With Stars In Your Eyes

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Summary

"My eyes are empty, Harry," Louis whispers, looking down at his feet.

Harry gently grabs Louis's chin, tilting his head up. "When you're happy, there's stars in your eyes."

or:

The one where Louis is 16, blind, and suffers from complex partial seizures and absence seizures. Harry is a 20 year old solo singer and they cross paths one day.

Notes

i know, i know, blind louis is SO overdone but i'm sorry. i just had to do this and i've never read a story where louis has absence/complex partial seizures?? so i jumped at the chance

it is a 16/20 age difference, and i'll make sure to put in the notes if i plan on adding smut to this story. Lottie is older than Louis!!! idk why but that's important

enjoy even tho this is the SHITTIEST intro ever

ALSO: my knowledge of absence/complex partial seizures comes from dealing with them hands on. a friend that I took voice lessons with had problems with both, and I learned information from her mother. I've also done a bit of research about them, and they're not the exact same for every single person. If you think I'm portraying them wrongly, just
comment with your opinion and I'll get back to you.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Louis Tomlinson was a normal nine year old boy—until the accident, that is. He bashed his head on the window, glass shattering into his eyes. The impact caused a bit of damage in his brain, causing him to suffer from different types of seizures. Louis thoroughly enjoyed his independence, but it was rarely ever given to him. His mum loved to coddle him.

Harry Styles had been in the spotlight for two years. X Factor helped him get his name out there, and his singing career took off from the moment Simon Cowell signed him. He lived in a four bedroom house alone, using the extra rooms for when his family came to visit.

In reality, the two boys would never meet. But fate usually has her own way of working things out.

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“Louis, are you sure you can do this?” Lottie asks softly, gently stroking Louis’s bruised cheek. “Look what happened yesterday.”

Louis suffers from complex partial seizures, causing him to zone out and wander off. Occasionally, it causes him to walk off the porch—like yesterday.

“I’m fine, Lott,” Louis sighs, adjusting his sunglasses. “It was just a small setback, yeah? I’m just going to get some coffee down the road. I’ve got my cane.”

Lottie chews on her bottom lip, not feeling confident in Louis’s ability to walk across town alone. “Fine, fine. Call me if you need anything, yet? Please don’t hesitate.”


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Harry’s too caught up in his phone to notice the younger boy with the cane, bumping straight into him. He feels the coffee before he sees it, gasping loudly. “Oh, I’m so sorry!”

“No harm done.”

“Please, let me,” Harry says softly, carefully putting his hand on Louis’s back to lead him inside the coffee shop again.

“Um, okay,” Louis murmurs, depending on the stranger for guidance. “Thanks.”

Louis orders a new drink and a scone, on Harry’s insistence, letting Harry take him to a table as the older boy made small talk.

Louis loses track of time as he and Harry talk, knowing that Lottie must be worried about him. He
can’t help it, the older boy just sounds so beautiful. They talk about anything and everything, even talking about the bruise on Louis’s cheek.

“How did you even get that?” Harry asks softly. “It’s like a bruise, but it’s scraped, too.”

“I fell off the porch,” Louis shrugs, technically telling the truth. “It’s not a big deal, doesn’t even hurt anymore.”

Harry chuckles softly as he takes a drink, almost choking when he saw the time. “Shit- I’ve gotta go,” he mumbles, standing up. “I’m sorry again for dumping your coffee on you, and I’m sorry for having to rush out. It was really nice getting to know you!”

“It was nice getting to know you, too,” Louis smiles in the general direction of the older boy, standing up carefully. “Thanks for the second coffee,” he chuckles.

Harry sends Louis a quick smile, rushing out the door. Louis slowly makes his way out a few minutes later, taking a left towards his house. He walks slowly, knowing the path like the back of his hand.

Lottie is waiting outside when Louis gets home, immediately lecturing him about curfews and calling. Louis apologizes half-heartedly, barely even paying attention to her. He couldn’t get the older boy off his mind. Louis didn’t even know his name.

Louis makes his way inside and goes upstairs for a quick shower, tossing his clothes in the wash before he lays down.

Harry goes straight home after his radio interview with Nick, thinking about the blind boy the entire drive. He has to find the boy, has to see him again. And he’s going to make it happen.
Chapter 1

Lottie wakes up early the next morning and helps her mum get the younger girls ready for school, packing their lunches and making sure they had all their supplies before walking out the door. She sighs softly when they’re gone, relishing in the silence. Don’t get her wrong, she loves her siblings, but they were just so *loud* in the mornings.

She walks back upstairs to her room and grabs her phone, ignoring the notifications as she unlocks it and opens twitter. After scrolling through a few tweets, she freezes when she sees pictures of Harry Styles in town. But what’s shocking, is the boy in the pictures with him. Coffee spilled on his shirt, sunglasses even though it’s cloudy, small, thin cane in his hand-

Louis jerks awake when he hears Lottie’s piercing scream, hurrying to push the blankets down to get out of bed. Lottie rushes into his room before he can, climbing into his bed next to him.

“Lottie, what’s wrong?” Louis asks quickly, face a bit panicked. “Why’d you scream?”

“You’re all over twitter!” Lottie squeals. “With the one and only Harry Styles! What the hell, Louis?!”

Louis gasps loudly, shaking his head. “What? What’re you talking about?”

“There’s pictures of Harry spilling your coffee all over you,” Lottie giggles, wishing Louis could see the pictures. “And pictures of you two inside the coffee shop. I can’t believe you didn’t tell me you met Harry Styles!”

“I didn’t know I met him!” Louis huffs. “I can’t exactly see, y’know. I wasn’t freaking out over him, so that’s probably why he didn’t even tell me his name. He just apologized repeatedly and bought me a new coffee.”

“You two look pretty cozy,” she teases. “You both look really happy. Why didn’t you tell me you met a boy? I need to know these things!”

“Because I figured I’d never see him again, so I didn’t bother,” he shrugs, rubbing his arms.

“Besides, now that I know it was Harry Styles, I know nothing could ever come out of it. He’s Harry Styles!”

Lottie smirks a bit when she goes to Harry’s twitter, humming softly. “I wouldn’t say that. Harry just tweeted, ‘Met the loveliest boy yesterday, but didn’t catch his name. Anybody wanna help me out? I’m gonna tell him!’

She reaches over and starts messing with Louis’s hair, running her fingers through it repeatedly. She leans back to take a picture, pausing when Louis reaches to grab his sunglasses.

“It’ll help him recognize me,” Louis insists, but Lottie knows it’s bullshit.
“But you look better without them,” Lottie says softly, putting her phone down. “You know you do, Louis. Why not keep them off?”

Louis shakes his head, slipping them on. “I always wear them.” And it was true. Louis had just recently stopped wearing them around the house. Of course he couldn’t see the sympathetic stares, but he could feel them. He knew how empty his eyes looked, and he didn’t want anybody else to see them. His family always tries to tell him that his eyes are beautiful, but he hates them. He despises them.

“Alright, Lou, whatever you say,” she sighs, not wanting to start an argument between them. “Smile for the camera!”

Louis puts on a small smile and looks in Lottie’s general direction, hearing the quiet shutter of the camera. He hopes it looks decent.

Lottie posts the picture in a new tweet, tagging Harry in it.

‘@lottietommo: @Harry_Styles His name is Louis and he’s my brother! Twitpic.com/pic/5438’

“Do you think he’ll notice it?” Louis asks softly. “I mean, he’s got millions of followers, right?”

“Yeah, but he’s determined to find you,” Lottie giggles, scrolling through Harry’s replies. “Some people that apparently live in town are saying that they recognize you. You’re famous, Louis.”

Louis blushes, shaking his head. “I don’t wanna be famous. That’s too scary.”

“Alright,” Lottie laughs softly, helping Louis out of bed. “Let’s go downstairs for breakfast, love. I’ll make your favorite.”

Louis slips off his sunglasses and carefully sets them on the nightstand, walking downstairs with Lottie. He knows his own house like it’s nothing. They’ve lived there since he was little, and he mostly remembers where everything is. His mum tries not to move things around too much so Louis still has the familiarity.

Lottie grabs the pan for pancakes and Louis helps her gather the ingredients, setting everything on the counter. “Chocolate chip banana pancakes, coming right up!” she grins.

“Yummy,” Louis smiles, carefully hopping up on the counter. “So, Lotts, what’re you plans for today?”

“I’ve got a class today,” Lottie groans, mixing everything together in a bowl. “Usually I wouldn’t, but the professor added a last minute, mandatory lecture. What about you?”

“Oh, I’ve got very exciting plans for today,” he says seriously. “I’m going to sit on the couch, and do absolutely nothing.”

Lottie sighs softly. “You can’t just sit around and do nothing. Read a book, go for a walk. Get some sun!”

“I don’t wanna go outside,” Louis whines, shaking his head as his hands started twitching a bit. “I just wa--” He cuts off mid sentence, staring blankly ahead of him. He finishes his sentence a few seconds later. “-wanna stay inside forever. Where I can’t get hurts.”

Lottie decides not to mention the small absence seizure, tutting quietly. “You need socialization,
Louis!” She glances down at her phone when it goes off three times in a row, furrowing her eyebrows. “Holy shit,” she breathes.

“What?” Louis asks, perking up a bit, furrowing his eyebrows. “Who’s texting you, Lottie?”

“They’re not texts… They’re twitter notifications,” she squeals, unlocking her phone quickly. “Harry saw my tweet! He followed me, and messaged me!” She opens the message and scans over it, a bright smile covering her face. “He wants you to meet him at the coffee shop in an hour! I’ll tell him yes!”

Louis’s jaw drops immediately. “Wha- he wants to meet me again?” he gasps, covering his mouth. “This is crazy, though! I’m just a normal kid, why would he want to meet me again?”

“I think he likes you,” Lottie giggles. “But he doesn’t know that you’re sixteen, does he?”

“He didn’t even know my name, what makes you think he knew my age?” Louis scoffs, shaking his head. He goes over to the fridge and opens it, feeling around for the apple juice he knows is in there. “Whatever. Let’s just hurry and eat breakfast so I can get ready! I have to look perfect!”

They hurry up and eat, throwing the dishes in the sink with a silent promise to do them later. Lottie pulls Louis upstairs and picks out an outfit for him, tight jeans and a soft jumper since the weather is getting colder.

“Thank you so much, Lottie,” Louis sighs, running his fingers over the soft fabric of his sheets. “I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

Lottie smiles softly, kissing Louis’s head. “It’s cloudy out today and looks like it might rain. Be careful. Maybe you shouldn’t wear your glasses—”

“Don’t bother, Lottie, I’m still wearing them,” Louis sighs, going to his bathroom to brush his teeth. “I’ll see you later!”

Lottie nods and silently leaves for school, worrying about Louis the entire way there.

Louis runs his fingers through his hair, hoping that it looks somewhat decent. He changes into the jeans and jumper Lottie picked out for him, slipping on his favorite vans. In all honesty, he was majorly freaking out. He couldn’t figure out why Harry Styles would want to see him again. Louis couldn’t help but feel like this might be some cruel prank. But still, he grabs his phone and his cane, slipping his sunglasses on before walking out of the house. He locks the door behind him, carefully making his way to the coffee shop. When he arrives, he sits at the table closest to the door so Harry could see him.

Harry shows up shortly after and smiles at the sight of Louis, going up to the register to order two drinks. He takes them to the table, setting them down gently. “Hi there.”

Louis visibly jumps, looking up in Harry’s general direction. “Harry?” he asks softly.

“The one and only,” Harry smiles. “Let’s go to a booth in the back. More private and less noticeable from the outside,” he chuckles.

Louis smiles softly and carefully stands up, following Harry to the back. He sits down, folding his cane up and setting it beside him. He feels a drink being put in his hands and blushing softly. “You remembered my drink?”

“We just met yesterday, Louis, hasn’t been that long,” Harry teases. “But yes, I remembered your
drink. It’s good to see you again.”

“It’s good you see you, too,” Louis says softly, taking a small sip of his drink. “So, the famous Harry Styles is the one who spilled coffee on me?” he jokes.

“You really didn’t know it was me?” Harry asks, furrowing his eyebrows a bit.

“I’m blind, Harry,” Louis says flatly. “No, I didn’t know it was you.”

Harry gets a bit flustered, stumbling over his words. “Well, I thought- but I didn’t want to assume,” he blushes.

Louis chuckles softly, tapping his sunglasses. “It’s not exactly like I try to hide it. I walk with a cane. And it’s also why we bumped into each other, considering I couldn’t see you.”

“I was focusing on my phone instead of where I was going, so that was completely my fault,” Harry says softly. “My manager was texting me nonstop, so I was trying to read all her messages and-“

“Harry, I’m not mad,” Louis giggles. “Believe me, I’ve spilled enough stuff on myself. It doesn’t even faze me anymore.”

Harry huffs playfully. “I’m still sorry,” he hums. “Hey, do you have a phone?”

“Yeah, I do,” Louis nods, pulling his phone from his pocket. “It reads me all my messages, and the screen slides up to Braille keyboard. So I can text.”

“That’s so cool,” Harry smiles, taking Louis’s phone into his hands. “I’m gonna put my number in, that way we can keep in contact.”

“Okay,” Louis squeaks out, a small blush covering his cheeks. “That sounds good.” He finishes his drink, wiping his mouth off. He slips his phone back into his pocket when Harry hands it back.

“Let’s go for a walk,” Harry smiles, faltering a bit. “I mean, if you want to. I’ll keep you safe from obstacles, I promise.”

“C’mon,” Louis giggles, standing up and unfolding his cane. “We can go for a walk. I don’t think you’ll let me get hurt. That would be bad for your image,” he smirks.

“Shut up,” Harry blushes, grabbing their trash and standing up. “It’s just- I’ve never known anybody that was blind. So if I mess up or offend you, please tell me. And I’m going to apologize in advance for it, too.”

“You’re not gonna offend me,” Louis shakes his head, following the sound of Harry’s voice towards the door.

They leave the small shop and start walking down the sidewalk, a comfortable silence settling over them.

“Y’know, it’s really cool that you’re this independent,” Harry comments, watching Louis with a small smile.

“It’s really not that cool,” Louis giggles, shaking his head as he holds his cane in front of him. “It was either learn to be independent, or be coddled by my family all the time.”

“But you don’t even need me to guide you, even though you normally go the other way!” Harry smiles. “That’s cool! Really, Lou, it is. I mean, I’ve met a few blind fans before, but none of them
have been this independent. Most of them have to...” Harry trails off when he sees how fidgety Louis’s hands are, frowning a bit. “Hey, Louis, you okay?” he asks, getting no response. “Louis?” He gets a bit worried when Louis starts walking towards the curb.

Louis steps off the curb, practically falling off, in front of an oncoming car. The loud honk, and Harry yanking him back onto the sidewalk causes him to come to. He blushes brightly when he realizes what happened, completely mortified.

“Louis, what the hell was that?” Harry asks, still holding onto Louis’s arm.

“Guess I’m not as good at this as we thought,” Louis laughs nervously, adjusting his glasses. “Um, sorry about that. I’m fine.”

Harry nods, but still keeps his hand on Louis’s arm. “Okay, I’ll help you from now on then.” He’s worried about what just happened, and he can tell that Louis’s a bit shaken up, but he doesn’t push.

“So, are there any paps out today?” Louis asks a few minutes later, still holding his cane out in front of him.

Harry blushes softly. “Yeah, I’ve seen a few,” he admits. “Look, I’m so sorry about those pictures being taken. I honestly didn’t think they’d take pictures of us in the shop-“

“Harry, it’s fine,” the smaller boy laughs. “I don’t mind. I mean, it’s not like I can see the pictures anyways. And I can’t read bad comments about myself, so it’s a win-win situation.”

Harry starts leading them back to the coffee shop, keeping an eye on the sky. “I think it’s gonna rain.”

“That’s what my sister said earlier, too,” Louis nods, humming softly. “She always checks the weather like crazy when she knows that I’m going out without her.”

“She’s smart,” Harry chuckles, pulling Louis closer once it starts to sprinkle. “You want a ride home? I mean, that way you don’t have to walk in the rain. I promise I’m not a murderer.”

Louis giggles softly, glancing towards Harry. “I would hope not, Mr. Styles,” he jokes, shaking his head. “But I would really appreciate a ride home, thank you. I don’t live too far from here. It’s about a twenty-minute walk.”

“Even if it was an hour drive, I’d take you so you didn’t have to walk in the rain,” Harry says, leading Louis to his car. He helps the boy in and shuts the door, going around to his side. “What’s your address so I can put it in my GPS?”

Louis tells Harry his address and feels the car start moving. “So why did you post about me on twitter?”

“I wanted to see you again,” Harry blushes. “I don’t know, I just really felt like we got along. Sorry if it was weird.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Louis laughs. “It was nice, y’know? I liked it. And my sister thought it was the absolute coolest thing ever, believe me. She was freaking out.”

Lottie’s waiting on the porch when Harry’s car pulls up, and she’s glancing at her phone a bit worriedly. “Lou, there’s a blonde girl sitting on your porch,” Harry says slowly.

Louis groans and pulls out his phone, holding it towards Harry. “Do I have any missed calls? I
forgot my phone was on silent.”

“Twelve missed calls from Lottie,” Harry reads, glancing up at the house. “I’m assuming that’s Lottie?”

“Yeah, it is,” Louis nods as he opens his door, immediately feeling feminine hands grabbing his arms and helping him out.

“Louis, you didn’t answer any of my calls!” Lottie chastises, running her fingers through Louis’s hair. “You had me worried sick, and when I called the shop, they said you weren’t there! What the hell, Louis?”

“Lottie, please stop,” Louis blushes, motioning to where he heard Harry’s door shut. “Shush.”

Lottie squeaks quietly but quickly composes herself, putting on a small smile. “Hi, I’m Lottie. You must be Harry.” Louis snorts quietly.

“Yeah, that’s me,” Harry smiles, shaking her hand. “It’s good to meet you. Louis’s mentioned you.”

“Good things I hope,” Lottie jokes, glancing over when Jay’s van pulls in. “Mum’s home.”

“Fuck,” Louis groans, rubbing his face gently. He just knows his mum will say something, she always does.

The younger girls don’t even bother with them as they run inside, arguing over who gets to watch TV first. Jay walks over with raised eyebrows, eyeing how close Harry and Louis are standing.

“Hi, I’m Jay, Louis’s mum,” Jay smiles, shaking Harry’s hand.

“Hi, Mrs. Tomlinson, I’m Harry,” he smiles politely, voice as charming as ever. “I’m a new friend of Louis’s. It’s nice to meet you.”

“Mum, Lottie, go inside,” Louis huffs, pushing them both towards the house. “Please just go. I’ll be in soon.” He turns back to Harry once they’re gone. “Sorry about that. They’re both pretty protective. Rightfully so, I guess.”

“It’s not a problem,” Harry chuckles, smiling softly. “They’re sweet. And it’s nice that they care about you.” He glances at his phone. “But I’ve gotta go, Louis. I’ve got a photo shoot in a couple hours. I’ll talk to you later?”

“I’ll text you,” Louis nods, smiling up at Harry. “you go have fun.”

Harry steps forward and gives Louis a small hug, closing his eyes momentarily. “I had a really good time with you today. I hope we can see each other again soon.”

“I hope so, too,” Louis murmurs. “I haven’t had fun like this in a while. I really mean it.”

“I’m glad I can make you happy, then,” Harry chuckles. “Bye, Louis. See you.”

“Bye, Harry,” Louis says, turning around to walk inside. He makes his way up the steps, getting interrogated by Lottie as soon as he’s inside. She follows him up to his room.

Louis tells Lottie about his time with Harry, telling her every little thing. “I can’t believe I had a seizure in front of him! It was mortifying!”

“You said he didn’t ask anything, right?” Lottie shrugs, taking Louis’s glasses off and setting them down. “C’mon love, don’t stress about that too much.”

“I’ll try not to,” Louis says softly. “He wants to see me again.”

Lottie raises her eyebrow, running her fingers through Louis’s hair soothingly. “And do you wanna see him again?”

Louis stays quiet for a few minutes, a fond look overcoming his face. “Yeah,” he says quietly. “Yeah, I really do.”

Chapter End Notes

okay so if you have any suggestions or anything just comment! :) i always love feedback!
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

uh. happy new year?

It's been 3 months since I've updated and i'm so so sorry. my mom was in the hospital and everything, and i got really really stressed out about final exams in college and yeah. i completely pushed this aside but now i'm posting!!

so this chapter is longer than the last one, so i'm a bit proud of that but yeah. I hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘Nick Grimshaw is an arse.’

‘I think you and Greg would get along.’

‘Saw a hedgehog in a pet store and it reminded me of you. Dunno why.’

‘You think I’m weird, don’t you?’

Those are just a few of the texts Louis receives from Harry over the next few days. He gets some that are nothing but emojis, and some describing weird things he saw in the studio or on the road. Louis doesn’t know what to think, but he responds with genuine interest. The only person who really ever texts him is his sister, and the only calls he receives are from his family. He’s only got a handful of numbers in his phone anyway.

‘Lou you should’ve heard the little noises the puppies were making at the pet store. I want a puppy Lou :(

Louis giggles softly at Harry’s childlike tendencies.

‘Then get a puppy?’

‘I’m not home enough for a puppy :( You should get a puppy and let me come see it whenever I want’

‘I’m blind and you really want me caring for a puppy?’

‘You’re independent, you could do it!’

Louis can’t help but giggle at Harry’s response, shaking his head. When Louis doesn’t respond, a call comes in. He immediately knows who it is since his family is all home. “Hi, H,” he smiles as he answers.

“Hey, Lou,” Harry says brightly. “How’s your day been?”

“Clearly not as interesting as yours, it seems,” Louis teases. “I haven’t heard any cute puppy noises today. Why exactly did you go to a pet shop again?”
Harry laughs softly in response, the noise making Louis shiver a bit. “My sister dragged me in there cause she’s a twat. I hate her sometimes.”

“You do not,” Louis snorts quietly. “You love your sister. Everybody knows that, Harry. You’re a horrible liar, y’know that?”

“I am not!” Harry whines, pout extremely obvious in his voice. “Don’t be mean to me!”

The sound of Louis’s laughter drifts down the hall, Lottie’s able to hear him from her room. Their mum walks in with a cup of tea, a small smile on her face. “Louis’s absolutely smitten, isn’t he?”

“All he talks about is Harry.” Lottie groans softly, taking the cup into her hand. “I mean, I love Harry Styles and all, but Louis’s taking it to a new level. He’s absolutely obsessed, mum.”

“Do you think we should be worried?” Jay asks, keeping her voice soft. “He’s never shown interest in someone before.”

“Nobody as ever shown interest in him before, mum,” Lottie points out, sipping on her tea. “Think about it, mum. He doesn’t go anywhere. He spends all his time with me. Harry’s genuinely interested in Louis and it’s new to him. Louis’s fascinated by Harry.”

Jay sighs softly, rubbing her temples. “I just don’t want him to get hurt,” she whispers. “He’s so fragile. Harry doesn’t know just how fragile Louis is. The littlest thing can even break him. I don’t want Harry hurting my boy.”

“You gotta trust them.” Lottie sets her cup down, checking her phone. “I mean, Harry’s a nice guy. Everybody loves him, so I don’t think he would hurt Louis. Let’s just hope for the best, mum. It’s all we can do.”

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It’s two days later when the idea of them hanging out again is brought up. They’re on the phone, like normal, and Louis misses Harry like crazy. And the thing is- he knows it’s been less than a week since they’ve hung out. He knows he’s getting too attached too fast, but he can’t help it. He’s never had a friend like Harry.

“We should hang out again,” Louis suggests, trying not to sound as desperate as he feels. He’s laying on his bed with his phone to his ear, legs propped up against his headboard. “Y’know, whenever you’re free.”

Harry’s missed Louis just as much, and his sister can vouch for that. He whines about it all the time to her, but he didn’t want to come across clingy to the younger boy. So when Louis suggests that they hang out again, he almost can’t hold back his giddy giggles. “I’d like that,” he smiles. “What about dinner tonight? That sound okay?”

“That sounds absolutely perfect,” Louis grins, tapping his feet against the wall excitedly. He hears Fizzy hit back from the other side, a muted ‘Louis!’ coming through the walls. “When and where?”

“There’s this cute little diner in my neighborhood,” Harry responds, his manager calling out that he had to be onstage in a few minutes. “I’ll pick you up at six. Dress casual, yeah? I’m sorry, but I’ve gotta go.”

Louis tries to hide the disappointment in his voice, even though he’s used to this by now. “Yeah, it’s fine,” he murmurs. “I’ll see you tonight at six then. Bye, Harry.”
Harry says a quick bye and hangs up, shoving his phone into his pocket as he runs down the hall, listening to his manager gripe about “time management” and “priorities” and blah blah blah. Louis was more important.

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Louis pads down the stairs after he hangs up with Harry, humming happily. He hears someone in the kitchen and figures it’s his mum or mum, practically skipping over to the fridge.

“Someone’s happy,” Jay comments, raising her eyebrow from her seat at the island.

“Of course he’s happy, he just got off the phone with Harry Styles,” Lottie grumbles, focusing on her textbook. “He’s a smitten little puppy.”

“Shush, you two,” Louis blushes, taking a sip of his soda. “I’m allowed to be happy, right? This is new. You two should be happy that I’m so happy.”

“We are happy, love,” Jay promises, kissing Louis’s forehead. “We really are. It’s nice to see you with a little spring in your step.” She chuckles softly, setting her tea down. “What do you want for dinner, love?”

Louis bites his lip gently. “Uh, Harry’s taking me out for dinner tonight,” he mumbles, rolling his eyes at Lottie’s coos. “He’s picking me up at six.”

“My little brother has his first official date!” Lottie grins, getting up to pinch Louis’s cheeks. “He’s growing up so fast!”

“It’s not a date,” Louis groans, covering his face. “It’s just two friends going out for dinner. That’s it.” He pauses for a few seconds. “Can you help me get dressed?”

“Gotta look snazzy for your not-date,” Jay nods, hiding a smirk behind her mug. “Of course, darling. Makes perfect sense.”

“You two are insufferable,” Louis says flatly, turning towards where he heard Lottie’s voice last. “I’ll be upstairs. Please help.”

Lottie giggles softly, ruffling Louis’s hair. “I’ll be up there in a bit, darling. Go on.”

“Thank you,” Louis breathes, hurrying upstairs to his room. He sits on his bed, trying to think of something to do to pass the time until Harry gets there, but it was useless. His mind was going a million miles an hour.

Why him? Why would Harry Styles, of all people, be interested in him? He was just a kid. A blind kid with mental issues. He wasn’t worth the trouble, but Harry still seemed to want to be friends. Harry genuinely wanted to be friends, and Louis didn’t know how to react to that. He only had one good friend, and he barely got to see him because he was still in school. Louis was a genuine loser.

He hadn’t even realized he had been pacing while he thought, getting a sharp pull back to reality when Lottie opened the door. Directly into Louis’s face.

Louis groans as he stumbles back, hitting the floor with a thud. “Shit,” he whines, reaching up to cover his throbbing nose.

“Oh my god, Louis!” Lottie gasps, immediately kneeling down next to him. “I’m so sorry! I-I knocked, but you didn’t respond so I just came in. Are you okay? Shit, your nose is bleeding.
C’mon, lets get you to the bathroom.” She stops her rambling to help Louis up, carefully leading him to the bathroom.

“You knocked?” Louis murmurs, keeping his eyes closed as they walk. “I didn’t hear a thing, honestly.” He sits on the toilet seat, letting Lottie clean his nose gently.

“You were probably having a seizure,” she says quietly, putting pressure on Louis’s nose. “Fuck, Lou, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to give you a bloody nose.”

Louis chuckles softly, shrugging a bit. “It’s not broken, so it’s fine. You just better make me look really really good for tonight. Just cover any bruises with makeup, yeah?”

“For your not-date,” Lottie giggles, tossing the rag away once the bleeding stopped. “Alright, darling, go to your bed. I’ll get your fabulous outfit ready and then I’ll do your hair. Messy fringe sound good?”

“Messy fringe sounds fantastic,” he grins, padding over to his bed. He trusts Lottie with everything, so he doesn’t even worry when he hears here tossing things around in his closet.

Lottie eventually comes out with a pair of maroon jeans and a white scoop neck, a gray cardigan draped over her shoulder. “You’ll look fabulous in this,” she smiles. “Harry will love it. Your maroon jeans, which I know you love because they make your bum look good.”

“Harry’s a bum man, isn’t he?” Louis giggles, sitting up when he hears her voice. “You’re the one who taught me that. Thank you, Lottie.”

“You’re welcome, brat. I’ll be in the bathroom. Come in once you get dressed and I’ll fix the bird’s nest on your head,” she teases, ruffling Louis’s hair before going into the bathroom and shutting the door.

Louis stands up and strips off his sweats and jumper, feeling around the bed for his jeans. He finds the button and pulls the jeans on the right way, having to jump a bit since they were so tight. He loved them regardless. He pulls on his shirt, hoping it’s facing the right way. He leaves the cardigan on the bed, making his way to the bathroom. “Does it look okay?” he asks.

“You look fantastic,” Lottie grins, making Louis sit down on the toilet. “Okay, don’t move. I’m gonna work my magic on your hair.” Louis nods slightly and closes his eyes.

Neither of them notice the time, and Harry arrives at exactly 6 o’clock. Louis hears the doorbell, eyes flying open in a slightly panicked way. “Lottie!”

“Hey, no moving, I’m almost done!” Lottie huffs, flicking Louis’s forehead. “It’s fine, Louis.”

Fizzy’s answers the door, barely glancing up from her phone as she opens it. She does an immediate double-take, phone falling from her hand. Her jaw drops. “Uh, mum?” she calls out. “Why is Harry Styles at our door?”

“Shut the door!” Jay hollers, running down the stairs. “He’s here to pick up your brother.”

Harry smiles politely and steps inside, giving Jay a small hug when she opens her arms. He turns to Fizzy. “I’m sorry, I don’t know your name,” he chuckles. “I just know that Louis has a lot of sisters.”

Fizzy stares blankly at Harry, blinking a few times. She’s almost positive this is a dream, until Jay
flicks her head. “I—I’m Felicite, but you can call me Fizzy. How do you know my brother exactly?”

Harry opens his mouth to answer, but Louis comes hurrying down the stairs at that exact moment. He’s wearing tight tight \textit{tight} maroon jeans, and a t shirt that shows off his delicious collarbones. Harry feels his throat tighten up, along with his pants a bit. Louis’s not wearing his sunglasses, but he does slip them on the moment he gets off the stairs. Harry doesn’t get a chance to see Louis’s eyes.

“Sorry, sorry, Lottie took forever fixing my hair,” Louis says quickly, adjusting his cardigan. “But I’m ready now. Let’s go, yeah?”

Harry waves as the two walk out the door, laughing softly as he hears Fizzy whisper, “how did that happen?!?”

“I’ll explain it all tonight,” Lottie chuckles quietly, rubbing Fizzy’s back.

Louis follows Harry to his car, carefully climbing in and buckling up. “I’m sorry about Fizzy. She’s been out of town with her school, so she’s not really up to date on it all.”

“It’s fine,” Harry smiles, getting in the driver’s seat. “She looks a lot like you. I mean, you and Lottie look alike, but Fizzy has brown hair like you. Does she act like you?”

“Sometimes, yeah,” Louis giggles. “She can definitely get pretty sassy, but she’s laid-back for the most part. She likes to just stay back from the crowd and hang out, which is what I do a lot, too.”

“Your sisters all seem really sweet. It must be nice to have so many people,” the older boy murmurs.

Louis snorts quietly, shaking his head. “They’re all nightmares. “Absolute terrors, really. Love them all though.”

Harry pulls up to the front of the restaurant and puts the car in park, getting out and going to Louis’s side to open the door for him. “We’re here,” he smiles.

“Thank you,” Louis murmurs, blushing softly as he gets out of the car. “Are we in the parking lot?”

Harry shakes his head before realizing Louis couldn’t see him. “No, we’re at the front door. Valet is taking the car.”

Louis nods and holds onto Harry’s elbow as they go inside, listening to the chatter of the restaurant. He feels a bit uncomfortable, but he tries not to let it show. He sits down in the chair Harry pulls out for him, feeling around the table to find everything.

“This is really embarrassing, but can you read me the menu?” Louis asks softly, blushing brightly. “Most places don’t have a braille menu and usually Lottie helps me.”

“Of course,” Harry smiles, scooting his chair closer to Louis’s. “What kind of food do you like and I’ll tell you those items? That way we don’t go through the entire menu. It’s pretty big.”

“Um, anything Italian or with chicken,” Louis murmurs, chewing on his bottom lip. He listens carefully as Harry lists the food he thinks Louis will like, zoning out a few minutes in.

Harry notices as Louis’s entire body tenses up, but he doesn’t question it. Even as Louis’s hands start twitching. He does stop talking when Louis startles a bit.
“I’m sorry,” he frowns a bit. “Can you repeat that last thing? I zoned out a bit.”

“Yeah, sure,” Harry nods, watching Louis curiously. “Chicken parmesan with grilled mushrooms on top. It’s actually pretty yummy.”

Louis scrunches his nose up a little. “I don’t really like mushrooms. I think I’ll go with the chicken ravioli if that’s okay.”

“That’s perfectly fine. I think I’m going to get the chicken parmesan,” Harry hums, shutting the menu. “What do you want to drink? They’ve got water, normal sodas, and wine.”

“Just a coke for me. I can’t drink wine,” Louis says quietly.

“Why not?” Harry asks, furrowing his eyebrows. “Are you taking a medication or something?”

“Um, no, I’m only sixteen, actually,” Louis squeaks out, blushing brightly. “I know I probably should’ve mentioned that before we actually started hanging out, but I didn’t really think about it.”

“Don’t worry about it, it’s fine,” Harry murmurs, chuckling softly. “I’m twenty, so you’re just four years younger than me. It’s not a big deal.”

Harry orders for them when the waitress comes over, and they spend the next half hour talking about their families. Louis tells Harry all about his crazy siblings, telling him funny stories about the different shenanigans they always got up to. There was never a dull moment with all of them. Louis feels nervous as he talks, not being able to see how Harry was reacting, but his replies were always full of genuine interest.

Harry’s stories were a bit calmer than Louis’s. He only shared his childhood with Gemma, and neither of them were really crazy. They had their fair share of pranks, but it was nothing like Louis’s family. Harry’s still talking when their food arrives, his voice relaxing and slow. Louis felt like he could bathe in it.

“Okay, your fork and knife are to the right of your plate, and your drink was moved directly above it,” Harry says softly. “Napkin is to the left.”

Louis smiles gratefully. “Thank you, Harry, really. It really means a lot to me that you’re so nice about this.”

“What else should I do?” Harry asks quietly, furrowing his eyebrows. “Leave you to figure it out on your own? That’s not gonna happen.”

“Well, it’s just that I’ve never had a guy treat me so nice, let alone ask me on a date and—“

Harry cuts Louis off with a quiet, “date?”

“Oh my god,” Louis blushes, covering his face. “I’m sorry. My sister kept calling it a date earlier, and I know it’s probably not. Just two friends having dinner together. Just completely forget I said anything—“

“Louis, calm down,” Harry chuckles, cutting Louis off yet again. “I was kind of hoping this would be a date. I just didn’t want to call it that and scare you off, Louis. I’d love for this to be our first date.”

Things relax from there, and they eventually leave the small diner. Harry holds onto Louis’s elbow as they walk to the door.
“There’s paps outside, I’ll warn you right now,” Harry murmurs. “Our pictures will be plastered everywhere tomorrow.”

“Not like I can see the pictures or read the comments,” Louis shrugged, folding his thin cane up. “Can you lead me through them? I don’t want them to break my cane. It’s flimsy.”

Harry nods, pulling Louis closer as he opens the door. “Yeah, of course.” He leads Louis out of the diner and through the small crowd of paparazzi. They yell random questions that neither of the boys answer, following them. Harry takes Louis inside the ice cream shop next door. He smiles a bit at the confused look on Louis’s face. “We’re just next door at the ice cream place. Gonna wait here for my security guard.”

“Oh, okay,” Louis nods, blinking a few times under his glasses. “Those paps. They can be pretty loud, can’t they?”

“I’m sorry,” Harry frowns, leading Louis up to the counter. “They don’t really seem loud to me, honestly. I guess I’m just used to it.”

Louis shakes his head. “My other senses are heightened since I can’t see. My hearing is pretty sensitive, I guess. My sisters hate it cause they can’t whisper around me,” he giggles softly.

Harry laughs along with Louis and orders and ice cream sundae, paying and leading the younger boy to a table in the back. Louis drops little bits of ice cream on the table and gets hot fudge all over his lips, but he doesn’t even notice it. Eventually Harry hands him a napkin, causing him to blush.

“Oh god, I’m such a mess,” Louis whines, wiping his mouth off quickly. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry, it’s adorable,” Harry smiles softly, wiping the table off. “You’re adorable.

Thirty minutes later, Harry’s parking outside of Louis’s house and walking him up to the front door. Louis walks over to the porch swing and sits down, waving Harry over. Neither of them notice Lottie and Jay watching from the window.

“I really had a great time tonight,” Louis says quietly. “I’ve never been on a date before. Thank you for treating me like a normal person.”

Harry smiles softly, using his feet to push the swing gently. “I had a lot of fun tonight, too, Louis. Sorry about all the paparazzi, but you handled it all really well.” He hums softly. “And what do you mean like a normal person?”

“Most people treat me like I’m a fragile little doll,” Louis sighs. “Even my own family does sometimes,” he mumbles. “People pity me and I hate it. I’m still a normal person, I just can’t see. I can still do things like a normal person, and you treated me like that. So thank you.”

“I’ll always treat you like that,” Harry says softly, eyes staring off into the horizon as the sun set. “It’s getting late. I’ve got an early interview tomorrow morning, so I should go.”

“Oh, okay,” Louis says sadly. “I’ll see you soon though, right?” He turns towards Harry’s voice.

“Yeah, of course,” Harry promises, standing up and walking Louis to the door again. “I’ll text you tomorrow, okay?” he murmurs, kissing Louis’s cheek. “Bye, Louis.”

“Bye, Harry,” Louis manages to squeak out, hurrying inside once he heard Harry’s feet hit the gravel.
Louis grabs a bottle of water from the kitchen and sips on it, setting his glasses down on the counter. Lottie and his mum hound him with questions, but he brushes them off, answering with a simple, “I don’t get kissed and tell.” He winks at them and giggles the entire time he walks upstairs. He can’t get his mind of Harry as he crawls into bed, a smile never leaving his face.

Chapter End Notes

I'm hoping to post once more before classes start in a few weeks, but I can't make promises. Then updates will be a bit slow for the next few months because i'm on academic probation with my financial aid, so i really have to focus on school and not fail anything. If anybody is still following this story, thank you so so much!

i love you guys xx
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Hi, so it's been like 5 months since I've updated and I'm so so sorry. I went through a couple of rough patches over the last few months. I got to a really bad place mentally and I'm still recovering from it. I got put on a new medicine and it's helping me a lot. This semester, I was completely focused on school and passing my classes because I was on academic probation. Luckily I passed everything! I've had this chapter planned for a while, and I'm so excited that I actually finished it. I'm so sorry it took forever.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When Louis wakes up the next morning, he has a couple short messages from Harry.

‘Good morning!’

‘You’re probably still asleep Oops.’

‘Really sorry if I wake you up. Text me when you get these.’

Louis smiles as he listens to the robotic voice recite the messages, shaking his head fondly. He sent a quick morning! And plugged his phone in, going to take a shower. He couldn’t get the smile off his face.

Lottie has TMZ on downstairs when Louis makes his way down, carefully holding onto the railing. When he gets into the living room, he hears what’s being said on the TV.

“Yeah, so let’s talk about that for a minute. Harry Styles was seen with that odd fellow again.”

“I think he’s blind. He was seen with that little cane, and he’s also got those huge glasses on! Maybe that explains why he almost got hit by that car?”

Louis stands behind Lottie, chewing on his bottom lip. He hears the scene switch to what he guesses is a clip of him having a seizure.

“I’ve never seen anything like that. He just completely steps off the curb and Harry pulls him back. It’s so weird.”

When his phone goes off, Louis doesn’t even flinch. He blinks a few times. Lottie jumps and turns around, finally realizing Louis was standing there. She turns the TV off and grabs Louis’s phone, shaking his shoulder gently.

“Louis, Louis!” She said, patting his cheek. “It’s Harry. Answer your phone.”

Louis shakes his head as he comes to, quickly answering his phone. “H-Hello?”

“Oh my gosh, Louis, I’m so so sorry,” Harry rambles quickly. “My team is working on finding something to get TMZ in trouble for what they did. You don’t deserve that and I’m so so sorry!”

Harry exhales slowly. “Did you see the TMZ bit?” he asks, chewing on his bottom lip.

Louis sighs quietly, pulling his knees to his chest. “Yeah, it was on when I came downstairs. I don’t worry about it,” he murmurs. “It’s not your fault, yeah? It’s fine.”

“I was worried you’d be mad about it,” Harry breathes. “I was so scared. I really hate that they did that to you.”

“Harry, really,” Louis chuckles softly, rubbing his eyes. “It’s not that big of a deal. If you’re that worried about it, make it up to me by taking me to dinner tonight.”

Louis can hear Harry’s smile through the phone. “Yeah, that sounds perfect. I’ll pick you up at five, yeah? We can go to that little diner downtown. That sound okay?”

“Sounds better than okay,” Louis giggles softly. “See you then, Harry.”

-0-

“Absolutely not, Louis,” Jay frowns, crossing her arms. “Lottie said you had a seizure earlier, and you’ve had three more since I’ve come home. I don’t want you leaving the house tonight. It’s too dangerous.”

Louis scowls, turning his body to face Jay. “That’s not fair, mum! I’m not a baby. Stop treating me like I’m incompetent! I can take care of myself!”

“Louis, do not raise your voice at me,” Jay says sternly. “You know it’s not safe for you!”

“Stop coddling me. I’m going out with Harry tonight and you can’t stop me!” Louis stomps upstairs, slamming his door shut to get ready. He pulls on some jeans and a t shirt, not bothering to look fancy. He knew it was a casual date. He grabs a scarf last minute, wrapping it around his neck.

“Mum, don’t worry,” Lottie says quietly. “I’ll be right next door doing some shopping with my friends.”

As soon as Harry arrives, Louis hurries down the stairs and goes outside. He slips his glasses on as he shuts the door, not bothering with his cane. He knew he wouldn’t need it.

“Hey, Lou,” Harry smiles, pulling onto the road as soon as Louis buckles up.

“Hey,” Louis murmurs, hands fidgeting as he messes with the buckle.

Harry can tell something’s off with Louis, but he doesn’t push it. He drives to the diner and leads Louis inside. The dinner is quiet and a bit awkward, but they make it work. Harry doesn’t push Louis to talk.

“Lou, are you okay?” Harry frowns, wiping his mouth off. It seems like Louis just can’t keep still. His hands are twitchy and he’s blinking rapidly.

Louis nods jerkily, pushing his glasses up. “Yeah, I’m fine, don’t worry.” As soon as he stands up, he gets a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach. He knows what’s about to happen, and there’s absolutely nothing he can do to stop it. He follows Harry outside, wincing when the paps start yelling. Louis lets out a small cry as his knees give out, forehead hitting the ground as he collapses.
The lenses of his glasses shatter from the impact.

All the paps take a sudden step back, questions dying off. Harry drops down to his knees next to Louis, eyes wide. “Louis? Lou, are you okay?”

Lottie happens to walk out of the boutique next door as soon as it happens. She drops her drinks and runs over, pushing Harry to the side as she kneels down. “Call an ambulance and give me your jacket,” she murmurs calmly, handing Harry her phone. She balls up Harry’s jacket and pushes it under Louis’s head. She pulls his scarf off to cover the cut on his forehead.

Then the convulsing starts. Lottie immediately starts the timer on her phone, moving her hands away from Louis. Harry watches in horror. He wants to reach out and hold Louis, but he doesn’t move. He can’t. Louis’s body goes lax two and a half minutes later and Lottie stops the clock. She stands up as the paramedics arrive, explaining what happened. Harry stands up as well, following Lottie to the ambulance as she calls Jay.

The ride to the hospital is short and quiet. Louis’s still unconscious as they arrive. They quickly take him back to stitch up his forehead. Jay arrives a few minutes later.

“I knew I should’ve stopped him from leaving,” Jay mumbles, rubbing her face. “I knew this was going to happen. I should’ve kept him home.”

“Mum, home or not, this would’ve happened,” Lottie sighs. “He’s stubborn as hell and you know as well as I do that he never would’ve stayed home.”

“Jay, I’m so so sorry,” Harry says quickly. “I-I had no idea Louis was going to have a seizure. I-“

“Harry, love, calm down,” Jay interrupts, cupping Harry’s cheeks. “This is not your fault, okay? We’re not mad at you.”

Harry opens his mouth to respond, but the doctor comes to tell them that Louis’s in a room. All three of them follow him down the hall, but Harry waits back a little.

“You two go ahead,” he says softly. “I’ll stay back.”

Lottie smiles softly and pats Harry’s back, following Jay inside. “Hey, Lou.”

“Hi, darling, how’re you feeling?” Jay asks, keeping her voice quiet as she walks up to his bed.

“Humiliated,” Louis whispers, voice cracking. “Harry’s never going to speak to me again.”

“Don’t say that,” Lottie frowns. “Harry doesn’t care if you’re epileptic, Louis. He still likes you.”

Louis sniffs softly. “He left. He probably thinks I’m a freak!”

“Louis, stop it,” Jay scolds gently, stroking Louis’s cheek. “Harry didn’t leave, love. He’s standing in the hallway and he doesn’t hate you.”

“Harry’s here?” Louis whispers, furrowing his eyebrows. “He didn’t leave?”

Jay shakes her head, kissing Louis’s forehead. “We’ll send him in so you two can talk, okay?” she murmurs. “Seems like you’ve got something to tell him.” She leaves the room with Lottie, sending Harry in.

“Wait, mum, my glasses!” Louis says quickly, closing his eyes tightly. “Mum?”
“She, uh, she left already,” Harry murmurs as he walks over to the bed. “Your glasses are actually broken, Louis. The lenses shattered when you hit your head on the ground.”

Louis sighs quietly, tilting his head down. “Just my luck,” he mutters.

“Louis, why didn’t you tell me you were epileptic?” Harry asks quietly. “I would’ve never let you go outside with that many paps around.”

“I didn’t want you to think I was weird,” Louis mumbles. “I haven’t been epileptic my whole life, and when it happened, I lost a lot of friends.”

Harry sits down beside Louis’s bed. “When did it happen?”

“When I was nine,” Louis says quietly. “There was a car accident. We were hit on the side and my head slammed against the window. When the window shattered, the glass got into my eyes and caused me to be blind. Something happened when my head hit the window and caused nerve damage in my brain. Ever since then, I’ve had seizures. That’s what happened the day I stepped off the curb. I was having a seizure. And the day we met, when I had that scraped bruise on my cheek? I had a seizure and fell off the porch onto the sidewalk. It makes my life absolutely miserable and I hate it. I hate being epileptic and I hate being blind. I hate being treated like a glass doll and I hate having to depend on people for everything.” He sniffs quietly and angrily wipes the tears off his cheeks.

“Louis, listen to me,” Harry says softly but sternly, grabbing Louis’s hand. “None of that changes what I think about you, okay? I don’t care that you’re blind. I don’t care that you’re epileptic. You’re still Louis to me, and to your family. You’re still amazing, okay? Don’t believe anybody that tells you differently.” He ran his thumb over Louis’s knuckles. “Please open your eyes, Louis. Look at me.”

Louis shakes his head quickly, closing his eyes tighter. “No. You can’t see my eyes. They’re gross and dull. I hate them.” He leans back against the bed, sniffling quietly. He’s asleep a few minutes later, the pain medicines filling his veins.

Jay and Lottie come back a few minutes after Louis falls asleep, bags of food in their hands. They give Harry his and sit down, Jay sighing softly. “I thought you knew,” she murmurs. “Thought he told you.”

“I knew he didn’t tell,” Lottie sighs quietly. “When he had that seizure where he almost got hit by the car, he was mortified. He thought you would think he was weird after that.

“I would never think he’s weird because of epilepsy,” Harry frowns, rubbing the back of Louis’s hand gently. “His glasses broke. Does he have more?”

“No, and I’m not buying him anymore,” Jay says softly. “He doesn’t need them. He doesn’t even wear them at home, so he can stop wearing them in public.”

“He’s not gonna like that, mum,” Lottie points out. “You know he’s gonna pitch a fit.”

Jay shrugs, taking a sip of her tea. “I don’t care. I’m not buying him more,” she hums softly, standing up. “C’mon, Lottie, let’s get going. We can come back tomorrow morning.”

“Is it alright if I stay for a bit?” Harry asks softly. “Just don’t feel like leaving yet.”

“Of course, love,” Jay nods, squeezing Harry’s forehead. “Stay as long as you’d like. Louis would love the support.”
Harry says his goodbyes as Lottie and Jay leave. He leans back in the chair and watches Louis rest. He can’t help but think about what they’ve been through. They haven’t known each other long, but Louis already had such an impact in Harry’s life. Louis was so bright and full of life, and Harry absolutely adored the boy for that.

Harry doesn’t even realize he fell asleep until he’s waking up the next morning. He hears Louis moving around in the bed, and he sits up slightly.

Louis squirms a bit in his bed, rubbing his eyes as he slowly wakes up. He can hear another person breathing in the room, but he figures it’s his mum or Lottie. He heard the person quietly move forward, and he slowly opened his eyes in that general direction. “Mum, is that you?”

But it’s not Jay or Lottie. It’s Harry and he’s finally getting a glimpse of Louis’s beautiful blue eyes. His breath hitches in his throat. “Um, no. N-not Jay.”

Louis gasps loudly, quickly squeezing his eyes shut. “Oh my god. I didn’t think you’d still be here.”

“Hey, hey,” Harry says softly, gently stroking Louis’s cheek. “Don’t close your beautiful eyes. I wanna see them again, lovely.”

Louis slowly opens his eyes, blinking slowly. They’re an absolutely beautiful shade of blue. They’re a bit dull and his eyelids are scarred up, but Harry still thinks Louis is absolutely gorgeous.

“Fuck, you’re so beautiful,” Harry whispers, stroking Louis’s cheek. “You really are.”

“Thank you,” Louis blushes softly, running his hand through his hair. His forehead throbs a bit, but he pushes that away.

When Jay arrives an hour later, she stops in her tracks in the doorway. Louis and Harry are laughing about something, but that’s not what brings tears to Jay’s eyes. Louis has his eyes open and they’re actually sparkling with joy for the first time in years. Only a very small handful of people have seen Louis without his glasses, and now Harry’s added to that list. She clears her throat to make herself known, stepping further into the room.

“Morning, boys,” she murmurs, standing beside Louis’s bed. “Lou, you ready to come home?”

“Yeah, I’m ready,” Louis nods, giggling quietly still. “I hate the hospital so much.”

“I know you do, love,” Jay chuckles, helping Louis stand up. “Here’s some clothes for you, babe. The doctor will be in here in a minute to do one last check over so we can leave.”

“I should actually get going cause I’ve got an interview in an hour,” Harry says, standing up. “I completely forgot about it. Greg is going to give me a lot of shit for it.”

“I’ll walk you out,” Jay smiles, nodding a bit. “I’ve gotta sign papers to take Louis home.”

Harry nods, giving Louis a quick hug. “I’ll call you later, okay? Get some rest when you get home.”

“I will,” Louis smiles softly. “Have fun with your interview.”

Jay sips on her tea as she follows Harry out into the hallway. “I need to thank you,” she says quietly.

“Thank me? For what?” Harry asks, furrowing his eyebrows. “I haven’t done anything.”
“You made my boy happy again,” Jay whispers. “I haven’t seen him smile like that in years. And Harry, he opened his eyes around you. I don’t think you realize what that means. Even at home, I’ll catch him walking around with his eyes closed because of how much he hates them. He’s never even seen the scars, but he can feel them and it tears him apart. That’s why he wears his glasses. He doesn’t want anybody seeing the scars because he thinks they’re disgusting. I don’t know what you did to get him to open his eyes, but thank you. Thank you for bringing my boy back to me.”

Harry replays Jay’s words in his head over and over again for the rest of the day. He’s distracted during his interview, and Greg can tell. He feels his heart beat faster when he thinks of Louis opening up to him.

“So, Haz,” Greg hums, tapping his shoulder. “You seem so distracted. Thinking about that boy you’ve been seeing?”

Harry blushes softly, glad it’s a radio interview. “Yeah, I am. I was just with him this morning before I came here.”

Greg smiles a bit, looking over at Harry. “You really like him, don’t you Harry?”


Chapter End Notes

If anybody still reads this story, please comment or leave a kudo. I’d like to know if I have any readers still so I can know if I need to continue this story. I love all of you<3
Oh my god so it's been a v v long time since I've updated? I don't really have a good excuse. I went on like a weight loss binge, started dating my best friend, got dumped by my best friend, and went through a very bad time. It's been awful, but thank god 2016 is over. This is my last semester in college so I will be focused more on school than anything else, but I will try to update soon!

When Louis wakes up later that evening, it’s because his phone is ringing in his ear. He groans quietly and answers it, rubbing his eyes. “Hello?” he mumbles, voice thick with sleep.

Harry’s voice, however, is soft and sweet. “Oh, did I wake you up?” he murmurs. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to.”

“No, no, it’s okay,” Louis yawns, rubbing his eyes as he sits up. “Whenever I have a seizure, it makes me sleep more than usual. It’s fine.”

“Oh, I was just calling to check in on you, see how you’re doing,” Harry hums. “How’re you feeling?”

“I’m doing as well as I can with a gash on my forehead,” Louis laughs softly, standing up slowly. “No, but really, I’m fine. This isn’t the first time something like this has happened to me. How was your interview?”

Harry chuckles quietly, sounding more like a rush of air through the phone. “Greg gave me shit as usual, but it went pretty okay.” He was quiet for a minute. “Hey, can I come over for a bit tonight? I just- I miss you,” he admits, cheeks burning.

“I’ll ask mum if you can, yeah,” Louis hums, feeling his heart fluttering. Harry misses him. He actually misses him. “Gonna overwhelm him.”

“Okay, yeah,” Harry smiles. “I’ll talk to you in a bit, then.”

Louis pads his way downstairs, hand tracing the wall from instinct. He maneuvers his way to the table and sits in his normal spot, smiling when he hears his plate set down in front of him. He likes to be independent, but making his own plate was something he just couldn’t do. “Thanks, mum.”


“Geeze, mum, one question at a time,” Fizzy laughs softly, shaking her head. “Gonna overwhelm him.”

Louis sticks his tongue out in Fizzy’s direction. “I’m feeling fine, mum. My head hurts, but I got plenty of rest. I’m okay, I promise.”
There’s small talk about the day as everybody eats. Louis doesn’t give much input, but he listens intently, turning his head toward whoever was talking at the time. As much as his sisters irritate him, he loves them to death. Once everybody is done, Louis helps gather the dirty dishes and takes them to the sink. He wishes he could do more to help out, but he just can’t.

“Hey, mum?” Louis murmurs, leaning against the counter as she rinses the dishes. “I have a question for you.”

Jay hums quietly. “What’s up?” she murmurs, taking a look at his cut to see if it needed cleaning.

“Can Harry come over tonight?” Louis asks quietly. He holds his breath slightly, silently begging his mum to say yes. “He says he misses me and he wants to come over.”

“I’m not sure, Lou,” Jay says, frowning a bit. “You had a pretty bad seizure today, love. I can tell you’re still sluggish from it. Are you sure you’re feeling okay to have company?”

Louis nods eagerly, regretting it when his head starts pounding. “yes yes, I feel fine. Please, mum? I just want him to come over so I can spend some time with him again.”

Jay reluctantly agrees and watches as Louis practically runs up the stairs giggling. She doesn’t want anybody over-she just wants Louis to relax and heal up. But even she can’t deny how happy Harry makes Louis. She’s never seen her boy like that.

“Did I hear that Harry was coming over?” Fizzy squeals quietly, clapping her hands together happily. “I can’t believe Louis is friends with the Harry Styles!”

“Yes, he’s coming over, but don’t you dare bother him,” Jay says sternly. “Treat him like you would treat any other guest. Don’t hound him. He’s your brothers friend.”

“I know, but he’s still fun to look at,” Fizzy sighs dreamily. “Too bad he’s gay. He’s really hot.”

Jay raises her eyebrow a bit. “How do you know for a fact that he’s gay?”

“Well, I don’t, but it’s pretty obvious,” she shrugs. “I’ve seen the way he looks at Louis, mum. It’s the same way Lottie looks at pictures of Channing Tatum.”

Lottie throws a pillow from the living room, hitting Fizzy in the back of the head.

“I’ll get it!” Fizzy yells when the doorbell rings, running over to yank it open. “Hi, Harry,” she grins, stepping aside so he can come in. “Louis’s up in his room. I’ll show you the way.” She leads him upstairs. “Second door on your right.”

“Thanks, Fizzy,” Harry chuckles, walking down the hall. Louis walks out at the same time and the boys bump into each other, causing Louis to giggle loudly after a second.

“Well hello, Harry,” he smiles, looking up at the boy.

“Awe, how did you know it was me?” Harry pouts playfully, ruffling Louis’s hair. “I never announced my presence.”

Louis shakes his head fondly. “I’m the only guy in this house. And besides, the only person here that’s taller than me is Fizzy and she’s got boobs. You don’t,” he hums, patting Harry’s chest before he walks back into his bedroom.

“Wait, were you going somewhere?” Harry asks, furrowing his eyebrows as he follows Louis.
“You were leaving your room.”

“I was uh, having a seizure,” Louis blushes softly, sitting on the edge of his bed. “There’s different kinds.”

“Tell me about them,” Harry murmurs, sitting cross-legged across from Louis. “If we’re gonna hang out a lot, I need to know the signs and what to do for them.”

Louis blinks a few times, nodding slowly. He wasn’t used to people caring that much about them. “Well, uh. There’s absence seizures, which aren’t bad. I just kind of zone out. My hands might get twitchy. Those only last about ten seconds, but they’re pretty frequent.”

“I think you had one when we were out once,” Harry nods. “I kind of remember you zoning out completely.”

“Yeah, I know what you’re talking about,” Louis murmurs. “That was a seizure. The second most frequent one for me is complex partial. That’s what I had the day I fell off the curb,” he says softly. “It might start off as an absence seizure, but with the complex ones, I usually move around. For those, just make sure I don’t get myself hurt. Like the day you stopped me from getting hit by that car. That’s basically all you can do.

“And finally, the grand mal. That’s what happened this morning,” he sighs softly. “They don’t happen much, but they’re usually pretty bad when they happen. Sometimes I can tell when they’re going to happen because of the feeling I get, but sometimes they just hit out of nowhere.”

“Could you tell that one was going to happen?” Harry asks softly, reaching over to grab Louis’s hand.

Louis nods, rubbing his eyes gently. “Yeah, I could. I got this awful feeling in my stomach and I knew I couldn’t stop it. I had been arguing with my mum before I left, and I guess the stress triggered it. Camera flashes didn’t really help, either. Sometimes stress will cause them, sometimes it’s the flashing lights, sometimes it’s nothing at all.”

“How do I handle those?” Harry whispers. “That terrified me earlier. I’m so glad that Lottie was there to help because I had absolutely no idea what to do. I want to be able to help.”

“Honestly? There’s not much,” Louis chuckles softly. “If I tell you that I feel one, or I’m being more twitchy than normal without the zoning out, try to get me to a safe spot where I’m not gonna get hurt if I collapse. Cushion my head, but don’t restrain me. And some people think you’ve gotta put something in their mouth, but don’t do that. Just turn me on my side and time the seizure.”

“Why do I need to turn you on your side?” Harry asks, furrowing his eyebrows. “And why do I need to time it?”

Louis hums softly. “Sometimes after a grand mal, we get sick. It keeps us from choking on our own vomit. And you have to time it because if it’s more than like three minutes, you’ve gotta call an ambulance because of possible neuro problems.”

Harry nods, leaning back to take it all in. “This is insane, I don’t know how you keep up with all of it. You’re really something else, y’know that? You’re so strong.”

“Nah, it’s not that cool,” Louis mumbles, shaking his head. “It’s just something I’ve learned to deal with, y’know? I don’t really like it. But I’m stuck with it.”

Harry lightens the mood by playing some music on his phone, scrolling through his mentions on
twitter and reading the funny ones to Louis. “Oh god, I think you’ll enjoy this one. ‘Harry Styles is staying in my house right now. What is my life?”’ he reads with a laugh, shaking his head.

“Oh my god, please tell me my sisters did not just tweet that,” Louis groans, hiding his face.

“They’re so embarrassing!”

“It was Fizzy, I’m gonna tweet her back!” harry giggles, reading his response as he types it. “Your house is cozy and friendly.”

“You’re such a dork, y’know that?” Louis snorts, shaking his head fondly. “I can’t believe you’re indulging my sisters need for twitter fame. They’re constantly arguing over who deserves more followers.”

“Well, let’s go downstairs and see how many followers we can get them,” Harry grins, hopping up and running downstairs. Louis follows suit, laughing loudly. “Harry!”

Harry plops himself down in the middle of Lottie and Fizzy, taking a group picture unexpectedly. He posts it on twitter with the caption ‘@Fizfizfiz and @Lottietommo need more followers guys, do your thing!’

“What… What the hell just happen?” Lottie asks, furrowing her eyebrows. “If I look bad in that picture, I’ll hurt you so bad that your kids feel it.”

Harry smiles innocently as Louis slides into the room. “Lou told me that you two wanted more followers. So you’re welcome,” he hums, getting up to sit down on the loveseat instead, pulling Louis down next to him. “Let’s see what happens now.”

When their phones start blowing up, Fizzy squeals, but Lottie groans. “I’m gonna have to turn my notifications off,” she mumbles. “But now more people will watch my makeup tutorials.” She grins suddenly, looking up at Harry. “Can I do your makeup?”

“Uh, maybe not at the moment,” Harry murmurs, raising his eyebrow. “But possibly in the future. Let me do a little research about your makeup abilities first.”

Lottie tries to argue her way into giving Harry a makeover until Jay announces that it’s getting late. The girls make their way upstairs to get ready for bed, and Louis pulls Harry up to his room. He doesn’t want their time together to end. Harry keeps his eyes closed as Louis changes into his pajamas, and he gives Harry a pair of sweats to wear.

“Thank you for being so amazing to my sisters,” Louis murmurs, crawling into bed next to Harry. “I know they appreciate it. Especially Fizzy. She won’t admit it, but she doesn’t do well with other people,” he says softly. “She comes off pretty strong sometimes.”

“I think she’s lovely,” Harry murmurs, smiling softly as he squeezes Louis’s arm. “You tired still?”

Louis nods, rubbing his eyes. “I really shouldn’t be. I slept for a long time today. Sorry if I fall asleep on you.”

“Cuddling is what I’m here for,” Harry hums happily, draping his arm over Louis’s waist.

It doesn’t take long for Louis to fall asleep, and it’s an even shorter amount of time before his head is tucked into the crook of Harry’s neck. He’s breathing softly against Harry’s skin, and the soothing feeling sends Harry to sleep shortly after. Their bodies are tangled together under Louis’s sheets, but neither of them seem to care.

Lottie goes into Louis’s room the next morning, only partially surprised to see Harry asleep next to her brother. She snatches one of the pillows off the bed and smacks it down on their heads, causing
Louis to groan.

“What the hell?” he mumbles, rubbing his eyes as he sits up. “What was that for?”

“Everybody’s leaving, mum went and got donuts before she left for work,” Lottie says simply. “Get up. You don’t need to sleep all day.”

Louis groans quietly. “You’re so mean to me,” he mumbles, standing up carefully. “Leave, twat.”

Lottie laughs as she leaves the room. “Love you, too!”

Harry wakes up from the noise, rubbing his eyes gently as he looks around. “Is it morning already?”

“Yes,” Louis giggles sleepily, closing his eyes out of instinct. “And apparently, there’s donuts downstairs, so let’s go!”

Louis walks downstairs in front of Harry and goes into the kitchen, easily going to the cabinet to grab them plates. He doesn’t struggle in the slightest bit, even as he grabs their cups and takes them to the table. Harry has to help him pour the juice, but that’s all he needs help with. It’s incredible.

“Hey, Lou?” Harry says quietly, sitting down at the table across from Louis. “Can you open your eyes for me? Please?”

Louis opens his eyes, blushing softly. “Just not used to people wanting to see my eyes,” he mumbles. My family never brings them up.”

“Well, I want to see them whenever I possibly can,” Harry murmurs. “I think they’re absolutely stunning, Louis.”

Louis smiles softly as he looks up towards Harry’s voice. “Thank you. You have no idea how much that means to me.”

They make small talk as they eat their donuts, laughing quietly at random things. Harry swears quietly when his phone goes off.

“Shit,” he mumbles. “I have an interview with Nick in half an hour. I completely forgot about that.”

“Oh,” Louis says quietly. “So I guess you have to leave, huh?”

Harry looks up at Louis, chewing on his bottom lip. “You wanna go with me? Nick won’t mind. And that way, you don’t have to stay home alone.”

Harry cleans up their mess in the kitchen while Louis hurries upstairs to get dressed. They take Harry’s car to his flat for him to change quickly, and they arrive at the studio with three minutes to spare. Of course, Nick gives him shit for it while they get ready. Louis sits in the back to keep out of the way.

Louis’s hands start twitching a bit as he listens to Harry’s voice. He’s not familiar with the studio and that makes him nervous. He stands up and starts pacing a bit, eyes beginning to blink rapidly. Nick motions to Louis, causing Harry to look while he talks. He scoots his chair closer to Louis and pulls the boy down into his lap. Louis still struggles a bit, but then comes to. He’s a bit confused at first, but blushes brightly when he realizes what happened.

As soon as Nick cuts to commercial, Harry squeezes Louis’s hip. “You okay, Lou?” he whispers.
“Yeah, yeah, I’m good,” Louis mumbles. “I didn’t do anything dumb, did I?”

“No, I got you when you started walking,” Harry whispers. “You’re all good.”

“Thank you for stopping me,” Louis murmurs. “I probably would’ve broken something. I don’t know where anything is here.”

Harry chuckles softly, not making any effort to move Louis off his lap. “It’s okay, Lou. You’re not gonna break anything as long as I’m here.”

Nick teases Harry with looks and hand gestures while the interview goes on. Louis has no idea any of it is happening. Harry stays calm and collected, not giving Louis any reason to worry. There’s fans gathered outside when they leave, but security keeps them back as Harry and Louis get in the car to leave.

When they get back to Louis’s, they’re lying in his bed facing each other.

“You really are beautiful,” Harry says quietly, gently stroking Louis’s cheek. “So gorgeous.”

Louis’s cheeks are bright red as he listens to Harry, keeping his eyes open. “Thank you. You’re beautiful, too, Harry. Inside and out.”

“Thanks,” Harry murmurs, hand still on Louis’s cheek. “I’m really glad I ran into you. You make me really happy.”

“You make me happy, too,” Louis whispers, eyes fluttering shut as he leans into Harry’s touch. “I’ve never had anybody outside of my family care about me like this. It’s a new feeling for me and I really like it.”

“I really do care about you,” Harry nods, chewing on his bottom lip. “Can I kiss you, Louis?”

Louis’s eyes open quickly and they move to scan Harry’s face, almost like they were looking for Harry’s lips. “Wh-what?”

“I want to kiss you,” Harry whispers, voice almost inaudible. “Can I? Please?”


Harry leans forward and presses their lips together gently, rubbing Louis’s sides as the boy tenses up. “relax, baby,” he whispers. “Follow my lead, yeah?”

“Sorry, sorry,” Louis whispers, forcing himself to relax. “Never done this before.”

Harry just chuckles quietly, pressing their lips together again. He moves his lips slowly, silently encouraging Louis to follow his movements. Louis eventually gets the hang of it, humming quietly against Harry’s lips. He starts giggling a little, pulling back slightly. “Sorry.”

“What’s so funny, love?” Harry murmurs with a fond chuckle, licking his lips.

“Nothing, nothing,” Louis hums, running his hand through his hair. “Just- this feels really nice. I’ve never felt like this before.”

They kiss for a bit longer before deciding to go downstairs, putting in a movie as they cuddle on the couch. They share a few more kisses here and there, Louis giggling every single time their lips press together. He’s beyond happy, and his whole body felt light.
Lottie’s the first one home and she collapses on the chair, groaning loudly. They all three spend some time talking about their days, but Louis decides to leave out the kiss. Harry follows suit and doesn’t bring it up. Harry gives Louis a small kiss goodbye when Lottie goes to the kitchen. He’s got an early photoshoot in the morning, so he leaves to call it an early night. Lottie can tell that something big happened, but Louis won’t budge. They have dinner as a family, and the small smile never leaves Louis’s face, even as he falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Does anybody still read this
Chapter Notes

I graduated college???
I'm so so sorry that I haven't updated literally ALL YEAR. Like, I feel so shitty. But this year has just been shitty, y'know? I'm literally down to 0 friends to hang out with. I have my internet friends still (love you guys!!!) but my best friend of 10 years is no longer my friend at all, so i took that really hard. So yeah, this year has been awful. But here's an update! And hopefully it won't be 8 months until the next one!!! and hopefully the next one will be better and longer!!! things get a bit ~steamy~ in this chapter (but no smut)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oh, come on, you can’t lie to me!” Lottie whines, following Louis into the kitchen the next morning. “I know something happened! Tell me, Louis!”

“Lottie, I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Louis laughs, but his nerves were a bit obvious. “Nothing happened, okay? It’s not a huge deal.” Truthfully, Louis didn’t want to jinx anything by getting too excited too early. This whole situation was still new to him.

His plan goes to shit later that day. He and Lottie are sitting on the couch eating their lunch, listening to Harry’s interview on the radio. Louis likes to hear Harry’s voice, and Lottie likes to see her brother smile.

“So, Harry,” the interviewer starts. “You’re single. You have your eye on anybody?”

“Yeah, I do,” Harry murmurs, a smile evident in his voice. “I’ve got my eye on someone really special, actually.”

“Well, come on,” the guy laughs. “Tell us about them! We need to know all the details, Mr. Styles!”

Harry laughs quietly, pausing for a second. “Well. He’s absolutely stunning. Beautiful. I’m already gone for him, honestly. And yesterday, I finally asked if I could kiss him and he said yes. So I’m hoping things will move forward soon.”

Louis scrambles to find the remote to turn the radio off, whining softly. Lottie’s smacking his arm, squealing loudly.

“I knew it! I fucking knew it!” Lottie laughs, tackling Louis in a hug. “You kissed him, didn’t you? You two kissed!”

“Lottie, get off me,” Louis groans, pushing at his sister’s body. “You’re such a brat. You’re so obnoxious, get off me.”

Lottie giggles happily, helping Louis stand up. “I can’t believe you didn’t tell me! Are you guys official? How was it? It he a good kisser? Tell me the details!”

“No, Lottie,” Louis shakes his head. “I don’t wanna jinx it, okay? I’m not going to talk about it.”
He puts his hand on the couch and makes his way into the hallway, hurrying up the stairs. He really didn’t want to get his hopes up, even though Harry wanted it just as much. Louis just didn’t want to ruin anything by being too overeager.

He goes for a walk about an hour later, one headphone in as he called Harry. He knew they needed to talk, but he was too scared to bring up the whole relationship thing.

“Hi, love,” Harry smiles as he answers. “How’re you?”

“I’m good, I’m good,” Louis hums softly. “And you? Your morning going good?”

“Yeah, had a good interview,” Harry says quietly, biting his lip. “Did you listen to it?”

Louis stops when he reaches the curb, waiting for the beep to let him know he could cross the road. “I did. It was interesting, that’s for sure. They really try to pry out all the details, don’t they?”

“Yeah,” Harry says quietly. “I- I should’ve asked you first. I’m sorry. Are you upset?”

“No, No. I’m not upset.” Louis carefully steps off onto the road, his cane tapping out in front of him. “But Lottie is. I didn’t tell her that we kissed, and she almost knocked me off the couch when she heard you say it,” he laughs. “She’s absolutely insane.”

Harry looks down at his lap, playing with the hem of his shirt. “Hey, Lou?” he hums softly. “Do you wanna come over for dinner tonight? I can pick you up.”

“Yeah, I’d love to, I-“ Louis stops talking suddenly, and Harry sits up straighter. He’s not with Louis and doesn’t know how to help with a seizure over the phone.

“Louis? Louis!” Harry says loudly, hoping the boy’s headphones are still in. He hears a small whimper, and then a stranger’s voice.

“Oh my god, are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m good, I’m good.”

“Are you sure? You hit pretty hard. Here, let me wipe your cheek off.”

“Louis?” Harry whispers, chewing on his bottom lip.

Louis sighs softly and thanks the stranger before continuing on his way. “I’m here, I’m here. Sorry.”


“The wall,” Louis mumbles, flinching a bit from the memory. “Guess you need to hide all the breakables in your house if I’m coming over, yeah?” he teases weakly. “I don’t wanna ruin anything expensive.”

“Hey, no. I’m not gonna treat you like a baby in my house,” Harry says softly. “I’ll pick you up at five and we’ll have an amazing night, yeah?”

“Yeah,” Louis whispers, smiling as he turns onto his street. “That sounds great.”

Harry chews on his lip. He knows his question could potentially make Louis mad, but had to ask. “Have you ever thought about getting a service dog?”
Louis’s whole body tenses up at the thought of losing his independence because of a dog. He hated the idea of it, even if it was a good idea. “I don’t need a dog,” he says coldly. “I’m fine on my own.”

“It’s just- it can alert you of a seizure, so you don’t get hurt,” Harry says softly. “I just don’t like you getting hurt, Louis. I’m sorry.”

“I don’t need a dog,” Louis mumbles. “I’ll see you at five.” He hangs up the phone, continuing on his walk.

The subject of a service dog has been brought up many times in the Tomlinson household. Jay won’t do it without Louis’s consent, but she’s begged him to get a service dog more than once. Louis’s too proud. He doesn’t want to give up his independence, even though it would help him tremendously. Although he doesn’t need much help getting around town, he needs the support to help prevent him getting hurt during a seizure. Lottie and Jay just don’t understand why Louis won’t give in.

As soon as Louis’s inside, Jay is doting over him and the scrape on his cheek. She scolds him gently for not calling her immediately, but can’t be too mad. He’s okay and that’s what matters. She does take him to his doctor though, and he spends half the day there getting more tests run on him. His seizures had been more frequent than normal, and it made Jay worry. Nothing is horribly wrong with him, but the impact of him hitting his head triggered something in his brain. He leaves with a stronger prescription and a braille brochure about service dogs. He wants to trash it as soon as he’s home, but Jay won’t let him.

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“Just please,” she says quietly, pushing the brochure back into his hands. “Look it over. At least think about it, yeah?”

Louis spends the rest of the day preparing for his night at Harry’s. He packs an overnight bag just in case, throwing the brochure in last minute. Never hurts to research, right? He jumps a bit when he hears someone knock on his open door.

“Sorry, did I startle you?” Harry murmurs, taking a step further into Louis’s room. “You ready to go?” He walks up to Louis, stroking his cheek gently.

“Yeah, I’m ready,” Louis murmurs, instinctively leaning into Harry’s touch. “I’m just a bit scared. I don’t usually go places I’m not used to.”

Harry leans down, pressing his lips against Louis’s gently. “I’ll take care of you,” he whispers. “I promise. I don’t have a lot of stuff, so it’s pretty open.” He rests his forehead against Louis’s, humming softly.

“Gross,” Lottie calls out as she walks by, causing both boys to laugh softly.

“C’mon, let’s go,” Louis murmurs as he steps back to grab his bag. “I wanna be able to kiss you without my annoying sisters.”

Louis says goodbye to everybody and follows Harry to the car. He’s extremely nervous still, but he knows Harry will take care of him. When they arrive, Harry leads Louis inside and takes him around the living room. Louis feels around, smiling a little to himself when he realizes that it really is pretty open. They go up to Harry’s room and Louis feels his way around.

“I’m gonna go start dinner, okay?” Harry says quietly. “I’ll be back to get you when it’s ready. Or yell for me and I’ll come get you.” He kisses Louis’s cheek and leaves.
Louis spends that time feeling his way around Harry’s room. He hopes that he’s going to be spending a lot more time there, so he tries his hardest to get used to it. He makes his way into the bathroom and washes his hands, splashing some water on his face to calm himself down a bit. When he hears someone enter the room, he’s a bit confused. Harry just left. However, the person smells like Harry and has a similar vibe. Louis makes his way back into the bedroom, arms out in front of him to guide himself. He’s partially expecting it when his hands collide with someone’s chest. But he definitely wasn’t expecting his hands to come in contact with someone’s boobs.

“Uh, hi,” Gemma says flatly, but not rudely. “Usually boys have to buy me dinner to do this.”

Louis yelps and pulls his hands away quickly, the panic sending him into a small seizure. He backs up and trips over his own feet, hitting the ground with a small whimper. Harry’s running into the room at that point, having heard Louis’s cry. He sits down next to Louis, cupping his cheeks.

“Baby, Louis,” Harry whispers. “You’re okay. It’s me, just me. I’ve got you, you’re okay.” He keeps talking quietly until Louis calms down and comes to. As soon as Louis starts breathing normally, he blushes brightly. “Lou, you with me?”

“Yeah,” Louis whispers, looking up in the general direction of the other person. “I’m so sorry. I’m so so sorry, I wasn’t expecting it to be anybody but Harry.”

“It’s okay,” Gemma laughs quietly. “I’m not offended. Harry’s told me a bit about you. You’re Louis, yeah?”

Louis nods, carefully standing up with Harry’s help. “Yeah, that’s me,” he murmurs. “I didn’t know you were here. Otherwise, I would’ve asked who it was.”

“In my defense, I didn’t know she’d be here either,” Harry butts in, hugging Louis’s waist from behind. “And she won’t be staying cause she’s a brat.”

“Oh shut up,” Gemma shakes her head. “I left my phone charger here last night. I just came by to get it. Wouldn’t want to be around you two anyways, you sick lovebirds. Nice meeting you Louis,” she hums, turning and leaving.

“She’s interesting,” Louis giggles softly, turning around to face Harry’s chest. “That was really embarrassing. Oh my god. I just groped your sister’s boobs. I’ve never touched boobs in my whole life.”

Harry laughs, hiding his face in Louis’s hair. “Man, you groped my sister before you groped me. I’m hurt,” he teases. “I’m offended. Are my boobs not grope worthy, Louis?”

“You’re a brat,” Louis laughs, pinching Harry’s arm. “Oh my god.”

They make their way to the kitchen and Harry helps Louis get settled. They’re both still ignoring the boyfriend talk, choosing to skirt around it instead of confronting the conversation. Harry doesn’t know where Louis stands on the subject, and Louis has never had to worry about it before. He doesn’t want to be the first to mention it, but the tension in the room is thick and they both know it.

Louis finishes his food and stands up, holding his plate in his hands. “Uh, I don’t know where to go,” he says quietly, biting his lip.

“Here,” Harry murmurs, leading Louis to the sink. “Just leave them in there. I’ll throw them in the dishwasher later. Wanna go upstairs?”
“Yeah,” Louis whispers, voice cracking.

The boys go upstairs and get changed, crawling into the bed. Harry’s bed is big and soft, and Louis absolutely loves it. They start off with a few small kisses, keeping things light. Harry has his hand on Louis’s waist, gently pulling the boy closer.

And then things change.

Louis lets out a desperate little whimper, and it does something to Harry. He rolls over on top of Louis, kissing down his neck. Louis doesn’t say stop- so he doesn’t. As much as he doesn’t want to push boundaries, he doesn’t want to stop. He bites down a little on Louis’s collarbone.

“Oh,” Louis gasps out, tangling his hand in Harry’s curls. “O-oh, Harry.” He arches into Harry’s touches. When he feels himself getting hard in his boxers, he doesn’t know how to react.

Harry kisses his way back up to Louis’s lips, kissing him harder and deeper than before. He nips and licks at Louis’s bottom lip, not stopping until it’s swollen and red. “Do you want to stop, baby?”

Louis whimpers softly. “No. But yes,” he sighs. “I’m sorry. I’m just- I’m not ready for anything further than this.”

“Hey, baby, don’t ever have to apologize for that, okay?” Harry murmurs, stroking Louis’s cheek. “I will never force you into anything you don’t wanna do. We’ll take this at your speed, okay?”

Louis nods, and the boys pant quietly as they relax, both of their hard-on’s going down. Louis feels like he’s floating on cloud nine, and the spot on his chest where Harry bit him is pulsing under the sheet. When he rolls over and faces Harry, he can’t stop the words from leaving his lips.

“Am I your boyfriend?”

They both feel the tension as soon as the words are out, and Louis regrets it immensely. He doesn’t realize he’s the only one freaking out.

“Would you like to be?” Harry asks quietly, putting his hand on Louis’s cheek. He strokes gently, trying to keep Louis as calm as possible. “I’d really like you to be.”

Louis can feel his cheeks heat up brightly. “Really? You’re serious?” He can’t contain his giddy giggles.

“Yes, I’m serious,” Harry whispers, pecking Louis’s lips. “I’d really love if you were my boyfriend. I want you as mine, don’t want anybody else to have you.”

“Nobody else wants me,” Louis says quietly. “If they did, I wouldn’t be single still.”

“Well it doesn’t matter, because you’re officially mine,” Harry mumbles, pulling Louis closer. “I really like you, Louis.”

And in that moment, they choose to forget that Harry’s an international popstar. In that moment, he’s just Harry- small town boy and Louis’s boyfriend. And as Louis ignores the fact that Harry’s got a sold out tour coming up, he feels like everything’s going to turn out okay.

Chapter End Notes
lemme know if you read this still?
Hi i hate myself for taking so long to update but fall 2017 i tried to get a new certificate through college and it stressed me out so badly that I was sick for like 2 months straight so i dropped all those classes. Then in December, my mom went through a pretty major surgery and she had a breast cancer scare so that was stressful. She's okay thankfully. We moved and we're having to fight our old apartments for our deposit so things are shit :)

This chapter isn't as long as I wanted it to be, but I have plans for what I want to happen next and I couldn't begin it in this chapter. Starting next chapter, there will be minor smut that's going to build... So yeah, that's a thing that's gonna happen.

I'm also going to start forcing myself to sit and write at least 3 times a week so hopefully I can finish the 4 one-shots I'm working on and get chapter 7 out soon.

When Louis wakes up, he can hear Harry’s quiet snores. He can’t tell the exact time, but he knows it’s pretty early. He’s not exactly sleepy anymore, but he doesn’t wanna wake Harry. Instead, he quietly crawls out of bed and feels around for his bag, grabbing the brochure about service dogs. He makes sure not to jostle Harry as he crawls back into bed and sits against the headboard to read.

It’s not that Louis hates dogs. Really. He absolutely loves dogs and animals. He just didn’t want to depend on an animal to lead him around. With his cane, he could navigate pretty much anywhere he wanted. He just wanted to be completely independent, but that wasn’t possible. He was always going to need someone- no matter how much he hated the thought. He thinks back to the wreck and frowns, hands shaking slightly. He wishes he could go back in time and-

“Babe?” Harry asks quietly as he sits up, noticing Louis’s tremors. “Babe, hey- Louis. Come back to me, baby.”

“I’m here,” Louis says softly. “Not seizing, just thinking. Sorry I worried you,” he murmurs, setting the brochure off to the side. “Did you sleep okay?”

Harry begins to nod and then doesn’t. “Yeah, I did,” he murmurs. “Did you? What were you reading?”

“I did, yeah,” Louis mumbles. “Don’t worry about it, it’s nothing. Just something my doctor gave me yesterday.”

“You went to the doctor?” Harry frowns, stroking Louis’s cheek. “Is everything okay?”

Louis nods, rubbing his eyes. “Mum was worried cause I’ve been having more seizures. I got a stronger prescription and a brochure f-for service dogs,” he admits. “I wanted to trash it, but mum wouldn’t let me.”

“Why are you so opposed to a service dog, Louis?” Harry asks quietly. “Would it really be all that
“Yes,” Louis says a bit sharply, then relaxes. “I’m not gonna lose my independence to a dog, okay? I just can’t. I’ve always gotten by with just my cane and it’s gonna stay that way.”

Harry sighs and closes his eyes. "Okay, okay," he murmurs. "I don't want to argue with you. Wanna have a nice morning."

Louis nods slightly and rubs his face. "Okay," he says softly. "Sorry. I didn't mean to get an attitude."

"It's okay," Harry smiles softly, kissing Louis's cheek gently. "What would you like for breakfast, love? We can go get food or I can cook. It's completely up to you."

"Can we have pancakes?" Louis whispers. "I really like pancakes. They're my favorite."

"Then pancakes it is," Harry smiles softly, kissing Louis's cheek. He climbs out of bed, stretching his arms up slightly. "Would you like to come downstairs with me or stay up here? I can bring breakfast upstairs if you'd like."

Louis hums quietly as he leans against the headboard of the bed. "That sounds great, but I know I'd make a mess of the bed," He murmurs, climbing out. "I'll go downstairs with you."

The boys make their way downstairs together, Louis sitting at the table while Harry began cooking. Louis's still a little nervous being in a new environment. He's not able to roam around comfortably, and sitting in one spot makes him a bit stir crazy.

"Can we go for a walk later?" Louis asks randomly, looking in the direction where he hears Harry humming. He blushes softly. "I just- I like to walk around. It relaxes me."

"Of course we can," Harry nods, smiling a bit. "I love walking, too. I don't have any plans today, so it's fine." He puts the pancakes on plates, carrying them to the table. "What toppings would you like, love?"

"Do you have blueberries?" Louis murmurs, feeling for his fork. "Or just syrup is fine. I don't mind either way, whatever is easier for you."

Harry goes to the fridge, rummaging around a bit. "I thought I had some blueberries, but I don't. Sorry, love." He carries the syrup back to the table. "I'll get some and keep them here for you though."

"No, no," Louis says quickly. "You don't have to do that, Harry. It's completely fine."

"Alright," Harry hums, kissing Louis's forehead as he sits down. He watches as Louis fumbles with his silverware, messily cutting up his pancakes. He stays quiet, not wanting to make Louis feel bad.

Louis knows he looks absolutely insane. He's not used to the distance between his mouth and Harry's table. The fork and knife feel heavy in his hands, and he's nervous about the fact that Harry uses glass plates. At home, Louis only uses plastic dishes. He can tell he's got syrup dripping down his chin. He keeps almost missing his mouth, but he doesn’t know how to stop it. He doesn't want to ask Harry for help eating, and he's too embarrassed to stop and clean his mouth. By the time they finish eating, Louis is a mess. He's got syrup on his hands and chin, and his cheeks are bright red.
"Here, love," Harry says quietly, placing a napkin in Louis's hand. "You got a little something on your chin."

Louis blushes even brighter, using the napkin to wipe his chin off as best he could. "I'm sorry," he whispers, closing his eyes. "I'm such a mess. It's so embarrassing."

"None of that," Harry murmurs, grabbing another napkin to help Louis clean his chin. "Let's go wash your hands and we'll go cuddle for a bit, yeah?" He helps Louis over to the sink to put their dishes away, then helps the boy wash his hands.

When Louis goes home later that evening, he immediately goes up to Lottie's room and knocks on the door. He knows that she's the only one home and he's dying to talk to her. He can still feel the mark Harry left on his chest throbbing.

"Louis, what's wrong?" Lottie frowns as she opens the door. Louis didn't realize how frantically he was knocking. "Are you okay? Are you hurt?"

"No, I just really wanted to talk to you," Louis murmurs, blushing softly. "Something kinda big happened with Harry and I need someone to talk to about it."

Lottie immediately pulls Louis into her room, the two of them sitting down on her bed. "Spill! What happened? Did you guys kiss again?" She gasps. "Did you two have sex?"

"What? No!" Louis whines, covering his face. "We didn't have sex, Lottie! Shut up!" He throws a pillow at her, sighing softly. "But we did kiss again. A lot." He carefully pulls down the collar of his shirt to show the mark. "And he did this to me."

"Holy shit," Lottie breathes. "It's so dark! Damn, how hard did he bite you?"

"I didn't think he bit me that hard at all!" Louis whines. "But I really liked it, Lottie. And it kinda freaked me out cause I didn't know what to do! I had never even been kissed before, and he like- he kissed me so hard and I loved it. I fucking loved it, but I stopped because I got scared," he admits quietly. He tells Lottie everything, so there was nothing to hold back. "I don't know how to do any of that stuff and I don't want to make a fool of myself."

"Hey, love, it's okay," Lottie murmurs, rubbing Louis's back. "It's okay to love that. I know you're scared, but Harry really cares about you. You can trust him to lead you. Let him take control, yeah? Let him lead you where you need to go. He's not gonna hurt you or push you too far. And if he does, I'll fucking kill him," she said sincerely, causing a small giggle from Louis. "Things are okay, I promise. Do you want to have sex with him, Louis?"

Louis's cheeks go bright red at that question, and he stutters through a response. "I mean-eventually, yeah, but not right now," he says softly. "I want to keep kissing him and doing what we did last night though."

Lottie chuckles quietly. "Well, what did you do last night then?"

"We kissed a bit, and then he got on top of me," Louis murmurs, closing his eyes as he remembered. "He was like, kissing my neck. And that's when he bit me. Then he just kissed me again, but it was harder than before. I didn't want to stop, but I didn't want to have sex. We were both hard, so we stopped and just cuddled instead."

"You need to just express to him what you want," Lottie says softly. "There's a bunch you can do besides sex, love. You don't have to stop every time you get turned on. Ask him what he can teach you and I'm sure he'll be happy to oblige, darling."
Louis nods and rests his head on Lottie's shoulder, sighing softly. "Thanks, Lott," he murmurs. "I don't know what I'd do without you honestly. But I do have another question for you."

"Ask me anything," Lottie nods, running her hands through Louis's hair.

"Can you help me pick out sex toys for practice?" Louis asks bluntly, a smirk on his face but completely serious.

"Oh my god, you fucking dork," Lottie laughs, pushing Louis down onto the bed. "I'll just text mum and let her know that I'm taking my little brother to a sex shop to buy a vibrator and some lube."

"I'm sure she'll adore that," Louis nods, giggling softly. "And Harry will appreciate it too."

"Yeah, wouldn't do too good for Harry if he was seen entering a sex store," Lottie chuckles. "As weird as it is, I'll take you and help you pick some stuff out. Just go, let me get ready." She shoo's Louis out of her room, laughing as she goes to get dressed.

Louis makes his way back to his room to put his bag on his bed. It's moments like this that he realizes how lucky he is to have Lottie in his life.

Chapter End Notes

Comment if you still read.
Chapter Notes

So. This chapter is v v short, and it's pretty much just all porn with no plot. I had more plans for this chapter and it's definitely not good enough for it being a two month wait. I did have a family emergency today. My grandpa had a mini stroke and we're pretty much dropping everything to take care of him. So while I wanted this chapter to be longer, I have no idea when I'm gonna be able to sit back down and work on this so i've just decided to post it. Sorry.

Louis’s blushing brightly the second the door closes behind them. He can’t even see what’s around him- but he knows. He knows the shelves around him are filled with fake dicks and handcuffs. It wouldn’t be too bad, except for the fact that his sister’s hand is in his as she leads him down the aisle.

“I’m assuming you want something small to start with, yeah?” Lottie asks, not fazed by the situation. “But not too small, otherwise it’ll be like you don’t have anything besides your fingers.” She grabs a toy off the shelf, placing it in Louis’s hands. “Feel that. Does that feel like a good size?”

“Well, yeah,” Louis nods, wrapping his hand around the toy. It felt the same size as his own cock. He yelps quietly when Lottie turns the knob and the toy starts vibrating. “Holy- Lottie, this is intense!”

“Yeah, but you don’t have to use that right away!” Lottie laughs, shaking her head. “I think this one is good for you. I think Harry will love showing you how to use it, too. Now we just need to get you some lube.”

Louis sighs softly as she pulls him through the store, making him feel other toys as well. He was beginning to regret asking her to bring him here. “Can we leave now?”

“Alright, alright,” Lottie murmurs, finally taking Louis to the register. She can tell that Louis’s beginning to get a bit uncomfortable.

The two ride home in silence, Louis’s leg bouncing quickly as he held the bag in his lap. He was nervous about showing Harry, but he knew the boy would understand.

“When are you seeing Harry again, hmm?” Lottie asks, helping Louis inside.

“I think he’s coming over tomorrow,” Louis shrugs, setting the solid black bag on his bed. “He has something in the morning and he’s gonna come over after that.”

“You’re in luck,” she grins. “Everybody will be gone tomorrow. Me and mum are taking all the girls for a spa day. We won’t be home till around dinner time.”

Louis blushes brightly. “What, do you think me and him are gonna do something?”

“I think you might, yeah,” Lottie shrugs.
That night, Louis lays on his bed, facing the wall. He’s trying not to overthink everything that might happen. There may not even be anything to worry about. Harry probably wouldn’t care about the fact that Louis didn’t want to have sex yet. Louis pushes all thoughts from his mind, turning onto his stomach to force himself to relax. He hated overthinking everything. He falls asleep like that, snoring quietly. He didn’t wake up until around ten the next morning, smelling eggs and bacon. He hears someone in the hallway, furrowing his eyebrows a bit when the person walks into his room.

“Oh, you’re up,” Harry smiles softly, carefully setting a plate in Louis’s lap. “Lottie and your mum were leaving when I got here, so they let me in. They told me you were sleeping, so I made breakfast.”

“You... You're amazing,” Louis murmurs, blushing softly as he began eating. “And this is delicious. I don’t know what I did to deserve you, harry.”

Harry laughs quietly. “You’re you,” he shrugs. “That’s all it takes. I’m glad you like it.” He moves the blanket aside, causing the bag to fall off the bed.

Louis panics as soon as he hears the bag rustle, the contents falling onto the floor. Harry lets out a surprised gasp, his cheeks turning red. Louis’s flushed down to his chest by this point.

“Oh,” Harry says simply, biting his lip.

“Sorry,” Louis squeaks out, covering his face. “I-I forgot to put that away last night. I talked to Lottie, and she helped me pick that out and- I’m sorry.”

“Hey, don’t be sorry, love,” Harry murmurs, stroking Louis’s cheek gently. “It’s perfectly normal to use toys, yeah? It’s alright.”

Louis exhales shakily. “I told my sister everything,” he says softly. “I told her how much I liked kissing you and I liked when you bit my neck. And she was saying there were things we could do besides sex? But she said I needed to ask you and you could lead me.”

Harry nods before speaking up. “I definitely can, darling. If that’s what you’d like. There’s a lot we can do besides sex. We can start with just kissing, yeah? Do you wanna go back to my place.”

“No, we’ve got the house to ourselves,” Louis murmurs. “Lottie said they wouldn’t be home until dinner.”

“I’m gonna take your shirt off okay?” Harry whispers, carefully pulling Louis’s shirt over his head. “And I need you to promise to stop me if you feel uncomfortable at all.”

“I will,” Louis promises, eyes fluttering shut when he felt Harry’s hands on his chest. “Are you gonna take yours off, too?”

“Yeah, darling,” Harry nods, tossing his shirt to the side. “I’m gonna take my jeans off too, okay? They might not feel good against your skin. So that’ll leave me in my boxers. That okay?”

“That’s fine,” Louis breathes, voice cracking. “Should I take my pants off too?”

Harry hums quietly. “We’ll keep yours on since they’re sweats. We’ll work up to that, yeah?”

The mood shifts then. Harry presses his lips against Louis’s neck, kissing gently down the tan skin. He bites at the mark that’s already there, pulling a small moan from Louis’s mouth. Louis tangles his hand in Harry’s hair and tugs a bit. He can already feel his cock hardening in his sweats. Harry
moves to another spot on Louis’s neck, nibbling on the soft spot behind Louis’s ear. As soon as Harry digs his teeth in, Louis moans louder than he had before.

“Sorry,” he blushes, panting softly. “Fuck, that felt really really good, Harry. Can you do that again?”

“Of course, darling.” Harry smirks, biting down on the same spot again. The dark was turning dark purple, but he knew Louis wouldn’t care. “Gonna try something new now, okay darling? It should feel good, but stop me if it’s too much.”

Harry waits until Louis nods before he moves. He slots his thigh between Louis’s carefully, pressing up against his cock. He begins grinding their hips together gently, smirking at the loud moans that leave Louis’s lips. As soon as Louis begins moving his hips with Harry’s, Harry grunts.

“Yes, Harry, oh my- fuck!” Louis moans, arching his back up. “Feels so good!”

“I know, baby boy,” Harry pants softly, mouthing at Louis’s neck as he moves his hips faster.

Louis doesn’t last long, and Harry’s not surprised by it. Louis comes with a loud cry, hips stuttering under Harry’s as he makes a mess in his sweatpants. He slumps down against the bed, panting quietly. Harry moves his hips to Louis’s thigh instead, not wanting to overstimulate the boy just yet. He comes a few minutes later with a small grunt, tilting himself to the side so he falls next to Louis instead of on him.

“How was that, darling?” Harry whispers after a few minutes, stroking Louis’s cheek gently.

Louis leans into Harry’s touch, not bothering to open his eyes. “Fucking perfect,” he says honestly. “Thank you, harry. That was amazing.”

Harry smiles softly and kisses Louis’s nose. “You’re welcome, my baby. I’m glad you liked it.”

“But now I need a shower,” Louis laughs, carefully sitting up. Harry’s still amazed at how Louis can maneuver himself around the house with no help, but he shakes the thought away as he waits for his boy to come back.
Harry cleans himself up while Louis’s in the shower, borrowing a pair of sweats. He knows Louis wouldn’t mind. He lays back down on the bed while he waits. He glances around the room and takes note of how simple everything is. He likes it.

When Louis gets out of the shower, he’s blushing softly. He looks soft and comfy, a clean pair of sweats hanging low on his hips. Harry can’t help but stare, but Louis can’t tell. Louis goes straight to his bed and lays down, smiling in Harry’s general direction.

“Hi, cutie,” Harry smiles softly, stroking Louis’s cheek. “You look very happy, my love.”

“I am very happy,” Louis nods. “You make me very happy.” He looks down, blushing softly. “That was my first time doing something like that with someone else. It was good. Really good.”

“It was good for me, too,” Harry nods. “Thank you for allowing me to do this with you. I’m glad I could be your first.”

Louis smiles a bit, but Harry can tell that Louis’s holding something back. One thing he’s always been good at is reading body language- and Louis’s definitely acting off. He’s fidgeting, and he’s keeping his eyes closed.

“Hey, is something wrong?” Harry whispers, gently cupping Louis’s cheek. “You seem upset.”

“I’m just… I’m embarrassed,” Louis admits quietly. “I finished so quickly. It just seems so juvenile, y’know? Finishing within a few minutes.”

“I finished just a few minutes after you,” Harry chuckles softly. “Grinding like that is different than sex, love. It’s direct pressure on your dick. You’re gonna come faster that way. It’s perfectly okay.”

“I don’t know when I’ll be ready for sex,” Louis murmurs. “I want to try new things. But I just… I’m not ready to go all the way yet.”

Harry pulls Louis close, rubbing his back gently. “I don’t want you to feel pressured, darling. We can go at your pace- no matter what. I’m never going to force you into doing anything. We can take our time. Whenever you wanna try something new, we can.”
The boys spend the next hour making a list of things Louis wants to try. Louis’s hot and bothered by the time they finish, and it makes Harry chuckle. They cuddle until Louis’s hard-on goes away, staying put until Louis’s stomach starts growling.

“I guess it’s time to go eat something, huh?” Louis giggles quietly, carefully sitting up. They make their way downstairs, but Louis pauses at the entrance to the kitchen.

“Lou?” Harry murmurs, rubbing Louis’s back. “You with me? Everything okay?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Louis blushes softly. “It’s just- I’m not that good in the kitchen. I can’t tell the boxes apart in the pantry because none of them have braille. There’s a few things I can tell by the shape, but not much,” he mumbles, trying not to feel too embarrassed. “Lottie or my mum usually prepare something for me to just put together when I’m going to be alone during mealtime. I don’t know if they did today.”

“I can help you, my love,” Harry smiles softly. “What would you like for lunch? I can figure something out.”

Louis sits on the counter as Harry begins cooking, listening to the boy moving around in the kitchen. “Harry? Can I ask some questions?” he murmurs. “Like, personal questions?”

“Yes, love, of course,” Harry nods, glancing up at Louis. “I’ll let you know if I feel uncomfortable about anything, but I’m pretty open with the ones I care about.”

“You’ve had sex before, right?” Louis asks, blushing brightly. “I mean, I’m just assuming-”

“Yes, I’ve had sex,” Harry laughs softly, stopping Louis’s rambling. “I am a bit older than you, darling. I have some experience.”

Louis nods a little, chewing on his bottom lip. “Have you had, like- exciting sex?” he whispers. “I mean like, not just normal sex.”

“Are you talking about kinky stuff, love?” Harry murmured, finishing up the seasoning on the chicken. “Yeah, I’ve got experience with that as well.”

“Have you ever had sex on the kitchen counter?” Louis blurts out, squeezing his eyes shut even though he couldn’t see Harry’s reaction. He hears the oven door open and close, and then he can feel Harry moving in closer.

“You mean like this, darling?” Harry breathes, settling himself between Louis’s legs. He grips the boy’s hips gently, pulling them a little closer. “You’re very curious, aren’t you my love?”

Louis gasps a bit as their hips meet. The position sends shivers down Louis’s spine, and he’s not quite sure how to react to it. “Just wanna know what options are there,” he whispers, hips twitching forward slightly. “This one seems nice.”

Harry chuckles, leaning forward to kiss at Louis’s neck. “It is nice,” he murmurs. “It’s intense. It’s hot as fuck, and it’s fun for morning quickies before breakfast.” He starts grinding his hips forward, knowing that Louis would stop him if it was too much. “The angle is incredible,” he murmurs, pushing Louis’s legs apart a little more. “Great position to be in control. Cause you’d be kind of powerless, yeah? Backed up against the cabinet. You can’t go anywhere.”

“Yeah?” Louis breathes, tilting his head back as Harry begins kissing his neck. “It feels really nice, Harry. Really fucking nice.” He gasps after a few minutes, sitting up to pull away. “Sorry, sorry.”
“Don’t apologize, baby,” Harry pants, smiling softly as he steps back. “A bit too intense, hmm?”

Louis nods, rubbing his face as he slides off the counter. “But honestly… Shit, I really wanted you to fuck me,” he admits. “Talking to me like that? It definitely made me feel… good.”

“We can explore that side of things a bit more if you’d like,” Harry says gently, kissing Louis’s nose. “Go splash your face a bit and wait for me in the dining room, love. I’ll be in shortly.”

Louis hurries to the bathroom and shuts the door behind him, exhaling shakily. He splashes some cold water on his face as he tries to calm down. “Fuck,” he breathes. “Get yourself together, Tomlinson.”

Over the next couple weeks, Louis spends as much time alone with Harry as he can. He slowly builds up more confidence, initiating more and more. He’s still a bit clumsy with it, but Harry finds it adorable. Sometimes when Louis tries to kiss him spontaneously, he misses and kisses Harry’s nose or chin instead. It always ends in giggles.

“So, I’ve been meaning to ask you about something, my love,” Harry murmurs, stroking Louis’s cheek gently as they lay in Harry’s bed. “Feel free to tell me to piss off.”

“What is it?” Louis asks quietly, resting his hand on top of Harry’s.

“I was curious about the sex toy that you bought,” Harry says, smirking a little at the way Louis’s cheeks heat up. “Have you thought about it at all?”

“I have, yeah, I just-” Louis exhales shakily. “I’m definitely too scared to use it on my own, but I’ve thought about it. I’ve pulled it out of my drawer a few times.”

“Whenever you’re ready, my love, I’ll show you how to use it,” Harry promises, kissing Louis’s nose. “I’d be happy to help- if that’s what you want, of course.”

“I do want that,” Louis nods. “It’s just a bit scary, y’know? I mean- I got one that’s close to the same size of m-me, and it just feels like it won’t fit inside me.”

“It’ll fit, my love, don’t worry,” Harry giggles quietly. “I’ll show you how to take care of that, my darling.”

“I’ll bring it next time I come over, okay?” Louis smiles a little, poking Harry’s cheek. “And then we can have some fun. But for now, I’ve gotta get home for dinner or my mum is going to send a search team out for me,” he teases, kissing Harry gently. “Lottie’s gonna be here at five to pick me up. How much time do we have?”

“Like ten minutes,” Harry pouts, rubbing Louis’s sides. “I guess we should get you downstairs then. Lottie is usually very punctual.”

Louis leaves Harry’s place a few minutes later, with lots of kisses and promises to call. He spends dinner with his family, a small smile on his face the whole night.

Louis has a doctor’s appointment the next day, but when noon rolls around, Louis finds himself home alone. He sighs softly as he dials harry’s number.

“Hi, my love,” Harry hums, some shuffling noise in the background. “What’s up?”

“Harry, I have a favor to ask,” Louis murmurs, sitting down on his bed as he held his phone close. “Are you free today?”
“Of course, love, what do you need?” Harry hums, a little breathless from his workout. “Is everything alright?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Louis says softly. “I was just wondering if you could take me to my doctor’s appointment in a few hours. Mum got called into work and Lottie has class. I don’t want her to have to miss again because of me.”

“Yeah, love, of course,” Harry says, smile evident in his voice. “What time do I need to pick you up?”

“My appointment is at three, so maybe around two?” Louis hums, flopping back onto the bed. “Is that okay?”

“Let me shower and I’ll head over there now,” Harry murmurs.

Harry arrives around one, laying in bed with Louis until it was time to leave. Harry drives them there with no issue, helping Louis get inside the building.

“So what is this appointment for, love?” Harry murmurs, helping louis onto the chair. “Is everything okay?”

“Just a checkup for my eyes,” Louis shrugs, nervously picking at his nails. “Just to make sure everything looks okay. I have to come every so often.”

The doctor comes in shortly after they arrive, and Louis answers the questions like muscle memory. He knows everything that’s going to happen. He’s had this same appointment several times, and it bores him every time. But this time is different.

“Now, Louis, I know reconstruction surgery was a topic at one point,” the doctor says softly. “And I think that you’d be a perfect candidate. It would be very quick and recovery time would be about two weeks. Is that something you’re still interested in?”

“Well, yes, but I’m not sure that’s an option for me financially,” Louis murmurs, blushing a little. “I’ll have to ask my mum.”

“We have programs, and-”

Harry cuts the doctor off. “I can pay for it,” he offers, excitement in his voice. “Lou, I know how much you want this.”

“Absolutely not,” Louis says a bit sharply. “I’m not letting you pay for my problem.”

“I’ll send you home with some brochures,” the doctor suggests. “Just think about it, okay? This could be monumental for you, Louis. You’re still so young. This could restore your vision fully.”

Louis reluctantly takes the brochures, staying quiet the whole way home. He goes straight up to this room, ignoring everybody.

Jay comes out of the kitchen, furrowing her eyebrows slightly. “Harry, what’s wrong?” she murmurs. “Is Louis okay?”

“Yeah, we just left the doctor,” Harry says softly, following Jay back into the kitchen as she puts the kettle on. “He mentioned reconstructive surgery, and I offered to pay because Louis said it wasn’t an option.”
Jay tutts quietly, shaking her head. “Louis doesn’t do well with handouts,” she says quietly, handing Harry his tea once it was done.

“I just… I can tell he wants this so badly,” Harry whispers, sitting at the table with Jay. “I could see it on his face when the doctor was talking about it.”

“He’s always wanted this,” Jay nods, voice soft. “The doctor wanted to wait until he was mature enough to handle the recovery. I’d love to do this for him, but he knows we just can’t afford it right now. I would want to be here for him, but I’d have to take extra shifts to pay for it. Our insurance will only cover a small portion.”

“Let me pay for it, please,” Harry breathes, resting his hand on Jay’s. “I want to. I know how much this means to Louis, and I know you want this for him. I’d love to help you guys out.”

“I can see why he’d be a little hesitant,” Jay murmurs. “He knows I can’t afford it, so I don’t know how we’d get it paid for without him knowing.”

“Let me worry about that,” Harry promises. “As long as I have your blessing to pay?”

Jay smiles softly, squeezing Harry’s hand. “Of course, Harry. Anything to make my boy happy. Thank you.”

Harry makes his way upstairs after talking to Jay, knocking on Louis’s door gently. “Babe? Can I come in?”

“Yeah,” Louis calls out. He’s lying in bed, fingers brushing over the small bumps on the brochure. “Can’t hurt to research, right?” he mumbles.

“You’re reading over the surgery information?” Harry asks quietly, sitting on the edge of the bed.

“Yeah, but it’s pointless,” Louis sighs, setting it down as he sits up. “Can’t afford it unless I get a job and save up forever. But nobody will hire the epileptic blind kid,” he scoffs.

“Hey, don’t talk about yourself like that,” Harry whispers. “Don’t you want this?”

“Of course I do,” Louis breathes. “I haven’t seen the twins since they were born. We were on our way home from the hospital when the accident happened. I haven’t seen my mum’s smile in years. I’ve never even seen your face, Harry. I don’t even know what you look like.”

“But you could,” Harry whispers, chewing on his bottom lip. “Baby, please. I know how much this means to you. I know how bad you want it. Please let me help.”

“I don’t want to seem like a sugar baby, Harry,” Louis frowns. “I don’t want people to think I’m only with you for the money.”

“It doesn’t matter what other people think,” Harry frowns. “I know the truth.” He thinks for a few minutes, rubbing Louis’s thigh. “Why don’t you start a Go Fund Me?” he asks a few minutes later. “Explain the situation and see if you can raise the money, And if you raise extra, it can go towards your medical bills.”

“That’s… not a terrible idea,” Louis mumbles. “But you’d have to set it up. Not like I can type anything.”

“Of course, baby,” Harry nods quickly, grabbing his phone. He downloads the app and makes Louis an account, setting up the fundraiser. “Okay, darling, what would you like it to say?”
Louis rubs his face, trying to decide. He didn’t want to seem needy, but he really wanted this. He
finally settles on a description, talking as Harry types.

“My name is Louis Tomlinson and I’m 16 years old. When I was 9, I was in a car accident. My
head bounced off the window, causing broken glass to make its way into my eyes and destroy my
corneas. The impact also caused brain damage, causing epilepsy. I’ve spent half my life visiting
hundreds of doctors and specialists trying to figure out a way to fix me. Unfortunately, there’s no
way to recover from epilepsy, but I’m finally eligible for reconstructive surgery. I want this so
badly.My mum is a single mum who does her best, but I’ve already racked up thousands in medical
bills due to complications since the wreck. I have four sisters, two of which I’ve not seen since they
were newborns. I want to be able to see my sisters’ faces. But most importantly, I want to see my
mum’s face again. I want to see her smile and her eyes.

This goal is just an estimated price for the surgery. If any extra money is donated, it will go
towards my previous medical bills to try to get those paid off as well. Anything helps.

Thank you.

“I’ll send this to Lottie and have her post it on Twitter,” Harry murmurs, kissing Louis’s cheek
gently. “She’s got a good following. This is gonna work, darling. I have a really good feeling about
this.”

“If you say so,” Louis sighs, tucking himself into Harry’s side.

Harry definitely says so. In fact, Harry knows so. He keeps his mouth shut though, just holding
Louis close as the boy finally falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes

also i should note: I know nothing about reconstructive vision surgery so all of the
stuff I’m gonna write is probably false (:  

End Notes

like i said, this is so shitty. i’m sorry. but if you wanna see this story continue let me
know?? i’m gonna try to update as much as i can but no promises

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