything. They didn't need their faces plastered in any way that would bring negative attention.

"Besides, you don't have time for a smoke now, we have to leave." Liam spoke.

"Why?"

Liam folded his arms. "Niall's Sonogram is today, the one you HAD to drop everything to go do, remember?" The Dom rolled his eyes. "and what good did that do us?"

Zayn sighed, "Meaning, we're seeing Dr. Francis too," Liam started "Remember, you are to admit everything."

Today was just not Zayn's day.

"You see, Louis. As a Sub, you naturally have more limitations than a Dom." Harry whispered into Louis' neck, letting his fingers trace along the pearl and emerald necklace he gave to Louis when they first met. "And I respect that. But what I want us both to learn, is how far are you going to limit yourself? Where are hidden doors, and passageways we don't know about?"

Harry had taken the day off for the Court Meeting, and seeing that they won, a cause for celebration was very much implied. Louis wanted to explore more, which Harry was more than happy to accompany him with. Right now, the Sub was kneeling on a satin red pillow in the middle of their playroom. He was blindfolded, bare, and his hands were tied behind his back with a black rope. Harry knelt behind him, equally as naked and allowed his large hands to smoothly run alongside his Sub's hips.
"My hands, Louis, will punished you," he gave a playful slap to his Sub's side, loving the sound of Louis' gasping. "hold you, caress you, but above all," he stopped for a moment, "my hands will protect you, Love. Remember that always. Do you remember our safe word?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"Sa-lama-lama-ding-dong."

"Good boy, and you've taken your birth control?"

Louis was silent then. He hadn't. And he knew he should. Because going against not only Harry's wishes and getting pregnant was a shitty thing to do, but it labeled him as untrustworthy and really pathetic. "No sir, I forgot." he heard Harry give a disappointing sigh before the man stood up, leaving the room.

Louis licked his lips. He had been thinking about it a lot, and he wanted a child. He didn't know why Harry wouldn't want a child. You'd think maybe he would want someone to inherit his business, Louis figured. Still, Louis knew better than to address the subject now. That would only make Harry angry, upset and then he'd be upset and they wouldn't be having sex.

Harry returned with the pills and placed them on his Sub's tongue, giving him a drink as well. "Now. Where were we?" Harry smirked.

"Limits, Daddy." Louis voiced.

Harry nodded. "Now, you've done so well with the blindfold before, but this time your hands are of no use." Harry crouched down, whispering in his lover's ear. "I want to see what makes you tick." Louis gulped at that. "Don't worry, that's why you're not gagged, so you can use your safe word. We will use that later on, baby."

Harry undid the clasp of the necklace and placed it on top of a dresser, opening the first drawer to pull out a black electric devise that looked like a plug, only there was an egg at the top, as well as a black remote. "This is to see how long you can go without having to touch yourself, because that seems to be the only reason to get you off. I'm not complaining, but I just want to see how much
more we can accomplish, yeah, baby?"

Louis nodded, "Yes, Daddy."

"Love you, Baby, now, lean forward, nose to the ground." Oh God, it was heavenly to know just how flexible Louis was. And Harry used that to his advantage. The Dom relished in the sight for a moment before making his way behind Louis.

"This, my sweet, is a tiny egg vibrator, I will insert it inside of you and you will keep it there until you cum all over your pretty self. Understand?"

"Yes, sir, I want this so much!" Louis has had things like this inside him before, but their way of handling this procedure was different. He's never cam without being touched, it sort of thrilled him.

Harry kissed the back of Louis' neck before continuing. He lubed up his fingers before massaging the boy's entrance. Louis relaxed, Harry's large and cold fingers touching the surface of his sweet spot. But, Louis didn't get too comfortable, as Harry removed his fingers one-by-one painfully slowly before entering the egg device.

The egg felt big in the tightness of his rim as Harry tried to enter it in, it had Louis breathing deeply. Harry chuckled, playfully pushing it in then out a few times that had Louis whimpering.
"N-no-no teasing, Daddy!" he begged.

"Sorry, Princess." Harry continued to push the device inside his sub until Louis's ass sucked it all in, practically eating it whole. "Such a good girl, Daddy's Princess, aren't ya?"

"I'm your Princess, Daddy."

"The prettiest one." Harry spoke before turning on the remote. Louis gasped, the low hum in between his ass cheeks and against his prostate was enough to send him blushing and deeply breathing. Harry watched in lust, to see his sub bound with rope with full consent was probably the most absolute turn on ever. Harry moved closer to Louis, taking off his boxers.

"Open." He commanded, Louis obeyed, taking in the tip of Harry's semi-hard in his mouth. It was distracting for a moment, until Harry turned up the volume on the egg inside of him, causing Louis to moan and whimper against Harry's cock in his mouth. "Aaah, good boy." Harry chuckled, thrusting his hips a bit. The sub bellow him took every inch as he could inside, while Harry was well aware Louis couldn't take all of him (he gave a smug smile to himself, priding in his size) that was something he would change.

Louis could feel himself starting to harden as well as the egg vibrated deep inside of him. He wanted to touch himself, but the rope prevented it, it was all up to Harry to release him. Knowing it was up to Harry to decide whether or not he would have a release was exciting and terrifying at the same time.


"Need what, baby? slow down?" Harry asked, slightly worried as he cupped the boy's face with his large hands.

"Need what, baby? slow down?" Harry asked, slightly worried as he cupped the boy's face with his large hands.

"No!" The sub whimpered, "C-cum! I have to cum!" Harry smirked, looking down he could see that Louis wasn't lying, but the boy could make due holding it a bit longer. Besides, he wasn't going to touch him. "Pl-please touch me, Harry, please!" Louis begged, his voice hoarse.

"Ah-ah-ah! I'm not touching you, remember? If you want to Cum-" Harry turned up the volume on the egg, loving the whimpers Louis made bellow him, "-than you'll have to do it yourself. Now, back to it." Harry gently gripped the back of Louis' head, pushing his lips back on to his hard
He's not going to touch me?! Louis felt his heart drop. His loins were starting to ache and his knees almost bruising from kneeling for so long. He tried to focus on sucking Harry more, but the egg inside of him was becoming too much, he needed a release. He desperately wanted to get out from the rope and touch himself, but that was a no-go.

Louis cried, soaking the cloth around his head.

"Com'on, baby, you can do it."

"Daddy-daddy-daddy!" Louis bawled, his lower region becoming harder by the second. Harry grinned with anticipation and just as Louis was about to scream for the safe word: he came.

It was such an emotional roller coaster of pleasure, he almost didn't notice Harry coming on him until the sticky residue fall to his chest. Harry clicked the vibrator off, gently pulled it from his lover's backside and began to undo the rope, holding Louis so he wouldn't fall off the kneeling block. Louis' face was flushed and his body was limp.

"D-Daddy." he cried, his skin cold. Harry held him close, pushing the sweaty hair away from his eyes. "Ssh, it's okay, Louis. Come back to me. It's all over."

Harry was nothing but proud of Louis. Louis had obeyed, experienced and was now deep in Subspace. It was up to Harry to carefully bring him back. Subspace was a lovely place to be, but also very dangerous. The Sub has no idea how to properly function, or think correctly, so it's up to the Dom to bring them back to reality. Louis whimpered, blinking a few times for his iris to shrink back to normal.

"H-Harry?" He asked.

"Hi, baby, you there?"

Louis nodded.
"Let's get you cleaned off and then it's off for a nap, yeah?" Harry tenderly spoke. Louis nodded again, not wanting to talk. After a calm bubble bath and both of them dressed in comfortable clothes, Harry held Louis closely, rubbing his back and both of them drifted off into a dreamless slumber.

"Baby, baby!" Niall cooed, holding the new picture to his chest.

"Careful, sweetie, you'll crinkle it." Liam scolded, taking the photo away from Niall to put it in his wallet. Niall shrugged, slurping on his much deserved strawberry smoothie.

"Lima, when we get home we have to start thinking about what we're going to decorate the room with!" Niall happily spoke, swinging his legs back and fourth. Liam nodded, "Yes, but we don't know if it's a girl or a boy, remember? The picture didn't show."

Liam gave a look over at Zayn who was texting on his phone. He frowned, he really wished Zayn would engage in conversation about this matter. Liam knew that underneath that tough skin Zayn tries to portray himself as, is really just a harmless guy who loves his family and friends, but unfortunately his Dominance-ego gets the better of him.

"What do you think, Zayn?" Niall asked.

"Hm?"

"The baby's room." Niall placed a hand on his large tummy. "What color, or theme, or-?"

"I don't know." Zayn went back to his phone. He felt like he was going to be sick. Zayn was in no shape a liar, but unfortunately, these past few months he has either been the complete opposite of
himself, or what he most feared. He was sickened by what he had become.

Niall shrugged, "Well, whatever child we have. . .I'd like if you'd paint the room."

Zayn looked up, his heart twiggling at the small request. "Why?" Niall giggled at Zayn's question. "Because you're the best. And it's a big reason why I fell in love with you and I want that to be known to the baby." The dark-eyed Dom swallowed a lump in his throat. Such a simple request had such love and praise behind it and to say he was flattered was an understatement.

"I. .. I'll think about it. If I'm not busy that is." Zayn quietly replied.

Liam smiled and everyone looked up when Dr. Francis opened his door, welcoming them in.

"So boys, everything will well with the baby, yeah?" Dr. Francis asked. Niall nodded, "Yup, Alexander is well. I think it's a boy."

"Alexander, what a fine name." Dr. Francis nodded, "Anything wrong with you, Niall?"

"No, just tired a lot. Also, I'm craving a lot of spicy foods, and my parents came!" Zayn cringed at that mention, something Dr. Francis didn't miss. He cocked an eyebrow but carried on talking to Niall as if nothing was wrong. The therapist waited until they were done talking about the baby solely before bringing up the topic.

"And, the parents. How are all of you feeling about this?"

"Ecstatic." Liam answered.

Dr. Francis looked towards Zayn. "Fine."

"Just fine?" He asked.
"Yup." Zayn answered. Dr. Francis nodded, "Well, if there are any uncertainties that any of you three might have right now, I'd like to get it cleared up today, because the sooner we talk about these 'issues' the quicker we can just focus on loving and raising the first Poly family. Won't that be better for everyone?"

Zayn knew that was directed towards him and he sighed.

"Well, I have a question," Liam spoke up. "When we have the child, I would rather we have Niall's last name rather than our own so-

"Excuse you?!" Zayn sat up, giving his husband a confused glance. Liam looked over. "What? I just think it would be better for the baby so his identity-"

Zayn snorted. "Like anyone is going to forget who he is being birthed by Niall. And what makes you think the kid will have Niall's last name when he has two Dom fathers?"

Very rarely is a child's last name tied with their birth mother or father. Doms take pride in their names, therefore their children have their own last names. Someone like Zayn, who came from a very posh and traditional family, did have the right to find Liam's comment a bit offensive. 

"You might not care about family, but I do-" Zayn spat.

"Pardon me?" Liam gasped. "You sure have a funny way of showing it."

Niall gulped, feeling very flustered about the situation. His Doms never fought in public; but that isn't what was scaring Niall. Deep in his heart, he felt the bond he formed with Liam and Zayn at first sight begin to break, string-by-string. His heart hurt.

"Guys, please," Niall tried to diffuse the issue.

"Shut it, Liam!" Zayn's voice became harsh and deep, his inner Dominance taking over. Dr. Francis loudly snapped his fingers, getting the two Dom's attention. The Doctor folded his arms.
"How long has this fighting been going on?" He demanded to know.
Zayn said nothing, slouching back into the couch. "Ever since we found out about Niall's pregnancy." Liam replied, guilt in his eyes. "And it's always him who starts things!" He was quickly to snap. Zayn shot up so fast he scared Niall.

"The fuck did you just say?!!"

"Zayn, sit down or I'll get security." Dr. Francis threatened.

"What the fuck did you say?!!" Zayn glared, his head clouded with lies that Liam was trying to steal his Sub and make a fool out of him. "Say that again, fucker, I dare you!" Liam was no better off than Zayn, after all the constant arguing the thought of sharing a Sub was starting to anger him as much as it did Zayn; he stood up. Both of them eye-level.

"Stop it!" Niall cried. "Both of you!"

"Just admit it, Payne, you fucking planned this. You're out to make me a fucking bad person and take everything from me!" Zayn accused. It was a very far-fetched and untruthful accusation but with Doms, anything was possible to believe.

"Enough!" Dr. Francis firmly spoke, causing the two Doms to glance at him. "Niall, please leave." Liam and Zayn's tempers dropped dramatically seeing the sobbing Niall waddle out of the room, not so much giving a glance back at the two. Once realization hit them both hard, they were ashamed.

What came over them?

After a moment of calming the two down, Dr. Francis crossed his arms. "This is, for the first time in fifteen years, a successful Polyamory relationship, in fifteen years and you both are going to destroy it!" He scolded. "Unless you both stop keeping feelings from each other, this won't work."

Zayn spoke up shortly after, "This all started when he got pregnant!" He admitted. "More press, more cameras, and more fucking stress on my life! I don't fucking need it, things were fine before." Liam turned to his husband, crushed by his statement.
"Well, whether things were fine before, this is real, Zayn. We're having a child with Niall." Liam stated. "And this child is a part of you, Zayn. The baby, Niall and me all need you."

Zayn glanced over at Liam. "You know why I can't, Liam. And you forcing this on me is just insulting and fucking abusive."

Liam's mouth gaped open. "You are not your family, Zayn, you don't have-"

"I need some air." was all Zayn said before leaving the room. In the hallway down a few door was Niall sitting in a chair, rubbing his large stomach. It was obvious he was crying by the way his shoulders shook and all Zayn wanted to do was run over and comfort him.

Instead, he found himself digging in his pocket for a pack of smokes and leaving the building.

I fuck up everything...
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

Louis meets Eleanor, a Sub Right's Activist

Poor Niall.

Dan confronts Nick.

Chapter Notes

Chapter 25! Thank you all so much for the kudos and comments, love you all to pieces. In this chapter, we meet the lovely Eleanor Calder!!! Whooo! Also, we see Grimmy again. I liked writing about him earlier and can't wait to show his character more.

Enjoy. Sorry it's short, but I hope you like it still.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Early the next morning, Harry had some business to attend to at The Matchmaker's. "I have to do something in here, okay? Subs aren't allowed where I'm going so can you wait in the car?" Harry asked.

Louis nodded, purring when Harry ruffled his fingers through his caramel hair, promising to be back in a minute. Louis didn't mind waiting and started to tune into the radio when he heard chanting not far away. He blinked in confusion, looking out of the wind shield for the source of the noise. To his surprise, there was a female standing just bellow the steps of The Matchmaker's with a sign. She looked to be very angry and was shouting.

The Sub cracked his window, trying to hear her better.

"They work day and night

their goals in sight:"
Louis was taken back at her shouting. Was she rapping or? The Sub left the vehicle, walking towards her. She stood proudly holding a sign with large letters in black paint:

**RIGHTS FOR SUBS!**

She was very beautiful, with long brown hair, tight jeans, a dark shirt and a brown jacket. She shouted very passionately and didn't cower when people flipped her off, mocked her, or ignored her. Louis could tell she was a Sub (besides the obvious chanting) and wanted to know why she was protesting.

"Elected under pressure
plans to stay forever
Life for Subs: UNFAIR!"

Just as Louis was about to approach the girl, someone in a car driving by threw a soda bottle at her, soaking the girl in warm soda. She growled, throwing her now wet sign to the ground. Louis winced.

"Are you okay?" He asked.

The girl looked at him, "Yeah. . . "

"I liked your rapping."

Louis received a laugh to his face, "I was not rapping, I'm protesting."

"Why?"

Apparently that was the wrong word to ask, as the girl in front of him crossed her arms and gave
him an 'are you stupid' look. "You're either new at this or you just moved from someplace nicer." She started. "I'm protesting because life as a Sub is unfair, degraded, often traumatizing, and for some: unbearable. I should know."

Louis licked his lips. "Well, I'm a Sub and my life isn't bad." He couldn't help but smile thinking of Harry, the nice warm house he got to live in, his mother being well off now that Harry is paying for medical help. He considered himself very lucky. Another snort came from the female Sub before him.

"Well, you're lucky. Some of us, however, aren't good enough I guess to live someplace nice." She nodded over to Harry's Range Rover, and glancing at Louis' expensive clothes; putting two and two together that the Sub before her was from a wealthy Dom. "You know, not all of us are lucky enough to land ourselves in the lap of luxury."

Louis frowned. "You have poor judgement."

The girl cocked her eyebrow.

"I wasn't always rich, in fact, I used to live on a farm in a crumbling house. Did I move up in the ranks? Yes. But that doesn't mean I'm selfish and vain. You standing there and having the audacity to want rights but you'll dis me just because I have money is just rude!" Louis growled, huffing and started to walk back to the Range Rover.

"Wait!" Louis turned to see the girl running after him. "I'm sorry, it's just. . . I've had a bad day- My Dom just rejected me and you were just a target, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said those things." Louis' jaw almost dropped.

_She was rejected?_ Louis felt so sorry for her.

"I'm sorry to hear that-"

"Naw, don't be. He was an abusive asshole and I hate him. My name's Eleanor Calder. Who are you?" Eleanor smiled. Louis smiled back.

"I'm Louis Tomlinson." He shook the girl's hand. "What were you protesting exactly?" He asked. Eleanor looked down at her ruined sign.
"I was tired to being mistreated, it just happened, really it was my anger talking. I'm sick of being treated like I'm nothing more than dirt, and because why? Because I'm a Sub? Did you know that back when we were all nothing more than cave trolls Subs didn't last long because we couldn't hunt? We just weren't built like a Dom was."

_Cave trolls?_ Louis wondered.

"Apparently that seemed to stick in their brains because ever since then, we've been treated like crap!" Eleanor growled, walking over to a park bench and sitting down, sadly gazing down at her boots. Louis frowned, sitting next to her. "I don't think that's true. We have laws now that protect us and Doms are stripped of their rights and sent to prison for a lengthy time when abusing a Sub." he pointed out.

"But what about countries that force Subs to crawl in the streets? What about the countries that force Subs to be birth mothers and fathers and never allow them to see the child? What about—"

"I see your point." Louis cut her off, not wanting to hear of the horrors. Truthfully, he wasn't afraid of being a Submissive, it was who he was and he was very lucky to have Harry. But some, not so much. Louis prayed for each of poor Subs out there being mistreated. Eleanor sat back, starring at the cars driving by.

"You know what angers me the most?" She began. "The prevention. There are no organizations out there to help Subs achieve rights, I mean, how stupid is it that some Subs can't even ride a bus? Did you hear about that? Some countries in Africa made it so Subs have to walk because of how shortage of vehicles were. Doms can ride but not a Sub." Eleanor laughed, but it wasn't because she found something funny.

"And yet Doms talk about how delicate they want a Sub's ankles to be." Eleanor sneered. "Subs can't be fat, Subs can't be ugly, Subs can't be hairy, A Sub can't have a baby until I want one, well fuck them! Subs can be whatever they wanna' be! We don't need Doms to tell us how to live, we're strong on our own!"

Louis was taken back by her anger. Eleanor slowly turned and saw Louis had scooted further away from her. She giggled. "Sorry bout that, just passionate."

"I can tell."
The male Sub crossed his ankles and folded his hands. "You know... what bothers me a bit?" He asked, Eleanor listened closely.

"I wanted to be in Sub Sports but we had a coach harassing us, it got so bad that we took him to court. We won, but I just don't feel as if it was enough." Louis bit his lip. Eleanor had a point on prevention and that gave Louis a brilliant idea. "You know what would stop half of the abuse that happens in households? A back round check."

Eleanor's eyes widened.

"Like... a criminal record, if a Dom has done something shady in the past, like reports of abuse, or even criminal activity, then he or she shouldn't be allowed to match up with a Sub." Louis snapped his fingers, like it was the most brilliant idea he's ever had. Eleanor covered her mouth and her legs started to shake, she was so excited.

"And-and, if a Sub has ever cheated or ran off with another Dom-" a big taboo among Subs "-for protection, then they shouldn't be in trouble or be labeled a reject because of that, they were only trying to save themselves."

Eleanor stood up on the ground. "And Subs shouldn't be allowed to walk the streets without fearing they'll be Dominated by another Dom!-"

Louis stood up, pointing at her.

"-And get in trouble for it!"

"YES!" They simultaneously screamed together. Covering their mouths when they realized they were shouting in public and hoped no one was watching them. Louis cleared his throat while Eleanor straightened her shirt. "You know... we make a pretty good team, Louis. You and I with our ideas."

Louis nodded, "I guess so-"

He was cut off when he saw Harry walk behind the corner, texting on his phone. The Dom walked
right past Louis and Eleanor, not looking up. Harry continued to walk a few more feet before his head jerked up and he turned. He frowned in confusion. "I thought I said for you to wait in the car, Louis!" He didn't seem angry, just worried.

"Ye-eh. ." Louis rocked on the balls of his feet. "But I met Eleanor here."

Eleanor sucked in her left cheek, not at all respectful towards Harry. Harry blinked in confusion. "Where's her Dom, are they inside?" Harry asked.

Eleanor crossed her arms, "For your information, I don't have a Dom and that's none of your business!" She snapped, taking Harry and Louis by surprise. Harry narrowed his eyes, reached out to grab Louis' hand and pull him towards the Range Rover. Louis didn't think he was in trouble until Harry began driving on the main road.

"I don't like her, Louis." Harry started.

"Aaaw, Harry, she was just having a bad day-"

"You can tell a lot by a Sub who has a mouth on them. And I don't care if she has a bad day, you don't talk to anyone like that." Harry replied. Louis went to say something, but decided not to. Louis began to think about what Eleanor told him earlier on, about how Subs had no rights, while she wasn't right, she did have a point on some things. For instance, Louis would like to go shopping and not have to wait for Harry to take him, not that he wasn't to shop without Harry, but it would be easier on the both of them, and he wasn't too keen on having Harry control his body and if he was allowed a child or not.

A child. . .

Louis longed for a big belly like Niall. He needed to talk to him.
It seemed Zayn had left them at Dr. Francis' office, because he was to be found no where, leaving Liam to drive Niall home. Niall was in tears and not the pretty-tv-movie kind, but the full on ugly sobs with the quivering bottom lip. Liam drove as fast as he could, no doubt about it he had to get Niall home and calm him down.

"Nini-"Liam started, only making Niall cry harder. "Niall, I know you're hurt, but you have to calm down s'not good for the baby."

At the mention of 'Baby' Niall forced himself to calm down, but continued to whimper and sniffle.
He dug through the glove box for a travel tissue pack. "He's not answering his phone, why won't he?"

Liam bit his lip, he was unsure of Zayn these past few months. It wasn't like him to just 'no care' or show little interest in his family. The Dom did not want to blame the fact that they were in a three way relationship, widely publicized and ridiculed, he was sure it was something else, it had to be. Zayn was not this shallow or demanding when he met him in Dublin, nor on their wedding, anniversary, or any other day.

What was bothering him?

"Li?" came a weak whimper from Niall. Liam turned, "When we get home, don't tell my Ma'am. I'll tell her." Liam wanted to smack himself. Maura is going to have a raging fit. Bobby, Greg and Denise too. Liam could already hear their 'I told you so's' and other hurtful sayings that would no doubt make him feel like a horrible Dom.

"We'll tell them together, baby. And we'll tell the truth. No more procrastinating, or lies. Understand?" Liam smiled, sweetly. Niall nodded, holding his hand.

"Okay, Daddy."

"S'my boy." Liam planted a kiss on the top of Niall's blonde hair. Niall said nothing more on the way home, when the Dom and Sub arrived, the Irish family was out on the back deck enjoying the sunset patio. Theo was the first one to notice Liam and Niall's arrival back and scrambled off the floor, knocking some crayons as he ran with his arms wide open.

"Un'kle Nia'al!" He sheered happily.

"Hey, buddy." Niall smiled, as Theo hugged his large belly. Theo held up a picture he had drawn for his uncle to see. "Look, look! It's us! It's Gram'pa, Nana, Papa, and Ma'ammy and me and you!" The little boy proudly explained to Niall. The Irish lad smiled fondly at the picture. They were stick figures but so gosh darn cute looking.
"I gave you a tummy cause you're still got a baby in you." Theo quietly spoke. Niall chuckled, "I love it!" He smiled. He loved Theo's drawings, he hardly got any from the boy being in London. Now that he was pregnant, he couldn't help but imagine his own child giving him hand drawn pictures and other crafts.

It warmed his heart.

"I can't draw Li'm or Zeyn. No room." Theo sadly admitted.

"It's okay, little guy, I still like it. We can hang it on the fridge if you like." Liam crouched down to Theo's level, admiring the picture. A twinge in Niall's heart came when he saw Liam interacting with Theo and how gentle the Dom was with his nephew. It was like Liam was already in some sort of father-mode and that drove Niall's hormones through the roof.

Theo looked around, "Where's Zeyn?" He asked just in time for Maura to come get her grandson and welcome her child back.

"Yes where is the other one?" Maura asked, raising her eyebrow. Niall sighed, his mood gone. "His name is Zayn, mother. And-"

Niall couldn't even begin to say what happened, because honestly he doesn't know what really
happened. He had no idea Zayn would just walk away like that, it was infuriating and confusing and it just made him sick to his stomach. The Blonde placed a hand on his tummy and walked off, ignoring the calls from his mother and Liam to come back.

He needed to call Louis.

Louis literally picked up his phone when Niall called him. "Niall? Thank god, I was just about to call you," he rushed up the marble staircase, not noticing Harry's perplexed glance. Louis wasn't given an answer though, rather Niall's crying.

"Nini? What's wrong? Talk to your bestie."

"A lot of crap is happening and I'm too pretty to deal with it." The blonde cried, leaving Louis chuckling as he hopped on the made bed in the master bedroom.

"What happened? Is a character in your TV show having issues?"

"No!" Niall sobbed. "Zayn left! He and Liam had a fight in the doctor's office and he just left, I don't know where he is or anything-he's not answering his phone he's-he's-he's." Niall broke down in large tears. His belly quivering so he wrapped a blanket around himself.

"Oh...Niall." Louis put his hand to his chest, sitting up straight. "I'm so sorry to hear that. Where's Liam?"

"He's still here, but we can't find Zayn. I need my Zaynie. I need them both in my life, our child needs them both."

"Does Zayn feel the same way?" Louis started. "Does he know you three need him in your lives?"
"Of course! I've told him so many times I forgot how many but he's still gone! HE'S GONE!" Niall cried, when the door knocked softly, he turned around and screamed: "GO THE FUCK AWAY!" not caring who was there. "He's gone because I'm fat and ugly, and he can't stand me anymore. That's why he's not here."

"No, Niall. That's not true at all, you're perfect."

"Then why did he leave?! I need him!" Niall bawled. Louis narrowed his eyebrows, Eleanor's words coming back to him:

"We don't need Doms to tell us how to live, we're strong on our own!"

For some reason, that really put a fire in his soul. He was angry that Zayn left his friend and upset about how Harry wouldn't let him have a child of his own no matter how bad his heart cried out for one. Meeting Eleanor had to be fate.

"Niall, listen closely, can you calm down for a second? Deep breaths." Louis soothed his friend until Niall was breathing slowly and was listening better. "Good lad, now, I want to tel you something that might influence you too. Today, I met a Reject Sub."

The Sub on the other end gasped. "What? When?"

"This morning when Harry was in the Matching Office for something. Anyway, she was telling me how she was fed up with the mistreatment of Subs and wanted to take a stand, I was thinking, maybe we should too and help her." Louis started.

"But we're not mistreated or abused," Niall sniffed.

"Niall, I'm not saying Zayn walked out on you, but from the sounds of it, it's more than likely he did. And if you didn't have Liam than you'd be alone." Louis stood up and shut the door, worried Harry might hear him from down the hall. "-Now, in the case we're in, with no jobs meaning we have no income so we'd be tossed to the streets without any money, and you being out of your own country, would have no way to tell your parents what happened." Louis started.
Niall sobbed on the other end of the line.

"-and me. " Louis didn't even want to think of what would happen to him. "Well, the point is, we shouldn't have to suffer, especially in your case with you being pregnant. There needs to be a system where Pregnant Subs and Subs in general are safe when they are kicked out of homes instead of being left to wander the streets."

"Well, what do we do?"

"I find Eleanor, round up more Subs and we get this to be passed and if not... than protest."

It was late at night at Styles&Co. Nick Grimshaw was the last employee working and he was exhausted. Harry, Liam and Zayn just made a huge deal with Mexico and it seemed like everyone was swamped with some form of work to do. And with the three bosses being out so much, it all fell to him and his co-worker Ed to see that things get situated at the office, all the while texting Harry every five seconds.

Nick yawned, opting to skip the bar for the night and head straight home when he heard someone walking behind him. He blinked confusingly at the stranger.

"Oh, no, is Mr. Styles not in?" the man asked.

"No, he's not. Won't be back until morning." Nick narrowed his eyes. "Can I help you?" The stranger held up his hands, showing Nick he wasn't armed or anything.

"My name is Dan and I just had a few questions with Mr. Styles, is all."
"We don’t do publicity, sir. Goodnight." Nick rudely replied. He didn't care, Harry was his boss and friend, he was not going to sabotage him. Nick didn't need to be trained or told once about telling Paps anything.

"Very well, I'll just come by tomorrow morning."

"You do that."

When Nick got into his car, he immediately dialed Harry.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment and kudos! Love you all!!
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Harry faces Dan Wootton

Niall is fed up

Johannah is tired

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry about the utter crappiness of this chapter, my anxiety and depression are battling one another and my doctor gave me some medication but I suddenly feel drained and have no energy what so ever.

DAN WOOTTON WRITES HIS "ARTICALS" IN CRAYON!!!!!!

Also, what's up with The Jungleworms and saying people harass them when all the world does is ignore them??

"I met this interesting Sub, mum, she was a reject but didn't seem to matter and we got to talking about Sub Rights and how to solve issues." Louis softly spoke to his mother laying in the hospital bed. She gave a weak smile. She looked exhausted with the dark circles under her eyes and even though she was wrapped with blankets, she shivered. The two were looking at old photos because that's what Johannah wanted to do and Louis as more than happy to reminisce old memories.

"Sounds. . .great my Lou." She slowly blinked.

"Tired?"

"Just cold. . " She said nothing more, falling to sleep before her son. Louis bit his lip, covering his mother with a spare blanket in the chair next to her and kissing her forehead, promising to visit her soon. Louis frowned, his mother wasn't able to stay awake very long and that worried him.
"Will she be okay?" He asked the doctor and Nurse Perrie that walked in. Perrie nodded, "It's just the medicine, Love."

Louis still worries. He thanks God for his mother, without her, he'd be lost, lonely and dazed though this life without her.

He couldn't ask for a better, caring and loving Mother.

Mummy and her boy

"Mr. Styles, you have a visitor." Taylor's voice came on his intercom. Harry frowned, ceasing his writing.

"Better be Zayn." he grumbled. Harry was filled in on the drama that was happening and how Niall is taking it. They know he's in Bradford with his parents, but never said when he was coming back. If he values his job he will.
There was a knock at the door and Harry pressed a security button, allowing the doors to open on their own. The Dom was confused seeing a man his height and dark brown hair and a smirk on his face enter his office.

"Mr. Styles? Dan Wootton of The Sun? Pleasure to meet you."

Harry held back a sneer, he already didn't like this man. "What do you want?"

"Nothing, just a sort of chat-"

"Cut the shit. No one just walks in here to chat. Especially not a pap reporter. What do you want?"

Dan shrugged, sitting down across from Harry. "Alright, Harry, I won't lie" Harry rolled his eyes. "I saw the pictures taken of you looking like you were about to strike your Sub and I wanted to shed some light on the whole thing-make you look less like a bad guy."

Harry didn't trust this sleeze ball. "Tell you what, Harry-"

"Mr. Styles!"

"Yes-yes, Mr. Styles. Forgive me. I promise to write down everything you say you can even proof read it if you'd like. I'm just trying to help out a fellow Dom." Dan smiled.

Harry folded his hands together, giving Dan a long look. Harry was never one to trust someone so easily (except with Louis) however, if this little bastard dared to publish anything that could be slander he could sue for millions.

"I can proof read it?"

"Most certainly." Dan shoved his hand in his pocket, turning on a recorder that Harry had no knowledge of, and made it look lime he was searching for a pencil. "Now, Mr, Styles. Let's start with five months ago when you retrieved your Sub... Lewis?"
"Louis."

"How did that feel?"

Dan asked all the necessary questions to get on Harry's good side, asking where he took Louis out, if their sex life was okay, if Louis was obedient. And then came questions about that horrible night Harry wanted to forget.

"So, when you reached your hand up to strike him, what was your motive? To harm? Punish?"

"I was angry, now that matter is over with. I did not hit him." Harry grew agitated the more he saw Dan scribble down. "You have not once asked me about my company, or success. All you've done is ask me my personal business."

Dan blinked innocently. "But, Sir, I-"

"This meeting is over! Give me that paper!" Dn did as he was told and watched Harry shrivel up his notes and everything he had written. He held back a smile.

"Now get out!" Harry pointed to the door. Dan held up his arms, walking to the door and stuck his hands in his pocket, gently gliding his thumb over the voice recorder he'd edit later.

Niall rubbed his stomach as Louis and Eleanor sat at the dining room table. Louis had introduced Eleanor to him and the two hit it off pretty good. She was a spunky girl and enjoyed her company. Niall was all for her idea of Sub Rights and Liam allowed them to be over for a few hours while he was at work with Harry. He hoped that with Louis and Eleanor's presence, it wouldn't be so negative around the house or as stressful for Niall.
"What about health care for children? They go through the same ordeal as the spouse, or Dom, does. If Subs are given freedom, we need our own health care system as well, as a back up." Eleanor spoke.

That comment made Niall look down at his swollen belly. He began to feel sick. It had been Three Days since Zayn had called, Niall was the one to answer and it was a short sentence of him saying he'd be at his parents for a while before Zayn hung up on him.

He was devastated. And he was sure that the baby missed his Daddy.

Maura brought in cups of tea for everyone. Louis and Eleanor thanked her. The Irish woman frowned sitting next to her son. "Baby, what's wrong?"

"...I miss my husband, Ma'm."

The Blonde licked his lips, gently patting his belly the way Zayn would if he sat on Zayn's lap or laid in bed next to him. Niall sniffed, reaching for a kleenex. He hated this, he wanted his Dom. Both of them. Maura patted her Son's arms.

"I know, honey, but maybe this is a sign that-"

"No, Mum!" Niall snapped. He had enough of his mother, father and even his brother and sister-in-law badgering him about Zayn leaving, or Liam. "Not one more word, I'm tired and my feet hurt!"

"Baby, that's just the pregnant talk, you'll be back to normal once you give birth." Maura waved him off, missing her son's glare in favor or opening her arms for Theo. Niall bit his lip, not wanting to argue with his mother in front of his nephew. It was moments later did Liam come home, kissing Niall on the cheek. "Hey, Baby." Lam smiled, putting his hands on the big belly of six month pregnant Niall. "Feeling okay?"

"No. I want cake."

Liam stood up to see if they had any snacks when Maura scoffed. "I don't think so. You can't be eating that sugary foods, Niall. It won't do you any good."
Niall jerked his head back at his mother and Louis and Eleanor sat in miserable, awkward silence. It didn't feel too good being at a friend's house and about to see them fighting with their family. "I'll eat whatever I please, mother. It's pregnancy cravings. Liam, I want a Twinkie."

"No!" Maura folded her arms. "It'll spoil his dinner anyway."

"Mum!" Niall shouted, startling everyone in the room, even Theo. "Enough!" Niall was fed up with his family dictating how he was going to live. He was tired of the disrespect towards his husbands and he was going to snap. "You have been nothing but rude ever since I've been matched and married. Pull the stick out of your ass, realize I'm a grown man and let me eat a mother fucking Twinkie!"

Louis and Eleanor's jaw drop, Liam is stunned and Maura is flabbergasted.

"Oooh! Bad words, Uncle Ni'all." Theo pointed to his fuming, pregnant Uncle. Niall then sits himself up and began waddling away, sobbing. He feels terrible for screaming at his mother like that, he misses his husband and he's hungry. Niall makes it halfway up the steps before someone holds on to his hand. He turns with blurred eyes seeing Liam's friendly smile.

"Let's get you to bed, Baby. Such a tired one you are, I bet."

"I want Zayn." Niall blubbers. "and a Twinkie. . .but I want Zee more."

Liam nods, laughing. "I know. . I know. . let's get you to bed, I'll bring up your snack and then I'm going to take Louis and Eleanor back to Harry's okay?" Niall wanted nothing more than that.

When Niall was fast asleep, he took out his phone and began to dial Zayn.
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

Zayn calls home, but Maura answers.

Louis is fed up with Harry's dominance.

Dan and Anne-Marie have "evidence"

Chapter Notes

Looong chapter.

For those of you out there upset about RBB and SBB deleting their account: don't be upset, forget whatever the antis say to you. Louis and Harry love us, and those chocolate stained stuffed animals have done so much for us, never forget. ♥

After being dropped off at home by Liam, Louis and Eleanor immediately went on the internet, organizing a website and they even had Michael and Luke over helping them. Lou-Lou laid on her dog bed, sleeping quietly.

"We know some Subs in France that are willing to help." Michael said.

"So that means we have allies in France, England, and Ireland, Niall said he'd phone a few people," Louis beamed. "This is going great guys!"

"I'm confused," Luke spoke. "What exactly are we doing?"

"Right now we're trying to raise awareness and it seems to be working, we've already got seven thousand subscribers and counting. A few Sub accounts on Twitter from America are tweeting about us." Eleanor answered.
Louis turned around in his chair. "Tomorrow, we're having a gathering at The Matchmaker's just outside of City Hall. We want to be seen and show people just how serious we are."

Luke bit his lip, "I'm all for it, but how are we going to get there? I'll need a ride."

Louis hadn't thought about that. He was sure Harry wouldn't drop him off if he knew what he was doing...unless.

"Tell your Doms we're going shopping right after Footie practice." Louis planned. "Eleanor will already be there with the signs and our permit to be on the property."

Michael smirked, "Sounds good to me. Hey-we can convince some Subs from footie to come as well, so it won't be so suspicious!"

Louis nodded and all the Subs jumped when there was a loud bang on the door. "Louis! I'm home!" Harry called. Louis' face flushed when Harry walked right pass the computer room but quickly retraced back.

"What the hell is this?!" Harry argued.

"My guests, Sir." Louis replied, trying to hide the large sign 'RIGHTS FOR SUBS' under the table. "Liam drove me and Eleanor home and we wanted Luke and Michael to come over too, so we invited them."

Harry narrowed his eyes, "And it didn't cross your mind to text or call for permission to have your friends over?"

Louis shook his head, "I didn't think I needed to, Harry, this is my home too-"

Harry cut him off, "It's MY house, and that's Sir to you! Now tell your friends to go, you're in trouble!"
"For what?!" Louis snapped.

"For talking back for starters and inviting people into my house without my consent! Now tell them to leave, or I'll call their Doms and see what they think of this!" That tiny threat had Michael and Luke saying goodbye and leaving, but Eleanor stayed.

"Her too." Harry grit his teeth.

Louis bit his lip, "Harry, she has no home-" Eleanor had been staying at a Sub Rescue Home for the past week since her Dom threw her out. Louis had begged Harry to let her sleep here at least, but he always said 'No' and there were rescuse houses for a reason.

"I don't care, now leave!" he screamed. Louis was frightened by Harry's outburst. He was angry, yes, but never mean.

"Harry!-"

Eleanor stood up, glaring at Harry, "You don't deserve him!" She screamed.

There was a stunned silence in between the trio as Louis tried to wrap his head around Eleanor screaming at Harry like that. Harry, however, said nothing but snapped his fingers to the door. Eleanor turned to Louis before walking out, leaving the two alone.

"Bend over." Harry growled.

"What-"

"I said bend over!" Harry barked, taking off his belt. Louis crossed his arms, he knew Harry was going to punish him, but he wanted to know why. "No," he sassed.

"I'm not asking you, I'm TELLING you, now bend over or I'll make it thirty!"
"Why am I being punished?" Louis demanded. Harry slapped his belt on the table, startling Louis, but the Sub still stood his ground. "Because I had a shitty day at work, a fucking reporter snuck his way into my office and you invited people into my house without permission! Now bend over you're getting thirty with my belt!"

Louis shivered, "I don't want to. . ."

"Well, I don't care what you want. You're being punished now!"

"But it's my home too!" Louis was close to tears. This was his house as much as it was Harry's. . . right? Harry scoffed, "No its not! I may have invited you into my home, Louis, but I bought this house, I buy the furniture, I buy the food, I pay the bills! You're only here because you're my submissive, now bend over!"

The Dom waited for Louis to do as he was told, but was surprised to hear the Sub speak up. "Is that all I am?"

Harry's words hurt Louis more than any belt strap could. "You don't have to hit me," The Sub quietly sniffed, "You've already caused an impact."

The Dom stood strong, and tall. Yet, his heart fell to the floor. Louis began sobbing and rushed out of the room. He felt like an idiot for thinking Harry saw him the way his father saw his mother, or Liam and Zayn saw Niall. He was a downright fool.

*Harry never saw me more than anything, but a Sub.*

Louis ran to the isolation room, he knew that would be the last place Harry would look for him, if he looked for him. Louis did steal a blanket and pillow, however and felt lower than dirt. Tomorrow at the rally, he'd preach his little heart out. He was going to prove that Subs are human too, and they are not bellow Doms.
In the quieter parts of Bradford, a large house on the right side of the road with a large drive way had a parked Range Rover. Stepping outside the car with bags of groceries in his arms was Zayn.

He'd never admit it, but he was laying low at his parents for a while. After the whole ordeal at the therapist's with wanting to virtually kill Liam out of rage, had frightened the shit out of him and he felt he had to leave. With leaving, he had turned off his phone and was sure he had more missed calls and text messages than ever.

"Here, Mum." he softly smiled, handing his mother, Trisha, the bag of produce. She went to thank him, but Zayn's father, Yassir, had walked in the room and Trisha went silent again.

"Don't even think about it." Yassir warned her. Zayn narrowed his eyes when his father pulled a bottle of beer out of the fridge and walked away. All his life his father was a ruthless asshole, borderline abusive, and just a shitty Dom to his Mom.

Zayn vowed to never be like that with Niall, or to Liam. "You can whisper, Mum, it's okay."

Trisha shook her head, she's tried that before and failed, promising herself she'll never do it again. While Zayn helped his mother prepare dinner, Zayn felt like he was a teenage again, helping his mother around the house. He wasn't like normal Doms growing up, he felt he had to protect his mother incase Yassir would turn out to be abusive and was always on high alert.

The thought of becoming like that man sickened him.

He flinched when Trisha gently held his hand. "Sorry," he apologized. Trisha stroked her thumb across the top of his hand, pointing to the phone hanging up on the wall by the fridge. Zayn knew what she meant, telling her everything when he arrived.

Call them. . .
But, he was afraid. Afriad Liam had already moved on with Niall. *They were in the living room waiting for the baby to be born, forgetting all about him.*

"I . . I can't." he swallowed.

Trisha took his hand, kissing it. Zayn pulled her close, holding his aging mother. Trisha gazed into the living room, Yassir was watching his TV show, he wouldn't hear anyway.

"Please. . ." her voice above a whisper.

Zayn said nothing and Trisha went back to cooking. The phone was taunting him, hanging on the hook. Zayn's mouth became clammy and his hands, sweaty. Whether he was ready or not, he was walking to the phone and began dialing.

Each time the phone rang, Zayn's pulse heightened and he didn't even know what to say when someone answered. What does one say? "Hey, it's me, sorry I haven't contacted you in two weeks, but last I saw you I felt like killing you?"

"Hello?" a stern answer came.

Zayn frowned, "Hello, Maura. Is Niall there?"

"Who is this?"

The Dom wanted to smash the phone on the wall, hoping it would hit the woman in return. "It's Zayn, I'd like to speak with my husbands, please."

"They're not here, they went to see the sex of the baby."

Zayn felt a bit betrayed. But then again, he had no one to blame but himself, they probably invited him but his phone was off. "Well, when are they coming back?"
"I don't know, they're going out to dinner and a movie after that."

Zayn didn't know if the woman was bullshitting him or not, then again, she did hate him. Zayn clutched the phone tightly. "Well, I'll be home tonight then."

"I don't think you should. Putting all that unnecessary stress on Niall is not good for the baby. I think you should stay clear of everything until after the child is born."

How dare this woman say such things. "I am that child's father!-"

"You have a funny way of acting like it. I have to go, goodbye." she hung up on him. Zayn had never felt so insulted and unwanted. He turned to his mother who stood with a small smile on her face. In the palm of her hand, she held a tiny paint brush.

Zayn walked towards her, taking it from her hand, gently. He looked at her one last time before holding her once again.

"I love you, Mum."

"You're not him." Trisha whispered once again. Zayn's eyes watered. He wasn't Yassir. He was Zayn Malik. And he was going to be a damn good husband and father.

Without a word, he raced to grab his keys and to his car.

He had a plan.
Sitting at the iMac computer in Anne Marie's office, Dan plugged in his recording device.

"Have you ever hit Louis?" Dan recorded, his own voice.

"No, I have not!" Harrry's recording played. Dan clicked and edited the voice over and played it once again, except this time, they had it where it sounded like Harry was admitting to hitting Louis.

"I have."

Anne Marie smirked and she counted the millions of pounds she was going to make in her head.
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

Drama is upon us.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for the lovely comments, sorry to have you wait on this chapter, but I was out of town and had to edit two stories. Ugh, and as sad as I am to say this, but we are almost done with the story!!! AAAAAHHH! I know.

I love you all ♥♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry stood infront of the door to the isolation room with mixed feelings. He went to look for Louis to at least make sure the Sub ate something, but when he couldn't find him anywhere, this was the last place he checked.

Louis was in there alright, conked out and eyes blotchy from crying.

He knew he shouldn't have said those awful things to Louis, he never should have even THOUGHT about Louis that way. Louis meant to much more to him than just a sex toy, or someone to do his dirty laundry, or cook his meals.

Subs like Louis didn't happen very often. They don't make them like that anymore. The old saying was right. Louis was nothing but generous, kind and just wanted some damn friends over and he had to kick them all out. Harry sighed, debating on waking the boy or not.

He should have picked Louis up and carried him to bed with him, instead, he slept alone.

Maybe he was punishing himself, Harry didn't know.
He didn't know much of anything anymore.

Zayn didn't care if he was speeding, he was going to get home ASAP. He had a mission to not only apologize, but to do something he hoped would prove how sorry he was, and how he wanted to be involved in the baby's life again.

His Range Rover's tires squeaked when he perfectly parallel parked in front of the garage in his drive way and he didn't even bother to shut the driver's side door, as he sprinted into the house. He took the steps two at a time until he reached the nursery.

It was alright, but not set up fully. The changing table was stocked and ready to go, the closet was full of clothes, but the one thing Zayn wanted to do for Niall was set up the crib and paint a mural on the wall.

"I did want something from you, Zayn. It's been my dream since I found out that I was pregnant, that I wanted you to paint the baby's room."

Niall's words rang in his ears and he went to gather his supplies. Dressed in a pair of skinny jeans a plain white t-shirt, he began laying newspaper on the ground where he intended to put the crib; he had a vision of soft, fluffy clouds to be next to the crib so his child could go to sleep and wake up every morning and feel like they were in the sky.

While Zayn stroked a soft light brown color on to the wall, he couldn't help but think about the life that grew inside his Husband's belly. He remembered Marua saying they were at an appointment today to find out the gender and he couldn't help but wonder: Is this little life a boy, or a girl?
Either way, Zayn would make sure to fill their hands with crayons, paint brushes, pencils, pens and whatever else he'd get his hands on. He was determined to show his child that art will and can be found in every aspect of life. Whether his son or daughter would be a Dom or a Sub, suddenly came to his head.

As did his own father.

He remembered Yassir only smiling at him when he presented himself as a Dom. Zayn grit his teeth, stroking the brush and spreading the paint more, he vowed to never be like his father, he'd love his child regardless of how he or she wanted to be in life. His little Star can say the moon is bright pink and Zayn will agree with him.

*Little Star?*

The Dom smiled, that had a nice ring to it.

"Oh, you're back?" a voice came from the doorway. Zayn didn't even bother turning around, knowing Maura was standing there. "I thought I told you, you shouldn't come around when the baby isn't born yet!"

"I have to be here, who else is going to paint my child's room?" Zayn smirked, continuing his art work. Maura scoffed, walking away and calling Bobby. Zayn ignored the couple, locking the door so he could work in peace.

He opened the windows to allow the room to vent while he moved on to painting whispy clouds. All the while, Zayn did it with a smile, he couldn't wait to show Liam and Niall, and tell his first born how much of an idiot he realized he was and came back to paint him or her a sky in their room. With the paint drying, Zayn moved onto the crib. He whistled seeing what Niall ordered.

It was a lavish crib, fit for a prince or princess, whichever came healthy and strong in this world. He did fumble with the pieces, and only glanced at the directions once, but within an hour the crib was put together, the mattress was on and the bed was made. He even hung a little chandelier for decoration.

Zayn smiled at his accomplishment. It felt good to be finished, but his heart raced when there was a soft knock on the door.
Niall held Liam's hand in the hospital where Dr. Francis was applying gel on his stomach. "Alright and today we are going to find out the sex, right?"

Niall nodded, he was excited. But, his heart hurt, he wished Zayn were here to witness this, he had to be here too, he felt. However, Zayn wasn't answering his phone, nor made any attempt to contact them. And it hurt. But Liam was by his side still, that was thankful for.

"Alright.

Liam gripped Niall's hand and the couple looked at the screen. They waited while Dr. Francis moved the TV screen their way. "You see that?" he pointed to the corner of the screen. "That's the sex of your baby, congratulations."

Niall can't hold back his fears as he grinned ear to ear. "Oh, Liam."

Liam goes to say something but his phone rings. "It's your Mum, babe." he hands his phone to Niall, because he doesn't want to talk to Maura, he wants to marvel at the announcement of his baby's gender.

"Ma'm?" Niall answered. He frowns and then gasps. "Wait. . . who's at the house?"

With paperwork in their hands, Liam helps Niall rush into the house. Niall almost runs seeing Zayn's car in the driveway and he immediately scurries up the stairs, Liam behind him.

"Zayn?!" Niall calls out, racing to the nursery, but the door is locked. He pounds on it until the
door opens and Zayn greets them with a smile.

"Hey."

Niall is lost for words. His Dom had returned, a part of him that felt lost before, had now began to fill up with liquid love he had for his husband. Niall doesn't think twice before running into the man's arms and hugging him tightly.

"Zayn. . ." he cries. Zayn hugs him back, giving a glance over to Liam before opening his arms open some more to invite the other Dom. "I missed you, I didn't think you'd come back, I-I."

"I was an idiot babe," Zayn whispered, "and a complete asshole to you both." Zayn couldn't begin to express how sorry he was. He was so utterly, and miserably upset at what he did, it was his fault for the strain in their relationship ans he felt so stupid for leaving a kind and loving relationship behind.

"I don't care anymore, just don't do it again!" Niall sobbed.

Zayn promised.

Liam reached over, grazing his hand over Zayn's, the one with his wedding ring. He gave the fellow Dom a tearful smile before glancing over at the Crib.

"Did you do this?" he asked.
Zayn nodded, "Yeah, I wanted to paint for you guys again. And Niall asked me to, remember, baby?" Niall nodded. He did and this was more than he imagined. Memories of when Zayn used to draw and paint for Niall came flooding back to him, along with the love he had to match.

"I love it. . .it's so pretty. The baby will love it too, I know he will!" Niall grinned.

Zayn jerked his head. "He?"

Liam nodded, "Niall carries our son."

With that, the Dom falls to his knees infront of Niall's big belly. Already seven months pregnant and he was glowing like the heavens. Zayn planted tender kisses to the bulging tummy. "A boy. . .
A boy.

His little star.

Niall nodded, "Get out of those dirty clothes and come to bed, I missed you so much, Zee." he kissed the top of his husband's head. Zayn nodded. Niall had managed to tell his Mom and Dad to go to some restaurant for a night out, his treat while Denise and Greg took Theo to see a movie.

They were along in the world, it felt like, just them and their sweet baby boy.

When Sub Sports was over, (Louis was still actually surprised Harry even let him go,) Louis and Eleanor met up outside of City Hall. About fifty Subs were already there, a few Louis recognized from practice, along with Michael and Luke, ready to express their feelings on Sub Rights as well. Word spreads when you have social media.

"Hey, are you okay?" she asked, worried about how Louis looked. To be honest, he looked and felt like crap. He slept in the cold isolation room and skipped breakfast this morning.

Harry hadn't apologized and honestly, he didn't care.

"I'm fine," he lied. "Ready?" Louis asks his friend. Eleanor nods, handing him the microphone.

"WHAT DO WE WANT?" Louis screamed.

"SUB RIGHTS!"
"WHEN DO WE WANT IT?!"

"NOW!"

After railing up the crowd a bit, Eleanor took the stage, preaching about how unfair life was for
the commen Sub and how it should be put a stop to. The crowd became bigger as some Subs joined
in from coming out of shops, or passing by on the street. Louis was estatic, he didn't think so many
people would come out to help the cause, but his happiness was short livid when he saw two police
officers and a large man walking out of the building.

"Alright everyone, party's over, time to go." the man in the middle of the officers said. Louis
frowned.

"Excuse me, we have a permit to be here." Eleanor sassed.

The man, more than likely a Dom smirked. "Is that so? Well, aren't you in power." he laughed,
taunting them. "Sub law, number five-hundred and fifty-nine: No Sub shall be unaccompanied in
Public after five o'clock. Get moving or we'll be forced to remove you."

The Dom with the name tag 'Ben' was threatened and did give Louis a bit of a fright, but he stood
his ground. "No!" he screamed.

Bed smirked, "Very well, I'll be right back. We have ways of finding out who you are and who
your Dom is, and I'm sure they'll be very proud to admit to owning such a pitiful Sub."

While Louis was mad at Harry, no one dissed his tall frog. Without even thinking of what he was
doing, he took his sign he had and whacked it on the back of Ben's head. Many Subs gasped while
Ben turned around, shocked.

"Are you all right, Mr. Winston?" a cop asked.

Ben only glared, "You just assulted a Dom of higher stature." he sneered at Louis.
"I did no-"

"Arrest them all!" Ben shouted, causing a panic as Subs began to flee the area and more police officers were called to the scene. Louis and Eleanor, however, were not as lucky as most Subs and were the first ones caught and handcuffed.

Bed stared down at Louis who was struggling against the harsh hold the cop had on him, pinning him to the ground.

"I love my job." Ben spoke before walking away.

Louis felt his heart sink. He messed up, royally.

Anne Marie smiled at the freshly printed article from *The Sun* that would ship later that morning. Pictures of Subs standing up to voice their opinions, but than another one of them running as soon as the chaos started.

The headlines were:

**SUB RALLIES OUT OF CONTROL, ARE MISMATCHED DOMS TO BLAME?**

"Splendid article, Dan!" She cheerfully praised Dan as she flipped through the newspaper. "I can just feel the millions of euros that'll be in the palms of our hands."

Dan chuckled, leaning back in his chair. "All in due time, Anne Marie."

Now that the dominoes were falling, all there was left to do was wait.
Chapter End Notes

Yet another chapter written with my THUMBS! Only a few more to go!
Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

Harry re-thinks about his relationship with Louis when an old friend comes to see him.

Modest!Media over takes The Matchmakers.

All hell breaks loose.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for reading and sticking with me this far! Can't believe we're so close to finishing! Oh, meh Gawd.

When Harry heard the news, he was furious. He hadn't been this embarrassed since the night Louis drank so much and drunkenly made a fool of himself those few months ago. So when Harry was in the middle of a very important meeting with his foreign clients from San Diego, and informed of this, it was safe to say he left blushing.

The Dom gripped his steering wheel. He had to leave work to bail his Sub out of jail. JAIL. Harry was already making a long list mentally of all the punishments Louis would be put through, when his phone vibrated. He ignored it until it got really annoyed and unlocked his iPhone.

His green eyes widened.

UNKNOWN NUMBER:

Heeey ;) Heard about Louis today. Such a shame he isn't half as obedient as I was, remember?

Harry pulled into a parking lot somewhere and parked his car. He had to sit and think for a moment.
No way. It couldn't be.

"How did you get my number?" Harry asked himself out loud as he typed. He didn't know why he replied. He didn't the last time this happened. Harry felt sick. He was angry with Louis, startled and confused as to who was really talking to him. It was a new phone, so he hoped this was just a wrong number ordeal.

UNKNOWN NUMBER:

Pity, I should think you'd remember your first Sub ♡

Harry's worst nightmare was coming true. All on a Monday. The Dom quickly replied.

I am not sure who you are talking about.

Harry prayed it was a false alarm. It had to be. His hands trembled as he stared down at his phone waiting for a reply. When the speech bubbles stopped typing, for a moment the world stopped and suddenly a picture was sent to him and sure enough, his worst fears have been confirmed.

It was his first Submissive.

UNKNOWN NUMBER:

Remember now?

Harry didn't know what to say back.

UNKNOWN NUMBER:

Don't leave me hanging, Hazzy. Tell me, are you enjoying the rich life you've always wanted? Do you roll around in big piles of money and have people waiting at your feet?

The Dom was about to throw his phone when Louis came back to his memory. He was still upset with Louis from yesterday, and now that he found out about some rally his Sub conjured up was
more than enough to make him not care.

He bit his lip.

Where are you?

He was going to seriously do it. He was going to see his first unofficial Sub for the first time in years.

UNKNOWN NUMBER:

Outside the London park about to feed some ducks. Come see me ;)

Harry shut his phone off and started up his engine, driving in the direction of the park.

At first, Harry felt like an idiot. He had been waiting on a park bench for nearly five minutes and still no sign of his old Sub.

This has to be a joke. Or maybe I'm going insane. Harry balmed it on the lack of sleep he was getting and went to walk away but heard his name being called by a voice that was all to familiar.
Turning around, he almost couldn't believe his eyes. There stood his old Sub, Jake. Jake had grown an inch last he saw him, had dip-dyed blonde hair with brown roots and a totally new outfit Harry never saw him in.

"Oh my, Harry. You sure had grown! And look at you, you look so posh and handsome!" Jake smiled, Jake always was one to be cheeky and compliment others. Harry gulped.

"How did you get my number?" Harry demanded.

Jake shrugged, "It's easy when you have the internet at your hands, lovely."

"Don't call me that. Jake, what do you want?" There was a reason Harry broke it off with Jake. When Harry was eighteen and struggling with success, he made friends with Jake he met working at a bar. The two got off really good and went against the Law and fooled around.

By the time Harry's business started picking up, he had to cut ties with Jake, needles to say, Jake was devastated and Harry never heard from him again. until a few months back when this started and he blocked the Unknown number.

"Nothing. Just heard about you in the papers and wanted to check up on you." Jake blushed.

"What?!" Jake handed Harry a newspaper and on the front page was that shitty "interview" he had with Dan plastered, fake and all over the place. Harry even saw bellow a picture of Louis and Eleanor leading Subs to chant in front of City Hall.

He couldn't believe it.

"Oh, Harry, you poor thing. That Sub is treating you so nasty, isn't he?" Jake asked, pouting.

Harry looked up slowly, gazing at Jake who gave him a kind smile. "Subs need to know their place is in the home. Not the outside world. But this. . . Lewis fella' doesn't quite get it now, huh?"
"Louis." Harry corrected. The Dom thought about all the times Louis had been so stubborn and demanding, it angered him. Louis whined about not having kids when Harry clearly wasn't ready. Louis bitched about Lou-Lou staying with them, even though Harry didn't want a lamb in HIS house.

And now this, this Sub Right's bullshit.

"Seems to me, Louis doesn't appreciate how hard you work, and he's using what little fame he has to throw it in your face. The nerve." Jake could see a little spark in Harry's eye and decided to pester with it more. "Not the first time he's done it, huh?"

"...No."

Jake held Harry's hand and it did startle the Dom a bit. "I tried to find you...because I know you, Harry. More than anyone. I'm asking, that is, to be your Sub again. I can be a better Sub than Louis ever could be."

Harry was speechless.

Louis sat in a cell with Eleanor, Luke and Michael. He shivered on the floor, it was so drafty in here and he couldn't believe he was actually in jail. Louis felt sick. He was sure Harry was wondering where he was right about now. Assuming he cared anymore.

The Sub sniffed, covering his head.

"Hemmings and Clifford." a Dom police officer called, opening the cell door. Luke stood up straight and Michael gave one last glance at Louis and Eleanor.
Down the hall, the two Subs could hear Ashton and Calum screaming at their Subs, obviously not caring about modesty or what the public thought, especially so when Luke was told he 'wouldn't sit for a month'. Louis whimpered, he couldn't imagine what Harry would do to him. He was already in trouble as it was.

"Don't be scared, Louis. I'm sure your pathetic Dom won't kill you." Eleanor voiced.

"He's not pathetic!" Louis snapped. Eleanor rolled her eyes and laughed. "Yeah, okay, and what happened just now doesn't prove that ALL Doms are fucking evil and sadistic?"

Louis didn't believe her. "Not true! I've had a Dom that wasn't my own, save my life before. And my father was a Dom, and a good man."

"Whatever you say, Louis. That doesn't mean anything to me. I'm fucking upset at what happened, we had a right to be there and we should have stayed!" Eleanor argued. "It's this system that's fucking rigged, a Dom should have never been in power to tell a Sub what to do with their life!"

Louis rubbed his arms before knitting his eyes in confusion. "Eleanor... do you hate Doms? Like, are you prejudice against them for no reason?"

The female Sub glared. "What's it to you?"

"Because you're giving Sub Rights a bad image by being a Dom hater! You can still be in a loving and happy relationship but still want Sub rights." Louis sassed.

"Are YOU in a loving and happy relationship, Louis?" Eleanor coldly asked. Louis paused. He had to think for a moment.

He didn't remember the last time he was genuinely happy around Harry the past few days. After the trial, yeah, but when did the happiness of their first meeting fade away? How long has it been since he told Harry how much he loved him and vice versa?

Louis didn't know what to say. It was like he was back to square one with Harry. The tiny Sub sobbed. All of this fighting, just because of a namesake.
"Tomlinson!" The same Dom who took Luke and Michael away was back and Louis stood up, half excited to see Harry again. Louis wiped away the tears from his eyes.

He was confused when he saw Harry with someone. That someone was clinging to Harry's arm and kept smiling up at Harry. Louis was confused.

"Harry!" Louis called as soon as the door opened and he went to approach his Dom, but the police officer held him back.

"Wha-What's going on?" Louis cried. "Harry?"

Harry stared at Louis blankly. It was obvious Louis was startled and wanted answers, but when Louis caught a glimpse of a strand of pearls around the other boy's neck, he became upset. "Harry! That's my necklace!"

Sure enough, it was the pearl necklace with two emeralds in the front that Harry gave Louis the day they met. It was his offering.

"No, that's the necklace I gave my Sub." Harry answered, rudely.

Louis gasped. "But, I'm your Sub!"

"Not anymore." the boy next to Harry purred. "As far as the papers say, I am his Sub, as of today."

Louis couldn't believe it. "H-Harry!"

"You lied to me, Louis!" Harry began. "You acted out so selfishly and made a mockery of me by protesting against Dominants; you've made it very clear you don't want me."

Louis was crying and tried to control his breathing. "That's not it at all! I just wanted Subs to have rights, Harry!"

"It's been this way for centuries, Louis! But I'll be damned if you have my name dragged through
the mud! I have worked too hard for too long for you to ruin me! I did everything for you, you selfish whore! I gave you a home, I gave you clothes, took care of your sick mother and even put up with your whining and bitching; and this is how you thanked me?!

Harry was livid. *How dare Louis do something like that, after all I did.*

"I'm done. Goodbye, Louis. Maybe you'll behave better for your next Dom."

"Harry! No, please don't-" Louis begged as Harry began to walk away. Louis shook his head as the officer led him back to the cell. Louis called out for Harry.

"Harry! Harry, come back! HARRY!"

His heart shattered into tiny pieces as Harry ignored him and kept his hands on the other Sub.

He had been rejected and replaced.

---

**CRISIS IN BRITAIN**

*Following the protecting of Sub Right Activists today that ended in confusion and terror has left us scratching our heads. Leader of this Sub Rights Group is none other than Louis Tomlinson, newly Sub to Harry Styles. The two were matched in late September one week after Louis eighteenth birthday, but all was lost and there was trouble in paradkce as our exclusive insiders have caught on camera: Harry Styles attempting to harm Louis in the front dest of Harry's car after an office Party.*

*I sat down with Harry and he confessed everything to me.*

"*Have you ever hit your Sub?*

*I have."
He admitted to hitting Louis and wanting to replace him sometime and soon. We blame matchmaking, if these two were never together then none of this would ever have happened. Right now, Louis has been rejected while Harry has been seen out shopping for his new Sub, a name has not yet been revealed as the Sub's name is still a mystery.

Still nothing on Louis, but our insiders have told us he is upset that Harry had rejected him and hopes to have a fair cut in his Dom's networth as he does not have a job to support himself. As far as Sub Right's go, there has been no accomplishment.

However, if I may put my two cents in, I am more than happy to announce that because of this fiasco, Modest!Media's own Anne-Marie, has decided to step in and take over the Matchmakers while a new system is converted so unmatched couples can never be put together again.

Artical written and reported to The Sun by: Dan Wootton.
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

Gemma beats some sense into Harry.

Liam and Zayn are worried.

Louis is in trouble.

Chapter Notes

Thanks so much for the kudos! I love you all so much! ♥

Also: Don't put whip cream on your pizza. It sounds good at first, but twenty minutes later, you'll be throwing up on your neighbor's empty swimming pool. *gags*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Liam and Zayn marched straight into the office, ignoring looks from employees as they approached their shared office with Harry. Harry sat in his leather desk chair, turned towards the windows, gazing at the city buildings and skyscrapers.

"Harry!" Zayn shouted.

The curly haired Dom swivled around.

"What is the world were you thinking?!" Zayn demanded to know. Harry shrugged, "Could ask myself the same thing with your little disappearing act. Tell me why you're not fired?"

"Don't turn this on me, Harry! What in God's name have you done?"

"What do you mean?" Harry asked. "I didn't do anything wrong."
"We're talking about Louis. How could you do that, Harry? The boy was such a good Sub." Zayn spoke to which Harry loudly snorted at. Liam glared. "You just made a huge mistake, Harry. The press is after us, the paparazzi, we were almost late this morning because of all this. Niall's family has decided to stay until the baby's birth because of this commotion."

Harry rolled his eyes, "Sounds like your problem."

"You're acting like you've never taken a Dominance Class. What the fuck is wrong with you?" Zayn growled.

"What's wrong with me? I just made a five-million dollar deal with California. This is your first time showing your face in this office in two weeks. Get your priorities straight, Malik!" Harry barked back.

"You're right, I made a huge fuck up, but I saw my errors and accepted them. More than that, I apologized. Now get rid of this tramp you've been spending a shit ton of money on and get back with Louis! He was your first Sub for fuck's sake, Harold!"

Harry sighed, "Actually... you're wrong about that, Zayn. The one I'm with now, was my first submissive."

Liam and Zayn shared a look. "I fooled around when I was eighteen and left the guy once I started this company with you two. I couldn't be seen with someone who wasn't matched with me legally, it would make our company look bad." Harry explained. "Besides, Jake is more Submissive than Louis, I mean Niall had to teach him how to be a proper Sub when they met!"

"That's because Louis dropped out to help his Mum, remember?" Liam recalled Niall telling him that early on in his pregnancy. "I mean, Harry, are you even caring for that sick woman anymore?"

Harry shrugged. "I don't know. And I don't care, get back to work. I'll be gone on a lunch I have with Jake later."

Liam and Zayn's jaws dropped. "Do you even hear yourself right now?"

Harry gave one last final glance at the two men before going back to phone to text Jake. Liam and Zayn were stunned by Harry's actions. A true Dom would never just throw their Submissive away
like that. They did hear about Louis' Sub Right's rally he helped organize, but that was no reason to throw away a loving Sub like Louis.

Liam gave one last look at Zayn. "What do we do?" he asked.

Zayn walked over to the window, opened it and lit a cigarette. "This isn't like Harry at all."

Liam nodded.

"Something had to happen to him for him to be acting this way. We know how much he loves Louis. Think about it Li, why was I the way I was a few weeks back?" God, he still felt like shit for the drama he endured onto the ones he loved.

"Because you were scared?"

Zayn smirked. "Exactly. Harry, while he might not admit it, was scared about something. And there's only one way to find out why." Zayn pulled out his phone and began to dial Gemma.

Sitting in the master bedroom in Harry's mansion, Jake was looking at a picture of Louis smiling with Harry. The Sub with anhuish in his brown eyes gripped the photo until the frame broke on Louis' side of the photo.

He hated Louis since he first laid eyes on him.

He saw Louis for the first time together back in September. He was working at the mall when he noticed Harry buying a ton of clothes for him. Jake had been so upset and jealous of the scene that was a happy Harry with a Sub that was not him.

Jake heard about them again in the news when Harry was pictured to be hitting Louis and he thought that was his golden moment to take back Harry, so he did a little research on how to find
people's phone numbers and he'd text Harry with a heavy false sense of hope the man would reply.

Soon, Jake saw a trial on TV and there they were again. He was determined to find Harry and rip him from Louis. When he saw Louis organizing a crowd, demanding Sub Rights, Jake knew this was the best time to steal Harry back.

Jake loved Harry and was never going to give him up, Harry had status, good looks and was the seventh richest Dom in England. Jake liked Harry for all those reasons. Especially the last. He's suffered on the streets, been beaten by Doms, he figured he deserved this more than that fat ass Louis.

"Jake? I'm home." Jake smiled, hearing Harry call. Jake hid the photo and sprinted down the stairs, leaping into Harry's arms. "Oh my Harry! So glad you're home." Jake squealed.

Harry chuckled. "Missed me?"

"Absolutely! How was work, my darling Dom?" Jake twisted Harry's red tie with his finger. Harry was flattered and proceeded to tell Jake about the five million dollar deal he made with America. That was music to Jake's ears. "Oh, I'm so happy for you Harry! You work so hard for everything, let me go start on dinner." With that, Jake handed Harry the TV remote and skipped to the kitchen.

Harry went to sit down in his chair when he noticed something was... out of place.

"Hey, Jake?" Harry asked.

"Yes, Hazza?"

"Where's the Lamb at?" Harry looked around, normally Lou-Lou was eating a shoe, or trying to eat at the chair legs and tables. Jake came back and said he put Lou-Lou outside and tied her to a dog post. Harry frowned but figured Lou-Lou would be fine since it wouldn't rain.

He'd make sure to return Lou-Lou to Louis when he returned the papers of their Signing to have them shredded.
The Dom grinned, relaxing in his recliner while turning on a sports show. He had kicked off his shoes and leaned back for only a minute before the door bursted open, scaring him.

Storming in was a raging older sister.

"G-Gemma?" Harry stood up. Gemma only marched towards Harry, barefoot as she had her slippers in her hands and began wailing them on him. "Ow! Ow! What the fuck?!"

"You bloody idiot! You stupid block! You mother-!" Gemma didn't stop slapping Harry. "What is wrong with you?!"

Harry could say the exact same thing. The male Dom eventually managed to grab a hold of Gemma's slippers and tossed them. Gemma was still seething mad, however. "ARE YOU OUT YOUR MIND?!"

"Harry? What's going on?" Gemma turned to see Jake dressed in an apron with tiny flour clothes on his cheeks, but what caught Gemma's attention was the pearl necklace and emeralds. The female Dom glanced back at her brother.

"Where's Louis?" Gemma demanded.

"None of your business, Gemma get out!" Harry hollered as Jake rushed to his side to hide his face. He kept an eye out to see the drama. It was better than the soap operas he watched earlier.

"This is my business, Louis was my family too!"

"What are you getting on?" Harry rolled his eyes.

"You know damn well what I'm getting at! How could you throw away Louis like that, Harry! After all he's done for you!"
Harry wanted to laugh. "Oh yeah, embarrassing me like that he practically gave me up first, Gemma. And you don't know what goes on behind closed doors, so don't act like you know everything!"

"I know enough to see you're a shitty Dom!" Gemma shouted. Harry was livid. How dare she call him that.

"You're impatient, you never listen, you jump to conclusions." Gemma listed. Not caring all about modesty or being nice to her brother. She knew deep down this might make Harry hate her, but she'd rather have Harry hate her and know the truth than patch things up and see him living his life like an asshole. "And most of all you are selfish!"

"Oh, I'm selfish! Due tell me your reasoning behind all that, because last I checked, I gave him a liveable house to reside in, I paid for every bill, grocery item, artical of clothing and on top of that, I'm paying for his mother's treatment!" Harry shouted. "And this is how he thanks me? by organizing a Sub Right's Group soly based upon hating Dominants?!"

Gemma snorted. "You're dummer than I thought. Thats not what Sub Rights are about, dumbass! Excuse Louis and millions of other Subs for not wanting to be treated like shit!"

Jake began twisting a curl in Harry's hair. "I'm going to check on dinner, Love. It will be ready soon." with that, the Sub place a kiss on Harry's cheek and skipped away.

"That's disgusting. I'd rather see someone eat a life snake than see that again." Gemma gagged. Harry growled.

"Get the fuck out, Gemma, or I'm calling the police!"

Gemma shoved her hands into her robe pocket. "Go ahead. I'd love to see Louis and tell him your new Sub has more plastic in him than a Barbie doll!" Gemma began walking to the door but before she left, she added:

"I won't tell you how to live your life, Harry. Believe what you want, have all the money in the world and a new bitch at your feet, but the way I see it, you lost everything the second you left Louis."
The door slammed and Gemma was gone. Harry stood staring at the door for a moment before walking up the marble staircase to his office. He needed to be left alone for a while. While waiting for dinner to cook, he went on some websites, Googling 'Sub Rights' and reading historic articles on the first movements and the overall history of Doms and Subs. He didn't know why he did, but he did find out some unusual information.

'Household Subs refused 'Coloring Law', 1910-1974

Harry recalled learning about that when he was in Dominance School. For nearly sixty-five years Subs were not permitted to color out in public, no matter how dire the situation was for the said Sub. Now, if a Sub did so in public, a Dom was arrested on the spot. It took forever for that law to pass. That and many others.

Makes sence Harry thought.

Harry was having mixed feelings about the whole situation he was in. No where in any artical did it state that Sub Right Activists hated their Doms, or that the only reason that they were joining this was to be better than Dominants.

Everything Jake told him was a lie.

FLASHBACK

Harry stood flabbergasted at Jake's words. "W-What? What are you talking about?"

Jake giggled, standing on his toes and then back on his heels. "Oh, don't be so modest, Harry. You know exactly what I mean. I want to be your Sub, I want to cook, clean and serve you."

Harry turned to walk away but Jake grabbed onto his coat. "and, I heard what happened with Louis starting that Dom hating group. The nerve of that boy."

Jake could see the hears winding in Harry's head as he continued. "How dare he do that to you, after all you've done for him. I'm sure, knowing you, you treated him like a princess and he wastes it all by doing that to you. Utterly humiliating and disrespectful. No one, especially as good as a
Dom and you, should ever have to go through that again."

The tall, curly one bit his lip.

"All Subs KNOW that's the one way to get rid of a Dom. And that, I believe, was Louis' hint he didn't want you anymore." Jake puckered his lips. Harry couldn't believe it. His heart shattered at Jake's words.

Louis couldn't hate me. He said he loved me.

All those happy times he's had with Louis, in the boat in Yorkshire, watching Lou-Lou be born, the intimate moments he shared and all the secrets they told each other felt like a hot pick jabbing his heart and throbbing his head. Harry refused to cry but his eyes felt like they were stinging.

"But... I can be the one to mend you." Jake walked in front of Harry. "I can fix your broken heart and mold it into another that beag just for me, my Harry." Jake smiled before leaning in close to Harry. "...I've missed you."

FLASHBACK DONE

"Harry! Dinner!" Jake lovingly called as he tried to fix the tiara on his head. He hummed and went about setting the table. Jake was covered head to toe in jewelry he found in a box that actually belonged to Louis. He didn't care, he felt rather rich in these, he told himself he'd wear them all the time.

Harry came down and stopped seeing Jake wearing all the jewelry. "Where did you get that?" Harry asked.

"Oh, it was in a box in our room. Don't worry, I made sure it was clean before wearing it." Jake responded. That wasn't the answer Harry was looking for but decided he'd tell Jake to take it all off after dinner. If he was being honest with himself, he had imagined the Sub of his life would be wearing jewelry and fancy outfits every day, but when Louis came and politely declined, Harry had no choice but to admire the carmel haired Sub's natural beauty, which was hard with Jake.
"I made chicken, stuffed with mozzarella cheese, wrapped in parma ham with a side of homemade mash." Jake smiled, setting the plate of food before Harry. "Some wine?"

"Er, sure." Harry felt sick and didn't want to eat anymore. This was the first meal Louis ever cooked for him. Harry shook his head and picked up his fork. He went to take a bite but immediately spat it out.

Jake looked up from his own plate. "What are you doing?" Harry's jaw almost dropped. Any normal Sub would have been begging for forgiveness if a Dom spat out their food.

"It's raw in the middle." Harry stated. Jake smiled and took Harry's plate back to the kitchen. *This is a warning sign.* Harry remembered, if a Sub can't cook that's not good. Deep down, Harry was missing the meals Louis prepared. The Sub was always asking for ideas and wanting to try new things. Louis made some wonderful dishes.

Ten minutes later, Jake returned with the plate and stood by Harry's side eager to see his reaction. Harry thought nothing of it and chewed slowly, his eyebrows furrowed together in confusion. "What's in this?" he asked with a mouthful of food.

"Oh, nothing really, just some salt and pepper, some chives and my cum." At that last part Harry almost threw up, spitting out the food and tossing the dish away from him.

"WHAT?! That's disgusting!" Harry grabbed a table cloth napkin and began wiping his mouth and chin. "What the fuck possessed you to do that?!"

Jake was taken back. "You're not into injection kink?"

"No! How the fuck would you know what I'm into? I literally just took you home, you haven't seen my files!" Harry argued. He started to think about his actions today and something told him he made a big fuck up. Still, he decided to give Jake a test, much like he did Louis in the beginning.

Harry yanked the plate of food off the table and smashed it on the ground. Food flew everywhere and the plate broke. "Pick it up!" he snapped. He wanted to see just how far Jake would go to please him, if the Sub was smart, he wouldn't pick it up. However, this was not the case, because Jake immediately bent down and started cleaning.
"I've seen enough." Harry stood up. Before he could continue, the door bell rang. Harry opened the door and his eyes widened seeing three semi-trucks in his driveway and a delivery man at his door step. "Mr. Harry Styles? I'm here with that order."

"Order? I didn't order anythi-" Harry slowly turned to Jake. The Sub gulped.

Within five minutes, the jewelry was handed back to Harry, as well as Jake kicked out of the house and the delivery men sent away.

"Harry! Please!" Jake begged.

"No! Fuck you! Gemma was right, I'm a fucking idiot for not seeing you as the leech you are!" Harry hollered. "You lied to me, tied my pet up like it was a strey dog, fed me your bodily fluids and then stole my money and you have the audacity to try and be my Submissive?! No wonder I fucking broke it off with you, you're fucking crazy!"

Harry slammed the door and ran outside to bring Lou-Lou back in before immediately called Liam and Zayn. He was going to get his Louis back and do more than apologize.

Reject Submissives were not safe. Nobody knew that better than Louis and Eleanor. After the whole heart breaking moment of watching his Dom abandon him for another Sub, Louis and Eleanor were taken down to a dark, cement basement cell with other Reject Subs.

They were starving and cold, and could hear the sounds of other Subs screaming and coloring out. The new owners of The Matchmakers, Dan and Anne Marie, had it where Reject Subs can be
Louis yelped when the cell door opened and his name was called. Louis screamed and cried, begging to be left alone, he didn't want to be harmed like the other Subs had been. "Please, let me go! Please!"

"You're being bought, kid, pipe down!" the Dom guard snapped.

_B-Bought?_ Louis had given up on the hope that Harry would save him, after the way he expressed his hate for him. Louis whimpered as he was brought up to the first floor, walking slowly out of dizziness from not being fed. Louis doesn't know what to expect next.

*What if my next Dom is abusive? What if they torture me?* so many scenarios went through Louis' head that he was actually very surprised to see who had boughten him. He couldn't believe it.

"S-Stan?"
I wrote this fucker with my THUMBS!! Also, to those who practice BDSM and have come across my story, thank you so much for the valuable information and opinions. You all are cute AF.
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

Harry and Gemma see the changes in their society and they don't like it.

Louis moves in with Stan.

Luke feels like he has to do something for Subs.

Chapter Notes

Lots of sappy Harry. Please forgive him. Anywhoo, I hope you all enjoy this chapter ♥

-Angel_Dust

Louis was silent on the drive to Stan's. He was upset and shocked over the past twenty-four hours. No doubt about it, Harry must have returned their Signature to have it official that Louis was a reject and now it would forever define him. A part of Louis was very angry. This is unfair, how come even though Harry didn't want me, it has to effect me the rest of my life?

Doms had no penalty when it came to being rejected, however, their titles were stripped but they could always work to redeem themselves and earn their status back, Subs however were left to the cold society and often looked down upon. It was a rigged system.

Of course there were Sub help hotlines, but they could only do so much and normally life still wasn't better for The Sub.

"Hey, Louis." Stan spoke, driving the car. It was no where near the luxurious vehicles Harry drove, but it was far better than what Louis could ever own. Louis turned to Stan. "Yes, Sir?"
The Dom laughed, "No need for formalities, Louis, I was just wondering if you were hungry."

"Oh, yes, please." Louis was famished. Stan pulled into a fast food drive thru and began ordering for the both of them. The Dom handed Louis an Extra-large Sprite and the Sub glugged it down, it was refreshing against his sore throat and queasy stomach.

"Sorry It's not anything fancy like you're probably accustomed to." Stan bit his lip, a bit embarrassed he couldn't do more for Louis than sitting in a parking lot in his car eating fast food and milk shakes.

"No it's okay, I don't mind this," It's better than what some Subs get. "I'm actually okay with this. And Harry and I never really ate out, he liked my cooking." Louis froze, talking about his former Dom with his new one was probably a big no-no and it make this even more awkward.

Stan only shrugged, "Well, for a man that rich to never eat out because of you, I'm excited to try your cooking." Stanley smiled, making Louis gaze at his dirty shoes. Now that I think about it, will I get my stuff back? "Um, Stan? Will I get my things back from Harry? I have a pet sheep and photos and some clothes that I want."

The raven haired Dom nodded. "I'll try and arrange something, but you know it's up to Harry to keep whatever he wants, right?"

Louis knew Harry wouldn't be so heartless to not give him back Lou-Lou or pictures, or maybe some shoes at least. Harry may have kicked me out, but I want my photos, especially ones of my mother. Louis gasped. "M-My Mum! Stan, we have to go back to London. I haven't seen my Mum in ages and-"

"Woah, woah, calm down, Louis." Stan sat his food and went to hold Louis' soft, cold hand. The gesture did make Louis stop, as he's never held Stan's large, calloused hands. "It's okay." Stan soothed. "Look, if it makes you feel any better, we can go see your Mum after this week and tell her about everything that's happened so she won't be left in the dark, are you okay with that?"

A week? That means Stan wants to have a Signature with me. It sort of made Louis uncomfortable on how Stan had made up his mind on that already, but not wanting to be bothersome and have Stan reject him (Louis didn't want to think about being rejected TWICE) he just nodded,
Stanley smiled, "Eat up, I got a feeling you'll like where we're headed."

Louis blinked in confusion.

Harry and Gemma bolted in through the front doors of The Matchmakers and were shocked at the scene. What used to look professional, sophisticated and dealt with a loving manner, now looked like a death trap for unwanted Subs. Harry's jaw fell open. Walking past them were Police officers guiding half clothed Subs, who looked like they haven't eaten in weeks or slept properly.

"What the. . .?" Harry whispered under his breath, looking around in fear.

"Did I do this?"

Gemma stuffed her hands into her hot pink tiger coat with puffed sleeves. "Sort'a." not holding back any resentment.

She ignored the glare from her younger brother and the two walked to the front desk, but not without witnessing a blood chilling scene of a Sub mother screaming as she was pinned to the floor while a Female Dom walked away with two small children, leaving her. Another horrific part to this plade was a sign that said 'TESTING' where a group of cries could be heard.

"May I help you?" A woman at the front desk asked. Harry ignored her sneer, as if she had anything better to do than be here.
"I'm looking for my Sub." Harry stated.

"Sir, you'll have to wait in line." the woman pointed to a long line in front of a block of starving Subs. There had to be at least fifteen Subs and over thirty Doms.

"Wait in line?" Gemma gaped. "What are you talking about? This procedure takes hours to find the right Sub."

"Yeah, that was the old procedure for Reject Subs. Now you can walk in and take one, they're ready to order."

'Ready to Order' as if they're nothing but slabs of meat! Harry was outraged. It should have NEVER have been like this, who know who can walk in and take a Sub? It was dangerous and totally unlawful! "I don't want any other Submissive. I want my old one! Look up Louis Tomlinson, right now!"

The woman rolled her eyes but typed in the name already. "I have four Subs with that name, but they're all taken already." Harry and Gemma paled.

"By whom?" Harry feared for Louis' life, he could be locked in some basement right now, starving, being beaten, or raped, or his "new Dom" could have fled the country and then he'd never find Louis.

"The most recent Louis that we sold-" Harry flinched at the word 'sold' "-was at Nine-Fifteen this morning to a Dom named Stanley Lucas." the woman turned her computer screen around and sure enough it was his Louis. Harry caught a glimpse at Stan's property and wanted to jump for joy.

"Thanks." Harry rushed to leave but choked when Gemma yanked him by the collar and hid the two behind a large pillar. "What the fuck?!-"

"Sssh." Gemma pointed up on the second floor where Harry saw a woman dressed in a long pant suit standing next to a man drinking something in a wine glass.

"Do you recognize those people, Harry?" Gemma asked.
Harry recalled Dan Wootton, but the female was new to him. "Who's she?"

"That's Anne-Marie Thompson. Harry, she was the Dominant that was convicted of having not one but four Submissives, something very rare in these times."

"So?"

"Harry...she tried running an underground sex service, using her own Subs." Gemma informed. "The only reason she got off was because she was the manager for Modest!Media-the same media site that wanted to ruin your rep and I'm sure they're linked to The Sun- because that windbag-Dan writes for the company."

"You think they're in charge of this place?"

"I'll bet a lot of money they are. Harry, we gotta get Louis back and then we need to put an end to this."

"What can we do? There is literally nothing we have up against them, they're obviously the law now." Harry bit his lip. Gemma turned and saw a bright red 'Fire Alarm' and smirked.

"We start by getting Louis back, rounding up both Subs and Doms and we have a rally and over throw these bastards-but first." Gemma laughed as she pulled down the lever, causing a loud ringing that startled everyone and soon afterwards a ton of sprinklers turned on and began flooding the area. Harry and Gemma raced to the front doors in the state of confusion as Subs tried to break free and Police officers tried to have order.

"Gemma what the absolute fuck?! How did that solve anything?" Harry couldn't help but laugh as they raced down the steps, drenched with water.

"Oh, it wasn't supposed to solve anything, it just made me feel better."
Louis had fallen asleep sometime during the ride to Stanley's and when he woke up, all he could see were farm fields, but he instantly knew where he was. He gasped, nearly sticking his head out the window as he saw the town of Yorkshire come closer into view. Louis could have jumped for joy. He missed his country home and was so excited to be back.

"Happy?" Stan chuckled.

Louis nodded. "Yes! I thought you moved though?"

"Only for school. I moved back a few months ago and have a chicken farm up and ready. Know how to work with chickens, Lou?" Louis shook his head. He did not. Stanley only chuckled. "I'll teach you. In the mean time, when we got on to my property, I'll show you around and you can start on dinner." The Sub nodded. He wanted to make a good impression on Stan. Louis couldn't believe the turn of events. Stanley Lucas, the kid who used to bully and ridicule him, was now his loving Dom.

"Kind'a funny how life turned out, eh?" Louis chuckled.

Stanley turned on the radio and opened his arm for Louis to cuddle next to him the whole ride to the farm. "So, how far do you live from the lake? Are you closer to town, or?" Louis began.

"Remember Old-Man-Smith's place?" Stan asked. Louis nodded. Growing up, a lot of kids would try and steal from the farmer and it resulted in getting chased or beaten with a rake. No one liked him in the first place cause he was an old grouch and never seemed to ever be happy. "Well, he sold his property to me."

Louis gasped, "All fifteen acers?"

"Yup! And, I renovated the barn and had a paint job on the house." Stan turned down a different street, one Louis recognized. "I've got plans on the chicken coop and, if you'd like, we can bring some of your sheep over and raise them."
The Sub was lost for words when Stan pulled into a gravel driveway. "Home sweet home." Louis was presented with a beautiful cream colored house with ivory growing on the front. There were lots of windows and even a small flower garden in the front next to the door.

"This is beautiful! The place looks magnificent all cleaned up and decorated." Louis was stunned. The cottage house was too pretty and honestly, he couldn't wait to clean it.

"I hoped you like it." Stanly gently spoke, hugging Louis from behind. The Sub melted into the hold. He liked this Stan a lot more than the one who used to bully him.

*Funny how life turns out.*

All his life, Luke Hemmings has been "a problem child." He didn't do good in school, he got into fights and most of the time acted much like a spoiled brat. Luke had a lot of pent up anger because his parents gave him up for adoption when he was a baby and he's traveled from foster home to
foster home; because no parent wants to adopt a Sub child.

So when he was partnered with Ashton Irwin, he really gave the Dom a run for his money.

In fact, on the first day he was spanked because he mouthed off to the waitress at aome restaurant.

Ashton was strict with him and really cracked the whip, he controlled everything Luke did, from how much TV he could watch, to what he wore to social gatherings. For a while, Luke hated Ashton for how controlling the Dom was. He didn't like being told what to do, how to act, sit, stand, or look.

It wasn't until one fatal night did everything come crashing down for Luke. He had some atrocious night terror that took Ashton hours to calm him down from and every bit of hatred, or anger Luke had washed away with the tears he cried, wailing on why he didn't understand why no one, not even his own parents, wanted him. Ashton was there for the whole ordeal and didn't leave Luke's side until he was sure the blonde was fast asleep.

Ever since that night, Luke had trusted his Dom more, and his anger diminished a lot, but that didn't mean he still didn't make a snarky comment or rude reply.

Luke was laying on the bed in his and Ashton's room. It was almost evening and earlier that morning, Ashton said he wanted Luke to have a nap today as part of his punishment for participating in that rally Louis Tomlinson and Eleanor Calder started.

The blonde Sub had heard the news from over hearing a conversation with his Dom's friend, Calum on the phone and apparently Harry Styles had rejected Louis.

This had Luke worried that Ashton would do the same to him. It terrified him. Luke thought long and hard about the rally during his "nap time" and he knew that being in the Sub Rights protest, was the only thing he's ever willingly put forth effort into, or cared about. Luke curled up into fetal position under silk sheets and cotton pillows.

*That was the first thing I've ever accomplished in my life.*

Thinking back to bad grades, failed tests, fights, and unloving foster parents, Luke finally had finally felt satisfied with what he did during Sub Rights and knowing Louis was gone, made him
feel sick. Before Louis, Mikey was his only friend, really. He didn't care too much for the rude, stuck up Subs that stayed home all day and had no ambition but to be on their knees for their Doms.

Mikey never judged him or hated him, and neither did Louis. Luke laid on his back and stared up at the ceiling.

_We weren't doing anything wrong. We just wanted to not be treated the way we are._

Luke found it so obscured he couldn't be out past six-thirty alone, or see a movie, or buy certain things like houses or cars, just because he was a Sub. Luke knew he was lucky to have Ashton as a Dom, but that didn't mean he was in the clear of being treated like he was nothing more than dirt.

"Luke?" Ashton knocked on the door before entering.

The blonde turned in the bed and sat up slowly. Ashton looked amazing as always, his wavy hair tied back, showing off his beautiful eyes and was dressed to the nines in an all black suit. The Sub glanced up with pearl blue eyes. Ashton waited.

"Are you ready to apologize?" Ashton firmly spoke.

_Don't say anything stupid. "Has Niall popped yet?" Dammit!!_

Ashton only frowned. "I guess two hours wasn't enough then. I'll be back with your dinner." Ashton went to leave but Luke said something that made him stop dead in his tracks. "You know, I didn't think this was stupid." The Sub admitted. Since when was standing up for what you believe in and would benefit the live of millions, wrong? Ashton slowly turned and gave a puzzling glance at his Submissive. Luke continued. "I may have done some stupid things in my life, I may not be the perfect Sub and I think sometimes I embarrass you. But I can't say that I am ashamed for what I've done these past few weeks with Louis. In fact, I've never felt more alive and wanted in my whole life."

The Australian Dom watched carefully as his Sub talked.

"Can't you see things from our way? and see how hurtful it is to be unwanted and treated so poorly all because of who you are. My own parents probably didn't want me because of who I was," Luke
sucked in a breath. "and I finally feel like I'm doing something right, I feel for one time in my miserable life, that I could have made a difference to some little kid just like me sitting in a foster home wondering why the people who adopted him or her don't want them." The blonde was hiccupping as tears went trailing down his cheeks to hit the sat sheets.

"You don't know how bad I wanted us to make a difference, Ashy, I wanted to finally do something right."

Luke folded his hands and started to sob as he hunched over in the bed. He hardly noticed the dip in the bed, or when Ashton wrapped his arms around his Sub and held him tightly.

"So.. this wasn't about being bored and defiant?" Ashton asked.

"It wasn't about Doms in the first place, asshat." Luke sniffed. "I just felt I belonged. Not that I never felt happy with you, because you were the first step to my happiness. Subs Rights were just the candle on the cake."

Ashton wiped the trail of tears away from Luke's face and kissed his nose. "I'm not saying that I don't approve of this, but we're going to get a ton of publicity because of this. And I don't want you to get hurt-"It was Ashton's worst nightmare to see Luke harmed in anyway, call him protective, but when he heard of Luke in that rally and a rumor of a gun shot followed, he had ever felt so scared in his life. It turned out to be just a rumor, but still, nevertheless, I frightened him.

"But if they see you and Calum joining us, then it won't be so bad." Luke pleaded. "Yes, Subs can fight on their own, but if society sees Doms take action as well, then maybe that can open their eyes even more. Times have to change, or we won't see progress. I'm stupid as hell and I know that."

"Don't call yourself such names, love." Ashton kissed his sub's top lip. "I have to say... maybe some rights for you guys will give you not only the chance to hang out with your friends later, but also give me a night of peace."

Luke rolled his eyes. "It's more than that. We want rights to our own bodies and such."

"This won't happen overnight, dear."
"Not with just the two of us."
Chapter 32

Chapter Summary

Gemma helps Harry become "Romantic"

Louis has mixed feelings about seeing Harry and living with Stan.

Chapter Notes

NO, THIS IS NOT AN APRIL FOOLS JOKE, THIS IS AN ACTUAL UPDATE!!! (OMG, right??)

Okay, lemmie start off by saying that I am SOOO sorry, I feel like the biggest asshole on the planet for leaving you guys with that cliff hanger for like, half a month! Ugh, I was just swamped with work and whatever time I did have off was either spent sleeping, having an actual (decent) meal, or dealing with some family BS. Or groaning about whatever this fucked up fandom had to throw at us, and like, don't even get me started on Babygate and whatnot.

WARNING: A BIT OF ABUSE IN THIS CHAPTER and sap and gooey 80's cliché romance, it's all icky!!

ALSO!!!!!! CHECK OUT: my newest fanfic, Finders Keepers. The preview chapter is already up and will be continued this summer as my major work along with Wolves.

Enjoy!♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gemma narrowed her eyes in concentration and rubbed her chin. "Well, I mean, it's your color."

The record player next to Harry scratched and he glared at the attire Gemma forced him into. He wore a fake satín shirt, tucked into some itchy trousers along with a long, navy black trench coat with gold spiral piping work. He felt like an idiot. "Gemma, where did you get this?" Harry demanded to know. The sister fixed the collar on Harry's coat before answering.
"Your closet." she answered simply.

Harry had to think for a moment, he didn't recall having an outfit like this, but then again he shopped more during his time with Louis so he might have owned this for maybe a costume party at work. "So, you stole from me?"

"No, I didn't steal, while you and Louis were away on your honeymoon I rummaged through your closet, saw this, and just forgot about it and accidently took it. It was harmless, so therefore, I'm not to blame." Gemma smiled wide. Harry growled. "Now wipe that grumpy face off, Louis doesn't want a handsome prince frowning at him." Gemma raced back to the Range Rover, hauling a box out of the back. The male Dom had wondered what she had bought on the drive over here and his questions were confirmed when four big, slimy toads hopped out.

"What the-?!"

"Can't be the Frog Prince without these! Now, formation, Frogs!" Gemma snapped her fingers and one by one the lumpy, slimy frogs hopped out of the box.

"These are toads, Gemma." Harry sighed, hoping none of the amphibians would step on his boots. "And is this really necessary?"

"Frog prince gotta' have back up, and besides, these are trained frogs, Hazzy. Now, have your music?" Gemma ran behind Harry, checking the sound boxes and testing the microphone. Harry sighed. He felt that this was all just pointless and was just delaying time for a heartache soon to come. He knew Louis wouldn't just jump back into his arms right away, not after what he did. The Dom put his hand into his pocket, feeling the slip of paper. "Gemma, there's something I have to tell you."

The older sister looked up in confusion.
"This meal is delicious." Stanley praised, taking another bite of pork chop. Louis blushed, smiling softly. He had hoped that his cooking skills were not rusty. He was grateful Stan liked his cooking. "Thanks, it's nothing really, just some seasonings I found. I think the asparagus is a bit overcooked though." Louis took a bite of his own food. Currently the two were sitting across from each other at the table. Stanley had requested that Louis make something to eat, and while Louis didn't complain, he was terrified that this might have been a test and that his cooking wasn't good enough.

"No, it's great," Stan smiled. "I'm no food critic, but I'd say this is probably one of the best meals I've eaten in a while."

Louis smiled sweetly. Stanley wasn't that bad of a guy, he had been nothing but kid to Louis so far, showing him around the property, giving him a tour of the home and even allowing Louis to have his own room as a sort of "getaway" if he needed to rest, or have alone time. Stanley did have some rules and wasted no time in telling them to Louis. Some of them were reasonable, like Louis wasn't allowed to operate the machinery (as if he even knew how to) and to always tell Stan where he was going to go. A few rules were downright ridiculous, for one: Louis wasn't allowed to have a cell phone (he didn't know where the one Harry gave him was at, he had lost it in the terrifying riot with Eleanor) and Stan also forbid him from using the computer without him over his shoulder, and the Dom was also very controlling over what Louis ate, The Dom had stated that he liked a nice, thin, Submissive.

The Sub took small bites. "Sir?"

"Yes?"

"When can I see my Mother?" Louis missed her terribly. "You said I could see her soon."

"I did. You will see her in about a week, after we have signed." Stanley replied, eating his dinner. Louis felt jittery. Today had been a big one to tackle and honestly, he wanted a hot shower and to fall asleep, but he heard something strange. The Sub turned to look behind him in the direction of the front door. "Did you hear that?" He asked. Stanley did and he stood up, walking away from the table to open the front door.

His jaw dropped.

Before the two's very eyes was Harry Style, standing behind five two-feet-tall toads holding a microphone.
Louis felt his heart stop and his throat squeeze. "Ha-Harry?"

He couldn't believe it, right before him was the Dominant that had thrown him away nearly two days ago. Louis tried to conjure up a reason as to why the Dom would be standing on Stan's front lawn, dressed how he was and, singing into the microphone while the Toads bellow him coordinated along (and did so surprisingly well). What Louis didn't know, was Harry felt so foolish, not because he was humming along with Toads in a ridiculous outfit, but because he had carelessly tossed away his diamond for a lump of coal. While Harry sang about building Louis a boat as strong as the blue eyed beauty was free, he got a little teary eyed. And, while he knew this wouldn't happen, a tiny part of him wished Louis would run into his arms and he'd take the Sub back to his rightful home forever and ever.
"I want to write you a song. . ." Harry finished. Gemma whistled and the Toads hopped away, back into their crates. Green eyes had gazed into Blue, and for a brief moment they understood one another until Stan barked, "What in the hell is going on?!!"

" 'Fraid I have some bad news for you, Mr. Lucas. It seems my client here wants his Sub back." Gemma dramatically flaunted in the middle of the three, taking Louis' hand and bopping him gently on the nose with her finger. "Okay, Pumpkin, get your things and then on our way home, we'll stop and get you a happy meal."

"What are you talking about?" Stan sneered. "I paid for Louis, the Submissive You rejected. I have the paperwork to prove it and if you don't leave right now, I'm calling the police!" Harry breathed slowly. Louis blinked rapidly, tears threatening to spill. He couldn't believe it. After all Harry had put him through, he had the audacity to come back and try to win him over? Louis rubbed his left arm.

"Sir? May I please talk to Mr. Styles for a moment alone, please?" Louis asked. Harry's heart stung at the name: Mr. Styles. Stanley gave one glare at Harry before nodding.

"Two minutes." Stanly seemed to have forced himself agree as he watched Louis walk with Harry further into the front lawn away from Gemma and Stan. By now, Louis already had tears falling down his cheeks an his bare feet were getting cold. He didn't know where to begin. Honestly, he thought he'd never see Harry ever again, yet here he was, not even two days later.

Louis didn't know if he was angry, or upset. Maybe a combination of both.

"You hurt me." was all he could muster up to say, however.

"I know." Harry agreed.

"So, where's your cheep Sub, Jake at? Should he be sucking you off under your office desk?" Louis was bitter at the thought of that Sub in Harry's home, probably wearing Harry's clothes and sleeping in the comfortable bed that would confine to his aching back and that he secretly missed.
"Jake is gone. Forever. I promise." Harry stuffed his hands into his pockets, searching for a pack of smokes. He only ever smoked when he was stressed and tried to not do it around Louis as much while they were together. Louis bit his lip.

"Why?" Louis tried to sound like he didn't care, and hoped that he didn't sound too desperate to know the reason.

"Because I am an idiot for forgetting that I already had my King beside me." Harry deeply replied. "I. . . I still have your things, and Lou-Lou misses you." Louis nodded, shivering from the night's air. "I. . . I wanted to know: are you happy here?"

"Of course." Louis lied. "I have a terrific Dom who likes my cooking, gives me shelter and provides for me. Why should I not be happy?" Of course he wasn't fucking happy! Hell, that last sentence had him crying. He sniffed, rubbing at his eyes. Harry wanted nothing more than to take Louis into his arm, hold him, and just apologize. He wanted to whisper sweet nothings into Louis' ear while he creased his hand down Louis' naked back and rest his large hand on the end of the Sub's spine while the lay net to each other in bed.

That's all he wanted!

"I'm happier than I've ever been in my whole life. All I need is to have a white picket fence around the property, ten children running around and the Dom of my dreams next to me." Louis tried not to bawl anymore than he already was. "I'm happy, why can't you see that?!

Harry nodded slowly. "If you're happy. . . than so am I."

The Sub rocked on his heels. "Glad we could come to an agreement then. What is it that you wanted?" Harry paused before speaking, "I just needed to know if you wanted your things back, and that I haven't stopped paying for your mother's treatments, you don't have to worry about them, I don't mind continuing to pay for her care." Louis wanted to thank him to high heavens, all him a saint, a god, worship him! But alas, he couldn't. Because he was. . . happy.

". . . That's very kind of you."

Harry nodded, taking a drag on the cigarette. He was thankful he stopped and bought a pack, Lord knew he needed it. Louis sniffed once more and Harry asked why he was upset, but Louis blamed it
on allergies. Soon, Stan was calling him over. "It was a nice song, Mr. Styles." He spoke at the two returned to the front driveway. "I'll be seeing you tomorrow for my things."

"Yeah." Harry agreed, watching with envy as Stanley took Louis by the hand and led him inside. The other Dom stayed in the doorway and it was obvious he wasn't going to leave without making sure the two Doms were. Gemma was confused as Harry told her to start the car. "I... I don't understand, Harry. Why?" She asked as they traveled down the road from the house. Harry didn't answer her and just traced the piece of paper in his pocket with his finger.

His heart longed for Louis' warmth.

"Tell me what you two talked about." Stanley demanded the second he shut the door. He turned to Louis who was gazing at his tiny, cold, bare feet. Stan grew impatient. "What were you both talking about?"

"Nothing, just that he was going to bring me my things." Louis answered, growing hesitant and scared. He wanted the kind Stan from dinner, this Stan frightened him. The Dom took two large steps forward and he was already in Louis' face. "No one randomly shows up at someone's house, at night time, sings a shitty song and then wants to talk privately! Don't pull that bull crap on me, Louis!"

Louis frowned. "It wasn't a bad song!" He defended. Actually, it was very beautiful, lending a coat, building a boat, writing a song. All in combination for a lifetime Louis longed for. "And... and I'm not lying!"

"So he just pulled that stunt just to tell you he'll bring your things back?! Yeah, right." Stan glared, shoving his hands into his pockets. "especially to his rejected Sub." Louis flinched at the words. The tiny blue eyed boy stood tall as he defended himself. "That's nothing wrong with being rejected! I'm still a human being and deserve the same amount respect as any-"

"Please," Stan rolled his eyes. "Why do you think you were rejected Louis? It's because he didn't want you, or you weren't needed anymore."
"That doesn't mean anything! I'm still a good person, and loyal and-"

"Oh, so there is something going on." Stan accused. Louis didn't think it was possible to cry this much and yet here he was at round two of another fresh set of tears. "No! That's not what I meant-"

"Well, it's how it sounded. You're being punished right now!" Stan gripped the Sub's thin arm a bit too tightly as he hauled Louis up the steps and into the spare room he gave Louis. "You're staying in here for the night and you will think about being more loyal to me rather than Styles. Don't forget, you're a reject, and you better be damn thankful I bought you over some other Dom."

With that Stan slammed the door.

Louis shivered as he fell to the bare floor, no pillow, or blanket could keep him warm from the icy chill he felt in his bones.

When Harry Styles woke up that morning, he felt just as he went to bed last night: tired. He hoped the coffee and sugar infested cereal would wake him up more, but to no avail. He called for Lou-Lou and placed her in the front seat of his Range Rover. Gemma had left late last night to return to her own home, not that Harry blamed her. Before Harry left the house however, his phone rang.

"Hello?" He answered. His heart sank at the news he was given by the reciever and he knew he had to get Louis back into the city and quick.
In his hand he held his Matching Present he first gave to Louis when they were paired up. He smiled at the fond memory of recalling the shocked and excited face Louis gave him as he tied the pears around the Sub's beautiful neck.

*Louis appreciated this necklace more than anyone.* He knew. The sub wore those pearls everyday.

He couldn't put himself up to the task of boxing all of Louis' things and decided to pick up the Sub and his new Dom (he'd never get over that) and have them come over, that way Louis could take what he wanted and Harry could throw away anything else. It seemed like a better plan and started up the car.

"Ready to go, Lou-Lou?" He asked the sheep who just baa'd in response. It would seem that Lou-Lou enjoyed the ride to Yorkshire more than Harry did as the lamb would stick it's head out the window, acting like a dog. It was an agonizingly long three hours, but it seemed as if Harry had all the roads memorized and that's when it sunk in: this might be his last trip out into this part of the countryside. He never had a need to be in Yorkshire ever in his life before, this would be his last time seeing Louis.

Harry pulled up on to Stan's property. He didn't see the man up front and took the lamb with him to the back yard.

Harry saw Stan in the distance, but not Louis.

Where was Louis? He wondered.

"What do you want?" Harry was taken back by the harsh tone of Stan's voice and held back any snide comments he had. "I brought Louis his pet and need you both to comeover to my house to collect his things."

Stan snorted. "No. He'll have his own things in which I will purchased for him. He doesn't need anything to remind him of you."

The Dom was blunt with him, Harry had to give him that. But his words haunted him. "And so what if they remind him of me?"
"You're not his Dom. I bought him. He belongs to me." Stan stated, stabbing his pitchfork into the ground by bundles of Hay and approached the tall Dom. "And I don't think you're needed around here anymore. I know what you're doing, pulling that stunt last night was a dead give away. You might as well give up because I purchased him, and by law, he's mine now."

All Harry could think of was how dare this bastard talk about Louis as if the Sub was nothing more than an item to be bought at any random grocery store. It angered him, and gave him the window of opportunity he's wanted to do for a while now. Harry acted as if he was beginning to walk away, taking two steps back before turning around swiftly to sucker punch the Dominant to the ground. "I would have kicked you but these boots weren't cheap and I'd rather not get shit on them." He growled.

"You sonofa-!" Stanly went to charge but Harry had him by the collar of his torn shirt.

"Is this how you play?! Act all nice and when you finally get him you become an asshole?!" Harry growled. "And then you have the nerve to claim him as your own because you went and spent money on him?! Tell me, how much did you pay for him? Because I can guarantee you, any amount you come up with will never be enough to afford him!" Harry shove him back. "You're all talk, you know that? You give us Doms a bad name!"

"I wasn't the one who threw him out!"

"I am fully aware of what I did, at least I own up to it! and don't you dare lecture me! I didn't go around mercilessly bullying submissives! Which is against the fucking law, how you got away with it, I'll never know!" Harry was fuming. *Where the fuck is Louis?!!*

Stan chuckled, "No matter how much you get worked up, or claim I'm a shitty Dom, doesn't matter." He held up a piece of paper that resembled a grocery reseat. It disgusted Harry. The way this "new matchmaking" system was running was very old fashioned, back when Subs were basically bought like slaves. It was outdated and seen as illegal in many evolving countries. Nowadays you would have to ask the matchmakers to print a fake-reseat that resembled a master/slave contract, while still abiding to the normal rules of society.

Harry only chuckled, digging into his own pocket.

"Well then, if you wanna' pull that card. . ."
Sitting in his father's old boat, "Glory" Louis watched the lily pads and frogs hopping and croaking. He couldn't look too long, or he'd be reminded of Harry. \textit{Stupid Harry and his dumb frog-genes}. In a way, Louis was glad he wasn't impregnated by the man, he'd probably have a tadpole in his womb.

Louis had to chuckle at that, before leaning back into the pillow he took with him from Stan's house. Last night he hadn't gotten much sleep and almost had to beg Stan to let him leave the property. The Dom finally said yes when he had enough of Louis' whining. Louis didn't know how to feel about Stan, after Harry and Gemma's visit, he had turned cold and bitter. Louis didn't like it.

He thought Stan had changed.

The Sub sniffed, wiping his nose on his white jumper. He was dressed pretty girly today, in a all-white jumper and a light baby blue skirt, but he liked the fresh air on his thighs and honestly, seeing it was spring time now, wanted a nice warm tan before the summer even started. Louis had debated on bringing a book with him or not, but didn't even crack the thing open. It wasn't like he'd understand it anyway, he hadn't finished his online schooling yet. He sighed.

"Get a hold of yourself, this is your life now, Louis, learn to deal with it."

But Louis didn't want to "deal" with life, he wanted to live it. And with Stan's abusive rant on him being a reject didn't help. Louis leaned over the side of the bat, gazing into the water. Quite often he has felt sadness, grief and pain, actually, he felt it more often than he'd like to admit, and when he was growing up as a teenager, he sometimes wondered: \textit{why don't I just end it all}. But images of his sick mother would come to his vision and soon he learned to live for her. Then the Sub thought, \textit{if I had really done it, not only would Mum be gone, but I wouldn't have met Harry. Or Niall, Liam, Zayn, or Eleanor. Or Luke, or Michael. Or Gemma}. 
Of course he could roll over and drown in this murky lake water, but to go on. That would be the bravest thing he would have ever done, whatever happens afterwards would be nothing compared to that moment he saved himself. He gazed into his reflection once again and gasped seeing Harry's own begin to appear next to his own. "Ha-Harry?" the Sub asked, turning around swiftly.

Sure enough, standing there was Harry. . . . . Knee deep in the water.

"Went far out, I see."

Louis nodded. "Pretty far for being on my own." The Dom nodded and asked if he could join Louis in the boat. Louis nodded and Harry pushed them off until they were in the middle of the big lake. "Stan isn't going to like it knowing you're here and he doesn't know it." The sub spoke truthfully.

"I know, it's a good thing he does. However." Harry smiled. "Not that I blame him, wouldn't want my pretty Sub alone with some. . . creep."

Louis smirked, "You do kinda look like one in that shirt."

Harry frowned, "What's wrong with my shirt."

"Are you kidding me? It looks like a Dad shirt, you know, those shirts that middle age men wear and tell bad puns." Louis chuckled. Harry shrugged, "Wouldn't be so bad as long as you're by my side." Harry informed, causing Louis to frown once again. The Sub twiddled his fingers. "But. . .I am not yours. And you are not mine. . . anymore." Harry licked his lips before pulling out a piece of paper from his pants pocket.

"What is it?"

"A letter from the President of the United States of America." Louis glared and Harry chuckled. "Okay, maybe not THAT important, but it means the world to me." without hesitation, Louis gently opened the folded paper and blinked, seeing it was their signatures. Harry hadn't discarded them, which ultimately means.
Louis slowly gazed up at Harry, lost for words.

"I didn't get rid of it." Harry admitted. "So... you were technically never rejected and never Stan's. I just. I waited this long because..." Harry stumbled on his own words. "I never owned you, Louis. No Dom truly ever OWNS their Sub, if you really think about it, it's just our names on a piece of paper."

"Promising you're loyalty."

"In a way. But I didn't say anything because, I wanted to see if you were happy or not with this Stan guy and if you really were then..." Harry itched the back of his head as Louis folded the paper neatly back and handed it to Harry. There was silence between the two as Louis lowered his head and clutched his hands into two fists. "L-Louis?" Harry asked, worried. He was afraid Louis would blow up at him (and rightfully so) but to his surprise, the Sub was crying.

"Just... hold me, you stupid, worthless, idiotic, dumb, pathetic, handsome... amphibian!" Louis demanded and Harry was quick to open his arms for his Sub to launch himself into the hold as the two lovers embraced one another on the beautiful shimmering lake. It was in that moment, that they forgave each other, which only proved that whatever they had was a rare, complicated, truthful and blessed love.

"You are going to take me home, and make me some tea and then I want babies, Styles. I refuse to go home with you unless I am given at least ten babies! Fat babies too!"

Harry nodded, but first, he knew there was something he had to do for Louis, that he really didn't want to, but it was unavoidable. "All in due time, my love. For now, I think we better see your Mum."

Louis shot up, "Why? What's the matter?"
There was no words for Harry to tell, not that he could conjure up a full sentence about the details, but he was by his Sub's side the whole time as Louis bawled loudly at his mother's hospital bedside, laying pale and very still. Harry silently thanked the woman for being the greatest mother he knew, and gently held Louis' shaking body.

Johannah Tomlinson, was dead.
Oh, I know you all fucking hate me for that last part, but I gots to haves it in the story for the plotssss.

It is almost in the morning and I am fucking tired, like I am half awake right now, and in the morning when I read all ya'lls comments I'm gonna' hate my past self for posting this chapter.

I don't wanna' do anything anymore. Like, is it possible to be too lazy to even sleep????
Chapter 33

Chapter Summary

Ashton makes a call.

Louis and Harry talk about their relationship.

Chapter Notes

Ba-la-la-la-la-la-la-ba-ba! New chapter! Lots happen in this one, mostly political crap. And I may have lied about stopping this fic, like, I wanted to actually end it when Harry rejected Louis and then there was to be a squeal where Louis becomes a "rebel" and fights the government and . . . yeah, I had totally different ideas for this fic, but actually, I like this idea better.

So . . . what I'm saying is, expect 20+ more chapters :)

Love you all to bits!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Johannah Tomlinson was given the most beautiful funeral Harry never wished to give the woman so early in her life. He made sure that the flowers were perfect, that the seats were comfortable and that his Sub wouldn't have to lift a finger. It was a quiet funeral, just Harry, Louis, Niall, Liam and Zayn; Farmer Bo and Jane, some distant relatives Louis knew from his mother's side and Johannah's nurse Perrie were invited. Kind words were given and soon she was buried next to Mark. The day was quite dull, as if it were a sick pun to the dreary day. The entire time, teary-eyed Louis was quiet. He didn't want to speak to anyone.

As glad as he was to be back home, he didn't want to do anything but lay around in bed. Occasionally he'd snuggle up with Lou-Lou, but it never felt like enough. He knew she was in a better place, possibly with his father, but it still hurt so much.

"Baby. . .talk to me." Harry whispered, unintentionally sneaking up on Louis and startling him. Louis hadn't dressed out of his formal wear yet and stared at his black socks. Harry wrapped his arms around Louis' waist, occasionally feeling Lou-Lou lick his finger tips. Harry waited patiently, letting Louis take his time.
Louis agreed to come back home with Harry, yes, but that didn't mean they did things. There was no sexual contact with each other and that was okay, but Harry did get permission to hug or hold Louis whenever the Sub requested it for a shoulder to cry on.

Harry waited patiently.

"I...I." Louis didn't know where to begin. It was like old wounds ripping open again and someone shaking salt on top. *She was still young!* "I...I miss her." He finally let loose the waterworks that traced his cheeks. Louis hiccupped and felt his face heat up, and Harry only held him. It was all he really could do. "First Dad and now her. I...I'm tired of loosing people, Harry! I can't take it anymore!"

"I'm here baby. I'm here." Harry whispered.

"For how long until you get angry at me again?!" Louis snapped, standing up and frowning at Harry. "What you did...It hurt so bad, Harry!" He was crying even harder now, hiccupping and just crying. And it was the ugly cries that involved snot, irritated eyes and loud, long sobs. Louis was never a pretty crier. "How many times will this go on? It's a fucking cycle, Harry! And I hate it!"

Harry kept quiet. He had been expecting to talk to Louis about the whole "Rejection Situation" and honestly, he wasn't surprised Louis was blowing up in his face about it now, with the shock of his mother's death playing along side, he assumed Louis was too stunned and vulnerable at first and now he was dealing with the aftermath. The Dom sat up straight and listened.

"I hate it! You get angry, ignore me, I do something by accident, you scream, I scream, and then we're sad! Please! I can't take it anymore, if we want to have a family, we can't do this anymore!" Louis bawled into his hands, shaking. "I...I don't want to argue anymore." his legs shook and Harry was quick to catch the boy before Louis fell on to the ground from weak knees and ushered the tiny Sub into the bathroom where he started the bath.

"I'm gonna' take care of you," Harry whispered, gently trailing his fingers down the zipper of Louis' black trousers. "Gonna have a nice bath with my baby and hopefully that'll calm us both down."

Louis wasn't going to object to that. He allowed Harry to undress them both and helped him into the tub. It brought back memories of their first time naked together with each other for Louis, memories that brought comfort, acceptance and lavender scented bubbles. Harry grabbed a loofa and scrubbed Louis' back, working his way slowly around his Sub's body, ensuring no muscle was strained or kink out of place.
"Love my baby." Harry whispered into Louis' ear. "Never gonna let you go ever again. I made a horrible mistake, and misjudged you big time, please forgive me. . ."

"You've asked for my forgiveness for nearly two days and I always forgive you, so why do you keep asking me?" Louis softly asked, relaxing into the warm water and against his Dom's tattooed chest. Louis himself didn't like tattoos, but he did imagine what he'd look like with them, especially ones that complimented Harry's own.

"And I will always ask for it, because what I did was unacceptable and it should strip me of my status, really but-"

"No." Louis turned so he was sitting infront of Harry, his legs slowly wrapping around Harry's waist and against the tub. Louis' bum was dangerously close to falling straight on the head of Harry's cock, but Sub ignored it. "I...I am to blame for this as well, Harry. This is your home and I ignored your rules, disrespected you and shouted at you in your house, I too put bad judgement on my beliefs for how I acted and that wasn't right either."

"But you didn't deserve to be thrown away like how I did-"

"Yes, and you can make it up to me." he lowered himself and the head of Harry's cock entered him and stayed only briefly as Louis bounced back up. "... in a way that satisfies us both."

Harry gently gripped the back of Louis' hair, pulling him close and kissing him roughly. Desperate they were. It was sort of funny too, because Louis immedatly hppped out of the tub, dripping wet and Harry followed afterwards, forgetting about the still full tub. They didn't care about the wet sheets, or wet drops from their soaking bodies as the grinded on each other, deep in a make-out session.

"Keep me," Louis whispered once Harry sucked on his throat, leaving love bites.

"Always. . ."

"Tie me up, Daddy." Louis softly requested. *Prove to me you aren't going to let me go by tying me to this bed.*
Harry was quick to find a spare rope he kept in the drawer next to the bed and did as he was told by his Sub. He decided to have Louis facing him while he penetrated the boy's ass and gently kept the boy's arms behind his back, binding him in a reverse prayer bind. Louis glanced up with big doe blue eyes.

"Daddy."

"Baby boy."

"Need you!"

"All in due time." Harry started off gentle, kissing on the lips and then trailing down his Sub's neck. He knew Louis was more than ready when he tossed the boy's legs over his shoulders and began biting the tough skin on the Sub's bum. He heard Louis above him whimper and plea that Harry eat him, and who was he to deny such a cutie?

Harry ate him slowly, taking his time and flicking his tongue to tease the boy's balls. Louis was whimpering, his face flushed and toes curling. "D-Daddy!" he cried, the rope tied securely around him felt as if it were tightening, bringing a sense of comfort for the Sub.

*I'm tied up, I'm going no where. I'm safe.*

Harry moaned, sucking on the boy's pink puckered hole. His large cock just aching to be inside the warm body of his Sub and then tomorrow he was going to take Louis down to the pharmacy, get some fertility pills and then do it all over again. He was going to make sure Louis carried his babies, the fat ones Louis requested. Louis, full and pregnant with chubby, lubby babies. His babies.

The Dom was never the one to rush sex, liking the way Louis whimpered and begged for him to continue as he gingerly kissed every inch of the smaller body below him. "Mine." he growled.

"Yours, Daddy."

"When you're pregnant, we might have to call me something else, or our kids are going to have to call me 'bruh' or something." Harry giggled.
"Mmmm, Daddy." Louis was obviously in Subspace, something Harry was pleased to know, because this meant Louis was trusting him again. And there is nothing more important to a Dom than knowing their Sub is comfortable enough to trust them.

With a gentle warning, Harry slowly entered two fingers into his Sub's hole. Louis hissed at first before crying out in a light, and rather girly moan. Harry continued to prep the boy, adding three and then four fingers before lubing himself up.

"I am going to wreck you." Harry whispered before doing just that. It was strange to him, it was like his dick missed the tight space that was Louis Tomlinson's ass, either way, his dick was glad to be "home." Harry thrusted deeply, inside and pulling out a few times, just to tease the Sub. The Dom then inserted his whole, throbbing length inside of his Submissive's glorious ass, thrusting harshly and deeply with the intent of filling him.

"Aah, ah, ha, ah!" Louis whimpered, rocking his hips with Harry's thrusts.

"I love you." Harry whispered into Louis' ear, kissing his lips before releasing his hot seed into his Sub, he tended to his lover by sucking him dry until Louis came into his mouth.

Louis was exhausted and sleepy.

"I'm gonna undo the bindes." Harry's horse voice told Louis as he began to untie the knots. Louis whimpered as he was helped into a sitting position in Harry's lap, resting his head on the curly haired man's shoulder, sighing in contentment.

"Daddy..." he softly cooed before drifting off to sleep in Harry's arms. The man undid the rope and held Louis close. He almost lost Louis for good and he was going to make damn sure he wouldn't be so foolish to do that ever again.
"I mean it, Louis. I hate my nipples! Already I soaked through three shirts, one of them was a cami and the other two were flannel, now how the fuck is that possible?" Niall whined. Harry had just bought Louis a new phone and it just happened to be the iPhone 6, but the thing was so huge, he pretty much needed two hands to use it and it covered his whole cheek.

"I don't know, Nialler." Louis honestly answered.

"Well you better prepare yourself, cause I'm warning you now, it sucks. And on top of it, Liam and Zayn think it's cute and are addicted! They're greedy little things, won't leave me alone!" the blonde huffed. Louis chuckled hearing Niall scream something to Liam and had to feel sorry for anyone living in that house with Niall.

"So how are you feeling? Coping with your Mum and all? It was a beautiful funeral." The Irish boy softened up.

"Thanks. And I'm doing okay I guess. . . .I haven't left the house in a week and Harry and I are getting better at our relationship." Louis glanced into the kitchen where he spotted Harry wearing the pink apron, making the two of them lunch. He smiled sweetly.

"You're coming to my baby shower at the end of the month right?!-GOD DAMMIT, LIAM! GO AWAY! MY TITS ARE NOT A SOUP KITCHEN!"

Louis chuckled, "Er-yeah, I planned on it."

"Michael and Luke are coming too, I tried to invite that Eleanor girl, but I don't know where she is."

Louis paled. Last he saw Eleanor, she and him had a big fight. Even still, he hoped she was okay, because she was in chains, just like him, before. He gulped, that place was terrifying and who knows how many Subs are being tortured right now! It made him sick.

"Oh, um, I don't know either. . . .Hey, can I call you back?" Louis asked.

"Yeah, text me, sweetie."
"Okay." Louis hung up and immediately turned off his phone. He ran his hand through his hair. He was worried about Eleanor and the rest of the rejected Subs. They are being mistreated and bashing this whole system. They had to be stopped, but how? Louis didn't know, and felt helpless.

"Baby?" Louis looked up seeing Harry place a sandwich and glass of milk infront of him. "Are you okay?"

"M'fine." The blue eyed boy mumbled. "Just sleepy."

Ashton had a law degree, something he had done one the side while studying in college back in Australia. He finally settled for real estate but still kept up with his other "hobby" on the side.

Luke was asleep at his feet on the plush bed, worn out for a long day of role-playing and needed some much needed rest. Ashton took it upon himself to investigate a little further into the "new management"

He scoffed. *These people weren't qualified to be owners of such an elite profession*, he blinked.

Dan Wootten, an artical writer for *The Sun-BDSM TODAY*. And Anne-Marie Thompson, the Domme who was arrested for running an underground brother using her own Subs.

Ashton didn't like the combo together. It just spelt bad news. He opened up the new website the Matchmakers had (he was first of all, stunned they even had a website, like it was no more than an online clothing business). His jaw tensed, seeing in bold print: **50% off deals** and certain areas of the place were starting to accept coupons. *Coupons for human beings!*

Ashton tried to refresh his memory.

Slaves and Masters are common, but it's just a title! Not literal! The term Slaves and even Master
were outdated, old fashioned and in some countries, highly illegal.

Ashton quickly dialed a number on his phone.

"Hello? This is Ashton Irwin, may I talk to Her if she's in?" he whispered into his phone, gently rubbing his feet against his Sub's sleeping body. Luke always did look peaceful sleeping. "She's not there? Alright. . .tell her to call me immediately."

Maybe a surprise investigation was overdue for London's new Matchmakers, Ashton thought as he gently hauled Luke from the end of the bed to the top, snuggling into a deep sleep with his Sub.

Chapter End Notes

Makin' babies ;)

I know the sex is BAD, like TERRIBLE, like, my dog could write better porn. But hey, not bad for being a virgin myself. :)))))) *screaming/crying inside very loudly*

After seeing that new picture of Louis today with his collar bones out, I'm pretty sure I'm dead. I mean, damn, that boy can hold enough water in there to flood a desert!
Chapter 34

Chapter Summary

Help is coming.

Niall is ready to pop.

Louis and Harry reestablish their rules and punishments.

Chapter Notes

*blows raspberries while using two fingers to furiously type this chapter*

"I was thinking we'd go over our rules." Harry spoke above Louis, at the moment they were both naked, warm and snuggled under red silk sheets in bed downstairs in the playroom. They had a session and ended up both in deep head spaces and were now trying to catch their breath while coming out of their foggy role play. Harry

"Okay." Louis softly spoke. Harry gently traced the boy's cheekbones with his fingers "Don't fear me anymore, Kitten. I already see a monster of myself."

Louis blinked tears away as he sat up and gently hugged his Dom. "Thank you for the pills." Louis murmured. Harry had taken hi to Dr. Francis where the doctor had given them a written prescription and then the Dom had gone out to the drug store and bought fertility pills for him. While Harry felt he was ready for a child now, he knew he had to change, or fear Louis would never trust him again, which was any Dom's worst nightmare.

"Com'on, Princess, let's get you some tea."

Fifteen minutes later had Louis and Harry in their fluffy bathrobes and two cups of hot tea for them both as well as a pad of paper. "Okay, first step I want to hear what you want out of me. Not talking about kinks, or role playing, I want to know what you want out of me as a Dom. . . and soon a
father." Louis nodded, ripping out a piece and handing one to Harry. "You too. . I know I have faults as well."

"Even then they're perfect, they're perfectly annoying mistakes." Harry smiled as Louis blushed, smirking. The two were quiet as they wrote each other's expectations, and it wasn't long until they were ready to share them.

"Okay, you first," Louis spoke. "Please?"

Harry cleared his throat: "Louis, as your Dom, I love and will care for you as long as you are my Submissive. My expectations are only a few, but I know you'll be able to handle them:

- Do not talk back to me in a rude manner, if you believe I am being unfair please say so without attitude.
- Do not call me unless it is an emergency while I am at work. I miss you too, but I have to work to earn money to feed, clothe and house you.
- Please know that everything I do is in my best interest in you, and all I want is the best for you.
- If you think I am being unreasonable, you are more than entitled to say so.
- I am more than entitled to wake up to morning sex, your choice of course."

Louis giggled at the end. "That last bit wasn't realistic." Harry grinned, signing his name at the bottom of the page before putting it in the same large black frame that housed their signatures to each other. "Your turn, baby." Harry smiled.

The Sub opened his folded piece of paper and began: "Harry, as your Sub, I belong to no one but you, as long as you are my Dominant I expect the following from you daily:

- I am allowed to feel however I want and my feelings on things are not stupid, or unvaild. I expect you to respect that.
- I have the right to have my body, and if I don't want to be touched, it does not mean I don't love you, it's because I am either tired, or do not feel like playing.
- I will try my hardest everyday to please you, but will not do so if it means I have to change who I am as a person.
- I should have the right to speak my mind and not be told that what I am saying is stupid, or to be ignored without being heard first.
- I love you so much, even tje moon knows."
"I like yours." Harry admitted as Louis signed the bottom of the page and stuck it in the frame as well. With their rules jow on display with their signature, they both felt refreshed, almost like starting over from scratch.

"But, no sex for a while, Harry," Louis narrowed his eyes. "Consider this punishment for a while."

"I can handle it, besides you really should admire art, not touch it." Harry winked.

"Nice try, buddy, you're not sweet talking me into anything."

"But it was a nice gesture, yeah?"

"Of course. I love you."

"I love you too."

Now eight months pregnant, round and full, Niall was curled up in some blankets on his and his husband’s bed. Theo had fallen asleep next to him and scattered throughout the king-size bed were stuffed animals and candy.

"Aah," The blonde Sub sighed, content, curling the blankets and his nephew closer to him. "I'm a baked potato. Nothing else matters. I am a king." The blonde pulled out his phone and began snapping pictures of Luke when his husbands, and Greg walked through the door.

"He, ya'll how was shopping?"
"Pretty good, little one tire ya' out?" Greg asked, gently picking up his son. Niall giggled, "Other way around, Greggie, the lad was good." Niall turned to Zayn and Liam.

"Did you send out the invites?" Niall asked.

"Yes, baby, I called everyone you wanted to come over. And my parents have confirmed they're coming too." Liam replied. Niall grinned, he loved Karen and Geoff. They were a very non-traditional family to Niall and Zayn's standards, but the blonde loved them all the same. The two were very laid back and could be considered "fun parents". Niall often joked that all the responsibility those two had were stolen by Liam at birth, but Liam only rolled his eyes.

Sadly, Nicola and Ruth, Liam's sisters, wouldn't probably attend because the two of them had moved to America, but they did both send him kspace messages saying how happy they were for him and had presents in the mail coming for him.

"Is your family coming too, Zee?" Niall asked, watching Greg walk out of the room with the sleeping Theo in his arms.

"Probably not, baby. But we'll keep our hopes up, yeah?" Zayn knew that was bullshit. His mother wouldn't be allowed and Yassir would rather drink than go. Niall hummed, laying back down and patting his tummy.

"Alex talked to me today." Niall confirmed.

"Oh? What did he say?"

"He said: "Mama's hungry, get him some red velvet cake, pronto," that's what he told me and I believe he is right." The Blonde stuck up his nose, not seeing the smirks his Doms gave.

"Oh, really?" Liam chuckled, "Well, I think Alex doesn't know what he's talking about if he thinks we're going to let him and mama eat a whole red velvet cake to himself. I think we have some steamed carrots your Mum was planninf on having for dinner tonight."

Niall stuck out his tongue.
"Pout all you want, Niall, you're not eating a whole cake, now let's go have a bath, yeah? The four of us." Zayn suggested. Niall's heart warmed at the number four. Four...himself, his husbands and his baby. A complete and loving family.

"Yeah...I like that more than cake anyway."

"I don't know, I think we should just schedule an appointment with Dr. Francis." Harry bit his lip, unsure of what to purchase. He was standing next to Louis in the 'Omega Care' isle at a drugstore looking at the fifty options of pregnancy sticks and rods. Some were for women and others men. Louis looked at both.

"This one has a ninety percent accuracy, and this one ninety-five..." he mumbled.

"Louis, I think we should just pick one and-"

"You can't just pick one, Daddy, they have to be different brands and atleast five or six." Louis explained.

"Okay, okay, choose whichever you'd like then, darling, I'm going to run over and pick up on some medicine and some gauze for our medical cabinet, stay here okay?" Harry gently kissed Louis' forehead and left for a moment, leaving Louis to look at the pregnancy sticks in peace.

He smiled, picking up one he liked, it was a jormal 'pee-on-the-stick and wait five minutes and then chose a few female ones, because they seems to have more accuracy than the male testers. So far, Louis hadn't been experiencing pregnancy symptoms, but he wanted to buy these things so he'd be ready for when he did feel like he was.

Louis had a nice stack in his arms and went to find Harry when he accidently bumped into someone, dropping his pregnancy sticks. "Oh, excuse me, I didn't see you." Louis apologized, feeling totally embarrassed he wasn't paying attention in public.
"It's okay."

Louis knew that voice. . . Looking up, the Sub gasped. "Colin?! Is that you?" The other Sub, Colin, nodded. "Yes, it's nice to see you again, Louis, it's been what? Eight months?"

Louis giggled, "Yes, how are you?"

"I am doing well, my Dom and I just got back from vacationing in New Zealand. I heard about you on the news...."

"Oh, yeah, I guess I'm famous now." Louis didn't miss the way people pointed out to him as he and Harry went places now; Paparazzi was also more frequent and the name Sub Rights was still strong as Louis was concerned.

"Well, not for good reason," Colin sighed, crossing his arms, "I hope this non-sence is over soon."

Wait, what does he mean by that? "I'm sorry, what?" Louis asked, not understanding what Colin meant by what he said. Colin helped Louis pick up his pregnancy sticks and continued talking.
"That silly Sub-Rights thing you started, it's making us look like fools. Subs aren't meant for anything else than being loyal to their Dom, Louis, surly you know this."

Louis was speechless, he couldn't believe what Colin was talking about.

"This Sub-Rights thing have affected my life too, and not in a good way, just the other day protesters were outside of The Matchmakers at City Hall, can you believe all those disloyal Submissives? Can't imagine how they treat their Doms, they have no respect for themselves, I swear." Colin crossed his arms.

The blue eyed boy felt his mouth go dry. "You can still be in a loving relationship with your Dom and participate in Sub-Rights-"

"You and those other pathetic Subs are nothing but a bunch of Dom haters!" Colin sneered, "I'm so sad that you turned out like this, Louis, you were the iconic Sub when I met you."
"You didn't even know me!"

"Well, I'm sorry to have disappointed you, but this is who I am choosing to stay like. And not all of them are Dom haters! I love my Dom, for your information, in fact, we're starting a family together."

Colin chuckled, "You do that. See how that turns out." with that the other Sub stomped away. Louis felt tears burn in his eyes as he rushed to find Harry, who was looking over pain relief pills.

"Can we leave, Harry?"

"Just a sec, baby-what's wrong?" Harry immediately saw Louis' blotchy eyes, instantly knowing something was wrong. Louis sniffed into his sleeve. "Not here, home." was all the Sub said. They paid for their items and avoided the Paps before returning home in a swiftly manner.

Louis looked at the bundle of both male and female pregnancy sticks in his plastic bag and sniffed.

"Baby, what happened at the store? Tell me. . ."

Louis told Harry everything and how upset he was for Colin's rant. It didn't make sense to him that Colin, or other Subs would disagree with Sub-Rights. *How could a Sub be against an organization that just wants to help them?*

"I mean, I don't get it, Harry, why would he hate me now?" Louis mumbled in bed that night. The two of them had a stack of movies and some candy laid out as they got ready for bed. "It wasn't my intention to look like a bunch of Dom Haters."

"I know, baby." Harry crawled on to the left side of the bed. "He might have come from a more traditional family, or maybe his Dom has expectations of him that he assumed applied to every Sub."

Louis crossed his arms as Harry popped in the first movie. "It's just so weird to have a fellow Sub hate me for this," he sighed, "Have any Doms hated you for your best interests for your company?"
Harry chuckled, "Oh, yes, lovely, lots of times. But in the end, I've always come on top, and that's what you need to focus on with your Sub-Rights."

The younger boy sat up straight. "Wait, what? You WANT me to continue this?" Louis was a bit surprised Harry was so encouraging now, he only assumed the Dom might have researched or had an open mind about his passion now.

Harry turned and crawled up to kiss Louis on the end of his mouth. "Yes... I admit I was very confused and slightly angry about your idea for this sort of thing, and when I heard you had a protests and were locked up..." Harry paused, trying to conjure up what to say next.

"Louis, I was so scared then, my anger hid it, but when I got that call telling me you were locked up, I was terrified. Protests don't end nicely, Louis, especially for Subs. Baby, I thought not only were you hurt, but that this was also proof you didn't see me as the fitting Dom I should be." Harry’s knees felt weak and his elbows shook. Louis reached out his arms for Harry to lay on his stomach and chest, holding his Dominant.

"I'm sorry... I didn't mean it like that. I was angry at you too. But, Harry, we gotta' stop that place, there's evil there, Harry. I don't want our children exposed to that." Louis blinked away his tears as Harry snuggled.

The two laid in silence before Harry's phone rang. Harry looked at it before turning it off.

"Who was that?" Louis asked.

"Nick and Ed they've been watching the company over while I've been gone. Baby, I have to go to work tomorrow, I can't avoid it." Harry replied. Louis smiled, "It's okay, go do your thing, I know you'll be great."

The Dom was so lucky to have a Sub so loyal and caring, he'd be a fool to push away.
It was dark outside, minus one light that was shown in the window of The Matchmakers, there, in the private living room, in front of a roasting fire, sat Anne-Marie. Her fingernails dug into the leather chair as she sat around piles of money and a rotwiler at her feet.

The Domme had called for Dan, something was wrong. When the man finally arrived, she was livid. "What's our final count?" she hissed.

"Fifty-four, both male and females combined." Dan replied.

"Are you fucking kidding me?! That won't last us till the end of the month!"

"It was YOUR idea to have a two-for-one Sub sale, and what about Sub Limit? There is none, you let Doms walk in and take as many Subs as they wish. I told you that was a godamn bad idea." Dan crossed his arms. Anne-Marie growled.

The woman stood up and walked over to a small bar and poured herself a drink. "We're gonna go under if we don't get anymore Subs."

"We might have another problem, Ma'am."

To that, Anne-Marie slammed her glass on the bar. "What?!"

"Earlier today, we received a threatening message from a Dom by Ashton Irwin, who said he was going to have this place inspected." Dan reached out for his own glass. Anne-Marie's eyes widened. Inspections were not what she had planned for and she wanted to kick herself in the ass for it. If these people saw what she was doing, she'd be locked up again, only this time it could be for life.

"When are they coming?"

Dan gulped his drink down. "I don't know, and I'm just saying: we're in deep shit if they find out."
"So, we act natural when they come?" Anne asked.

Dan nodded, "Exactly. I'll call Ben and give him the heads up, we'll be ready when this happens."
Chapter 35

Chapter Summary

Gemma and Harry "Talk"

Niall has his baby shower.

Gemma saves the imprisoned Subs.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy ♥ Sorry it took longer than expected, I hate editing with a PASSION!!! And this is mostly a Gemma chapter, ya'll. But hey, that's not bad either.

Also, FORGET ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING you learned in history just for the sake of this story, it'll make sense then ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Oh my Princess, you're home, safe and sound." A gush came from the female Domme as she gently squeezed the life out of poor Louis. This had all happened so suddenly, Louis had gone to answer the door and now his Dom's sister had him tightly in her arms.

"Gemma, let go of him." Harry rolled his eyes.

"Sorry, brother, but no can do. Princess must be paid attention to and loved every second of the day, and what type of Queen would I be to let this little kitten to fend for himself in this toxic world?" Gemma's over dramatic speech earned her a scowl from Harry.

"Now, now, Lou. You just hurry along. Auntie Gemma wants to talk to Harry, okay?" Gemma
smiled, ignoring Louis' chuckle as he broke free from her tight grip to go walk Lou-Lou. When Louis was out of sight, Gemma turned to Harry's alcohol cabinet, only to have it shut on her.

"That was rude."

"What do you want, Gemma?"

"How are you and Louis?" The sister spoke, concerned. Harry poured them both two glasses of scotch. "We're okay, actually, better than okay, we're trying to have a baby-"

"Alright, Hazz, can't wait until my god child is here!" Gemma roughly patted Harry on the shoulder but Harry snorted. "Don't get any ideas, I'd rather have the sheep as my child's god parent than you."

Gemma giggled, sipping her drink. "Any fights?"

"No. Don't jinx it either."

"And the system? How did you get him back, Harry? I thought you had signed him off?" Gemma questioned. Harry shook his head. "No, I didn't. I was going to, I was, but I wanted to make sure Jake was the one, but . . . anyway, it's behind me now. I have been working at home recently because my name has been dragged through the fucking mud. And I don't want Louis out in public just yet, I want this whole Sub-Rights thing to die down a little bit."

Gemma laughed. "Sorry, bro, seems like Louis started a trend."

Harry blinked as Gemma told him how Louis set a spark to quite the rebellion in some other countries and how many free countries, like America, are outraged that the protesting in England was handled as it was. "A lot of people are pissed off at what's going on, Hazz, Doms like us included. This is some medieval torture shit going on. Never, in our century, has a Dom EVER been allowed to purchase a Sub, especially in the ratio of numbers too."

Harry nodded.
"I've been snooping around, Hazza, and my insiders tell me-"

"Who are they?" Harry interrupted. Gemma stuck up her nose. "Not telling."

"It just seems so off that you have these insiders and spies and whatnot just hanging around whenever you need them. I don't believe you, honestly."

"Follow my blog and you'll understand. But look, there might be a way we can put an end to this: Break in." Gemma grinned, ear to ear. Harry groaned, rubbing his temples.

"You do that, but don't call me for bail money."
"Harry, you and I know this isn't right. We've seen what shit had gone on in there-Louis has too!"

"Don't remind me."

"Harry, if we just get our hands on some pictures, or paperwork, or something then we can call Madison-"

Harry all but blurted out in laughter. Madison Masochism, Fourth and youngest sister of the Royal family. With the help of art, scrolls, and written history, their family blood dates back almost to the beginning of life. Their family not only specialized in marketing of sex objects as well as having their line of secret service. They ruled the whole world, pretty much, owning countries for centuries. However, while they might have owned the whole world, not everything was the same. For example: In America, you can live freely as a Sub, having access to medical care, right to a job and peruse a career, whereas in other countries like in Europe, you relied on your Dominant for nearly everything. The Royal Family might have owned countries, but that didn't mean they managed them, that's where Matchmakers and Law Enforcement came in. They handled crime, and other related subjects.

However, if you try to do something highly illegal, say run a brothel, or take over a Matchmaker's office, then that is when one of them will step in. Madison Masochism ruled the North-East area of the world, her sisters, had the other parts.

"Harry, this is serious! She can shut this whole thing down AND if we have Louis and his other Sub-Rights groups help, then Sub-Rights won't have such a bad rep and-"

"No! absolutely not. I'm not having Louis be roped into this, not after what we've been through," Harry stood up. "and you expect me to believe you have connections with Madison or any of the other three Royal Family members?"

"Harry, just listen to me-"

"End of discussion, Gemma. He's not getting involved!"
"It's okay, Ma' just put the favors over there, Dad! Tell Greg I don't want the chairs so close to the pool!" Bossy Niall was something The two Husbands were not used to, but were glad it wasn't pointed at them. . . for the time being. The baby shower was today and Niall wanted everything to be perfect. It wasn't going to be a big party, but that didn't mean he wanted any slip ups.

"Uncle Niall!" a tiny voice called for him. Niall turned, smiling down at his nephew while holding his belly. Of course, he hadn't snapped at Theo at all, because obviously Theo could do no wrong. "When's cake time, Uncle Niall?"

"Soon, baby. We gotta' wait for people to come." Niall answered, taking his nephew's hand to lead him back inside. Liam turned to Zayn who jumped when a blue balloon popped.

"Where's the cake guy? He was supposed to be here an hour ago!" Liam whispered.

"Don't know. Let's give him another hour, if he's not here then we're fucked." Zayn spoke, yelping when yet another balloon popped. Liam rolled his eyes.

Soon, all the guests arrived, first being Louis and Harry. Louis engulfed Niall in a hug and the two vanished into the living room, probably for Niall to show Louis off to his family. "Hey, Harry, how are things?" Zayn asked.

Harry gave them both a smile. "Better. How the company?"

"Great, we, uh, sold a few homes to a resort in Thailand." Liam was a bit nervous and Harry knew why, and as to not have any more tensions he came forward. "Thanks. For everything. You guys have my back and you don't know how thankful I am for that. I know I'm a dick and sometimes I make decisions that are . . questionable. . . but you guys always stick by me. . . thank you."
Both Doms got the hint and led their friend into their home. All was forgiven.

To Liam and Zayn's prayers, the cake guy arrived just in time as everyone was getting hungry and both Doms paid top notch for this cake and were very pleased to see Niall's reaction to the heavy fondant pastry that Niall could eat to his heart's content.

The whole party was great, no one was arguing, or fighting and Harry caught a glimpse down at his own Submissive. Seeing Niall all round, filled with a baby and Zayn and Liam at his side, rubbing the large belly, suddenly made him wish Louis was pregnant right now.
"Stupid brother." Gemma muttered, taking out a pair of pliers and cutting two pieces of black cord, instantly terminating the security alarms for the building. "I have to do all the work." Gemma pulled down her black ski mask and began to crawl through a window that was carelessly left open. The female Domme looked around for a moment before walking out into the hall. Her first object was to find any sort of paper work as black mail and snapped a few pictures of the tarnished place.

The Domme jumped when she heard a scream and immediately went to investigate.
"Let me go, asshole!" a female's voice carried out through the halls. Gemma leaned up against the corner and poked her head around to see a tiny Sub being shoved into a cage and locked up. Gemma felt her throat dry up as she waited until the footsteps went further away before approaching the frightened Sub. "Are you okay?" Gemma asked, not liking the thin appearance and ratty clothes the poor girl was forced to wear. But what was most noticeable was the chain around her ankle. "You're imprisoned?"

"Well, I'm not on fucking vacation." Eleanor snapped. Gemma blinked, both startled and turned on by her feisty attitude.  

_This Sub is a snarky one. . . it's sort of cute._  

Eleanor shifted uncomfortably under Gemma's gaze. "Well, what do you want?"

"Be quiet and I'll get you out."

"Ben has the key."

"Who's Ben?"

"An asshole. He's the main security around here, get the key and you can get me out." Eleanor whispered. Gemma smiled, sweetly. "Alright, darling, will do. Just, tell me where I can find this said, key?"

"I don't know. . . "

"That's never the case, is it?" Gemma laughed, but Eleanor just shrank back. "Are there other like you, dear?" Eleanor nodded. "Alright, I'll get this key and then we'll rescue you all and set you free. But you have to help me too."

Eleanor promised to and watched as Gemma raced off.

The Domme had absolutely no idea where she was going, but the farther she went, the more Subs she came into contact with in cages, crates, chained to walls and miserable. A few even had gags in their mouths, or were blindfolded. She would quietly whisper to each and every one of them that she was here to rescue them and promised to be back before reaching the end of the hall where she could see her shadow from a blue light coming from a door. She held up her camcorder and slowly approached the door, standing away so she wouldn't be seen but could hear everything.
"So it's settled then? Imports from France, and Spain?"

"That's what was agreed on. They'll be here, Friday."

Imports? Friday? Gemma didn't have time to think about this properly as she heard footsteps coming her way and managed to hide behind five large crates filled with sex toys by the door. She watched as a Dom she recognized as Dan Wootton and someone else walking out of the room, shutting the door. "Well, Ben, we'll have something to toast to tonight. By the way, see a Sub you like on the way there? we'll give one a test run."

Gemma had to act swiftly, before anyone would get hurt. She waited for the men to turn the corner before opening the door. On a hook, she spotted a set of keys and on a desk, she saw a lap top. That'll come in handy. She noted before stuffing it under her arm.

One by one, she unlocked, un-gagged and rescued the Subs, Eleanor last. To say Eleanor was even surprised that Gemma had returned, well, she was. In fact, she stayed by the Domme's side as Gemma held open the window to let the Subs climb out.

"Thank you." Eleanor whispered.

"No problem, baby. Now, let's get you out of that potato sack. . "

Gemma knew she had done wonders to help Louis' cause, but she had no doubt in her mind, this would come back to bit her and she hoped that she had enough evidence to support herself.
Chapter End Notes

Oh dear lord, this was crrraaaaapppp!

I'm starting to loose some inspiration for this fic. Shit. . . .Anyway, thanks for reading, please leave a comment and kudos! :)


Chapter 36

Chapter Summary

Sub Rights conquer all.

Chapter Notes

This is the chapter, I believe, was the hardest to write, but I want to thank you all for sticking by me until now ♥ No, this is not the end, I still have Louis' pregnancy to write about, this is just a simple and meaningful thank you from me to you, from the bottom of my heart ♥♥

Also, thank you all so much for those taking part of #ProjectHome. This will mean so much to the boys!

This chapter is dedicated to the lovely @xInsvilla (Raconteur) on twitter. ♥♥

*Sighs * I miss my barents......

Gemma had been the one to call Louis and tell him what she had done, needless to say, Louis was overjoyed. The Subs were free and now, he felt, was the perfect time to take action.

It took a few hours to convince Harry to say 'Yes' and a day to round up all the Subs and Doms in the area for a Sub Right's March. It was going to be their biggest one yet. With help from Gemma and Eleanor (who Louis hugged for an HOUR before feeling safe enough to let her go) the march was set for this afternoon.
The tiny Sub was so humble and thankful that what looked like hundreds, (dare he say thousands) of Subs and Doms appeared for the rally. Signs were made, banners and even chants were shouted as the group marched all downtown. Louis had walked hand-in-hand with Harry. He felt brave and strong.

Above all else, he felt like he was accomplishing and making history. He only wished his Mom was here to see it.

When the crowd appeared before The Matchmakers, they all halted, seeing Ben Winston with his own police force behind him. Louis took a deep breath as he and Harry approached Ben.

"Hello, Styles, didn't think you were the kind to take it from a Sub," Ben smirked. "Sure you're not a Sub yourself?"

Harry shrugged, "Wouldn't see why it would be shameful, I don't see the shame in being a Submissive."

Ben's left eye twitched as he crossed his arms. "Well now, it would be a shame tarnishing your reputation if I were to arrest you, now wouldn't it?"

Harry was about to say something when a loud, female's voice boomed from the side of the crowd. "No one will be arrested yet." Everyone gasped, turning to see a tall woman, dressed in a very expensive black pants suit. Louis and Harry both were taken back.

"Your majesty, Madison-"

"Don't speak, Dom." The princess harshly snapped before telling the police force to start searching the whole area. "Where are the Owners of this facility?"

Ben didn't answer straightforwardly. "Gone. They left."
Madison nodded to a man next to her and immediately Ben was handcuffed and taken away. Madison then turned to Harry and Louis. "What's this?" she asked, not sternly but clearly not happy.

"S-Sub Right, your highness. I started the group," Louis admitted. "But I didn't do it to retaliate, I promise. I just wanted Submissives like myself to not be treated so poorly anymore..." Louis thought he was going to break down and make a total fool out of himself until Madison gently patted his head, giving him a kind smile.

"I appreciate your generosity. Until then, this place will have to be condemned."

"Condemned? But what about Matching?"

"Find someone trustworthy and then we'll talk, until then, this is a crime scene." Madison walked away, before Louis called her back. "Wait... how do you know all of this? Who called you?"

Madison flicked her wrist, pointing to Ashton who waved and then Gemma who held up her lap top, trying to announce her blog. Louis and Harry shared a smile. "Can... can you believe this? Is this real?"

"Hey, wait!" Eleanor called out to the princess before the Domme could get into her limo. "How come it's always been Doms and Dommes who run this facility? A Sub has never gotten the chance to. Why not let us, Sub Rights leaders, control this place? We're all about equality and we have ideas that could benefit both Subs and Doms. Let us have it."

The crowd was quiet until Madison smirked.

"If you think you can handle it. Which I believe you have more than earned your right to."
The crowd went wild as cheers and screams of happiness erupted and Louis jumped into Harry's arms. Something that was so farfetched and barbaric, was now a reality.

"Alright, we're out of bread and milk so those things we'll need the most, and are you feeling up for some pork chops tonight?" Louis asked, crumping his shopping list into his coat pocket.

"Sounds great, and maybe some applesauce to go on top and- No...fucking way!" Harry happily skipped down the cereal isle while Louis pushed the cart behind him. The Dom was like a kid in the candy store when he pulled down the very large box of his favorite cereal. "Now with more marshmallows? Louis, bring the cart and call an employee over, we're buying all of this!"

Louis frowned, taking the box from Harry's hands. No doubt about it, he knew Harry had a sweet tooth, with his sugar cereals and abundance about of candy he had hidden in his office drawers, but this was pushing limits.

"Harry, this box doesn't even look like the others. It's horribly spelt and we're not buying this." Louis put it back on the shelf. Harry's eyes widened.

"What are you talking about? Sugar Frosted Rainbiw Boo-Boo Bears are my favorite!" Harry insisted. "And I've eaten this cereal for years, it's amazing!"

"It's cavities in a cereal bowl."
"But now there's more marshmallows, tiny ones too! It's like me and you if we were a cereal brand." Harry put the box back into the cart before taking three more boxes in his arm.

"I'm going to find someone and ask if they have any more in the back." The Dom walked off as Louis looked down at the box.
"Half a pound of sugar?!” Louis' breath was almost taken from him as he looked down at the colorful rainbow, sketchy box.

He sighed before turning down another isle, looking for the fresh produce. He knew that he wasn't pregnant (yet) but he wanted to start eating healthier.

*A healthy body is the perfect home for the arrival of a baby.* He smiled to himself, placing a sack of potatoes in the cart, only for his smile to fade as Harry dumped six more boxed of that damn cereal in afterwards.

Louis groaned, to which Harry noticed. "What's wrong with you?"

"What's wrong is you don't listen to me!" Louis snapped, not at all caring that he had turned some heads. Harry immediately pulled Louis aside from the open.

"Don't yell at me, Louis. Just talk to me, baby, did I say or do something?"

Louis took in a deep breath, remembering their talk a few days ago, he didn't want to ruin their now stable relationship and calmed himself down. "I care about us, Harry, our health, your health, is important to me. And I don't want you consuming all this sugar, it's bad for you."

Harry sighed, but nodded. "Okay. I understand." The Dom began to take out all Ten boxes out of the cart to put them back on the shelf.

"Thank you, Harry." Louis smiled, sweetly.

"Welcome." It was clear Harry wasn't happy about loosing his favorite cereal, but Louis took his Dom's hand and snuggled closer to him. "For being such a good Daddy, when we get home I'll
make you a nice lunch and then we'll do something... fun."

Harry's eyebrows rose. "Fun?"

"Fun."

The Dom smirked. "Heh, heh... Fun."

Right away, Eleanor and Gemma started fixing up the place. The once dark dungeon hell hole was now a brightly lit and comforting area. They were swamped with paper work and freeing once-bought Subs and reuniting them with their children, as well as helping Subs find jobs.

Louis was an avid helper, and even came up with the newest Match test that was not only compatible with asking people their kinks and matching reds with greens, but background checks have been put into place, for both Subs and Doms.

Niall had been the most helpful in preparing for future generations, by claiming that there should be abuse and warning training classes in schools.

Harry, Liam and Zayn did their part in their real estate company, by no longer denying Subs the right to buy their own houses. And it all seemed like the world was going in the right place for once.
Until the morning Louis threw up. At first he thought of this as a bug, he had been working with Eleanor and Gemma a lot recently, maybe it was something he ate.

His pregnancy test said otherwise.
Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

Niall pops

Chapter Notes

So this chapter does give slight graphic descriptions of birth.

Mostly Zaniam.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Niall had been cranky and hot all day. He knew full well that he was in his ninth month of pregnancy, and Liam and Zayn were on red alert every time he sneezed. Seriously, last week Niall ate one too many cheddar cheese chips and ripped one of those sharp farts and Liam asked if he wanted to go to the hospital, fearing for the baby's safety to which Niall screamed: "It's not like I've done this before, and it'll take a lot more than me blowing ass to pop this baby out, Lima!"

Right now, Niall did not want to be touched, and as much as he hated admitting it, but he yelled at Theo earlier when the tot clutched onto his leg. It's not that Niall was being mean on purpose, he just felt suffocated when people hugged him. He was also irritated Liam didn't let him go to The Matchmakers to help out, Louis was busy and not responding fast enough and Alexander thought his uterus was a perfect punching bag.

Currently the blonde was laying on the couch with his hand on his belly. He closed his eyes, trying to sleep but the baby wasn't having any of it. "Alex, let me sleep." Niall mumbled, he hadn't been sleeping well the past few days and it was all the baby's fault, really. The little guy liked to kick late at night, ALL NIGHT.
The tiny baby stopped kicking and Niall held his breath. He waited for another kick, but none came. Finally relaxing, Niall sunk deep into the couch. That was, until he felt something wet between his shorts and sat up straight, seeing a pool of blood staining his once white cotton shorts. Niall gasped, calling for his Mum. Maura had been planting some flowers when she heard her son crying for him and was glad to have been within ear shot.

"Ma, ma, I'm bleeding! I'm bleeding!" Niall panicked.

Maura shushed the boy gently, keeping Niall calm was the best thing for now. "I know baby, I can see. It'll be okay darling, your baby is coming soon. We'll get to meet my Grandson, soon."

"Baby. . ." Niall whimpered, falling quickly and deeply into headspace.

Submissives only fell into head space for two reasons: to please their Dom and Child birth. It is said that Child birth triggers the same part of the brain that Roleplay does when performing a scene during sex, except without the pleasure and actual sex, and instead it’s, well, birthing a child. Niall began calling for Liam and Zayn, he wanted his Doms.

Maura called for Bobby and Liam and the two Doms rushed in, Liam right at Niall's side. "We need to go to a hospital!" Liam declared, already calling Zayn on his iPhone. "Niall, honey, can you stand?"

"We've got him, tell Greg to pull up front, Maura, stay here with Theo and Denise." Bobby commanded, lifting his pregnant and teary son.

"No, this is my child too, I'm going!" Maura insisted, putting her hands gently on Niall. Liam
groaned when he couldn't find the baby bag, or the photo album and camera and spent more time than he'd like looking for it, but when everything was found, he sprinted out to the car where Niall was crying in pain. "I'm sorry, Lili, I'm sorry..."

"Whatever for, my dove? You've done nothing wrong." Liam cooed as Bobby quickly drove down the street.

"Where's Zee? Wan him too..."

"Zayn will meet us there, baby, he'll be there." Liam promised, kissing Niall's knuckles. "He'll be there...He'll be on time, baby, I promise, promise."

》》》》

"I'm gonna be late!" Zayn screamed. "What the fuck?! Move!" Currently the poor Dom was stuck in traffic. He ha gotten the frantic call from Liam not even ten minutes ago and swears he hasn't even gone two blocks because of the line of people. The Dom was close to ripping his hair out. What the fuck is taking so long? HE stuck his head and half of his body out of his window and gasped, seeing that the reason for all the traffic was because of road construction.

Zayn felt like slamming his head against the wheel. Looking around, he pulled out of traffic and into some parking lot before approaching a kid on a pizza delivery mother bike.

"Gimmie this, kid!" He pushed the driver off, throwing some money at him before speeding off in between cars. No way was he going to miss his son's birth.
"You're doing good, Niall, in and out. Slow breaths." Liam clutched Niall's hand as they waited for the doctor. Niall wasn't dialated enough to start pushing, and wouldn't be for another hour. Liam and Niall had been here for two hours so far and not a word from Zayn.

"Li... I'm scared." Niall admitted. Liam only lightly chuckled, trying to keep calm in this situation. "Whatever for, my dove?"

Niall's emotions were running like crazy and so many scenarios were running through his head. "What if the baby doesn't like us? Or what if he wants to move out at thirteen? Or we're not good enough parents?" Niall didn't know why he felt like this, it could have been the epidural he had not too long ago, but his head felt fuzzy and the thought of his only baby hating him was a hot topic on his mind.

"You're going to be such a good Mummy, Nialler. Don't think that for a second." Liam kissed his Sub's brow.

"You and Zee too, you'll be good daddies, already are." Niall whispered. Liam smiled and both of their heads snapped up when the door opened and in walked Dr. Francis. "Everything okay, Niall?" he asked.

"I'm okay, I guess."
"Well, I'm just going to check and see how you're doing down there." Dr. Francis lifted the white sheet to check Niall. Liam felt his heart racing as he gazed up at a clock on the wall. Zayn where are you?!

"You're doing great, Niall, another hour and you'll be in the clear to push. Okay?"

The blonde nodded and laid back a bit, "Are you hungry, baby?" Liam asked. The thought of food made Niall sick and he shook his head. "Well, how about some water? Will that help you?"

He was thirsty, "I could use a drink." Liam said he was going to find a vending machine and would be right back, leaving Niall alone with the baby in his tummy. Niall's parents had stayed behind in the waiting room; Liam called his parents earlier and they were on their way now. Niall was still worried.

Zayn wasn't here.

"Hi little baby..." Niall gently whispered to his stomach. This wasn't the first time he's spoken to his baby alone before, he found it quite comforting. "I'm gonna see you for real today, Mummy's gonna hold you and you'll meet your Daddie and your grandmas and grandpas. Your cousin Theo can't wait to meet you, and neither can I. I already love you so much, little one. I got to help make the world a better place with my friend Louis and his Dom Harry, they're your godparents by the way. I'm so glad you're coming today, I can't-"

Niall stopped talking when his hospital room door opened again and in walked Zayn.

"Zee!" Niall smiled. Zayn was quick to rush to Niall's bedside and hold his hands. "Oh, Zee, he's coming..."
"I know, baby is almost here." Zayn chuckled, gently rubbing Niall's swollen belly. "Soon, he'll be in our arms, we've waited so long and now we're done waiting, aren't we, baby?" Niall closed his eyes, "Tired, baby?"

"No... Want Louis too. Gotta' tell him and Harry their godchild is coming."

"I'll do that, baby. You just rest." Zayn tenderly kissed his Sub's cheek. "I'll be right here."

Harry began at Louis' collar, making his way down to the hard, but still flat tummy that warmed the fetus that was their growing baby in a trail of kisses.

"Mmm, baby..."

Louis smiled, scratching his fingers through Harry's curls. The two had celebrated the news given to them by the tiny white stick and were now cuddling in bed.

"How do you feel, any different?" Harry asked.
"No, I'm about the same. I mean, I'm happier."

"You're glowing."

Louis blushed as Harry nuzzled into his neck before picking up his ringing cell phone. "Yeah? . . . He is? Oh my god." Harry sat up, confusing Louis. "Yeah, we'll be there. Give us a few." Harry hung up and turned to Louis.

"Niall is in labor."

"This isn't like the movies!" whiney, fussy and flushed Niall was always a mega turn on for his Doms, but now was not the time for a boner. Liam and Zayn tried to make Niall as comfortable as possible. "They lied, Zayn, sue them!"

Zayn chuckled, "I've told you for months now, Ni, "don't believe it it's just a movie," but what do you do? This is your fault, songbird." Zayn winced as Niall clutched his hand tighter. Poor baby was in pain and suffering as the nurse gave him his epidural.

"I'm not supposed to be in pain but I AM. I just want Alex out!" Niall cried.

Liam looked down at his vibrating phone. "Harry just texted me, he and Louis are here."
"Good! I can be with Louis now. He understands me, I'll live with him, you bastards aren't ever touching me again!" Niall wails and Zayn gives a worried look to Liam who shakes his head, mouthing "hormones".

Dr. Francis entered the room, smiling. "Well now, are you ready, Niall?"

"Been ready forever now!" Niall shouted. Liam scolded him as he helped his Sub sit up. "Niall, that was rude."

"I just want baby..." Niall whimpered, holding his stomach as another contraction hit him.

Dr. Francis put on a pair of gloves before examining inbetween Niall's legs. "Alright, Niall, I'm going to make a cut and that'll be the opening for when your child comes out. When you feel a contraction, I need you to push."

Niall nodded and didn't feel a thing as Dr. Francis made a small cut with his knife. "Gotta' say, you three are making history yet again. This will be the first child born from a Poly-relationship that was successful, ever in history-"

"Just get to it, doc, I gotta push!" Niall screamed.

Liam had gotten the chance to take a peak at what was going on and turned green but Zayn asked if he could cut the cord. Niall remembered his breathing and honestly thought it was going to hurt a lot more-and while it did hurt-it wasn't too bad. He did feel gross seeing how kuch blod he was loosing, and some other dark fluids until it looked like he were blowing a big bubble.

"It's the head, one more push, Niall!"
With all his might, Niall did so and then there was the sound of a squealing cry that had Niall sinking back into the hospital bed and crying. Zayn got to cut the cord and was equally in tears as the three parents watching the baby being washed and wrapped in a towel and then handed to Niall.

"Oh, look, he's got a full head of black hair..." Niall whimpered. "Hello, there."

The baby, little Alexander, shivered. So new to this world, but already liking it, hearing from the voice he recognized so well. He was cradled closely to Niall's heartbeat. "He's so perfect." Niall cried.

Zayn and Liam sat on either side of Niall, cuddling close.

Finally, the missing piece, and the cause of a lot of trouble—but so worth it—was finally here.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a nice comment, or constructive criticism ♥
Chapter 38

Chapter Summary

Life gets easier.

Harry tells Louis a little bit about his childhood.

Chapter Notes

Wow, this story has come so far. :) Almost 40 chapters and I'm not stopping anytime soon ♥♥ Oh my lovelies. . . . idk that's all I have for now.

Oh and just incase anyone was keeping track, this story is 10 months old (As of May 5th) I correinated it to be that way as to match up with Niall's pregnancy, but I don't think I'll be doing that for Louis' cause I know for a fact none of ya'll wanna wait 9 or 10 months just to see Louis POP out his and Harry's baby.

Niall was glad to be home and resting. In the hospital, he didn't want to let go of Alex any longer than he had to and the food sucked. As of right now, Liam and Zayn took a few days off from work to help Niall with their baby boy.

Niall was sad to also see his family go, seeing they pretty much overstayed their visit (by nearly a few months). But they promised to come back soon and had taken more than a few hundred photos and maybe three videos of baby Alex.

Alex didn't sleep much, and was always hungry.
"He's eating still?" Liam chuckled, watching lovingly as Alex nursed from Niall. The Blonde Sub stuck up his nose. "Of course he is, he's my baby too, my genes had to come into play somehow."

Liam laughed again as Zayn brought in a tray of food. "Lunchtime, Nialler."

Niall gasped, seeing the lovely dish of fish and chips, he now considered fish a delicacy seeing he couldn't have it at all when he was pregnant. However, he wrinkled his nose at the glass of milk. "I want a pint, God knows I deserved it."

Zayn was humored, "You'll have to wait on that one, Doll. You can't have alcohol while breastfeeding."

Niall shrugged. "I don't mind it too much, then. Anything for Alex." He cooed as the babu was finished eating and was burped. He handed the small life over to Zayn who held him close, kissing the hair on his head.

"I think Alex looks like Zee the most. But he's got your eyes, Li. They were blue at the hospital, but now they're brown." Niall took a bite of fish.

"Alex will have your kind heart, though, sweetie. And that's what's important. Now, eat your lunch then nap. We'll handle Alex." Zayn spoke, walking out of the room with Alex in his arms. Zayn walked into the nursery, the one he painted and built with his own two hands, and gently laid the sleeping baby down in the soft crib.

Gazing down at the little baby, his son, he couldn't believe at how foolish he acted before. He was never going to let this, or any other children he, Liam and Niall planned to have, out of his sight.
"What are you doing, precious?" Harry walked into an empty room Louis had taken up doing paintings, drawings and clay art in. Louis was sitting on the floor on a pillow with a scrapbook in his lap.

"I'm starting a book just like what Niall did, Daddy." Louis answered. "See? I already have the first month ready and done. Our pictures are here and I'm even writing little letters to the baby."

Harry crouched down. "That's very nice of you, pumpkin."

"Well, I plan on being a fantastic Mummy," Louis paused, stroking his fingers over the cover of the book. "Daddy?"

"Hmm?"

"I please don't yell at me-but, I have to know. . ." Louis lowered his head, causing Harry to sit behind his Sub and pull him into his lap. Harry pressed gentle kisses to Louis' neck and back of his hairline.

"You can ask me anything, Princess."
Louis blinked. "Daddy, why do you have your parents?" he asked softly. There was a moment of silence before Harry took a deep breath. Louis leaned back, taking Harry's arms and wrapping them around him.

"Darling, first off, my parents were never the nicest of people. I can't remember and holidays or birthdays that were pleasant, or sometimes even celebrated." Harry hated his childhood and this felt like slowly ripping off a band-aid.

*Do it for Louis, he deserves to hear this.*

"A lot of my hatred you saw directed at Gemma was mostly because she got away with a lot of things because she was older. For instance, when she hit twelve, she started living at friend's houses, she could leave for days and not come back. And it seems like she didn't care about me until I left." Harry nuzzled into Louis' neck. "My mother only cares about her wealth, bank account and status, and my father rarely spoke to me unless it was to tell me to 'Shut up' or that I was doing something wrong."

Louis sniffed, *how the hell can parents be like that?*

"I was to inherit the family business, my parents own car companies, but I wanted out of that place. So, three days after I graduated high school, I disappeared and never once called them, or spoke to them."

Louis was in tears when Harry finished, so the Dom held his Sub closer, gently patting the small belly Louis grew.
"Babydoll... I can't say I've had a bad life. I have you as proof. Louis, you've made me such a softer, kinder and more open person. You're too good for me sometimes. Without you, I wouldn't have made up with my sister, I wouldn't have seen how greedy I was becoming, and I most definitely would not be the person I am today and for that, I have you to thank."

"I love you, Harry." Louis sniffed, smiling when he kissed Harry's scruffy chin. "Growing hair, Hazza? Nice manly-man stubble you've got."

"Just a little. Growing my baby, aren't ya?"

"Our, baby." Louis corrected.

"Our baby." Harry breathed. Our baby, our family. It felt so good to say that.

Eleanor smiled seeing a Female Submissive cry loudly, being reunited with her children that were taken from her when she was bought. It swelled in her heart to see such a sight.

"Another family connected again?" Gemma asked, sitting on the desk.

Eleanor nodded. "Yup. We've brought back ten families today, actually and they're all doing well with therapy."
"Kick ass, darlin' hey, want a pizza when we get home?" Gemma asked.

The brunette giggled, nodding her head. Gemma licked her lips, watching Eleanor put away files. "Say, Ellie," The Domme didn't miss the annoyed smirk Eleanor gave her upon that nickname, "Gotta' question."

"Yes?"

"Why do you hate Doms so much?"

Eleanor went silent before scurrying to another file cabinet. "No reason and I don't hate them."

"You seemed worried I wouldn't save you." Gemma pointed out. "And let's not forget your little statement you gave Madison on Subs never running The Matchmakers. I'd say you have some beef with some Dom out there."

Gemma didn't know, but she was spot on. "I don't wanna talk about it."

Eleanor shoved a stack of papers away, not noticing Gemma lacing her thin arms around her tiny waist until she felt Gemma's chin on her neck. "Alright, baby, just take your time."

Eleanor refused to cry.
Chapter 39

Chapter Summary

Two month skip and Louis is three months pregnant.

A punishment is given.

Chapter Notes

Yay! New chapter. I am so sorry this took forever, but my brother is getting married (YAY!) And also my little sister is graduating so I was swamped with helping plan parties.

Sorry this chapters is total crap, I am basing Niall's behavior off of my sisters and how they acted when my nieces and nephews were born. It's so disgustingly cute.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Zayn! Zayn, come quick!" The Dom didn't have to be told twice and rushed out of his home office to the nursery, frantically. The way Niall screamed, it sounded as if he were in trouble and that's what Zayn expected to fine when he entered the nursery, but Niall was at the changing table with a freshly bathed clean Alex laying in a new diaper and cooing.

"What's wrong?" Zayn asked, checking over the baby for a bruise. Niall giggled. "Watch this:" before Zayn could do anything, Niall lifted up Alex's chubby legs and began to do the usual leg exercises with the baby and Zayn wondered what Niall was trying to show him when a long squeak came from the baby.
"He farted, isn't it cute too?" Niall cooed, finally dressing the baby for a nap. Zayn's eye twitched. Of course anything Alex did was cute to Niall: if Alex spit up on his daddies, if Alex drooled all over Zayn's paper work, and Zayn and Liam would agree (trying to not cringe most of the time) but **this** wasn't funny, or cute, to him.

"Alright, bubbah, time for a nap." Niall whispered, laying the sleepy infant down in the crib. Alex was such a quiet baby, he did cry a lot, but for the most part he was a lot like Zayn: just quiet. Niall stood by the crib and rubbed Alex's back, turning on the musical mobile above and didn't leave until Alex was fast asleep. Both daddies watched the newborn sleep for a moment before the Dom pulled Niall aside.
"Niall, we need to talk." Zayn spoke as soon as they left the nursery.

Niall nodded and followed his husband to the bedroom. "Niall, what you did just now was unacceptable."

"What?" The Sub asked. "How so? I do it all the time."

"Yes, but it was the way you did it, you called for me in such a way I thought someone broke in and was attacking you. You scared me for a moment." Zayn explained, watching as Niall's head subconsciously lowered, something that many Subs did, it was just in their genes. "Now, I think you need to be punished. Ten smacks, that fair?"

Niall nodded before laying over the edge of the bed. "I love you, baby." Zayn whispered, kissing Niall on the cheek before pulling himself back and gently pulling down Niall's maternity pants (which the blonde was in love with to and swore off jeans forever) before creasing the blonde's bum. "I'm gonna start now, baby. You're getting ten, alright?"

"Yes, Daddy." Niall whimpered.

Zayn began, jolting Niall in a tiny shock, but it wasn't too hard, as he just had a baby not too long ago and Zayn didn't want to harm him too much, just enough so he would learn his lesson about scaring him like that. Niall was whimpering halfway through as Zayn hit his sit spots, which were the worst in his mind. And it wasn't long before that last smack came down.
"Baby, what's your color?"

"G-Green." Niall whimpered.

"You did so good, baby." The Dom praised, kissing his lover before gently rolling him over into a more comfortable position on the bed. The blonde felt terrible for what he did. "I didn't mean to scare you." Niall whimpered. Zayn nodded. "I know baby, I forgive you. Just next time, please call for me in a different manner and not like that again, not unless it's a real emergency, please."

"Sorry . . . " Niall was brought into a warm hug while nestling under the covers. The Dom said nothing, but planted tender kisses to his love's cheek until the blonde was fast asleep.

"Hold still, Lou-Lou!" Louis groaned, frustrated with the baby lamb causing a commotion in his lap, he was a tad bit afraid that the lamb would kick him in the stomach, but made sure to avoid that. Right now, Louis was trying to shave Lou-Lou, it would be the lamb's first sheering and he wanted to get this done as soon as possible. However, doing so on a tile bathroom floor was harder than expected.

Louis had shaved lambs before, it wasn't that hard, but Lou-Lou was being difficult right now.

"Please, darling, it'll only take a second-there!" Louis smiled to himself as he got the Lamb to calm down and began shaving the wool off of his pet. Louis wished he was recording this to show Harry who was at work, but he figured he'd show him another time. Lou-Lou had stopped acting like a
bra long enough for Louis to shave him completely.

"Alright, butt head, you're done." Louis let the lamb run free out of the bathroom and began to pick up the wool off the ground. Smiling to himself, he carried the wool into the nursery and began to stuff it into a sack. Louis had wanted to being sewing right away, his intentions were to make a blanket for the baby when it arrived. Louis placed a hand on his tummy, this blanket will mean a lot to him, as this was something his mother once did for him. Louis wanted to carry on tradition and sat down at a table and began charting right away when his phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Hey, baby."

Louis smiled. "Hi, Daddy."

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing right now, I just sheered Lou-Lou and now I'm gonna' make a blanket for the baby." Harry is such a caring frog. Louis thought to himself. The man had made it mandatory to call and check in on Louis half-way through the day, asking him questions about the baby, or about Louis himself. But today, Harry had something different in mind.

"That's wonderful, darling. Hey, I'm sending a car to the house around five-thirty tonight, I need you to dress up nice, please." Harry spoke. Louis frowned, they hadn't planned on doing anything, not that he could remember.
"Okay, um, are leggings and my new white sweater okay?"

"No, baby, not the sweater, put on something to wear the jewelry I got you, please. I want to show off the world what a beautiful Sub I have carrying our baby."

Louis blinked. *Where was he taking me?*

At around five-twenty, Louis looked at himself in the mirror; debating on whether he should switch clothes or not. He was currently wearing the leggings and some all black vans, but with a long, flowy dress shirt and the emerald necklace and pars Harry had given him on their matching day. He even had a small tint of rose-gold eye shadow, light brown eyeliner and just a tad bit of mascara to make his lashes stand out (since Harry once told him that's what he liked best about his face). He was rather nervous. He had no idea where he was going, or what they'd do, but he was sure they'd have a fun time. He made sure to feed Lou-Lou before leaving the house at approximately five-thirty. There was a white escalade waiting for him with a driver.

"Louis Styles?" the driver asked to which Louis nodded and the man opened the door for him. Flattered, Louis thanked him.

Harry was always full of surprises. Inside the luxury car was also a boutique of red roses and a tiny note:

*Your love is like candlelight*
small, and warm.

It's there when I need it

on my coldest nights.

Assuring me it'll be alright.

-See you soon.

-Harry.

Louis felt his heart swell up with pride and love. And it wasn't long before the car turned into a driveway in front of a beautiful building where Louis could see Harry standing outside. Louis grinned as Harry opened the door, taking him by the hand and pulling his Dom into a hug. "I missed you." Louis whispered.

"As did I, kitten. I also miss our dates we went on, so I booked us a private seat inside. Let's go." After tipping the driver, Harry escorted his love into a beautiful building with golden walls, shiny tile flooring and chandeliers. "Are we eating here?" Louis felt dumb asking this, but it all felt so surreal. Everywhere he looked it was magnificent. Harry smiled. "Yes, but not here."

Harry didn't have to say anymore as Louis let out a tiny gasp seeing there were tables and chairs outside with tiny candles lit on them. Harry helped Louis down the stairs, his arms laced around his Sub's back and his large hand on his lover's hard tummy. "You look lovely, Louis."

"Thank you, Harry."

The Dom led his beautiful Sub to a table reserved just for them, at the very edge of lawn right next
to the river. The sky was darkening and the candles were very beautiful, sticking out like twinkling stars on Earth right at their tables.

Harry, being the gentleman he was, pulled out the chair for his love and requested the waiter to bring them sparkling water, not wine. He wasn't going to drink if Louis couldn't. Louis looked around, sighing. "It's so...pretty."

"I thought you'd like it. We haven't done much together in a while and I hope this relaxes you. I also have some good news." Harry beamed. Louis was all ears. Harry ordered them some appetizers as Louis grew impatient.

"What's the news?" Louis asked.
Harry smirked, "I don't know if I wanna' tell you know, you're too cute when you're excited."

"Awe, Daddy, not fair!" Louis pouted, childishly, making Harry laugh. "Oh, kitten, you're too much for me. Well, guess." Harry seemed pretty confident so Louis thought hard. *Was this part of the date? Does Harry have something else planned?* Louis still hadn't come up with an answer when their meals arrived, Louis had a roasted chicken salad and Harry a steak, he'd give Louis small bites of.

"Did you sell more houses?" Louis asked.

Harry shook his head. "Nope... Well, we did, but that's not the surprise."

"Expand your company?"

Harry laughed, "No... one more try."

Louis bit his lip. "Did you... buy something?" Harry raised his eyebrows as Louis continued. "You did? what did you buy?" Another house? Another car? What? Louis was excited and Harry held up his phone, handing it to Louis. Louis gasped seeing pictures of a large white boat.

"We're going to have a ride in it next week, would you like that?" Harry smiled.
The Sub nodded, gently holding his Dom's hand while Harry ordered take-away dessert. Louis loved riding on the boat back in Yorkshire, but he couldn't wait to sail on the ocean with Harry. He always felt like a free spirit on the waters and this time, he'd be with Harry and their baby.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, this chapter, I felt, was total crap. Anyone still reading this?
"Are we there yet?" Hot and irritated Louis was new to Harry. Normally Louis almost never complained and was mousy and quiet, but being now four months pregnant, Louis was becoming more vocal, which Harry didn't mind too much. Harry gazed over at his Sub and his mouth pretty much watered at the scene of his pregnant Sub in a navy blue and white striped maternity swim shirt and matching ruffled skirt. To add on to this, Louis had jewelry barrettes in his hair that was longer in length and including a pair of red rimmed sunglasses on and flip-flops.
The boy was just too cute to be mad at.

"Almost baby, we'll be there in an hour." Harry answered, groaning when Lou-Lou the lamb loudly 'Baa'd' neer his ear. Louis was adamant they brought her too, so they put her in the back along with all the inflatable beach toys Louis wanted to bring too.

"Lou-Lou is bored too, Daddy." Louis sighed, crossing his arms. Harry turned up the air conditioning, making sure Louis was nice and cool was going to be his top priority this summer. He made sure the sheep was cool too.

"I know baby," Harry replied, digging into the small cooler next to him and pulling out a pink Popsicle. "Here, baby, eat this." Harry handed to sweet treat to his Sub who had suddenly lost his frown and thanked him. "So, are you excited my sweet one?"

Louis nodded, his lips now cold and had a more pinkish tone from the Popsicle. Of course it was an organic fruit Popsicle, Harry wasn't about to have his Sub eat a lot of sugar during his pregnancy. Louis had agreed and every meal they ate would now benefit the baby's growth. Louis hadn't had any pregnancy cravings (or so he told Harry) but Harry noticed a jar of peanut butter and a whole thing of bananas gone, along with a container of nacho cheese.

"Yes, Daddy! I wanna see the ocean."

Harry grinned and when the light turned green, he drove off. Harry couldn't wait either, he had been working non-stop for about three weeks now and loved the idea of a relaxing evening sun tanning and watching the sunset with his pregnant lover on the yacht.
Which reminded him, "You packed sunscreen, right?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Good, can't have my peach turning into a tomato can I?" Harry smiled, gently pinching Louis' soft cheek, before 'booping' his tiny nose, enjoying the way Louis giggled.

"That's impossible, Daddy."

"I know, Princess, you'll always be my sweet peach, yeah?" Louis nodded, quickly finishing up his Popsicle. He placed his small hands on his belly. The baby was nestled and comfortable, he was sure of it. "Daddy? Are we gonna swim too?"

"I assume so, that's why you're wearing that delicious outfit, yea?" The Dom asked, licking his lips. *If Louis looked this ravishing while dry, imagine him wet.* Dirty and sinful thoughts raced through his head as he imagined Louis' big butt climbing up the ladder to get back on deck from their afternoon swimming, all wet and bouncy with the skirt flowing in the air-

Louis snickered, "Oh, Daddy. I just hope no sharks eat us. . ." Louis became very silent after that statement, looking back at the big inflatable shark he kindly begged Harry to buy him at Wallgreens; Harry put his larger hand over his Sub's tiny ones.

"Nothing will happen, I'll make sure you aren't shark food, baby. Sharks don't live so close to where we will be going." Louis felt assured with that comment. "However, I have three rules for you: No leaning against the railing, I know they're sturdy, but I don't trust them. No running on the boat and absolutely no jumping off. Understand?"
"Yes, Daddy. I don't think I wanna be away from you anyway." Louis smiled. Harry returned the smile just before pulling into the docks. Harry struggled to get all the inflatables out of the back seat just as Louis' phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Boo-Bear! I miss you!"

"Hi, Nialler. How are you?"

Struggling from the car, Harry huffed, trying to yank out the inflatable plastic dolphin Louis insisted on bringing. Honestly, he didn't know why he even bought it, it was at least seven feet long and took him forever to blow it up. In fact, he was regretting that she blew it up and shoved it in the back of the Range Rover in the first place.

"Just calling to tell you Alex rolled today! All on his own too!" Niall sounded extremely excited which got Louis worked up. "That's amazing, Nialler!"

"Louis, a little help!" Harry called, only Louis didn't respond and Lou-Lou came around. Harry shushed the lamb away only for the animal to make some loud, strange noise and yank on his swim shorts. "Let go, you shaved lamb-chop!"

"I gotta' go, Niall. I'll call you later." Louis quickly responded before hanging up. "Calm down, Harry." The Sub rolled his eyes, baffling Harry at just how easy it was for Louis to yank out the inflatable shark and not him.
Stunned was something Louis had to get used to. The boat-or yacht-looked HUGE compared to the picture Harry showed him a while back ago. It was a beautiful, white yacht, with what looked like three floors, and even a patio and bar on the roof top. Harry gave a man a small stack of money before their items were put on the yacht. "Harry, it's huge!" Louis gaped.
Harry chuckled, "Only the best for my princess to tour the world in." taking his Sub's hand, he kissed the top of each finger, not seeing, but knowing Louis blushed.

"Oh, Harry."

The Dom escorted his love into the boat watching and loving every facial expression Louis made when he looked around at the beauty of the inside of the ship. "This is the main area. The stairs leading upstairs will take us to the deck." Harry explained. Lou-Lou already made herself at home by jumping into the leather couches.

"Ah, Mr. Styles." Harry looked up and smiled, greeting the captain. "Hello, Captain Cordon. This is my lover, Louis. Louis, this is Captain James Cordon. He will be controlling the yacht."

The large man reminded Louis so much of a teddy bear in a Captains outfit, that he found it hard to be shy around the man. "Hello." he smiled sweetly.

"Nice ta' meet you, Lou! I've steadied our course so we're not far from the English Channel. It'll be a spectacular view for tonight," James replied. "Is someone coming for your bags then?"

"Yes, Captain. Thank you."

"Nice meeting ya' Lou, I'll be seeing ya' then." Captain Cordon tipped his hat before walking away. Louis was led by Harry to the stairs where Harry said would lead them to the deck. It was
here that Louis had thought he had seen it all until he saw the ocean all around him on one of the most stunning boat decks he had ever been on. A sense of wonder and freedom came to him and he had never felt happier than he did on the boat with Harry.

Harry smiled, wrapping his arms around Louis. "To your liking?"

"Even better..."
Harry was more than glad to know Louis wasn't getting sick. Seasickness was something he feared would stop this trip, but Louis honestly looked like he was having a really fun time. It took a lot of convincing, but Harry allowed Louis to stand at the very tip of the boat while they did a signature 'Titanic' picture, they watched the sunset and Harry grilled some vegetables and steaks on the electric griddle Louis bought from one of those info-commercials.

"I love it here, out on the ocean." Louis remarked, watching seagulls fly away into the setting sun.

Harry grinned. "We'll do this every year then, how about it?"

"Next year, we'll have Georgie to come with us!" Louis gasped, closing his mouth for a moment before closing his mouth with his hand as Harry glanced up. "Who's Georgie?" Harry asked before looking down at Louis' belly. "Do you like that name?" He asked, scooting closer to Louis on the plush chair. Louis blushed, smiling.

"Ma-a-a-aby. What about you? Have you thought of any names for the baby?"

Harry shrugged, "It all depends on it it's a boy or a girl. For a boy I like George, but also I don't. I prefer Henry, or Joseph, or Daniel. I've always, always wanted to name my little girl Darcy."

_Darcy_. Louis liked that name too.

"_Darcy_? Louis liked that name too.

Louis yawned and Harry didn't need to be told twice to carry his lovely pregnant Sub to bed. "Do
you feel as if it's a boy or a girl?" Harry whispered, watching as Louis' eyes grew heavier.

"Hmm. ... I'm feeling boy. But I could be wrong."

Harry chuckled, laying Louis down on the bed and helped him dress out of his bathing suit and into some lace panties and one of Harry's large t-shirts.

"Daddy, we didn't swim today..." Louis protested, sleepily. A kitten could beat him up, that's how tired he felt.

"We'll swim tomorrow Princess. For now, let's sleep." Harry whispered. The lull of the ship and the soft waves crashing against them were enough to put the two of them to sleep in each other's arms.

But this vacation wouldn't as be as relaxing tomorrow as it was today, far from it actually.

Chapter End Notes

Part 1 ended
Part 2 coming soon!

Maybe with 10 or more comments?? *Smiles innocently*
Chapter 41

Chapter Summary

"MAN OVERBOARD!"

Chapter Notes

Alrighty guys! Guess what? I have a Tumblr made just for my writing ♡ There, if you guys send me a message it'll be responded more quickly and I'd like to hear what you guys think of my stories, or, if you want, you can send me ideas to write ♡

(It will be a Larry Stylinson blog as well)

Follow me:

Tumblr: angelicdusty

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Goddammit, Lou-Lou!" Harry growled. He had moved to get a drink for one second and came back to see that his spot was taken away by the lamb. Lou-Lou looked up but didn't budge. "Move." Harry commanded with a hint of whine at the end, desperately wanting his seat back.

The lamb did nothing and lowered it's head to nap in the sun. Harry groaned, now having to move away from where his Sub slept in the sun. Harry gave a look back, making sure Louis wasn't getting a sun burn. Earlier this morning, there had been a romantic moment where Louis asked Harry to rub some on his back and they almost ended up being sex out in the English Channel.

The Dom chuckled, walking over to Louis and shaking him gently. "Baby, wake up." he whispered. "Let's go inside, can't have you burning up."
Louis nodded and had Harry help him up.

"Baby, I love you with all my heart, but Lou-Lou taking my spot is getting on my nerves." Harry voiced, to which Louis giggled.

"Oh, Harry. She's just protective of me and the baby." Louis put his small hand on his belly.

"It's annoying." Harry rolled his eyes. Louis snickered, poking a finger at Harry's chin.

"Are you jealous?" Louis smirked, holding back his giggles when his Dom turned and faced him with an obvious envious glare and blush.

"No." Of course he was jealous! Who wouldn't be envious of the person or animal sitting next to and having all of Louis' attention? Harry never thought he'd be envious of a sheep! Dom are really territorial when it comes to their Sub's attention, Louis knew this and thought it was adorable that his big, strong, caveman Harry was jealous of a cloud with legs.

"Don't worry Daddy, my heart belongs to you and the baby. . .maybe the baby first."

Harry gave an over-exaggerated sigh, but swooped down to kiss at Louis' tummy. "Such a lucky baby to have you as a Mummy. The luckiest one in the world." Louis raised his arms for Harry to carry him inside the boat.
"Why don't you finish your nap in here, where you won't get burnt and I'll go see about dinner. What sounds good?"

Louis rubbed his belly, thinking. "Well, baby wants some of the tiny popcorn chicken things. Do we have any?" Harry stood up. "I'll go ask Captain James and then look for some, I'll be back in a minute, baby." Harry kissed Louis on the nose before leaving the couch area. Louis yawned, laying back down and closing his eyes, wanting to sleep for a few minutes.

Sleep wasn't coming as fast as Louis would have liked it and he sat up. Noticing a portable camera on the table, he figured now was a good time for pictures to put in the baby book. He had been talking to Niall on how to make his own baby book and one of the things Niall brought up, was he was upset he didn't take as many pictures of his trips with Liam and Zayn to put in the baby book so Louis was determined not to make that mistake. He looked around at what to take picture of first before moving over to the railing. Totally ignoring Harry's rules, he leaned over and began snapping pictures of the boat and the view of England from the distance.

Taking a peak at what he captured, he frowned. "Looks blurry." he told himself. I'll take one more but if I don't like it, I'll find something else, he figured. Louis hesitantly put one foot over the bar and then the other, not going to move any further than this but a wave crashed against the boat, startling him and he lost his balance, screamed and fell, plopping into the water.

Putting on a chef's hat and oven mitts, Captain James placed the frozen popcorn chicken into the boat's electric oven. Harry patted the man on the back. "Thanks, I owe you one."
"The lad's got cravings eh?" James smiled.

"They aren't bad, yet, but I heard from Liam that Niall got weird cravings. I just hope when Louis has his, they won't be so bad that I'll get sick." That was a lie. Harry Styles was completely whipped by everything Louis did. In fact, he'd be lying if he wasn't actually excited for Louis' belly to show more and to rub his Sub's feet when they got swollen and ached, or be ready hand and foot at anything else Louis needed or desired. He considered himself doing a wonderful job so far at holding Louis' hair back while he got sick in the toilet.

"Any kids of your own?" Harry asked.

James smiled, "Have a beautiful wife, Julia and then two children of our own: Max and Carey. I take it this is your first? You seem a bit nervous about the whole thing." Harry slyly smirked, nodding. "I'm excited, Louis is excited and I just can't wait to be a Dad."

He'd be a better father than his own, that's for sure. Already he could envision family vacations, outings and picnics with Louis and their child, and hopefully, in the future they'd have more kids. Harry was very reluctant at first to have children, but when Louis said he was pregnant, all of that suddenly changed and while he was scared at times with the thoughts of: What if I do or say the wrong thing and my children hate me? but he knew that with Louis, he couldn't do anything wrong.

"Speaking of Louis, where is he?" James asked.

"Sleeping, I'll go get him. His chicken poppers are done anyway." Harry replied when the oven dinged. Harry wasn't much of a smoker, but he'd fancy an expensive cigar once in a while with Zayn during lunch at work, but right now seemed like the perfect time for one, watching the English Channel waves crashing in the distance and the sun was starting to set. After he woke up Louis, he made mental note to tell James to head back to the shore so he could take Louis home and they could both wash up and Harry had to be at work early tomorrow-
Harry's train of thought was ended when Lou-Lou came running towards him, baaing loudly.


The Dom ignored Lou-Lou when he heard a scream and then a very loud 'SPLASH'

Racing to the edge of the boat, Harry immediately yanked off his shirt and dove into the water where Louis was trying to kick his legs to keep from drowning. The waves weren't harsh, so Harry could easily swim to a screaming Louis (who was sputtering out salt water from his mouth) and still call for James to turn the ship. Harry held on to Louis tightly and thanked himself from all that time spent in his home gym to give him the strength to lift Louis with his arms and climb up the boat.

Louis was in tears by the time a towel wrapped around him.

"Are you alright, Louis?" James asked, worried. "I was certain it would be impossible to fall off when standing neer the edge."

The Sub made eye-contact with his Dom who did not look happy. Of fucking course Harry wasn't happy. When he saw Louis nearly drowning in the water, he had never been so scared in his life. Still, he had told Louis NOT to go anywhere neer the edge of the boat, and he knows he did because how else could he have fallen off?!

"Louis, do you have something you wish to tell me?" it was a retorhical question Harry roughly barked. Louis' bottom lip quivered. He felt so sick and scared, all he wanted was a doctor to tell
him their baby was okay and to go home. He didn't want to sit here, dripping wet being interrogated by Harry.

"I... I'm so sorry, Harry-" Louis tried to apologize, but Harry wasn't going to have any of it. That's all he needed to hear. "James, set course back to the shore. And you-" he pointed to Louis. "I don't want to hear another word out of you for a long time, do you understand?"

Louis hung his head low.

Harry had driven them to the doctor's office immediately to have Louis checked out and make sure everything was okay.

"Thankfully nothing severe." Dr. Francis replied, looking over Louis. It had been an awful hour and a half of pure silence and seething anger clearly coming from Harry. "I think Louis was just shocked from falling, however, due to your near drowning experience, I am going to recommend strict bed rest and no harsh movements."

"Thank you, doctor." And Louis meant it, Dr. Francis probably saved him from a spanking. Harry still said nothing to Louis on the way home but did groan loudly and slammed his door when he recognized the hot pink limo belonging to Gemma in his drive way.

Louis sniffed, holding on to Lou-Lou's leash tightly as he escorted the lamb into the backyard. Already he could hear yelling inside.
"Hey, if it isn't my favorite brother!"

"Get your cheep knock off Saint Laurent shoes off my coffee table!"

Louis sighed and decided to sneak back into the house, avoiding the Styles Family Smackdown that might happen in the living room. However, before he made it halfway up the stairs, a hand gripped his wrist and behind him was Harry.

The Sub blinked for a moment before seeing a tiny pool of tears starting to form in Harry's normally hard green eyes. "Don't ever do that again." he warned, but it was spoken softly and Louis understood why. He nodded, wrapping his arms around Harry's shoulders for Harry to take him to their bed for a back massage.

*Maybe Dominants get emotional too.* Louis figured. Already he forgave Harry, and so quickly too, he didn't know if he should kick himself for it, but he was just tired of the fighting and he almost died today.

"Not now, but when we wake up, I want to talk about what happened." Louis whispered into Harry's neck.

"Are you sure you don't want to talk now?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind if I talk and you just listen?" Harry asked. Louis didn't mind so Harry continued.
"When I saw you drowning, Louis. I feared I had almost lost my purpose in this world." Harry's normally deep and aggressive voice urned as soft as cotton candy and so very sincere. "Forget my money, forget my fame, I live for you and our baby."

Harry's large hand laid on Louis' hard tummy.

Before Louis closed his eyes to fall asleep, he swore he heard Harry mumble: "and I do like the name George. . ."

Chapter End Notes

I am officially 110 kudos away from 2,000 kudos! You guys are so amazing, I love you all! Without you guys there would be none of this, I can't express how grateful I am ♥♥♥ I love you all.
Hey guys, sorry for getting you guys excited for another chapter only to come to this, but my twitter account: @Angelic_Dusty locked me out.

Some ass bag sent me a 'free followers' link and I was a dumbass and clicked on it and then my tablet went blank and I started freaking out. I checked everything important and nothing is wrong except... I can't get into my account right now even though it says to just put in your phone number, but every time I do it suddenly stops working. I've tried at least 15 times now and that's 14 more times than I wanted to so if you guys see my account and follow me I WILL NOT FOLLOW YOU BACK BECAUSE I CAN'T GET BACK IN.

I just got rid of my twitter app, plus twitter was getting boring and it was just so upsetting logging in just to see innocent lives being killed or some babylate bullshit going out, so I think for my mental and emotional health, I should stay away from twitter for a while.

HOWEVER, I do have a tumblr: angelicdusty

So if you guys followed me on twitter have a tumblr, I'm there too.

The next chapter will be up some time next week, thanks for being patient guys, sorry about this.

♥♥

-Angel.
PROTECT YOUR TWITTERS!!!!!

★★★★ BEWARE OF SPAM!!!!!!! ★★★

SORRY! I know a ton of you guys are probably annoyed by me doing this, but I feel that I have to warn you all for the sake of your twitters.

Recently, I was suspended from mine for "Violating Twitter's policy." Because someone sent me a get free followers link.

I STRONGLY URGE YOU NOT TO CLICK ON THAT LINK!!!!!!!!!!!!

TWITTER IS SUSPENDING ACCOUNTS WHO DO THIS, TO RECOVER YOUR ACCOUNT YOU HAVE TO PUT IN YOUR PHONE NUMBER; if some of you guys out there are not comfortable with putting your personal number out there, THEN FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, DONT CLICK ON THAT "FREE FOLLOWERS" LINK NO MATTER HOW TEMPTING IT IS!!!!!!! IT IS NOT WORTH IT!!!!

I missed out on a lot of important fandom related stuff because (not only did my dumbass think I could escape even if it was just for a few days) of it. However, if you're like me and had this happen to you and recovered your account, twitter will automatically send the SAME LINK to your followers through DM.

I suggest you tweet or send as many messages as possible to your followers warning them about what happened to you.

I'm sorry to have to do this to you guys (again) but I just wanna protect ya'll cause I love you guys more than life ♥♥♥ Protect your Twitters, you can't talk or send your love to the boys and their families, or help 1D related twitter tends if you don't have twitter!! ♥♥♥
But on the bright side, my twitter is back and running you can now message/tweet me again @Angelic_Dusty on twitter.

Thanks again

-Angel.
Chapter 42

Chapter Summary

Harry and Gemma talk

Louis' due date approaches closer.

Chapter Notes

HAPPY 21st BIRTHDAY happilylarry!!!!!!!!! When I met you, I promise you the first round is on me!

Only two more chapters. . . .Oh my god.

I am SO SORRY this took for-fucking-ever, but with I have no more apologies, you all deserve better, and you guys are just really amazing

AND THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH FOR 2000 KUDOS!!!!!!! I LOVE YOU ALL SO MUCH!!!!! OH MY GOD, I'M FREAKING OUT, I CAN'T BELIEVE I ACTUALLY WROTE A FIC THAT HAS THAT MANY LIKES! I am so honored and humble, you guys, I can't believe how far this story has come too. Thank you, thank you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As the Baby's due date grew closer, Harry's anxiety worsened. He could tell it was happening too, he was becoming sloppy, impatient and would often snap at Louis which resulted in Louis retaliating. It was over stupid stuff too, like Harry screaming because Lou-Lou was on the furniture again, or if his coffee was cold and it was his own damn fault. Zayn could see it too, which is why he pulled Harry aside at work one day.

"What's going on, mate? You're tense." Zayn handed his friend a cigarette to which Harry thanked him for. "Is this cause of the baby?"
It was, but Harry wouldn't say. "Wanna' talk about it?" Harry had noticed how softer Zayn was becoming, how good a man he was after Niall gave birth; it only made Harry hate himself more. **Besides, what was good about admitting to your best friend that you're a total asshole of a Dom and guaranteed about to be a shitty father on top of it?** He thought to himself.

"No, just stress. Louis is having pregnancy... stuff." And he was adorable. Louis with his large belly housing their baby, keeping it warm from the nasty world outside. Louis had quit Sub Sports just until his pregnancy was over, then he'd be competing in the big match that was to happen six weeks after the baby was scheduled to arrive. Harry was jittery, he couldn't even hold the cigarette right and he cursed loudly when he dropped it.

Zayn sucked in a breath, "Mate, talk to me."

"There's nothing to talk about."

"Bullshit, something is wrong and I know it. What happened?"

*It's me. I'M the problem.* He wanted to scream. All at once his past actions came haunting his mind: him screaming at Louis, throwing him out, yelling at him when he drowned and nearly died. What kind of Dom did that? A *shitty Dom does, you're just like Des Styles and that's all you'll ever be!*

Harry clenched his fist and walked back into his office from the balcony. "I'm going home. I can't be here, take over will ya'?"
Zayn nodded, ditching his own cigarette and following his friend inside. "Anything. But first tell me where you're going-"

"I just said I was going home."

The dark haired Dom didn't believe him, "I think you should talk to your sister," Harry stopped in his tracks, giving Zayn a 'are you serious' death glare. "She's setting up a counseling for Doms and Subs at the Matchmakers, at least that's what Niall told me, it might do you some good seeing she's pretty much a role-model Domme." Harry scoffed.

"No way." He proceeded to slip on his light jacket. "See you tomorrow." As he left his office and was alone in the elevator, Harry never suspected Zayn of being the sneaky type until the curly haired Dom received a text from his sister.

'Hey lil'bro, see you in twenty minutes. -GemGem.'

"Fuck you Zayn." he slammed his hands on the elevator doors out of frustration.

Harry was both annoyed by his sister, as he has boldly shown in the past, but there was also a tiny part of him that was very jealous of her. No, it wasn't because she personally knew Madison
Masochism, one of the four royal sisters, or because she was unmatched and could live a free life (he was quite Harry with Louis, don't get him wrong). It was because of reasons he had hidden for years.

The Dominant didn't know why he didn't just head straight home and skip out on meeting with Gemma, he had all the means to. Whatever the reason was, he was currently standing in a bright hot-pink office decorated with pictures of herself and her many cats and a few of Eleanor on her bright white desk.

"Ah, brother dearest!" Today the female Domme was dressed in a lavishly big fur coat despite it being summer outside, and a short white sun dress and black flats. "Sit down, I'll call Eleanor and have her bring up some tea." Harry glanced over at where Gemma told him to sit and cringed at the leopard print couch, still he sat and folded his hands together.

"So my little bro, Zaynie told me-"

"Don't call him that." The Dom sighed.

"-that you're having some issues right now. Well, lil'bro, I'm here to tell you that you've come to the right place! I've finally found my calling in life and that is: telling other people what they're doing wrong and how to fix it!" Gemma sat across from Harry on a teal chair and smirked. "So, wanna' tell me how your day was?"

Harry looked at the floor. *This is so stupid!* He wanted to scream. He sighed, "Well, first I woke up, Louis made me breakfast-" "Oh, you lucky guy." Gemma interrupted. "Having Princess Louis' cooking, I myself am no chef and neither is El, but we're doing okay with boxed meals-oh, I'm sorry, continue!"
The Dom sighed, "Then I went to work and now I'm here. Done. Can I leave now?" All Harry wanted to do was go home, take a pain reliever and maybe have a nap, he had a pounding headache and Gemma's overly-happy voice was not helping.

"Oh, no, please don't go, you haven't had any tea-Eleanor! Chop-chop, sweetums." Gemma playfully spoke through an intercom and Harry had to wince. Gemma swung her legs over the arms of the chair and cracked her back. Harry pinched the bridge of his forehead and they both waited in an awkward silence until Eleanor arrived with a tea-tray. Gemma thanked the brunette and Harry was actually quite shocked.

While sipping the warm tea Harry had to ask, "Since when did the Dom-hater take orders?" Last time Harry saw Eleanor, she was cursing at him, making snarky remarks and (what he assumed to be) influencing Louis and his friends to act out.

"Oh, Eleanor? Well, you see Harry there was a reason why she disliked our kind and I don't blame her." Gemma's voice became soft as she set down her cup and saucer. Harry waited for an answer and wasn't prepared when he heard it, "Her Dom, uh... Max I think his name was, abused her, Harry. I think she categorized him with the rest of us. I mean it's not hard to do. Once one Dom hurts you, you think the rest will do the same."

Harry stopped drinking and set his cup down. Gemma tilted her head and waited.

"You know... you can tell me why you're here. I actually expected you not to show up." The Domme spoke. It took Harry a moment to conjure up the words to even speak. He didn't understand why he was so nervous to even talk. Why am I like this? I wasn't this way before! He remembered how confident he was before he was with Louis, always on point, never slipping up and never second guessed himself; but now, now he had a Sub, and a baby on the way.

"I don't know why I'm here either." Harry softly spoke. "I think I can guess why," Gemma said, almost taunting. "I think you missed your big sister."
Outraged, Harry stood up abruptly, almost knocking the coffee table over. "Not everything is about you, Gemma!" The Dom boomed, almost shaking the walls with how loud his voice was. Gemma snorted, "Bitch, whatever. And that's about a nine and a half on the anger scale, Hazza, tone it down a bit, I've got this headache from sunbathing earlier today."

Is she serious right now? "How can you be so selfish?! I didn't come here to talk to you, okay? I was pretty much forced here against my will!" Now it was Gemma's turn to be loud and her laughter was enough to burst her lungs.

"Of course you were forced against your will! Someone tied you up, carried you in here and superglued your ass to my couch, how could I be so bloody stupid?!" The Domme smirked, "Nice excuse Harry, but I for one have a brain and that won't work on me."

Harry growled, "I'm leaving."

"Okay," Gemma waved, what she said next made Harry freeze in his spot just before the door. "Make sure to shred your matching signatures while you're at it!"

The Dom turned to his sister, what the hell is she getting on about? Harry crossed his arms and watched Gemma begin to file her nails as if nothing happened and she didn't just have a fight with her brother. "What the fuck does that mean?"

"I mean, if you're going to act like Dad, you might as well do it." Gemma slowly spoke, looking up at her brother's pale face. "You think I just simply "forgot" what you did to that boy? I know that was months ago, but I still wanna kick your ass, little brother." Harry tried to control his breathing. He was nothing like that abusive Des Styles! No way was he his father! Harry never punched Louis, locked him away for days, or embarrass and taunt Louis in public! He clenched his fists.
"You're wrong!" He shouted. "I am nothing like our father, don't you DARE compare me to him, Gemma!"

"So screaming at him when he nearly died and trying to replace him isn't abusive at all?" she sneered, tossing her filing stick to the side to stand up.

"I've apologized for my actions! Louis has forgiven me!" Harry was so lucky to have Louis, such a kind hearted Sub who cared about others over himself. No one else deserved Louis. Gemma only bursted out in a forced laughter. "Don't get me started, Hazza, he only apologized because he felt the need to! He's probably scared that you'll abandon him again."

Gemma's words were true and Harry knew it; he didn't miss the way Louis would flinch when Harry spoke too loudly, or tried to keep up with the housework even at eight months. Harry felt his face flush and tears sting in his eyes. I am a worthless piece of shit! "Well what do you want from me?! I know I'm an asshole goddamit!" The Dom sank to his knees and Gemma was quick to approach him.

"I'm a fucking dick! I screamed at him! I'm just. . .I'm terrified!"

For the longest time, Harry hated mirrors, he hated the way he resembled his absent sister, his abusive father and his shriky mother. Their green eyes always cold, their words always hurtful. But until Louis came along, that was the first and only time he felt warmth. He didn't ever have a good Dominant role model growing up so while with Louis, he just did the opposite of 'whatever Des Styles would do', but even that wasn't good enough. Now, there was a new little life entering this world and if Harry messes up, then that's it, game over.

But I've already messed up. The kid isn't even born and I'm screwing up!
"I swear, I wasn't always this bad!" Harry was crying. He couldn't remember the last time he cried. Was it when he lost Louis? He didn't know. "I tried to be a good Dom, I really did! I bought him things, I-fuck-I paid for hospital bills for his dying mother! I did everything I could to make him comfortable and then you came and I saw how good of a Domme you were just naturally, then Louis wanted this Sub Rights thing and... I don't know, I just, got scared!"

Harry didn't know if he was allowed to be jealous of Gemma; Gemma who got to run off to her friend's whenever Des was drunk and it was always Harry who paid the price of the wrath of Drunk Des Styles, Gemma who was a natural Domme without training.

_I am envious, I'm full of hatred and it's sickening._

Gemma was too afraid to touch her brother, no matter how desperately she wanted to reach out and hug him, she knew she was part of this problem too. She just kept quiet, knowing the best thing to do was let Harry vent right now. "I don't know when I became this... this monster but when does apologizing become enough? I can't do anything else! I lost him once on my own foolish actions, I don't want to lose him again!" And there, Harry Styles broke down in sadness at the image of a happy Louis holding a small baby in his arms waiting for him to come home.

He didn't deserve kind, sweet, forgiving Louis Tomlinson.

The Domme reached over for a box of tissues and helped dry her brother's eyes. "I'm glad you came to me today, Harry." Gemma softly spoke. "And let me start by saying: I'm sorry. I'm... so sorry for everything." Harry's shoulders shivered when Gemma wrapped her arms around her brother and he lightly returned the gesture until he was holding her back. "You are not our father Harry, and I'm sorry I accused you of such things. I was angry too. I see you having such a wonderful Sub and I got angry when I heard about what you did. Harry, you just need to talk about this, you can't keep this anger bottled up."

She was right. So very right.
"Hazza, why don't you come talk to me, just me and you every once in awhile. You can vent to me all you want little brother and I won't leave you alone this time, I promise." Gemma was so sincere, she wanted to have a relationship with her brother; a real one that brothers and sisters had, not this fragmented clusterfuck.

Harry nodded, his eyes stung and he was hungry. "Guess I can tolerate a few hours with you." He mumbled, making Gemma laugh. Harry couldn't believe what he was about to do net, but it felt right and it was also something he wanted "If...you want, you can come over if you'd like. Louis is making dinner tonight." he said when they pulled apart. Gemma blinked and then beamed. "Sure! I'll get Eleanor-if that's okay with you." This is progress and this is good.

Harry nodded. He felt a little better, and a massive amount of weight had been taken off of his chest and it was as if he could breathe better; but a part of his knew he had to talk to Louis. Louis was his main priority right now. Harry didn't know how to go about rekindling the fire with Louis once again, so Gemma suggested that Harry do something kind for Louis while heading home and so he did, he picked up a bouquet of Louis' favorite flowers of white lilies and a box of Godiva chocolate that he knew the Sub had been craving for a while.

And then, H. Samuel Jewellers caught his eye.

It may have just been the spur of the moment, but he jerked his Escalade into perfect parallel parking before darting to the window. He saw what he wanted and he was gonna' get it.
Louis grunted as he lifted the roast into the pot. He huffed, placing a hand in the middle of his back and rubbing the front of his belly. He was eight months pregnant and due very soon. While he would have liked to enjoy the moments of baby George kicking at his uterus, he knew he had to hurry up with dinner. *I also have potatoes to peel and cut, or does Harry want them mashed?* He had no time to think, it was three and this roast would take two hours to cook.

The Sub wasn't in the highest of spirits today, Harry had been angry when Louis accidently spilt hot coffee on his work shirt and yelled at him. *Then again, I shouldn't have called him a bastard.* Louis blamed the hormones, if it weren't because of them then he would have never of resorted to name-calling Harry. He felt childish and horrible, but he was also angry at Harry.

"Acting the way he does, he's more childish than me!" Louis huffed, opening the patio door to let Lou-Lou outside to run around in the sun. Louis set the timer on for the roast and told himself to come back to cut the potatoes and make the gravy later. Right now, he wanted to be in George's nursery. It took months of planning, but with Niall's help, Louis had finally come up with the perfect nursery for George. Of course George was going to have a bassinet in his and Harry's room for the first few weeks after he was born. (Louis was NOT going to part with his baby just yet).

Walking up the marble staircase (Louis was going to hound Harry to baby proof immediately after the birth) Louis made his way to the baby's room. It was officially his favorite place to be in the house currently. Louis had gone all out, ordering not only a crib and bassinet, but also a matching changing table, a rocking chair, a bookshelf and had the floors re-carpeted and the walls painted a soft cream. He had read somewhere that soft colors were gentle on a baby's eyesight. Harry said it was a load of crap, but he wasn't going to take any chances was was very pleased with the room. Of course Harry had a say in the room too, since Harry was buying all of this, his bear loving ass made sure the shelf was filled with stuffed bears and that there were plenty of diapers, wipes and clothes for George.

Everything was neatly put away and ready to go for when George was born.
Louis sat in the rocking chair by the french windows he had already baby-proofed and wasn't planning on letting George open until the boy was deemed responsible enough. Louis had to chuckle at himself as he sat down and continued knitting the blanket he made from Lou-Lou's wool. Here he was being so overprotective about a baby that wasn't even born yet!

"I really am ridiculous." He muttered to himself.

It was at times like this that Louis wished his mother was still alive and to talk him through all of this, she never got around to teaching him how to raise children, he'd have to rely on parenting books for that part, or maybe ring up Niall. Louis sighed and went back to his knitting and gasped when he heard the door knock and in walked Harry.

"Harry? What are you doing home so early?" He asked, Harry normally didn't get home until six and it was three-thirty. Louis suddenly noticed the flowers and chocolate. "Harry? Have you been crying? Your eyes are red and-"

"Louis, let me talk, just for a second please." Harry interrupted, so the Sub shut up. "Louis, I don't deserve you." at that, the Sub quickly grew upset, "no Dom on the face of this Earth deserves such a kind and caring Sub who's about to be a terrific parent in just a few weeks. I have been an asshole to you for reasons I've bottled up for years and I am so sorry." Harry poured his heart out to his
Sub, his lovely Lou, the one who kept his heart beating and purpose in life shining brightly. Louis Tomlinson. His everything.

"I never want to lose you, I'm scared, I'm frustrated and sometimes angry because I feel that way, but when I lay next to you at night, I feel that everything is going to be okay because I'm with you and I don't want that to ever end." Harry had tears trickling down his face once more and Louis was quick to catch the with his thumbs. "I love you baby... so much." Harry was at his knees in front of Louis, begging him for forgiveness. Louis placed the lilies and chocolate aside and kissed the top of his Dom's head.

"I love you too, Harry..." Louis croaked.

The Dom sniffed, "I, uh, saw my sister today."

This was surprising, but nevertheless Louis encouraged it. "Yeah? What did you do?" Louis smiled. Harry itched the back of his head, "Well, she's a Dom and Sub consular now, so I went and I talked to her about what I was feeling and... may had invited her to dinner. That okay?"

It was more than okay! Louis nodded, "Yeah, food always tastes better with company. Will Eleanor be coming too? If you ask me, Niall, Michael and I all think they're smitten." Louis giggled.

"Gossiping you all are? That's never good." Harry chuckled, earning a light smack from Louis on the arm. "I hope she likes roast, that's what I'm making. I was craving it anyway." With that, Louis placed his small hands on his big belly and smiled. "Soon, Georgie will be in our lives. And then, we'll be officially whole." Harry put his own big hands on top of Louis' hard belly and chuckled when he felt the baby's kicks. That evening was spent with Gemma and Eleanor at dinner, playing a few board games and watching movies and not once did Harry or Gemma argue.

Louis felt that things were finally looking brighter and snuggled close to his Dom.
Harry didn't forget about the thing in his back pocket. And he knew just when to show it to Louis.

Chapter End Notes

It's ending...I am both relieved and upset.

Anyway, leave a comment please! :) :) :)

Chapter 43

Chapter Summary

It all comes down to this!!!!!!

Chapter Notes

Oh my gosh you guys! This is it! Only one more chapter till the end, oh my god!!!!

I DO NOT OWN ANY OF THE PICTURES BELOW, THEY WERE CHOSEN RANDOMLY AND ON GOOGLE IMAGES!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was going to happen any day now: the day Louis gives birth. Harry had been going to talk to Gemma more often and he was slowly opening up more each day and stopped yelling and jumping to conclusions. It was good news for Louis who did become a bit more demanding since there were days his feet were so swollen he didn't want to get out of bed and had Harry cater to his every whim. Not that the Dominant minded, he actually found pouty, pregnant Louis quite adorable.

While eating his requested snack of watermelon and cheese wiz, Louis was flipping through the channels. Nothing good was on and Harry wasn't due home until later today. Lou-Lou was his only source of company. Louis sighed and stood up to examine himself in the mirror in the bathroom. He liked to look at his large belly; he was so big! While the baby was normally kicking him like a football, George was oddly quiet and restful today which had Louis pondering and worried. He had read in a book that babies kick a lot before they're ready to be born but George hasn't kicked all day and it was freaking Louis out. He had called Dr. Francis, but the man assured Louis that everything was fine, but if he wanted to come in and have a check up he was more than welcomed to.

Louis had thought about it, but then his stomach grumbled and George began to kick again and now here he was eating watermelon with cheese (another tasty snack Harry wanted to vomit at). Louis quickly grabbed his rose gold iPhone 6 and snapped a picture of his belly. Smiling, he pressed the 'send' button to 'Daddy' (Harry) and waited for a response.
Lou-Lou began to baa and press its hoof at the window, obviously asking to go outside. This caused the pregnant man to groan. "Just go outside if you want to then." He knew the lamb couldn't possibly understand him, but was happy nonetheless when the animal left the room. Louis happily hummed to himself as he began knitting the final pieces of the blanket he was making for George. It was a tradition his grandmother had started, Johannah had told him. Louis stopped knitting and smiled, he missed her every day and he knew she'd never stop gushing over him being pregnant and ask constantly to hold the baby when George was born. He continued on his blanket and grinned, holding up the finished product. He had asked Harry if he could have it painted blue and Harry pulled some strings for his beloved because if Louis wanted their baby to have a blue blanket then Louis was going to get a blue blanket.

He folded it properly and patted it. He knew George was going to love it.

Seconds later, his phone vibrated.

'Bun in the oven'

Louis laughed loudly at that text and went to reply when he heard the front door open. "Louis? I'm home!"
"Oh, Princess! Auntie Gemma is here with a present for yo-o-ou-~!"

"Gemma, go bother someone else!"

Louis chuckled and made his way to the marble staircase where Harry rushed to his side the second he spotted him and helped him down. That's another thing Louis loved, Harry had become so protective over him it was almost sickening; Harry massaged his feet when they felt swollen, made sure he always had hot tea, left the warm bed at three in the morning to search for an open Chinese restaurant when Louis wanted chop-suey, he was already such a great Daddy to George. Gemma wasn't kidding when she said she had presents for Louis, beside the woman dressed in a black low-cut dress and bright hot-pink jewelry, the female Domme stood next to Eleanor who was holding a very large box.

"Hi, Eleanor!" Louis smiled, glad to see her again. He normally only saw her at the Matchmakers anymore. Eleanor smiled and rushed to gently hug her friend. "It's been too long, Lou."

"Ah-hem!" Gemma acted betrayed until Louis snuggled her. "And how is my nephew and my Princess doing today?" Gemma ignored Eleanor and Harry's jealous scowl. "Auntie Gemma knows just want Lou needs. I hope you like it, darling, it's for the both of you." Louis was a bit afraid to find out what Gemma had brought, the last present he got from her it was an actual diamond crown (Harry had made sure Gemma wasn't bluffing and had it checked). Gemma seemed, Louis concluded, to show her appreciation and love just like Harry: through gifts, but Louis wasn't complaining. Everyone walked to the living room and Louis sat down and began to open the blue box with a pink satin ribbon.

"Just know, yes, it's authentic." Gemma smiled. That did make Louis worry, for all he knew Gemma could have bought anything. It seems as though Harry thought this too.

"Gemma, there better not be anything unpractical in here." He wasn't threatening, or saying something mean like 'my son doesn't deserve your crap gits' like he could have in the past and Louis knew that this was good, this was progress and he hoped it would only get better from here. Gemma tutted and smiled.

"Who do you think I am, Haz?" The Domme placed her hand on her heart, offended. Louis could tell she was bluffing and opened the box. Inside was a box of _Sugar Frosted Rainbow Boo-Boo Bears_ (Which Harry yanked immediately before Louis could tell him 'no') and two tickets that read 'Bahamas'. "An all paid expenses for a cruise?" Louis asked reading the back.
"Yup!" Gemma smiled, holding Eleanor closer. "Aaaand. Eleanor and I are officially matched and signed this morning."

Louis gasped, "That's wonderful! We should celebrate, Harry." Harry left to get some drinks. "Jack on the rocks, Haz." Gemma called. "Yeah, it seems Ellie here-" Eleanor elbowed Gemma in the stomach after that said 'nickname' was spoken. "-and I are terrific matches, I was actually her second match." The domme was proud of herself. She hadn't been matched to anyone and it felt good to have a Sub by her side, she felt complete. Eleanor could say the same thing too, Gemma was so caring and understanding; nothing like her last Dom.

The pregnant Sub blinked in confusion. "Wait a second, if your her second match then why did it take so long for you both to be matched? Normally it doesn't take months to be matched with someone-especially your second match."

Gemma bit her lip, scratching the back of her head. "Well, kid, it turns out Max, that douchebag, had taken Eleanor's name off the radar- if you wanna' call it that-so basically she was 'non-existent' in the records. Niall found this out and put her name in and the next thing you know we're signed. I asked for it immediately, didn't want to wait a week for this cupcake. I'm impatient."

Eleanor blushed when the Domme placed a kiss to her soft cheek. "That and now I have an official shopping buddy. You won't believe how good Ellie can bargain, and her style? Out of this world."

Louis chuckled. Harry returned with the alcohol and three glasses (tea for Louis). "So, Gemma, will you be a traditional couple or?" Harry made small talk. Gemma sipped her drink. "Nah, we might in the bedroom but Eleanor and I are really shaping things up at the Matchmakers and I'd like for her to continue socializing and working there. I do plan on spoiling her though." Eleanor rolled her eyes. God knows she's spoiled enough already with her unlimited card to Top-Shop, Sephora and Starbucks, but she had weirdly found it all unless she was with Gemma. Being in the Domme's company was much more satisfying than shopping alone.

Harry smiled and gently sat closer to Louis, pulling the Sub into a half hug with his large hand on the big belly.

"I like this, we should do it more often." Harry spoke up.

Louis' eyes sparkled. He could get used to this.
"Hello! Welcome." Louis greeted the trio into the house. Niall and Louis were the first to hug before Louis noticed Alex in Zayn's arms. "Oh my god, he's so much bigger than I last saw him." Louis gasped to which Niall sadly nodded. "Parenting advice: don't blink." Niall spoke. Louis nervously chuckled.

"Harry's in the den with the other Doms, I can take Alex if you'd like." Louis reached out his arms to take the baby but to his surprize, Zayn denied his request. "Uh, actually, he's fine where I'm at. No need to take him."

Louis gave a glance at Niall who rolled his eyes. "Zayn, you and I both know the Doms are smoking in the den. Give me my baby." The raven haired Dom looked like a sad kicked around puppy handing Alex over to Niall and he and Liam left to join Harry and the other Doms that were here for Louis' Baby Shower. Louis was bewildered. "What was that all about?" The Sub asked after shutting the door.

The Blonde Sub patted Alex's back. "They're just protective of Alex. Liam is pretty much the master of bathing Alex without having him cry and Zayn thinks he's basically God in Alex's eyes just because Alex had a giggle fit in his arms. Hey, do you have a room where I can nurse him? He had a pretty early breakfast and it's noon."

Louis nodded and led Niall into the nursery where the other Subs were. Michael and Luke, along with other members of Louis' footie team had showed up and Eleanor and Gemma had to make a quick run to the store. Everyone was admiring the nursery and congratulating Louis. Louis and Harry did have a small argument when Louis said he wanted to have a Baby shower. Harry was concerned and wanted Louis just to rest since he was due any day now, but Louis (mainly his hormones) wouldn't stand for it and called as many people he knew to invite and it did piss Harry off and he refused to leave the Den. Louis didn't bother with him, but he did send him a few pictures of his belly.

"Oi, Louis, what's this?" Luke called from across the room.

Louis walked over to see what Luke was talking about and smiled. "Oh, that's my scrapbook." Niall gave a smirk as Louis lifted the book and opened it, turning the pages so everyone could read. "I took pictures of me every month and wrote down the baby's progress."
While everyone gushed over the book, Michael timidly spoke up, "Uh, Louis did you ever. . um. . .Have sex while pregnant, or does that poke the baby?" a few of the Subs giggled.

"Don't mind them, Mikey. I've had sex plenty of times, it actually very safe and still healthy." Louis informed. "Why do ask, Mikey?" Michael blushed before smiling and Louis got the hint. "Are you?"

"Five weeks. Doctor said I could still play in the big game we have coming up, though." Mickey smiled. Louis hugged his friend before declaring it was cake time.

In the Den, the Doms were loud, obnoxious and smoking cigars. While they celebrated Harry becoming a father, he did seem to be the butt of everyone's jokes. "Say goodbye to sex, Styles, it's all downhill from here." a male Dom said, followed by an uproar of laughter.

Harry brushed them off, walking to the bar with Nick following him.

"Well, Styles, now you have an heir for your legacy. How's it feel?" Nick Grimshaw poured two glasses of some whiskey brand from America Harry didn't read the name of. Harry shrugged, sipping. "Nervous, but excited."

"Hell, I would be too if my Sub was about to give birth any second. Any ideas on who the godparents will be?" The dark brown haired man asked. Harry hadn't given much thought about that.

"I'll just let Louis decide." Harry responded.

Nick chuckled, "You've changed, Harry." he commented. "You went from this guy who almost demanded respect and now here you are letting Louis call the shots. Not saying you've become a softie or anything-"

"I know." Harry often felt so repulsed by his past actions that he'd spend hour apologizing to Louis. Just last night he couldn't fall asleep without reminded Louis how much he loved him and the baby at least a billion times. "I've let go of a lot of anger and pent up emotions."
Nick patted his friend on the shoulder. "I think I've come to respect you more for that, Harry."

Only seconds after that, Harry's phone buzzed, it was a text from Louis:

'Georgie is obsessed with the cake, I've had three pieces already.'

Chuckling to that, Harry began to write a sweet message back before joining his friends in a little drinking game.

Harry had been dreaming about eating endless bowls of his favorite cereal with the mascot rainbow bears when he was woken abruptly by Louis. "Ha-Harry!" Louis whimpered, his face was flushed and sweaty. Harry bolted up immediately.

"Louis? Is something wrong?"

"It's the baby! I . . I hurt!" Louis croaked, pulling the sheets off to reveal a dark patch of blood underneath his stained pajamas. *Shit, his water broke!* Harry jumped out of bed, immediately grabbing the hospital bag and helping Louis into some different clothes.

"Hey, hey remember your breathing, Love." Harry tried to stay calm as possible. Louis was sobbing, it hurt so much. "Ha-Harry, this doesn't feel right! Something's wrong!" When Louis said that, it did make Harry panic a little bit. He wasn't calling Louis a liar, but Louis had never been pregnant before so what he's feeling might also be normal. Harry didn't comment and carried his Louis in his arms down the marble stairs out to the car. Louis was whimpering and holding ont the blanket he had knitted for George, it was comforting to hold in his hands.

"Don't worry baby, we're almost there." Harry exasperated. He was worried, scared and happy. He was so happy. He stomped on the gas peddle and in no time they were at the hospital. Louis was helped onto a bed and wheeled into a room while Harry phoned Gemma. Louis looked down at his belly and gave a soft smile. Only in a matter of hours he was going to be a Mummy. He could hardly wait.
"Why's it taking so long?" Eleanor yawned. She loved Louis, but she didn't like being dragged out of bed at three in the morning and told to sit in a hospital. Gemma chuckled. "Don't worry my pet, it'll all be done soon. The Doctors said that Louis wasn't dilated enough to push yet. Said he was about seven centimeters. But he'll push soon."

Eleanor smiled, "I'm glad it's happening. Seems like a baby is the perfect thing for Louis after all he's been through."

Gemma chuckled. "I agree Ellie, and soon, we might have one of our own." The Domme licked her lips before being pushed away playfully by Eleanor. "How can you be so loud and horny at a time like this?" As much as the idea of being a mother did delight her, she had to decline. "You know I'm in no hurry for a child, plus fashion week is coming up and I'm not walking down that runway with a baby in front stealing the show." The Female Domme laughed loudly before spotting Harry walking out of the room. He looked deathly pale and shocked, Gemma grew concerned.

"Hey, what's wrong? Did something happen?" So many scenarios went through Gemma's head and she feared the worst until Harry spoke up, breaking the suspense. "...I got kicked out."

The sister went to ask why before hearing Louis' screams: "You're never putting your dick inside me again, Styles!" Once again Gemma and Eleanor were in a fit of giggles to which Harry tried to ignore as he left for a cup of coffee.

* * * *

It was only two hours later at five-thirty in the morning, did Louis feel he was ready to push. Harry was allowed back in the room again by Louis (who was suddenly as soft as a kitten after his epidural) and the two linked hands and waited for Dr. Francis. "Alright, Louis. On the first
contraction, you need to push as hard as you can. Who is cutting the umbilical cord?" He asked. Harry raised his free hand and then it was time. Louis whimpered the first time, but was guided to breathing properly by Harry who encouraged him and sweet talked him the entire time. "Keep pushing baby, you can do this."

"I see the head, one more push Louis!" Dr. Francis encouraged.

Louis screamed loudly on the biggest push he had ever done and mixing in with his own screams were the cries of a newborn baby.

George.

"Come cut the cord, Mr. Styles." Dr. Francis instructed and Harry willingly did, tearfully and proudly, officially disconnecting George from Louis. Louis blinked away the tears away just in time for George to be placed on his chest. "Oh. . Harry. . ." Louis whimpered. He was emotionally and physically drained, but it all didn't matter now that George was with him. Sadly, George had to be cleaned and Louis delivered the placenta. Harry got to video tape and even help the nurse wash George and dress him in a tiny blue onesie and diaper. The Nurse taught Harry how to swaddle the baby before holding him for the first time.

"Six-pounds, five ounces." The nurse replied as she weighed the baby. "and fifteen inches long."

Harry crossed the room to sit on the hospital bed with Louis.

"He's so perfect." Harry smiled.

And the baby was, he was just a soft little thing with tiny fingers, tiny hands, bluish-green eyes and strands of brown hair. Harry could already see the baby would have Louis' adorable nose, then he thought to himself: a mini Louis. Yeah, he'd like that. Louis cleared his throat and opened up his arms and Harry got the memo. Finally, after months of waiting, Louis could now cuddle with his baby.
Soon after they signed the birth certificate, Dr. Francis had his nurses help Louis to another room to rest. Gemma and Eleanor were allowed to hold and see the baby as well.

"Aw, Haz, he's adorable. My little nephew. What's the kid's name?" She asked. Harry turned to Louis.

"George Shelley Styles," the Sub replied. Gemma cracked a grin. "Nice name for the lad. He looks so much like you, Louis."

Harry thanked her and took a deep breath before speaking,"You know, Gemma. I still need George to have Godparents." he started. Gemma nodded and pulled out her sparkly bedazzled iPhone. "None to worry Hazza, I know only the best people in London. Just give me some requirements and I'll find you one in less than a day." Louis gasped, realizing what HArry was about to do.

"No, no, Gemma I mean. . . I want you to be my son's Godmother."

Gemma was taken back. This was such an honor and never in a million years did she think Harry would ask her of such a thing. "Y-You want me? A-Are you sure Harry?"
Harry nodded. "Yes."

The Domme grinned fiercely, blocking away any tears she might shed. "I'll do it! . . . thank you."

They stayed for an hour before leaving the two alone for Harry to text Liam and Zayn as well as allow Louis to have some rest. Harry didn't mind hold George while Louis slept. He found george just so interesting. This little guy was half of him and half of Louis, the love of his life. Harry knew he was going to be the best Dad for his son, he'd take George to footie games, make sure his son attended the best schools and would receive nothing but the finest in life.

Not even two hours old and he was wrapped around his son's tiny finger. "I love you, my little prince." Harry softly whispered to his yawning son. With that, Harry laid George in the hospital bassinet and curled up next to his sleeping Sub.

The little family was at peace.

Chapter End Notes

I'm both nervous and excited to publish the Epilouge/Thank you chapter. Don't forget
to leave kudos/ a comment ♥♥
Epilogue/Thank You

Chapter Notes

Here it is. . . .

as J. K Rowling once wrote "I open at the close."

★★★Happy one year anniversary to this fic ★★★

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Two Months later.

"Score! And that's a point for The Doncaster Submissives' team!" the announcer spoke to a roaring crowd of fans waving red and white flags and even banners. This was the very first annual Sub Sports game in English history. So far, it was very exciting with the Home team and visitors tied.

Home team was winning and no one felt more excited than the Subs on the field. In that crowd, Harry Styles smiled with joy watching his Sub and holding their baby close. Louis was very weary about bringing George, he being only two and a half months old, but Harry assured him everything would be fine and he wouldn't let go. The earmuffs helped as well and George was fast asleep (to Harry's surprise).

"Game is tied twenty to twenty. . ."
Louis was sweating, he was tired, his chest hurt and his legs felt weak but he was not giving up. For a brief moment, Louis spotted Harry in the crowd. He was next to Gemma, Eleanor, Liam, Zayn and Niall as well as Calum and Ashton, all holding banners and waving flags.

He was thankful he had pumped his chest earlier, no use playing with a heavy, leaking chest.

Louis heard Michael calling for him and soon the ball was passed to Louis who went to kick it in the net when a member on the other team and knocked him down, causing him to fall and pull his knee. Louis fell to the ground with a thud, causing some member in the audience to protest.

"You alright, Lou?" Luke asked, racing over to him. Louis nodded, glaring at the red head who tripped him. The Sub who knocked him down only gave a smug grin. "We're winning that trophy, Tomlinson." he sneered.

Louis looked down and realized his whole front shirt was soaking, but what he thought was sweat turned out to be caused by him. He growled and blushed in embarrassment. "We gotta win, mate." Louis turned to Luke. "You 'member our secret weapon?" Louis asked.

When Louis mentioned that, the blonde Sub let out a laugh and nodded. "Hell yeah!"

"Lets win this thing."

When they were forming, the referee came over and. "Tomlinson, come with me," the Dom spoke. Louis looked over his shoulder at his worried and confused team mates and didn't miss the snickers from The red head's team. Louis was pulled to the side lines and his worries faded when he spotted Harry with George.
"Louis, are you okay?" Harry asked, checking Louis over. "I saw you fall, do you need a rest?"

His knee was killing him, but Louis knew he couldn't let the team down and shook his head. "No, I'm fine Harry." With that, Louis placed a kiss to George's soft forehead. "Is George fussing?" Harry shook his head.

"Perfect little angel... I do hope he's awake for later though."

Louis narrowed his eyebrows in confusion. "Oh, so he can see us win?" he smirked. Harry chuckled, "Totally." The game had a five minute break and Louis used this time to rewrap bandages around his chest, change his shirt and give George another kiss on top of his curly hair.

The whistle blew and the game started up again. "Never mind, love, go win. We're rooting for you!" Harry cheered his Sub on, kissing him for good luck. While bouncing the sleeping baby in the carrier, Harry felt the ring box in his pocket. He had bought it months ago and finally felt ready to propose. Harry had been worried when he saw Louis fall; but the Sub assured him he was fine, so he tried not to think about it.

The ball was in position of the opponents when Louis darted up the left field. Louis gave a nod to Michael and then Luke. Just as Louis was ahead of the red head Sub, and the rival team was about to score, Luke seized the opportunity to kick the ball from under the rival player and pass it along to Michael, to in turn sucker kick the ball over to the left field where Louis was, giving Louis the opportunity to jump up and smack the ball into the goal for a touchdown, winning the game at twenty-six points.

"Home team wins!"
The crowd and winning team went nuts. Everyone was screaming and cheering as the winning team ran to Louis, cheering that he had won them the trophy. Streamers and confetti bursted from the stadium in their home colors.

This was the first ever Sub Sport played and they had won. Louis had tears rolling down his eyes in the crowd while lifting up the golden award. He was so happy, apart from getting his education, being matched to Harry and having George, this was most definitely on his list of great achievements.

When the crowd disembled and everyone went their separate ways Harry slowly approached his happy Sub. Gently handing him George for a snuggle.

"You were terrific, love." Harry commented. Louis chuckled, kissing George's cheek. It was just the two of them, Harry telling everyone to head over to his house, that he wanted to do something and he'd meet them there.

"I'm not that good, but I did technically win the very first Sub Sports game, so yeah, I guess I'm okay." Louis blushed. "Couldn't have done it without you."

George yawned and cuddled closer to his Mummy. Hearing the familiar soothing voice was helping him to wake up.

Harry inhaled. *This is it.* "You know Louis...I've been thinking and..." Louis gave Harry a serious glance while George began to wiggle awake, sucking on the pacifier in his mouth. "I mean, I'm so lucky to have such a smart, brave and caring Sub such as yourself. In fact some days I don't deserve you, you're too good for me." Harry sank to his knee, pulling out the box and Louis gasped, holding onto George, afraid he'd drop him from shock.

Pulling out the box was a diamon and emerald engagement ring.
"But I'd love it if you became more than my Sub. I want you to be my husband. Would you, Louis?"

Louis' eyes crinkled at his big smile and he nodded. The ring was slipped on his finger and it never left.

☆ THE END ☆

Chapter End Notes

My dearest readers,

I can't begin to thank you enough for all you have done. On the one year anniversary of this fic I had to re-publish (again THANK YOU SO MUCH ♥♥) and you guys are just amazing. I promise this will NOT be the last of my writing. I don't know where I'd be without you all and I am so grateful each and every one of you are in my life; you all inspire and encourage me to do my very best and expand my vocabulary to the best of my ability and I have made so many friends and talked to such great writers, really this is incredible. ♥♥

Thank you all so much, I know I sound like a broken record, but I truly can not thank you enough. I probably sound like I'm at an award show, but, meh, there's tears in my eyes as I write this.

Whether you were here from the very beginning, or just arrived: I love you all so much
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

-Angel_Dust