Lungs Filled With Sadness and Smoke
by highqualityziam

Summary

Zayn is sad and alone and Liam notices.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

The smoke filled Zayn's lungs and the tears pooled in his eyes. He didn't know what to do. He didn't even know why he was crying; yeah he felt like shit for being gay, and being kicked out of his own home didn't quite help his case- but he still didn't get it. The blinding lights flashed off and on as the music echoed in his ears. Sweaty bodies swarmed around Zayn but he just stayed still. His eyes were closed and his body was burning more than the end of his cigarette.

Zayn was miserable. He was so fucking sad that he didn't really want to do any of this anymore. He wasn't scared of death, he wasn't worried about leaving anyone behind- he didn't have anyone. Maybe Zayn just didn't want to leave himself behind. Yet there's moments like these where he realizes that he isn't much; so he still wouldn't be leaving anything substantial behind. He knows it's all dramatic and a bit depressing but that's how he feels.

He can't remember coming to the club, he was just suddenly there, full of three drinks, and now he's standing and crying in the middle of the floor. So he opens his eyes because maybe he should get the fuck out of there, but when he leaves he has to face how he feels. If he stays here he can focus on the color green and how it bounces off his eyes to the awful beat. He can stop worrying about taking care of himself because no one here is asking him to eat or bathe. It's a nice little vacation for him even though his head feels like splitting in two because of the screams and the boom of the speakers.

Zayn feels like his eyelids are holding bricks and that his legs have lost their bones, but he thinks he's okay. Someone taps his shoulder and it's so hard to turn his head at this point, so he just stands there. The sadness is weighing him down and he can't even act like he's okay anymore.

His eyes come into focus though, because the music had paused for just a second before it blasted worse than before, and he hates it. He hates that he can see dark brown eyes filled with worry right in front of him. He doesn't know the eyes, and he doesn't want to, he doesn't want to mess up this boy's life too.

Soon he feels a warm breath on his ear and Brown Eyes must be talking to him, so he tries to listen. Unfortunately, by the time he opens his hearing to the world, the boy is already waiting for a response. Zayn just stares back at him with his eyebrows furrowed, hoping the boy will either leave him to his thoughts or repeat himself.

Brown Eyes must have chosen the latter because he is closer to Zayn again,
"You okay, mate?"

Zayn was so fucking tired of lying and deceiving everyone, and he knows that he probably won't see this boy after tonight, so he shakes his head and feels a few more tears slide down his cheeks.

Brown Eyes seems to study Zayn's face,
"L-Let's get you some fresh air," He yells over the music but Zayn still had to strain his ears to hear him.

Zayn shakes his head sadly, and motions for Liam to come closer to hear him.
"I-" His voice is weak and he feels like he's being choked, "I don't think I can walk."

Zayn honestly didn't think he could move. He knew this was a breakdown, he wasn't an idiot, but he felt like every piece of his life clung to him and pulled him down to rock bottom, and he went.
Yet, Brown Eyes must have taken what Zayn said a little too far, because in seconds he swooped Zayn into his arms so that Zayn's legs were around his waist and his arms were draped over the boy's shoulders. He honestly hoped this boy would take him into the alley and shoot his brains out, but he was extra concerned with his own mental health at the fact that he wasn't even fighting him off as he felt the boy walking through the crowd.

"What're you doing?" Zayn murmured into the boy's neck and weakly swatted at the boy's back, but it wasn't doing any good.

Zayn was crying even harder now, and the strong arms around him made him feel even more weak as small as he was in his arms.

Zayn suddenly felt the cold breeze of the wind as everything he was sad about became prominent. His ears were empty except the light steps of the boy holding him, and he felt a cold wall against his back as he was set down. His legs felt wobbly and when his feet hit the ground, he hated how real it felt. Brown Eyes was looking at him again, and Zayn saw how beautiful and concerned he looked. The boy's lips were bright pink and the shadows on his face contrasted with the stubble along his jaw.

"Are you okay?"

Zayn exhaled heavily,
"Where's my cigarette?"

The boy seemed stunned at the response, and he seemed to have to rethink his response,
"I- Uh- put it out."

Zayn frowned,
"That was my last one."

The boy in front of him seemed to feel sorry and then he was patting at his pockets and pulling out a pack and lighter,
"I've got some." He handed Zayn a cigarette and he immediately put in between his lips. Brown Eyes lit it for him and then waited to see if Zayn would say anything else.

Zayn just took a few drags and looked to the ground,
"S'nice of you."

The boy chuckled and shrugged,
"It was just a cigarette, mate."

Zayn shook his head, realizing that it was still pounding.
"No it's not that. Just thanks for caring, I guess," His words sounded like a question but the boy nodded.

The boy looked around and rubbed his arms to fight the cold breeze,
"Would you like me to drive you home? It's late and it's fucking freezing outside."

Zayn bit his lip, well aware that he had to tell the truth to this guy,
"I c-can't go home," His voice was cracking with every syllable from all the sobbing he's done,
"I got kicked out a few days ago, I've been in the club all day I think."

The boy nodded down at him, but he obviously felt awful, and it made Zayn feel guilty, but he waited.

"I'm Liam Payne," He outstretched his hand and Zayn smiled- it didn't reach his eyes but at least he
wasn't crying. He shook his hand and sighed before answering him.

"I'm Zayn Malik, but why-" Zayn took another drag of his cigarette and rubbed at his forehead, "Why am I out here?"

Liam bit his lip and stuttered on for a moment, but he must have gathered himself because his smooth voice was being used again, "You weren't moving at all and you were crying and you just looked small and I just had to get you out of there. I'm so sorry, I can leave you alone if you want, I'm just worried."

Zayn felt oddly... cared for. He wasn't used to that feeling and it was nice. He felt a bit pathetic but maybe he needed that. "You d-don't have to leave. Thank you."

Liam's mouth turned into a small smile and Zayn focused on the pure kindness in his eyes, "Do you want food?"

Zayn chuckled and narrowed his eyes as he inhaled from his cigarette, "What?"

Liam smiled, "Are you hungry, thirsty, anything?"

Zayn shrugged, "Not particularly, thirsty I guess."

Liam nodded, "Can we go somewhere for that then?"

Zayn looked at him skeptically, "Are you a fucking axe murderer or something?" He held his cigarette at his hip and narrowed his eyes, "Luring your victims in with your charm?"

Liam laughed loudly and Zayn loved how it filled his ears for a moment, "so you think I'm charming then?"

Zayn scoffed, but he blushed, "I didn't necessarily say that. You didn't deny the whole axe murderer thing, you know that right?" He put his cigarette out nonetheless, standing from his leaning position on the wall.

Liam sighed dramatically, "I swear I'm not an axe murderer."

Zayn nodded and it hit him how hard his head was pounding, "So, Drinks?"
The punch hit him like the lightning stabs the ground. Zayn swayed and gripped the wall to escape the hardness of the wood floor and his father's raging eyes. He still couldn't dodge the truth of his collar being yanked and his body shoved to against his bed frame, the sharp corner scraping his cheek.

His brain wanted him to remember this. So did his father because the booming screams of every derogatory gay slur echoed into Zayn's ears and left him sobbing. He clutched relentlessly into his comforter with every sharp slap to his face, as if the screaming and pointing wasn't enough to keep his attention.

Zayn came back to the house to ask for forgiveness. He left Liam's because he felt like a burden after sleeping on the couch one night. He couldn't bother anybody anymore, he's tired of being so dependent. So he had been in clubs and dosing off in libraries and parks, using his spare change to get water and snacks. As hard as it was being kicked out, he didn't go back because he wanted somewhere to stay.

Zayn was trying to fix things. He shouldn't have had to beg to be excepted for his sexuality, but he tried. Zayn didn't want the built up tension from never seeing his Dad. They had already lost too many people in their family, and Zayn thought he was at least valued for the number that represented him when counted for reunions that seemed to matter less and less.

However; the sharp pain inflicted by the man he was supposed to trust most, didn't make him feel valued. Zayn shook in fear, sadness and anger; desperately trying to ask his father to stop, but the words wouldn't come out.

The last slap was like the jump caused by the sound of thunder. He took a deep breath as his ears rang with orders to get out of the house as his Dad disappeared into his own bedroom to slam the door.

Zayn was shaking when he mustered the courage to stand, his knees knocking with every movement closer to aligning his joints. His hair fell against his forehead, a few strands now sticking to his sweaty, olive skin. He took a few shaky breaths and proceeded to stumble his way out of his room and down the staircase, a painstakingly slow and unsteady pace moving him.

The air blowing through his flannel reminds Zayn that he has nowhere to go. He could go back to the gay club, but then he would be setting himself up to bottle his feelings. Crying and then taking guilty shots of vodka aren't going to solve his sexuality crisis; no matter how beautifully that shit burns his throat.

His last visit did bring him temporary joy. Zayn of course fucked that up as well. Liam was so damn nice. He had a perfect build and look and a heart filled with murals and sculptures and he was beautiful. Zayn knew him for a day, and he liked him so much that he ran. He was used to running, he was good at dodging his problems. So the only reason Zayn is calling Liam's number, is out of pure desperation from the harsh rediscovery that he has no one else to call.

The voice is low and raspy and Zayn could shoot himself at how he just ruined someone's sleep, "Hello?"
Zayn took a shuddery breath, "Uh- hi."

They hadn't talked on the phone yet, so Zayn knew that he should say who he is but he doesn't think he can form sentences correctly.

Thankfully, he hears a voice respond on the other end, "Zayn?"

Zayn didn't realize that he was crying until his voice echoed like broken glass, "Yeah."

The response was immediate, "Text me the address, I'll be there as soon as I can."

Zayn heard the other end go silent and now he had to blink properly to gain enough sight to type. He sent the crossroads of where he'd be, the guilt twisting in his stomach. Zayn didn't know what the fuck he was doing. He locked his phone and started to let his feet guide him down the road and to the small parking lot about which he told Liam; he didn't want him to know where he was living, his Dad was going mental.

Zayn looked around the streets, suddenly realizing that he's been in this neighborhood for so long and he's never actually noticed how sad it all is. Everything's worn down and almost as tired as he feels. The sky is even adjusting to the look of it all, the clouds coming together and starting to cry out of desperation, suddenly raining on Zayn's figure.

It seems like an eternity before he sees headlights slow before him, the streets were so empty and now they feel like they're flooding with raindrops and Liam's presence.

Zayn just folds in on himself, shaking from the cold and the sadness of always fucking being like this.

Liam gets out of the car, and he's got a hoodie on, but now he's got to be freezing. So Liam jogs around the car and up to Zayn. His arms closed around Zayn in a flash, his lips by Zayn's ear, "Let's get you out of the rain, yeah?"

Zayn nods once as Liam opens the car door. Zayn keeps his eyes on the ground, walking to get into the car.

Zayn keeps his legs dangling over the edge of his seat, facing the boy standing in the rain. "You're gonna be soaked, mate. Get in your damn car."

Liam smiled and shook his head before worry filled him, the car lights illuminating his scars. "You're fucking bleeding Zayn, oh shit. I- Are you okay?"

Zayn shrugged and was more concerned that this boy was going to catch a cold. He gripped Liam's hoodie and yanked him closer so that the top of the car protected him from the rain. "If you're not gonna get in the car, at least get out of the rain a little, for fucks sake." Zayn chuckled and Liam nodded and took a deep breath. Zayn bit his lip because- okay, he hadn't been this close to Liam before and his face is kind of right there. "Sorry."

Liam shook his head and ran his thumb along Zayn's lip, and the boy jumped from the contact instead of the pain and it was a lot to feel. "Shit- now I'm sorry."
Zayn smiled and let himself look into Liam's eyes for a moment, because he kind of needed to. Maybe that was a mistake because he got something like chills, but it was okay. Except it wasn't, because Liam kissed him on his non-bloody cheek and it was far too beautiful to be anything but dangerous.

Then Liam's lips were gone like the traffic late at night and Zayn's heart was screaming piercing sounds from the well in his stomach.

Zayn felt the air go boring and far too empty again, until Liam slid into the seat next to him. "Where to, love?"

Zayn bit his lip despite the blood and shrugged, "Your choice; I've got nowhere."

Liam shook his head and switched gears and started to drive, "You've got somewhere now."

Chapter End Notes

hi, idk how long this fic will end up being. it might have just one more chapter or it might be long haha. we'll see how it goes! I hope you guys like this, please leave kudos and comments!

my tumblr is actualzjm
Zayn can smell the tires rubbing against the wet gravel. As Liam drives, Zayn watches people stumble in and out of homes and bars. Maybe this time of night is for the people who feel lost under the pressure of the sun. Zayn feels so lost, even when he knows that Liam will take him where he needs to be. It's all too much: these constant thoughts about being alone and scared; Feeling like he'll end up an old, lonely man who smokes a pipe and never washes what's left of his hair. The idea is fine, but in Zayn's mind; The man is sad and has lost that small sense of freedom his youth previously provided.

They're driving for a while before it sets in; the panic. Zayn's trying to breathe, trying to ignore the air closing in on him. He tries to ignore the loud traffic, but as soon as they transition from the back roads to the main street, a loud car whips by and Zayn's body jolts. All he could see in the car was his Father's punches. Zayn's breathing kind of stops and he doesn't know what to do. "Zayn."

Zayn's chest was pounding as much as his ears and his eyes were glued open, his nails digging, stabbing, and trying to rip through his jeans. "The c-car..." His voice was raw and high and barely above a whisper. He couldn't remember if he was talking about the one that drove by or the one in which he sat, but he knew that he needed air. "Pull over- I need you to."

Zayn's ears were trying to focus on the reassuring tone of Liam's voice as he responded, but he didn't even know what he had said. His face hurt a whole fucking lot, and he knew he was still bleeding in a few places; even if it had slowed a bit. When the car stops, Zayn's hand flies to the door handle. His hand won't fucking listen to his brain and the door won't open at first and Liam must have unlocked it after the realization that it was keeping the boy in.

When Zayn exits the car, he lets the ground hold him. The rocks are digging into his knees harder than his nails had been, and it's a nice reminder that he must be breathing. He thinks the world is spinning, but now he knows it's just in his head, because Liam is walking up beside him just fine, so the ground isn't going to split. Except, Zayn's brain might split if he continues to hate himself this much.

None of his problems should be a big deal. He can't help that he's gay, he can't help that his Dad is a physically, verbally, and emotionally abusive homophobic widow. He can't even help his attraction to Liam. Yet, they're all a big fucking deal. They're a big deal because gay should be accepted, but it's not. His Dad is an asshole, but there has to be a reason for which he can't help, right? As far as Liam goes, he just feels like an idiot for ever letting himself have a crush on him; aside from the fact that his thoughts are just a constant reminder of being gay.

Zayn's head is back and his eyes are sealed shut because why does this have to be this way, why can't it all work out, just for once?

He lets himself watch the stars stare down at him, and he briefly wonders what they think about all this. Then he realizes that they're probably staring at Liam, because everyone should. Zayn hopes they're helping him with his problems. Yet Zayn knows for sure that he must be Liam's most taxing problem, though, so what's the difference?
The wind tears through him like his Father's sneakers felt against his ribs. the and he's thankful when Liam sits closely beside him with his arm draped over his shoulder.

Zayn misses the simpler times: when he could just get high and forget about the world. When he could paint and create beauty without feeling the need to destroy it. When he could pretend that he liked girls, because lying to himself felt better in the moment than harming himself. He knows it's better for him now- to accept what he considered a flaw. Yet, bleeding from his knees as an effect of sobbing on the gravel doesn't feel better than faking smiles and sadly holding hands with girls. It hurts.

His heart starts to calm for a minute and he wants to let himself think that everything's okay- even when he knows it isn't. Liam's holding him now, wrapping him in his arms and telling him that it's okay. It isn't okay, though. Liam won't understand, but Zayn takes a breath for him anyway.

He hates how safe he feels in the boy's embrace. He feels crushed and cared for at once and it's not good. It's not good to go down that path. He can't let himself enjoy the warmth. He's not meant to be cared for. Zayn shouldn't get a taste of feeling okay, because it all goes away in the end, doesn't it?

Zayn would much rather want someone or something he could never have; someone that belongs to something or someone else. A writer that belongs to their pen, or a flower that belongs to the nose of a child. He shouldn't want a beautiful boy that is also gay and warm and thoughtful... It just shouldn't be that way.

The tears hit Zayn's cheeks harder than the punches did and it's like he's crying from his soul and from his arms that are suddenly hugging Liam back. He's freezing from the inside out- the wind isn't doing anything to affect his warmth. His heart has learned to stay cold- that way it's easier when it breaks.

It's still raining and Zayn feels like all of it is from his eyes and he hates that Liam's getting hit with it too. He doesn't realize he's shivering until Liam's voice is in his ear telling him so.

The panic subsides a little and now he can hear the rain as it bounces off the car and Liam's shoulders.

"Zayn- you're freezing. come with me to the car."

Zayn's sobbing into his neck and Liam sighs but holds the bottoms of Zayn's thighs and miraculously pulls them up until he's standing. Zayn swears that he hears Liam sniffle against his shoulder and it's beautifully sad.

Zayn doesn't understand what Liam's doing until the boy's hand is holding his head close to his chest and he's sliding into the passenger seat with Zayn still in his arms. He closes the door and Zayn sighs shakily at the piercing silence.

"I'm just gonna hold you for a while, okay?"

Zayn nods and mutters, "Thank you," and that's all for a while.

Every one of Zayn's senses are heightened when his world is crumbling onto, around, and underneath him. The ground seems to stop spinning and Zayn can breathe a little better.

Despite the small bit of air inside of his lungs, Zayn can't help but remain at his original level of sadness. All that Zayn remembers about this day is getting reminded with screams and punches that he's flawed; that he's disgusting. Zayn was told that he's shit and a worthless fag, and it hurt. It hurt
because Zayn was so worried that it was true. He didn't want to remember the slaps, the punches, and the hard kicks to his ribs. He didn't want to remember the coldness of the wood floors and how they smelled beneath his bleeding body.

Zayn's clutching onto the fabric of Liam's jumper by now, and his legs are tightening around his hips as he cries and shakes his head.
"I-I just w-want to forget for a while, you know."

Liam is combing through Zayn's hair with his fingers and rubbing down the nobs of his spine. "What is it you want to forget?" His voice is so gentle, like all that it wants to do is not hurt Zayn like everything else does and he tries to let it echo in his mind. His voice is so non-judgmental; soothing even.

Zayn bit his lip and tried to think about what it was that he wanted to forget, but as his mind raced, all he could say was, "Everything."

Liam nodded and continued to scratch softly at Zayn's scalp until he's holding Zayn's face in his hands. Zayn let's out a shallow breath because he's been sobbing and he's bleeding and he knows that he looks like shit and when Liam mutters the word 'beautiful,' it's one of the strangest things he's experienced. Liam's hands move subtly and Zayn felt so close to him, it was like they were connecting and that thought was terrifying.

The bitter taste of metal hit Zayn's mouth as his busted lip took a breath against Liam's thumb. Zayn felt encased by the air around him as Liam's palms twitched against his cheek, his skin trembling in sharp pains. It was the most alive he'd felt in a while, and it was like he was calming down a little.
"Please help me forget, Li," his voice comes out and he's trying to use his eyes to explain what he means. His voice was foreign to his ears because he hasn't sounded this broken before, he didn't want to continue using it.

Everything is okay, even if it isn't, because Liam is bringing their lips together and it's like he struck a match. Zayn has never enjoyed not breathing, but now he wouldn't know what to do with air in his lungs.

Zayn is being intimate with someone and it isn't forced or uncomfortable and he doesn't quite know what to do with that feeling. Zayn has even slept with a man and he still felt uncomfortable because he was trying so hard to not enjoy it. Yet now, this beautiful boy is creating poetry with his tongue in Zayn's mouth, and it's beautiful. Zayn is slowly paying attention to the stars shooting up his toes, instead of the blood dripping from his cheek.

Zayn lets his hands trace Liam's shoulders until they're sliding up the sides of his neck to lace his fingers with the short hairs on the back of his head.

Zayn lets himself kiss back. He lets his tongue dance with Liam's and lets it taste the sweetness of the boy's mouth. He lets himself bite the boy's lip and he lets himself move even closer to him.

Liam's so gentle and loving and he's got one hand on Zayn's slender hip, pulling his body closer to his own. Zayn gasps and all he can feel is warmth and lips and the feeling of someone just there... Someone genuinely trying to help.

There's so much being said in the kiss and Zayn's expecting to feel guilty, but he doesn't.

It's pouring even harder now and Zayn hears thunder and he jumps but it just brings their bodies
closer together. Zayn needs a breath and he pulls apart to let the lightning flash beautifully against Liam's features. It's just for a second, but Zayn's able to see his stubble and his pink, now kiss-swollen lips. He was able to see his dilated eyes that were so already so mesmerizing- even when they weren't blown with lust.

"You sure about all this, Z?"

Liam's staring back at him and one hand is still cradling his cheek, and the other is gripping the flesh of Zayn's hip harder than before, like he's holding on for dear life. Zayn nods and moves to kiss the boy's cheek and then the corner of his lips, and then he's sliding their lips together again, and the kiss is so smooth and lovely. Zayn rolls his hips in Liam's lap and he soaks in the sound Liam makes into the kiss.

Zayn continues to move on Liam's body and soon he feels hands sliding up his torso and thumbs rubbing along his nipples and he whimpers and rolls his hips a little harder. Zayn's hands travel down Liam's torso to grip the material of his hoodie, quickly sliding it off of him- only interrupting their kiss for a moment.

Their lips meet again and Zayn bites Liam's lip and the boys hands grip the flesh of Zayn's ass and rolled his hips down. Zayn moaned against Liam's mouth, surprised at the intensity of the action. Soon, Zayn feels Liam's fingers shakily working at the buttons of his flannel, and it seems like ages before he can throw it next to Liam's wet hoodie.

The windows are starting to fog up more and more with every hot breath. Zayn soon reaches behind himself to yank off his shoes, and it's an awkward angle and he laughs at himself; his chuckle echoing against Liam's neck as he slips off his socks. Soon, Liam's hands are all over Zayn's torso: tracing his ribs with his fingertips and thumbing along his hipbones.

Zayn moves and licks a small stripe onto Liam's neck and starts making his mark. Liam bucks up his hips and Zayn smiles against his skin. It's suddenly so hot in the small space of the car, and Zayn is dragging his lips up the side of Liam's neck, kissing the corner of his mouth. He rolls his hips and moved his hands down to Liam's zipper; making quick use of his fingers to unbutton and unzip them.

Liam surged forward to mold their lips together, but fell back against the seat,

"We can go slow, you know?"

Zayn bit his lip and nodded,

"Yeah."

Zayn lifted his hips, the space just big enough for him to rise up. He reached down and pulled Liam's jeans and boxers down to his knees, hearing them drop to the floor as he sat on Liam's thighs. He watched as Liam's cock lay hard and leaking against his stomach, angry for attention. Zayn ran his hands along Liam's chest, bringing their lips together; trying to ignore the embarrassing whimper he just made. Zayn's hands blindly traveled down Liam's body as they kissed, his hand wrapping around Liam's length, and his hips jumping forward into Zayn's touch.

"So beautiful, Zayn."

Zayn hid his face into Liam's neck, shakily using his hands to pull down his jeans and boxer briefs, his nerves causing it to take ages. Liam's hand wrapped around his back, kissing his collarbone. Zayn lifted his knees one by one to shimmy out of his jeans, taking his place back on Liam.

Liam placed his hands on Zayn's thighs, running his hands up and down his smooth skin, soothing him. Zayn brought his fingers to his lips and sucked on them for a moment before sitting up to press a finger to his rim, slowly sliding it inside. He winced but the feeling still made his dick
twitch, and to hear Liam mutter compliments and comfort him made every bit of pain worth it.

He took a few deep breathes and by the time he had two fingers inside of himself, he was eagerly
scissoring himself open. His fingers would accidentally brush his prostate and he was a sweaty
mess; rocking back on his fingers and breathing in Liam's kisses to his neck. He scissored himself
open, finally loose enough for three fingers. He took a deep breath and Liam's fingertips ran along
his side. He slid his fingers past his rim and it hurt like hell, but he just wanted to feel Liam inside
of him. He just needed Liam now, he just wanted to forget. He wanted to feel like he mattered, and
Liam did that for him. He let himself relax and stretch enough to soothe the main burn, but soon he
was shakily- very shakily- removing his fingers.

Zayn kissed the man beneath him, feeling his warmth.
"Want you so bad, Li."

Liam softly moaned into his mouth and said,
"I want you more, baby. Let me feel you and then I want you to ride me. S'That okay?"

Zayn nodded and kissed his neck and Liam put his fingers to Zayn's lips, having him lick them
briefly. He moved his own fingers to Zayn's entrance; sliding two of them inside. Zayn shuddered
and let out a whimper, feeling his rough skin inside of him. Liam licked at his neck and sucked on
the skin there,
"So tight, so beautiful."

Zayn bit his lip and took a deep breath, trying not to rock back on Liam's fingers. Liam slid a third
finger in with the others- the stretch making Zayn's toes curl. Zayn moaned and clawed at Liam's
chest,
"Don't wanna come yet- Fuck."

Liam hummed and kissed his neck, removing his fingers and making Zayn take a deep breath,
collapsing against Liam for a moment- fighting off his orgasm. Liam ran his hands soothing along
his back, his palms reaching down to Zayn's bum, his hands sliding and gripping the soft flesh. He
moved his hands to grip and trace the curves of Zayn's waist,
"You okay, baby?"

Zayn nodded, placing kisses along Liam's neck and jaw.
"I wanna ride you now."

Liam's cock twitched against Zayn's thigh, making him whimper and sit up to straddle him
properly.

Zayn reached behind himself and studied Liam's features as he sunk down. The moon was shining
through the car window- the majority of Liam's face illuminated. Zayn studied the quick pace at
which Liam's smoky eyes dilated. Zayn watched as Liam's pink lips opened just a little in pleasure
as a groan from the back of his throat escaped. Zayn felt like he was splitting in two, in the most
beautiful way. He would be okay if Liam kept part of him; he would treat him better. Zayn moaned
shakily as he let Liam bottom out.

Zayn had never felt this full- in his heart or just his body. Liam was looking at him like he
mattered and Zayn knew that what didn't matter were his problems. Liam was so warm- in every
way.
"So big- Fuck."

Liam let his hands run to Zayn's hips; gripping them; his thin body weightless on top of him.
Zayn could tell how hard Liam was trying not to buck his hips, and Zayn admired that he never tried to rush him- he previously tried to slow him down. Zayn just breathed slow and calmly, pecking Liam's lips and looking into Liam's eyes as he lifted his hips and dropped them again. They both let out a low groan, Zayn's hands going to grab the sides of Liam's neck, pulling the man's lips to his chest. Zayn started to roll his hips around, gasping when Liam's tongue circled his nipple. Every breath taken fogged up the car windows more and more. It was loud inside the small space and Zayn's hips were moving quickly now; encouraged by Liam's hands.

Zayn moaned and leaned back to rest certain muscles on his thighs, resting his hands upon Liam's knees. Zayn's torso was at a slant and he could feel Liam's eyes on him still. Zayn moaned into the roof of the car: his hips bouncing hard to meet Liam's, their skin hitting in a wonderful rhythm. Liam's hands ran up and down Zayn's thighs, soothing his muscles as they worked. Zayn's lips were parted as he continued his work on Liam's cock- his own leaking precome onto Liam's stomach as he moved.

This continued for a while and Zayn didn't want to come yet, he didn't want this to end. Feeling Liam inside of him made everything else disappear. It was so beautiful to be connected with him like that, to feel him completely against his body. Then Liam's hands were on his hips again and he was being pulled forward to let their lips meet. Zayn moaned as Liam's tongue slid inside his mouth to taste him. Zayn slowed his movements and it was more slow and sensual- maybe romantic than it was anything else.

Zayn could tell Liam was close by the way his grip tightened a little on his hips and his thrusts upward became sloppy. It's still the best feeling he's ever had, and Liam's hitting his sweet spot with every movement. Zayn's thighs are burning from the constant movement as he rides Liam, but he continues nevertheless. He can't even feel the cuts on his face or his black eye. He can't remember the size of his tears from just a little while ago. All he can feel is pleasure and this sense of hope that is far too high on Zayn's end. He shouldn't be hoping that this- between them, could be more than tonight. He thinks that maybe it could be. It's probably wrong to hope so much.

It's just- when Liam is kissing him so gently even with the lust their sharing, and when he's muttering,
"So beautiful," It's hard for Zayn to not believe him. Everything about this man is so insanely genuine that it leaves Zayn puzzled and with great adoration.

Zayn's thighs are trembling when he moves the last few times, and they tremble even more when he comes. He loses it all over himself and Liam's torso. The man below him follows after with a moan of Zayn's name, and Zayn is still moving around to work the other man through it, feeling this come drip from his hole and it's hot and sinful. Zayn's studying Liam's face again and he looks so fucked out, so stunning like this. They're both panting but the car somehow feels calm.

Zayn moves back only enough on Liam to pull out because he's beyond sensitive, but then he just sits there. His arms hang, feeling boneless at his sides, his eyes lidded but intent on keeping Liam's gaze. Liam runs a finger through Zayn's come and tasted him, and it's quite hot and Zayn shouldn't be as into it as he is. He takes a deep breath because he shouldn't be so taken by Liam's beauty.

However, Liam soon has his hand on Zayn's cheek, his fingers feeling soft against his stubble. Zayn feels like he has no air in his lungs, but he finds himself moving forward- not enough to bring them together, but enough that he can feel Liam's breath ghosting over his lips.
"Z- This isn't what you think," Liam starts, but when Zayn starts to back up, he moves with him. "I mean that it's not temporary, okay? You're so beautiful- everything about you."

Zayn rolls his eyes, only in slight annoyance at how cliché Liam's words are. He rolls his eyes
because he doesn't want to cry- not anymore. He hopes Liam means what he's saying, because Zayn can't stop himself from trusting too much, and it would hurt too much to lose someone again. He's already lost so much- so to give into the thing over which he hates himself, and lose it- would break him into too many pieces to find them again.

Liam holds his cheek there, and redirects Zayn's attention to his lips. This time he doesn't say anything, he doesn't try to convince Zayn. He knows that if Zayn has the ability to believe him, he will.

Zayn decides that he has to believe Liam, it's all he has at this point. Liam is treating him like he's beautiful and he seems to care. Zayn just nods; he's never been too good with words. People always misunderstand, so he just nods. His eyes are wet and he despises his constant tears, but he's glad that they conveyed his emotions. Liam kisses him then, very slowly. Zayn lets him.

Chapter End Notes

So this is the end of this fic, it's short but I feel like it lets you continue in your mind how their relationship continued? I hope you guys like this, I didn't post it sooner because I wanted it to be the best it could be and I worked really hard on it so I hope it's okay. please leave kudos and comments, it means everything to me to hear from you guys!
Twitter: @zaynfromthe1975
Tumblr: @actualzjm

End Notes

This will be a shorter fic.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!