10 Years Later

by Harriet1dfan

Summary
Louis settled a little further into the couch, forcing himself to calm down and relax. He took a deep breath and asked the one question that had been haunting him for ten years; the question only Harry had the answer to; the question that meant everything to him “Why did you do it?”

In the 10 years since One Directions’ shock split in February 2015, Louis has been living a quiet life in Doncaster, trying to forget he was ever 1/5 of the world's biggest boyband. Until of course there is a televised reunion and tour.

Notes

I obviously don't own the main characters, they are real people. This is my fictionalised interpretation

Canon compliant until February 2015 when break up staged - before Zayn left, Zayn and Perrie broke up, Louis and Eleanor broke up, babygate etc

Also posted on wattpad

This is my first fic, I'd appreciate it if you could kudos and comment if you enjoy it

Many thanks to my lovely beta Taylor

I'd love to receive any feedback on twitter @harrietldfan
Chapter 1

Louis let out a long breath he didn’t realise he was holding and stared at the phone in his hand, his mind and pulse racing. He looked up blankly to see his girlfriend Emma brushing her hair in the doorframe. Pausing her motions, she asked "Who was it babe?" Louis relied "Simon Cowell", adding after Emma raised an eyebrow "he wants to reform the band for some kind of reunion.”

They both looked at each other stunned, the silence stretching between them before Emma let out a low whistle, "Jesus, that's a bit out of the blue.” Louis nodded and let out a hollow laugh which did nothing to relieve the tension in the room. Emma walked over and put her arms around him while Louis sat quietly trying to digest the information he’d just received.

His mind reeled as the gates of his memories opened and flooded his brain with images of the past. He hadn’t spoken to anyone from his old life for ten years. Of course after the split, they had all tried to contact him but after a year or two of not responding they gave up. Harry had tried for a little longer, but Louis pushed away the thought of Harry, his name painful even now. He was suddenly overwhelmed and pushed Emma away, running for the bathroom.

Louis head pounded as he emptied his stomach and laid his head against the cold bathtub, his thoughts spinning. Emma fetched some water and followed him into the small room, smoothing his hair back from his sweaty forehead. She sat next to him on the tiled floor and rubbed his back soothingly.

Sitting by the bathtub with his head in his hands he told Emma the details of his phone call with Simon. The other four had already agreed and signed the contracts; there had been a campaign involving over 3 million fans to get them back together; the reunion process was going to be filmed and televised, ending with a reunion arena tour. All his expenses would be covered and there was a million pound paycheck at the end of it, if everything had been completed. If he dropped out part way, he would get nothing.

Emma blanched, "Three million people... Cameras... Newspapers... Tour... Bloody hell...” Louis gave her a wobbly smirk, "Hence the vomiting”. They sat on their bathroom floor with their arms around each other in silence, processing the news. Thinking about fans, filming, paparazzi and fame made Louis feel queasy again and he vomited the remains of his stomach contents into the toilet.

Louis wondered to himself why he hadn't heard of this campaign, before ruefully realising that given that he hadn't used any form of social media since it all fucked up 10 years ago; and that all of his colleagues and friends had learned very quickly over the last decade not to mention anything about the band if they didn't want to be growled at, it wasn't that surprising that he hadn't heard anything.

He thought about what it would mean to be famous again, the lack of privacy, the crazed fans, the speculation, the betrayal. He had managed to live his life in near anonymity for nearly 10 years, relishing the quiet and the privacy after living in a goldfish bowl with every move and word scrutinised with the rest of One Direction for so long.

No one in his life really cared that he’d once been in a band, that he'd once been famous; people had learnt not to mention it, at least not around him. His mum still had the awards and platinum discs at home, but Louis had made her put them in the attic so they weren’t on display, so that he wasn’t reminded. As far as he knew, no one cared at all about the band, apart from occasional plays on nostalgic radio like Absolute Teens, and '10s club nights. That there were still fans at all surprised him, let alone three million of them.
After rinsing his mouth out and brushing his teeth, Emma made them both tea and they went to sit on the sofa to talk it through properly. Emma said softly, “A million pounds is a lot of money, it would really help your mum”. Louis nodded, "Yeah, she'd kill me for giving up this opportunity". Jay had suffered a stroke a few years ago and couldn't work anymore. Her benefits didn't cover the cost of her care and she had started to get threatening letters from her mortgage company. Any money from the band days was long gone, and there was far less of it than anyone assumed. Louis had to surrender most of his assets and his writing credits to buy his way out of his contract, so he was left almost penniless after the split. Louis did his best to look after her, but he only had a call centre job, having been in One Direction at the time he would have normally gone to university.

Louis leant his head on Emma’s shoulder and sighed, "It would just be so hard, seeing him again". She rubbed circles on his back and said softly, "What about the rest of the lads?" At this, Louis’ face brightened, "I'd love to see them, and catch up. It's been so long.” He then added sheepishly, "I guess I didn't treat them very fairly. After all it wasn't their fault what happened, and they all lost their jobs, income and me as a friend overnight."

Louis thought about what the money would mean to him, and then guiltily what it would mean to the other lads. Realising that he had no idea what the other boys were doing with themselves, he fired up the computer and with shaky hands for the first time in over ten years, Louis typed 'One Direction' into the search engine and pressed enter.

They both gaped at the amount of search results that came back, the tabloid reports on some of the other boys still on the circuit, the number of people still talking on social media about the band, fan pages that were still active and so much more. Neither of them had any idea One Direction were still popular. Emma had occasionally seen things in gossip magazines about Harry or Liam when she flicked through the ones in the doctors or hairdressers waiting areas, but she had always skipped those pages and had learned never to mention anything to Louis.

All the reports on Harry were him stumbling out of nightclubs with barely dressed young girls, cheating on his latest high profile girlfriend or being drunk and rowdy at celebrity parties. It looked like he was considered a 'Z-list celebrity' having had a failed solo career and with the ever present tagline in reports 'former boyband member'.

Liam was engaged to a prolific and beautiful actress, and there were lots of pictures of him doing charity work and accompanying his fiancé to awards ceremonies and premières.

Zayn had married Perrie and been fairly successful for a while after One Direction and had gone on to release two albums which did well, but his third flopped. After a stint in rehab he and Perrie now lived a quiet life in Spain, away from the temptations of celebrity life.

And Niall, like Louis had moved back to his hometown and mostly stayed out of the spotlight. There were reports on fan sightings of him with his wife and children going shopping or in and around town, but unlike Louis, Niall was happy to stop and talk to fans and sign autographs, and be a minor local celebrity, doing things like judging school talent contests. He'd put on a fair bit of weight since the band days, it seemed that his love of eating had caught up with him.

And most surprisingly to the couple, there were even photos of Emma and Louis doing their weekly shop in Asda, reports of Louis refusing to give autographs. Information about Louis’ mum's stroke and Emma’s life story. Plus loads of speculation about the 'real reason' Louis left the band including a ridiculous Larry Stylinson theory that he had been in a relationship with Harry the whole time and the band broke up because they had broken up as a couple.

Louis had told the world the real reason for leaving, of the betrayal, in a fit of rage on Twitter, which he now felt a little ashamed of as it was not the most mature way to deal with it. Simon had been
spitting mad at the time, having been just about to release a statement with generic impersonal excuses; musical differences, going in different directions, pursuing solo careers - that sort of thing. He couldn't believe that given the absolute truth, people were still trying to figure out 'what really happened'.

Louis had built up a quiet life back in his hometown, in a village just outside of Doncaster with nothing but work, Emma, his family and one or two friends. He had grown a big beard and grew out his hair, it now reaching his mid back, which he mostly wore in a bun. He had even been using the name Louis Thompson for many years so that most people he met would never guess that he had once been a fifth of the biggest boyband in history.

Louis felt a pang in his stomach every time he clicked on a link with a photo of Harry. He'd managed to avoid most media over the last ten years as he never read magazines and never watched any TV apart from the BBC news and old series on Netflix. He had blocked out most memories of his time in the band, of his time with Eleanor.

Looking at photos of the lads, of Harry, old photos of himself with the band brought back such a surge of feelings. Waves of emotions he had repressed for ten years flooded over him and he wordlessly clutched Emma’s hand as she soothingly patted his back and stroked his hair.

His internal musings were interrupted by Emma saying firmly "I have to make you do this", Louis looked blankly at her as she continued "And although I'd rather keep you for myself it would be utterly selfish; your mum needs the money; your fans want this to happen and more than anything else you need the closure to properly heal". Louis slowly nodded and agreed, despite his instincts telling him to throw his phone away and run for the hills. Emma stood up and held her arms out to Louis. As he stood, they kissed and he thanked her for her support and they told each other that they loved one another. Before he could change his mind, and ignoring the knots in his stomach which told him this was probably a very bad idea, he reached for his phone and called Simon back.
The next day was a Monday and after work, Louis and Emma went over to visit and check on his mum and siblings. It killed Louis to see his mum paralysed down one side, and how she sometimes struggled to express herself, like some of her words were missing. Jay had a stroke a few years ago when she was 48, and after that everything changed.

Her marriage to Dan hadn't lasted long after the stroke, so all of the responsibility fell to the eldest kids. Louis did his best to support the family financially, while Lottie juggled working and looking after the twins. The twins were still so young, they had only just started secondary school in September. Lottie did her best to fill the gap, making sure she was there when they got home from school, and being their primary parent. Louis had insisted that Fizzy, Phoebe and Daisy went to university and make something of their lives, while Louis worked all the hours he could to pay for Jay's care.

Jay's carer was packing up her things as Louis and Emma arrived. She quickly filled the couple in on how Jay was doing - that she wasn't eating properly and that she was very despondent today. Louis thanked her for her efforts and told her she could leave a little early today as he could take over, then went into the lounge to see his mum. He walked in to see her sitting by the window and staring out of it vacantly. He said with false cheeriness, "Hello Mum", and walked over to give her a kiss on the cheek. She barely responded and he sat down beside her and took her working hand.

Emma left the room to put the kettle on. She hadn't known Jay before the stroke and sometimes she really struggled to know what to say, and how to help. Louis had told her a lot about his mum, and there were times that she caught flashes of the woman that Louis had described. But most of the time, she was just a shadow of the woman she used to be, because in so many ways she had given up on life. Emma hated how much it hurt Louis and couldn't count the times after visiting his mum she'd comforted him as he cried himself to sleep.

Taking the tea she'd made back into the lounge, Emma saw Louis chatting brightly to his mum, trying to cheer her up and engage her in conversation, but Jay just sat looking out of the window and didn't respond. Louis sometimes wondered if his mum was even in her body anymore.

After fifteen minutes or so, Lottie arrived home with Ernest and Doris, who ran up to kiss and hug their mother and brother. They excitedly chatted about their days at school and what the latest gossip was. Louis grinned at Lottie, remembering when they had been that age, how exciting they had found everything. His grin quickly faded as he remembered how his mum had been so involved in their childhood, and always full of interest and enthusiasm for their stories of school and friends. She hadn't even looked up at the twin's entrance and didn't say a word to them; she just kept looking out of the window vacantly.

Lottie sent the twins upstairs to do their homework while Louis motioned to Emma to hold the fort so he and Lottie could have a quick chat. The two eldest siblings stood up and went into the kitchen, closing the door behind them. With a sigh Louis debriefed Lottie on what the carer had said before she'd left, and how unresponsive he was.

Lottie tiredly rubbed her face and said "I don't know what else I can do, she just seems to have given up. This doesn't have to be the end of Mum's life, she's only fifty. So many people go on after a stroke and still live really full lives. She won't take anti-depressants, go to therapy or any self-help groups. I'm at my wits end and I'm so tired."

Louis hugged his little sister and kissed her on the forehead. He felt terrible about how much he'd put
on her. She had pretty much become a mother and carer at the age of 22 and now, by the age of 25 she was exhausted and barely had any joy left in her life. She never did anything for herself, and she’d missed out on so many of the experiences a young girl should have had in her early twenties. She bore it so well and hardly ever complained; so sometimes, Louis admitted guiltily to himself, he forgot how young she was. He could only help out two or three nights a week and on the weekends, as he had to work such long hours to cover both his mortgage, his Mum’s and the cost of her carer.

Louis told Lottie to go and have a nice relaxing bath, while he and Emma sat with their Mum and made dinner. Lottie’s eyes filled with tears and she thanked him and told him how much she needed the ‘me time’. Louis went into the lounge to take over from Emma and sit with his mum, while Emma went into the kitchen to make a start on dinner.

Once Emma had finished cooking she called that dinner was ready. The twins ran downstairs and Lottie came down, with her wet hair tied in a top knot, looking much more relaxed and refreshed after her bath. Louis wheeled his Mum’s wheelchair into position at the kitchen table and took a seat. Emma had prepared a simple meal of homemade spaghetti bolognese with a side salad. The siblings chatted as they ate while Jay picked listlessly at her food, holding her fork in her one working hand. Louis, Emma and Lottie noticed anxiously how little Jay was actually eating, though luckily the twins seemed oblivious.

After Louis had put the twins to bed, he sat with Lottie and Jay in the lounge and taking a deep breath said, "I've got some important news". Lottie looked up at him curiously as he continued flatly, "I am reforming with One Direction."

Lottie gaped and at this news his mother's head snapped up, “You're doing what?” Jay asked incredulously. Louis repeated what he said, and for the first time in months, he saw a spark in Jay’s eyes. He quickly outlined the terms of the reunion, and what the money would mean for them as a family. They talked about the security this would bring them, to be able to pay off the mortgages and the care they would be able to afford for Jay and the twins, so Lottie could fulfill her dream of going travelling and have a somewhat normal life.

Jay laughed and chatted, making Lottie and Louis felt like they had their mum back. His mum had tears in her eyes as she took Louis' hand in hers and said sincerely, "Thank you for doing this son, I know it won't be easy, with all the history, betrayal and pain. I know you're doing this for us and I appreciate it so much. I know how much you three do already for me and the twins and I'm sorry I haven't been in a good enough place to tell you that."

Taking a deep breath she continued, "I hate what I've become and I just wanted to give up. I couldn't see a future for myself with this broken body. I just wanted to die so I was less of a burden for you all. But this is giving me such hope for our future, a fresh start. I can get the best treatment and therapy. You won't have to struggle so much and I won't feel so guilty. You three can have a real life."

Louis, Emma and Lottie all were crying by the end of her speech, and they cuddled round her chair and they enveloped Jay in a huge group hug; all murmuring endearments, apologies and their forgiveness.

Louis and Emma went home at about 10 as they both had long days at work the next day. Lottie promised to tell the news to their siblings tomorrow. As they left, they could hear Lottie and Jay talk excitedly about seeing the lads and going to the reunion shows.

As he drove home, Louis looked at Emma with a smile. "This makes it all worth it." Emma nodded and said "I can't get over how alive she was tonight, this is exactly what she needed to snap her out of her depression". Louis felt like a huge weight had lifted and could hope for a better future for the
first time in a while.
Chapter 3

Louis slept better that night than he had in the three years since his Mum’s stroke. He woke up with a smile on his face and turned to Emma, waking her with a soft kiss. She smiled sleepily at him and kissed him back.

Louis felt his cock stirring at Emma’s kisses, and slowly trailed his hand up her sides until he reached her breast. Cupping her breast with his warm hand, he stimulated her nipple with his fingers. Emma giggled and asked playfully, "Feeling frisky this morning, are we?" Louis responded by pulling her body close to his so he could grind his hard cock against her mound while he kissed her deeply and trailed his hand lower.

After making love, Emma snuggled into his side, pushed his sweaty hair out of his eyes and kissed him. Louis returned the kiss and then with a gentle peck on the tip of her nose smirked, "Good morning". They lay there cuddling and catching their breath for a few minutes. Giving each other a final kiss they reluctantly got out of bed, showered and dressed for work. They ate breakfast together at the kitchen table chatting about their plans for the day and checking in with each other what time they’d be home after work.

As Louis rinsed the plates off, they heard the doorbell ring. Emma went to open the door, expecting the postman. She stood in shock with the door wide open as what seemed like a thousand cameras started flashing at her and reporters’ shouts for a statement, questions about the reunion and about her and Louis’ relationship were fired at her. Time stood still as she stared in stunned silence, but in reality it was only a few seconds until a tall mixed race man in a black suit pushed past her and slammed the door shut.

Hearing the commotion, Louis came into the hallway, still drying his hands on a tea towel. He looked worriedly at Emma who was gaping at the man who had pushed his way into their home and Louis quickly crossed the hall to push her behind him, instinctively acting as a human shield. The man held out a hand for Louis to shake and introduced himself politely, "Hello, I'm James, I'm your new bodyguard."

Louis and Emma stared at James in shock as he asked them to quickly pack enough clothes and essentials for the next few days. They would be leaving for London within the next half hour. Louis made a noise like a strangled cat, eventually managing to choke out, "So soon?" James nodded and told them they must leave right away and they would explain everything on the journey.

In a blur they packed their things, stuffing random stuff into a suitcase and within about 20 minutes they were ready to go. James outlined the plan to get them through the paps and radioed to the rest of the staff to bring the car round and prepare for the exit. The 10 seconds or so to get to the car were some of the most overwhelming of Louis’ life. Having been out of the spotlight for ten years, he had forgotten the blinding flashes, the pressing in of bodies around you until you felt crushed and the bombardment of questions and requests for statements. His body seemed to react with muscle memory, pulling Emma close to him keeping his head down and running to the car, while the bodyguards fought to keep the reporters away.

Emma was shaking and looked like she was about to cry when the car door was finally closed and they drove off. They clung to one another while their breathing steadied and Emma softly asked, "Do you ever get used to it?" Louis shrugged and told her, "Not really", forcing himself to regulate his breathing and slow his heart-rate. After they had calmed, they looked up to see James and a smartly dressed woman sitting opposite them, with two more bodyguards in the front, one driving.
Sensing that the couple were ready, the woman next to James introduced herself as Melanie, their allotted management team member, the other lads each getting their own allocated manager from the team. She apologised for the shock and the speed at which things happened and told them that there had been a leak to the press about the reunion and they had to spring into action earlier than planned. She explained that she had hoped to set up meetings with them for the end of next week to get the ball rolling, and to have arranged for everything to be in place before a press release went out, but that they now had to react to the situation as it stood.

She let them know that they would not be returning to work; the management team had contacted Emma and Louis' employers and had arranged for their contracts to be suspended. From that day their sole focus would be the reunion and the associated publicity. She continued, "As you've seen, there is a considerable amount of interest in this reunion and the publicity demands will be substantial. When we arrive at your accommodation, you will have half an hour or so to unpack and then we will get started". After a slight pause she advised kindly for them to rest for the remainder of the journey - there would not be another opportunity for quite some time.

For the next few hours, Louis and Emma curled up around one another as they sped down the motorway towards London and tried to digest the onslaught of information and experiences they had received that morning.
A few hours later they pulled up in front of an iron gate and after the security team waved them through they drove up a long driveway to a complex consisting of seven small detached properties. Melanie pointed to the house that would be theirs and explained that they would have their own house, while the other band members would have their own on the complex. The other houses were for security and household staff. There were chefs, maids and personal assistants on site to see to any of their needs.

Melanie showed them around the house they'd be staying at, it had two bedrooms upstairs, with luxurious en-suites, a state-of-the-art kitchen, downstairs bathroom and plush living room with comfortable sofas and a huge television. While it was not a huge house, it was stunning and it was their own for the time being.

They quickly unpacked and came downstairs to be greeted with two steaming mugs of tea. They sat on the sofa as Melanie gave them their contracts to sign and then outlined the plan for the rest of the day, which was to start with PR training. Emma and Louis had barely blinked before a team of PR consultants were whisked into their living room.

A lady from the PR team with a short skirt and an expensive blow dry cast a critical eye over Emma and Louis, sighed and said curtly, "It seems we have a lot of work to do". Emma prickled and snapped, "It's not like we had much warning". A smarmy suited man leapt in with, "Of course, of course, no offense meant, just a little joke. Although we will have to do something about that temper won't we?"

Emma gave a bland smile but inwardly seethed, she had always considered herself to be pretty level headed but the stress and shock of the day had taken its toll on her. The last thing she needed was to be criticised. Unfortunately for the next few hours that was all the PR team seemed to do.

The PR team outlined the roles that they were to fill, and how they were to present themselves. They wanted Louis to maintain his persona, but stressed that he needed to play nice with the fans. It was okay for him to be quiet, but he needed to be engaged. Louis could keep his long hair and his beard, but they would need to be trimmed and neatened and he would need to be more groomed. He would need a new wardrobe consisting of smart shoes, suits, and shirt and trouser combos, with no more denim or sneakers. In short he just had to be a dapper version of himself. However, they seemed to find fault with everything about Emma, from her hair and clothes to her personality; planning a complete image overhaul and extensive media training.

The final straw for Emma came when they were talking about her weight, telling her she needed to go on a diet immediately and that they would arrange for a personal trainer to meet with her that night. She spluttered and looked to Louis for help. Louis angrily told the PR consultants that Emma had a lovely body and didn't need to change it. The PR lady in the short skirt smirked and replied, "We're only trying to protect her from the press, they will point out all of these things if we don't correct them." Emma stood up, her hands clenched into fists and hissed, "I don't fucking need to be corrected", to which the PR team then told her to sit down and lectured her on the importance of maintaining ones temper, not swearing and generally how to be a lady.

The meeting with the PR team went on for a few hours, although it felt like a lifetime to Emma. After they had left, Melanie went outside to make a few phone calls giving them a few moments of
privacy. The minute they were alone, Emma burst into angry tears while Louis held her and rubbed her back. Louis told Emma to ignore the PR arseholes and reassured her that she was perfect as she was, and he loved her body.

Melanie knocked before poking her head around the door and apologetically telling them that they had to be on their way to the next appointment, which was to be styling. Louis nodded, feeling a tension headache coming on, he pinched the bridge of his nose and tried to smooth the wrinkles from his forehead with his fingers. He asked Melanie if they could get something to eat; they hadn’t eaten anything since breakfast and it was now almost 4pm. A few minutes later, they were in the car with James and Melanie who was on the phone to the stylists to say they were on their way and putting an order in for refreshments.

Twenty minutes later they arrived at a large fancy building and turned into the private entrance of the building, so they could avoid the paparazzi that had followed them from the gates of their complex. Once inside, they were introduced to the styling team of hairdressers, beauty therapists, make-up artists and wardrobe consultants.

Emma was led to the wardrobe department while Louis had his hair cut. Louis munched on some sandwiches while had his beard trimmed into a neat shape and his hair cut and styled. They trimmed an inch or so off the bottom, leaving the chestnut waves cascading down his back after they’d dried it. In the wardrobe department, Emma was measured by a consultant who told her sympathetically that as they hadn’t had much time to prepare a wardrobe for her, they had very little in her size. They tended to have designers samples in sizes 4-6, not Emma’s size 10. The consultant assured her that they did have some standard sized clothing, and that she should try that on so that they could get a sense of what suited her.

Emma started to try on what they had but got increasingly frustrated with their selection. After the second ill-fitting pink dress, she could sense some of the consultants smirking about how she looked and she was beginning to lose her rag. Sensing that Emma was uncomfortable with the outfits, the nice lady that measured her took her to one side and asked her what her vision was. Emma explained that she was willing to be flexible and wear dresses and heels to events and red carpets, but she was a band tee, jeans and flats kind of girl generally, and all this pink just wasn’t her. The consultant listened thoughtfully and told Emma that she understood what Emma wanted, and she would try to have a perfect wardrobe for her by the end of tomorrow.

While Emma got dressed back into her own clothes, Louis arrived at the wardrobe department and told Emma that the hairdressers were ready for her. Immediately one of the consultants that had been smirking about Emma ran up to Louis and started trying to flirt with him. Emma gritted her teeth as the size 4 blonde girl laid her hand on his arm and batted her lashes at Louis, although she was somewhat gratified that her boyfriend seemed oblivious to the girl’s efforts. She went off to the hairdressers department while Louis had his appointment with wardrobe.

Louis enjoyed his time with the wardrobe department, he was a standard size so he had a large choice of outfits to try on, most only needed hemming to get the length of the legs and sleeves perfect. He tried on lots of suits, and some more casual looks, which were essentially exactly the same as the suits but without the jackets or ties and with a few shirt buttons undone. While he would have been more comfortable in his normal clothes, he couldn't deny that he liked his new look. He ignored the skinny blonde girl simpering at him and instead spoke to the main consultant who had been kind to Emma. He had pretty much a full wardrobe by the end of the session, with promises of made to measure designer suits to arrive within the next month for events.

In the hairdresser’s chair, Emma picked listlessly at her food while the stylist highlighted her hair, taking it from a mid-brown to a glossy multi toned blonde. Emma barely paid attention to what the
hairdresser was doing to her hair, her mind was spiralling through the explicit and implied criticism she has been receiving all day. As her mood darkened, she tried to pinch the skin on her stomach and wondered if she really was fat. She'd never really had a problem with her body image, she'd always been comfortable in her skin and had been able to eat what she wanted within reason without gaining weight. Although she ran a few times a week she certainly wasn't fanatical about it. At work she was one of the slimmer women, and she was far below the average UK dress size of 16. But if the PR team thought she was fat, maybe they were right. After all, the wardrobe department had only had about 5 dresses in her size, and compared to the size 4 and 6 girls here she was huge. Emma pushed her sandwich away in disgust, having completely lost her appetite. The stylist cut layers with a soft side fringe into her hair, and then styled it with loose waves and lots of volume at the root.

The stylist was just finishing with Emma as Louis arrived back at the hair section. Emma thanked the stylist dully and walked over to Louis for a hug, barely even checking her reflection in the mirror. Emma stopped short when she saw Louis gaping at her. Unsure why, she touched her hair self-consciously and nervously asked if it looked okay. Louis assured her that she looked stunning and that he loved it. Emma smiled at that but didn't really believe him, but being with Louis again lifted her out from the darkness and she melted into his hug.

They were both led to the beauty team to have manicures and their eyebrows threaded and waxed. Louis was pretty grumpy about that, it was definitely not something that he had missed while he was out of the spotlight. The beauty consultants made quick work of their eyebrows and nails and afterwards Louis was relieved to see that they had removed very little of his eyebrow hair and it just looked a little tidier than before.

By this time, they were both utterly exhausted and sure that they were finished for the day, when the make-up artists wheeled their products over. Thankfully the make-up artists only needed to skin match them for foundation, map out some face charts and take a few photos so they could come up with full looks later. Louis scowled as they brushed foundation on his skin, that was another thing that he had not missed, although he did laugh when he saw Emma pulling the exact same face. In the year they had been together, he had only seen Emma wear make-up a few times, and even then it was only a little mascara and lip gloss. It was one of the things that he loved most about her, she let her natural beauty shine through and she didn't wear all that gunk on her face.

Finally, Melanie came over and told them they were done for the day, which made the couple sigh with relief. Emma and Louis thanked the staff and got back into the car. While they were driven home, Melanie gave them an outline of the next day's schedule.

When they arrived at the apartment complex they could see lights on in some of the other houses, and Louis suddenly realised that in a few days he would be seeing the boys again. Unable to deal with the concept in his state of exhaustion, he pushed it from his thoughts, and trudged into his house where he and Emma went straight to bed, falling asleep the minute their heads touched the pillows.

Chapter End Notes

Just to note, in England, where I live and this story is set, UK dress sizes are 2 sizes bigger than the USA equivalent, e.g. a UK 4 is a US 0 and a UK 10 is a US 6
Chapter 5

Louis was woken up the next day by his phone ringing, he sleepily answered it and heard his mum gabbling excitedly about Louis being on the entertainment section of the news. Rolling out of bed, he mumbled responses to his mum while he pulled on a pair of jogging bottoms. He chatted for a minute or two before he said goodbye to his mother and hung up, strolled downstairs and turned the TV on, rewinding it to the beginning of the section. He sat down on the sofa to watch the TV report, which showed film footage of Louis and Emma struggling through the crowds to their car, similar footage of the rest of the band, plus footage of the gates of their apartment complex, and a reading of the official statement that the management team had released after the report leaked. There was also a promo for Harry who was appearing on the channel’s morning TV show later that day, but Louis quickly jabbed the TV power button by instinct, to turn the footage off before he saw too much of Harry.

Louis picked up the house phone and put a call through to the support staff to order some breakfast and headed back upstairs to have a shower. Once he was clean, he gently poked Emma, who was notoriously bad at getting up in the mornings. Emma groaned but perked up when she realised breakfast was being made for her and that there was tea waiting for her downstairs. As she quickly showered and dressed, Louis dressed and went downstairs to be greeted with the delicious aroma of a fry up cooking.

When Emma came downstairs they thanked the chef and sat at the dining table to eat their breakfast and drink their tea. While they were eating, Melanie arrived with the PR team from the day before. Seeing the PR consultants’ raised eyebrows at her fried breakfast, Emma guiltily pushed away the rest of her food. Louis noticed and urged, “Finish it love”, but Emma replied in a low voice, “I’m not hungry anymore”.

While Louis finished his breakfast, Melanie reiterated the plans for the day, plus a brief outline of the following days. Given that the news had leaked early, they had moved the reunion closer to Sunday, with it being aired on TV the Sunday after, to capitalise on the interest the reunion was receiving at the moment. Louis was starting his press the day after tomorrow and tickets were to go on sale for the tour on the Monday after the TV show had aired.

They were handed large dossiers by the PR team, which outlined the appropriate answers to the questions they would likely be asked by the media. Emma and Louis were to study them alone for a few hours while Melanie and the PR team met with one of the other lads, and they would return at lunchtime to quiz them in a mock press conference.

Emma and Louis sat on the sofa and read the PR packs giggling and raising an eyebrow at some of the more ridiculous answers. They had the TV on as background noise, not bothering to change the channel, though time seemed to stand still when a voice broke through Louis’ concentration.

Louis would know that voice anywhere, at one point he knew it better than his own. It had barely changed; the deep rasp, the slow lyrical words, the flat Cheshire lilt. He couldn’t breathe as he turned his awareness onto the TV show, and was overloaded with Harry. Harry was sprawling on the sofa opposite the host, one leg thrown sideways over the other knee and one arm lightly resting on his ankle, with the other trailed over the top of the sofa. He was lazily flirting with the host, his spare arm occasionally reaching up to rake his fingers through his messy chocolate curls.

When they had looked up One Direction on Google, Louis had only seen photos. He hadn’t seen anything that was so, well, Harry. He had forgotten the way he talked; like you had his full attention, like you were the only thing that mattered, and the way he moved so effortlessly and languidly. He
focussed on Harry’s wide mouth, and the way words seemed to pour out of it, like poetry and his fists clenched as his emotions started to surface and his anger rose. Louis felt consumed by rage as he stared at Harry on the screen, the anger he’d repressed for 10 years pouring off of him in mute fury. Louis was so angry that everything had always been so easy for Harry, and how effortlessly he had managed to destroy everything that Louis had treasured - just by being Harry.

Hearing his own name, Louis honed in on what was being said. He noticed that Harry had imperceptibly tensed when Louis was mentioned, and Harry had paused for a second before he responded to the host’s question, “You’ve never directly addressed the split and what happened between you and Louis, are you able to do so now?” Harry replied tightly, his characteristic confidence and ease visibly replaced by tension, sincerity and a hint of insecurity, “I hope it’s in the past and I’d like to leave it there. I was young, I was stupid and I’m sorry for what I did.” Louis exhaled and felt some of his own tension and anger leave his body at Harry’s apology. The host went on to chat with Harry about the reunion, Harry immediately falling back into character as the topic changed and with her final question, asked which of the lads he was looking forward to seeing most, Harry looked into the camera, eyes almost impossibly green and half-whispered “Louis” and gave a sideways smile.

At this point Louis became aware that Emma was holding his hand and watching him, and he gave her a rueful smile as he mumbled, “M’okay”. And surprisingly he was. He’d spent so long avoiding the thought of Harry and the memories, so convinced the pain would be too great to bear. But after being confronted with the reality of him, the pain was more of a dull ache, like poking a bruise, rather than the all-consuming stabbing agony he’d expected to feel.

He pulled Emma in for a quick sideways hug as the host thanked Harry for appearing and announced that Liam, Niall and Zayn would be joining the show tomorrow before cutting to an ad break. Louis could tell Emma wanted to ask how he was; wanted him to open up to her, but he just couldn’t. He’d never spoken to her about how he felt about his time in the band. About what he went through when it all came crashing down. He’d outlined what had happened when they decided to make a go of things, but nothing she couldn’t have found out from a Google search.

The truth was that even after a year together, he still wasn’t completely ready to trust Emma. He’d been with Eleanor for three years, and she’d still betrayed him in the worst way possible. Louis did love Emma, but there were times he wondered if she was the one for him, if he really was in love with her. They had a good time together and she was such an amazing woman, but he didn’t know if he was ever really going to be able to commit fully to loving her the way she deserved. He was committed to trying though, for better or for worse.

Emma didn’t press for Louis to talk about it, which he was relieved for. They both went back to reading their PR dossiers, although the silence was tenser than before. After a while, Melanie and the PR team returned to quiz them on their media friendly answers; bringing with them some salad and sandwiches for lunch. Sensing eyes on her, Emma chose a small salad for her lunch and picked at it while the team prepared the mock press conference.

For the next four hours, they were pressed and needled on every possible issue and question they could be asked about until they were word perfect. It came easier for Louis as he had done this many times in the past, albeit years ago. Emma struggled, yelling a few times when she’d been provoked a bit too much, and at one point bursting into tears. Louis glared at the PR team as he comforted her but they were quite unmoved, simply stating, “We’re only trying to prepare her for the press, if she can’t cope with us they will eat her alive”.

Louis knew they were only doing their jobs, but he couldn’t help but be irritated as the PR consultants pushed and pushed Emma with difficult questions, and eventually Louis asked for a
break. The PR team raised an eyebrow at Melanie who nodded and agreed they could take a break, and the PR team filtered out. Melanie kindly told Emma that she understood this was new to her and a lot to take on, but it was necessary to do this. Emma calmed and nodded, and Melanie made them all some tea.

Melanie popped out to let the PR team know they were ready to continue, and she must have had a word with them as they were a little more sympathetic for the rest of the session. At about six, the PR team started packing up, and congratulated the couple for coping with the questions. Emma knew it was a lie that she had done well, but she was so relieved the ordeal was over that she couldn't find it within her to care.

Melanie called the chef and booked him to prepare dinner for Emma and Louis and then left them alone, letting them know she’d be back in about an hour with the wardrobe consultant who had completed Emma’s wardrobe.
Chapter 6

Emma and Louis relaxed and watched some TV while the chef prepared them some dinner. They ate in silence, each busy with their own internal dialogue. Emma had never really minded before that Louis didn’t talk to her about his history. She wasn’t a part of his past and to her, in their life together it was almost like it had never happened. She was happy with what Louis could give her, happy with their quiet life in Doncaster. She had understood that he couldn’t communicate his grief, that he had wounds that hadn’t healed. Although she wanted to be the one to help him heal those wounds she knew that he had to be ready, and in his own time he would open up. But now that they were reliving his history, suddenly the stories she’d never been told; the history he’d never communicated, mattered. She felt worse than useless and berated herself for not doing enough to earn Louis’ trust and help to rebuild him.

After they had finished eating they washed up their plates and looked at each other silently, a gulf widening between them that neither knew how to span. They were interrupted from their wordless conversation by Melanie and the wardrobe consultant from the previous day hauling in rails of clothing. Emma smiled warily at the consultant, not fully trusting her to have picked out a wardrobe Emma would like. The consultant greeted the couple brightly and shooed Emma upstairs to start trying on her selections.

Emma fell in love with her wardrobe the moment she started going through the collection. They had picked out clothes in muted colours, with lots of leather, lace, suede and silk. She tried on the first outfit, a pair of black skinny leather-look jeans with grey heels, a nude silk tank top, a grey waterfall blazer and a large nude leather bag. Looking at herself in the mirror she was impressed, she looked stylish yet edgy, like a model or a rock star on her day off. She tried on the rest of the outfits while the wardrobe consultant made notes on what needed to be altered or replaced if it didn’t quite suit her. Emma was really pleased with her casual wardrobe, and happily tried on the formal and red carpet looks. There were some exquisite gowns, which weren’t too fussy and although out of her comfort zone she had to admit they suited her. She would have to learn to walk in heels, but she thought that was a very small sacrifice to wear the beautiful clothes that were now hers.

While the consultant hung the clothes in the wardrobe and found places for the shoes and accessories, Emma went downstairs to show Louis one of her new outfits. She wobbled down the stairs slowly, trying to get used to the new distribution of her weight in the heels. She froze on instinct when she heard her name, low voices floating up from the kitchen. She heard Melanie say, “The PR team are concerned about Emma’s capacity to cope with the media attention.” Louis voice followed indignantly, “She is finding the training tough, but she’ll be fine, she is strong.” Melanie interrupted that she agreed with Louis, but the PR team thought her strength of character and will, when it comes to the press, would eventually erupt in scandal. She added with a softer voice, “The PR team are trying to protect you and the other boys. And while I really hate to have to say this to you - and I'm not sure I agree with them, I have to tell you that they have recommended that you take a break from your relationship with Emma while we are in the reunion process.” Emma didn’t hear the rest of the conversation, she rushed back upstairs with tears streaming down her face, pushing past the wardrobe lady and locking herself in the en-suite.

The consultant knocked and asked if she was okay, but after not getting a response she left to go downstairs. A few minutes later she heard Louis’ voice outside the door, coaxing her to let him in. She sobbed for a few moments more, ignoring his gentle urges to unlock the door, until eventually she had calmed down enough to let him in. The minute the door was unlocked he swept in and cradled Emma in his arms. He crooned at her, “It’s just us now, they’ve all gone, it’s okay, it’s okay.” Emma wept on his shoulder clinging to him like he was a life raft and she was drowning.
Louis stroked her hair and rubbed circles on her back, lovingly whispering endearments and waiting for her breathing to quieten.

Louis took Emma’s face into his hands, rubbing away the tear tracks with his calloused thumbs. His eyes blazing blue and sincere, “I told them no, I wouldn’t give you up. I told them that I believed in you, that I love you. I told them that we were a package deal.” At that Emma cried more, she cried because she had doubted him, because she could never deserve him and because she knew the PR team were right. She didn’t know how to be this Louis’ girlfriend, she knew how to be her Louis’ girlfriend. The Louis back in Doncaster, where Louis was just her Louis and not famous Louis, not ‘One Direction Louis’. She didn’t want to be famous, she didn’t want to have to give pre-approved answers in press conferences, she didn’t want to worry about being fat. She didn’t want any of it. She just wanted to have things go back to the way they were before the phone call that had changed everything.

Her mind made up, she let go of Louis and moved away, telling him how she felt. She told him that she just wanted to go home, she wanted to take a break; that maybe when this whole crazy thing was over they could give it another go. Louis’ eyes filled with tears and he pleaded with her not to leave him, and realising she wasn’t going to change her mind told her that he was going home with her. At that she gasped, “No. You can’t. You have to stay. You have to do this, your mum needs this, if you leave now you get nothing”. Louis looked at her like a lost puppy, his heart filled with sadness as he pleaded, “I can’t do this without you.” Emma kissed his forehead and said firmly, “You can and you will. Please don’t argue with me, my mind is made up.”

Emma got up and started packing, her heart breaking while Louis sat on the floor of the bathroom and cried. She left the new clothes, having no use for them anymore and with a final glance back at Louis, she went downstairs and called for a car to drive her back to Doncaster.

Louis stayed on the floor of the bathroom all night, finally falling asleep at some time around five AM. He woke up the next day cold and cramped to see Melanie leaning over him. “Come on love, let’s get you into bed.” Too exhausted and emotionally drained to argue, he allowed her to help him up and move him to the bed. She tucked him in and he immediately fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.
Chapter 7

Louis woke up again at about lunchtime, his head fuzzy, face sore and throat dry. He hauled himself out of bed and went to the toilet, turning the shower on before he relieved himself. He stood in the shower for a long time, letting the hot water mingle with his tears until it ran cold. Turning the water off and shivering slightly he got a towel and dried himself off vigorously, rubbing at his tattooed body until his skin turned red. He numbly pulled on a pair of boxers and jogging bottoms and went downstairs to make himself a cup of tea as if on autopilot. He saw a note from Melanie on the table, letting him know she had cleared his schedule for the day, there was a home-made lasagne in the fridge for him to reheat and asking him to call her when he woke.

He put the lasagne in the oven, set a timer on his phone and headed into the lounge, turning on the TV and selecting the morning TV show that the boys were on that morning from the catch up menu. Skipping through the rest of the show, he paused when he saw the boys before hitting play and sitting on the sofa with his tea. His heart warmed slightly, thawing some of his numbness, when he saw the lads together, the three of them side by side on the studio sofa. They laughed and chatted with the host, about what they’d each been up to over the last ten years and interacting with each other with such ease, light teasing and banter – as if nothing had changed for them. Louis swallowed a lump in his throat, overcome with sadness at how much he’d missed them. He’d missed the banter, the easy way they showed their affections, the distinctive lilt in each of their voices and all the little in-jokes.

Speaking about the reunion Niall said, “We’ve all been really looking forward to it, us three have stayed really close over the years, which is great - but we can’t wait to see Louis and Harry.” Zayn added with a slow drawl, “It’s been really hard for us to have been frozen out. Of course, we understand why, but we’re so glad the other two agreed to this.” Louis was a bit stunned by this, he’d assumed Harry was still friends with them and couldn’t understand why they seemed to be saying Harry had frozen them out too. Liam spoke up sadly, “We just want our brothers back.” At that Louis felt more tears prick at his eyes, He wanted that too and he just felt so guilty and selfish for dropping his friends, his brothers, without any real thought for what he’d put them through.

The host steered the conversation onto their families and Louis smiled as they each talked about their loved ones, happy for them that they had love, but with an ache in his heart that he was alone, that Emma had gone and he was left with no one.

Mentally slapping himself, he pulled himself together and called Melanie to let her know he was out of bed. As he hung up, the timer started on his phone and he went into the kitchen to eat the lasagne. Melanie arrived as he was finishing his lunch, looking at him sympathetically and asking how he was. Louis gave the only answer he could, “Hollow”. Melanie nodded kindly and made him some more tea. She sat down next to him and said tentatively, “I’m so sorry Louis, this is all my fault” Louis sighed and said numbly, “I feel like I should be angry with you, but I’m not. To be honest I think this was inevitable, Emma was never going to want to live this life. And I can’t blame her – I don’t really want to either. If my mum didn’t need the money, and if I didn’t owe it to the boys, I’d be gone too.” Not really knowing how to respond to that, Melanie steered the conversation to what the split meant for them in terms of the press and the schedule. The planned schedule for that day had mostly been training Emma anyway so having a day off wasn’t going to set them back much at all.

Melanie let Louis know that there were rumours about the split, paparazzi having followed Emma back to Doncaster and warned Louis that he would have to address it on his slot on the morning TV show the next day. She apologised for not being able to let Louis have more time off, saying ruefully, “The show must go on.” Louis smiled wanly at her and echoed the line back. She left him.
with the script for the interview tomorrow, containing the questions that management had agreed the host could ask him – and the PR team’s instructions for what he was to respond. Melanie added with a grin, “Though God knows the rest of the band have been ignoring the instructions, I swear you guys will be the death of me.”

After Melanie left, he went to lie down on the sofa, turning the TV back on and selecting Die Hard, a classic from the film options on the box. He barely watched the film, having seen it a million times before. His mind drifted to a memory of an argument with the lads about if this was the ultimate Christmas movie of all time. Niall had insisted it was ‘Elf’, Zayn had said ‘A Nightmare Before Christmas’ while Liam had argued for ‘It’s A Wonderful Life’. Harry had agreed with him, and the two of them had spent their Christmas together in the flat they shared, drinking beers and watching Die Hard.

Louis could feel his brain start to hurt, so he tried very hard to stop thinking of Harry, which was hard because so many scenes from the film reminded him of Harry. Harry laughing until he cried, his slender body curled up and racked with giggles at Louis impression of Hans Gruber falling off the roof, them both howling “Yippee ki-yay motherfucker” at the top of their lungs. Just sitting with Harry, each with a beer in their hand, curled up against each other was all he'd ever needed. He had of course known that the way they were with one another wasn’t quite normal for best friends, but he hadn't cared. All Louis had cared about was that Harry was home. Louis could do anything and conquer the world as long as Harry was with him. The gay relationship rumours had exploded and he still didn't care, finding it funny until Eleanor had gone psycho over it.

After the Larry Stylinson speculation got too much and Eleanor and the management team got more and more upset & angry with them, they learned to be cautious with each other. They were no longer the sixteen and eighteen year olds that could jump into each other’s arms and drape legs and arms over one another as they sat in interviews. Louis had gotten so fucking angry at the rumours. He knew he wasn’t gay, he had a girlfriend, why couldn’t people accept he and Harry were just friends. And then the further away they sat away from each other, the less they shared their private jokes, the less they looked at each other, the more it fanned the flames, the more the rumours spread.

Louis remembered missing Harry, how even when they were in the same room he had felt they were on the other side of the world from each other. How Harry had gotten new trendy friends and started going out with millions of different women. He remembered throwing a tantrum at Harry about it, Harry’s eyes turning such a dark green they almost were black before Harry told him to fuck off. He had never seen Harry so angry as he was that night, spitting expletives at Louis in rage.

Louis’ thoughts turned to which of the questions had gone off script in the other interviews. He had assumed that Harry’s apology had been scripted but perhaps not, perhaps he was told to say something else and he had defied them. He was off the sofa before he knew what he was doing, pulling on a jumper and some shoes before striding out the door and heading for one of the other houses.
Chapter 8

Louis blinked confusedly when he stepped outside, weirdly having expected it to be dark. The mid-afternoon sun was pale in the sky, infusing the complex with a soft light but very little in the way of warmth. He shivered, wrapped his arms around himself and strode towards one of the houses in the complex.

Louis didn't know who he was looking for, and not knowing whose house was whose, he wouldn't have been able to find them anyway. He just knew he couldn't stay in his house alone with his thoughts anymore. He reached a door and knocked on it, staring wordlessly at the man who answered.

Blue eyes stared into hazel for a long moment, before the hazel eyed man pulled Louis through the doorway and into a bone crushing hug. Louis could barely breathe, balling his fists into Zayn’s shirt as they clutched each other. This was not one of those nonchalant, cool man hugs; this was two men holding on to each other for dear life; as though the world would end if they let go; as though the world had already ended and they were the only two survivors; as though they were brothers who had not seen each other for ten years. They hugged with fierce intensity and blazing emotions because those weren't empty metaphors, it was the reality.

Louis felt hot tears stabbing at his eyes and a burning lump in his throat that he could not swallow, he could feel the dam bursting under the weight of his emotions and to his shame, he started bawling. His chest heaving through uncontrollable sobs, while Zayn held him and stroked his hair.

A few minutes later, Louis became aware of Perrie clearing her throat, placing two mugs of steaming tea on Zayn’s coffee table and saying gently, "I’ll go upstairs and leave you two alone to talk". She walked towards the stairs, pausing briefly and turning to add with a soft smile, "It's good to see you Louis".

Louis followed Zayn to the couch, idly noticing that Zayn’s house was identical to his own and sat down next to him. Louis bashfully said, "Hi"; then mumbling with a vague gesture towards the door, "I'm sorry for... You know". Zayn picked up a cigarette from the packet on the table and lit it, his slender fingers tips curling around the butt. Taking a deep drag he looked at Louis and drawled, "Don't sweat it. Wanna to talk about it?"

Louis fidgeted with his hands, bringing one up to scratch at his neck before impulsively reaching for Zayn’s smokes and lighting one. He took a drag and then froze as he realised he hadn’t asked, that it wasn't the old days and he didn't know what the boundaries of this relationship were anymore. He exhaled a sigh of relief when Zayn smiled and shrugged, waving a hand in the direction of his cigarettes, "Help yourself". Louis gave a wry smile and replied,"I don't even know why I did it, I gave up years ago." He carried on smoking the cigarette though, inhaling through the light headedness and rushing feelings from the nicotine, knowing there would be hell to pay later. He enjoyed the harsh acrid smoke in his throat and that it occupied his mouth and his hands long enough to calm down and figure out what he was going to say to Zayn.

In the end he couldn't think of what to say or where to start anyway, so he finished the cigarette, stubbing it out in the small ashtray. He took a deep breath and then suddenly words started falling out of him, all jumbled and tripping over each other. Zayn sat there quietly chain smoking and listening, nodding and murmuring supportive sounds in the appropriate places while Louis bared his soul.

Louis found himself telling Zayn everything. About Emma, his Mum and how afraid he was about being alone. About how fucking sorry he was for cutting the boys out, that he knew it was
unforgivable, that he hated himself for it and he had missed them every single day over the last ten
years, even if he hadn’t been able to admit it to himself before now.

And then he talked about Harry, about Eleanor, about that night. Things that he had never talked
about with anyone. It was like once he had started talking he couldn’t stop, all of the things that had
spent years being locked away inside him were now laid bare, the locks burst with the contents
spewing out and Louis had no power to hold them back, until every last thought had been spilled and
he came to a shaken halt.

When Zayn had sensed Louis had finished, he just held out his arms to Louis. Louis practically
climbed into Zayn’s lap, and burst into tears as Zayn held him. Louis felt pretty ridiculous, here he
was at 33 years old being comforted like a small child, but Jesus Christ it felt good. Zayn rubbed his
back until he grew quiet and just said softly, "We all got it, you know, none of us blamed you. We’re
just glad we have a chance to have you back”.

At that Louis wanted to cry again, but composing himself, reached for another cigarette instead. He
lit it and took a drag, shifting position to sit next to Zayn and lean his head on Zayn’s shoulder.
Exhaling, Louis said softly, "What am I going to say to him?" Zayn smirked and said, "Hello is
usually the polite way to start." Louis smiled despite himself and punched Zayn in the shoulder
playfully, shrieking when he felt his hand burning from clenching a fist around the cigarette that he’d
forgotten he was holding. By instinct he clutched his hand, dropping the lit cigarette on the couch
and both him and Zayn leapt up trying to catch the cigarette before it burnt a hole in the couch. Zayn
grabbed it while Louis leant in, their heads colliding with a large crack. Zayn swore and flipped
Louis’ cigarette over to put it in his own mouth before they both burst into fits of giggles.

Louis laughed until his sides ached, feeling lighter than he had for ten years. While he still had no
idea how everything was going to go with Harry, at least he now knew where he stood with one of
the lads, and Zayn had assured him that Niall and Liam felt the same way as he did.

Zayn picked up both their empty mugs with one hand before asking “‘nother cup?” Louis shook his
head and said with a sigh, "No thanks, I should be getting back, big interview tomorrow and all
that.” Zayn paused and then nodded, as if he’d wanted to say something and then thought better of it.
Instead, he put the mugs down and extended a hand to Louis, pulling him up into a standing position.

Zayn put his arms around Louis for another hug, this one relaxed and friendly before murmuring, "It
really was good to see you Louis." Louis smiled up at him and said, "Thank you, for everything. I
don’t know what I would've done without you today."

They walked over to Zayn’s front door, and Louis walked back towards his house, calling, "See you
soon” behind his shoulder and then pausing when Zayn called out, "Don't leave it so long this time",
to turn around and grin at the Bradford boy and then give him the finger.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Please note: this chapter contains a sex scene (masturbation smut), please skip the part surrounded by ‘----’ if that offends you.

Walking back into his house and switching on the kettle Louis saw the script on the table and realised he hadn’t even looked at it yet. He called the staff team and requested a takeaway pizza for dinner, not fancying anything home-cooked. Sitting down with a cup of tea he started to read it, frowning at the prepared answers the PR team had written. By way of old habits, he grabbed a pen and started to make notes, amending the text to make it sound more like something he’d say and crossing out the lies and bullshit that he could not say in good conscience, writing the truth in its place. When he was finished making notes, he read through the script again – happy with what he’d written. He put on the TV and absent-mindedly flicked through the guide, eventually settling on an old episode of South Park. The doorbell rang, and he went to collect the pizza from one of the security guards who’d gone to collect it for him and sat munching the pepperoni and ham pizza and laughing at the cartoon.

After he’d finished the pizza Louis stretched and picked up his phone to check the time. Seeing that it was almost 10 he decided to try and get an early night, knowing he’d have to be up at the crack of dawn the next day for the interview. Heading upstairs, he brushed his teeth, pulled his clothes off and got into bed. Once in bed, he felt wide awake, the bed felt cold and too big. Louis suddenly felt very small, very young and very alone. He realised that he hadn’t slept without Emma next to him for months and his stomach sank in despair. He sighed and reached for the lube in the bedside table, figuring that if he tossed himself off he might be able to drift to sleep with orgasm induced lethargy.

Slicking up his fingers with the silk-like lube, Louis began to palm his soft cock, feeling the blood rush downstairs at the stimulation. Within seconds he had a semi, and after a minute or so his dick was fully hard. Pulling his foreskin back and caressing the sensitive slit of the head with his slick fingers, he started to slide the foreskin back and forward over the end of his engorged cock. He wrapped his small fingers around the wide shaft pumping up and down, skin prickling and his feet curling in pleasure. Images flickered through his mind of past lovers like a montage; breasts swaying as they rode him; eyes looking up at him while they swallowed his prick; that one girl with the soft dimples in her back that had allowed him to fuck her up the arse. Louis moved his hand faster and faster across his length, lowering the other to tug at his ball sack, huffing with frustration when nothing seemed to be able to push him over the edge into orgasm.

Squeezing another pump of lube onto his fingers, Louis moved his hand lower, rolling on his side and stretching his shoulder to get the angle right, before gently circling a finger around his hole. It was rare for Louis to resort to this, but needs must if he ever wanted to get some sleep. It was something he hadn’t discovered until a few years ago when an ex fuck-buddy had pushed the tip of her finger into his arsehole while sucking him off, and he’d emptied himself down her throat so hard he’d seen stars. Probing the puckered entrance with his index finger he groaned as he slid it inside up to the second knuckle. His hand was now a blur over his cock, while he thrust his finger in and out of his anus. He paused briefly when he added a second finger, body unused to the stretch, but loving
the burning sensation it gave him. His skin shone with sweat as he curled his fingers inside him, desperately trying to reach his prostate from the difficult angle, and then finally he managed to hit the magic bundle of nerves and his whole body jerked as his senses exploded and his cock spurted out four long blasts of come while Louis babbled nonsense into his pillow.

Louis eventually came back to his senses, body limp and soft from his orgasm, his shoulder aching from the effort of contorting it to get a decent angle for his fingers. He rolled forward and reached off the side of the bed for his discarded boxers, using them to wipe the muck and lube off his fingers and the come from his stomach before throwing them on the floor and finally sated, settling down to go to sleep. Within a few moments he had nodded off, curled into the foetal position, with one pillow under his head and the other cradled in his arms.

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In the morning Louis woke to his alarm sounding, feeling sticky and dirty with a sore arse. He waddled gingerly to the shower and turned it on, letting the water heat and steam up the bathroom, fogging up the mirror as he went to the toilet and brushed his teeth. Stepping under the hot water, he let his head loll back as he washed the evidence of last night off his body with a soapy flannel. He washed his hair, fingernails raking against his scalp trying to ease off the anxiety coiling in his stomach about the live TV interview.

Stepping out of the shower and drying himself off, he sprayed some deodorant and aftershave and pulled on one of his new outfits, a pair of smart black trousers with a burgundy dress shirt. He pulled his wet hair into a bun on the top of his head, figuring that they would style it when they got to the studio anyway and grabbed a pair shiny black shoes from the bottom of his wardrobe, carrying them downstairs. He called Melanie to let her know he was up and fixed himself some cereal in the kitchen. Melanie arrived with James and three other bodyguards as he was putting his dirty bowl in the sink. She nodded approvingly at him as he sat down and pulled on his shoes and started to lace them, saying kindly, “You look better today”. Louis didn’t respond to her comment, instead gesturing towards the living room and stating, “I’ve made some edits to the script, it’s on the coffee table”. They got up to leave for the studio, Melanie pausing to grab the script from the coffee table. Outside there was a car waiting for them and they slipped in, and headed for the gates. Going through the gates there were camera flashes and Louis slunk low in his seat by instinct, even though he knew they wouldn’t be able to get a shot due to the car’s tinted windows.

They rode in silence, Melanie reading the amended script. When she was done, to Louis’ surprise she smiled at him and said, “No major issues there, could we just edit this one part about the split a tiny bit, meet in the middle perhaps?” Louis nodded, shocked that there had been so little negotiation from Melanie. Before the split it had been constant negotiation between edits of scripts, with the lads hardly ever getting any say in what they said, or how it was phrased. He had always persisted with trying to re-write the statements and question responses in his own words, although he was never allowed to say what he wanted. Louis happily agreed with Melanie to change the answer to something a bit more like the original, while still retaining the essence of what he wanted to say, which seemed like a very small compromise for him to make.

They arrived at the TV studio, cameras flashing wildly again, and passing a wall of screaming fans as they pulled into the private entrance. Melanie asked Louis if he was feeling up to it later, could he go out and sign a few autographs for the fans. Louis thought that was new as well, he’d never been asked before, he’d never had the opportunity not to before, he’d always just been told that he had to. He dismissed the changes as Melanie just being kind after his breakup and got out of the car, as he was greeted by a producer and led to the dressing room.

Once in the dressing room, he was escorted to a chair while make-up artists and hair stylists worked
on him to prepare him for the cameras. Melanie sat next to him and he hesitantly told her that he had seen Zayn last night. She smiled wanly and said, “I suppose it was to be expected that something like that would happen, with you all being in the same complex. We did want you all separated but Zayn, Liam and Niall insisted you all had to be together. Not to worry, you might just have to act a bit and replay the reunion you’ve already had for the cameras.” She paused, looking at him for a second before saying, “You do look the better for it, I have to say.” Louis replied wryly, “I feel the better for it.” He smiled sheepishly to himself, not wanting to admit how glad he was that cameras weren’t there to record his mini-breakdown.

They were interrupted by the host, knocking on the dressing room door before entering and introducing herself. Louis had felt himself getting more and more anxious as the time for the interview ticked closer but started to relax as he chatted to the host and realising she was a nice and genuine lady. She was called out after a minute or two, apologising that she couldn’t stay longer, but she only had a few minutes in between segments for the adverts.

While the next segment was recording, and Louis was changing into the interview outfit the wardrobe team had provided for him (which was almost identical to the one he had worn that day, just with a moss green shirt instead of dark red), Melanie ran through how the interview was going to play out. During the next advert break, Louis would enter the set to allow the tech team to fit him with a microphone and get the lighting rig adjusted for his interview. He would then have about fifteen minutes before the next break, during which they would set up. The host would announce the next segment (a pre-recorded piece) live and then immediately record the link to adverts to be aired after the pre-recorded piece. Louis would then record the interview, while the pre-recorded piece was aired, giving them about a twenty minute delay in case they ran into any difficulties or needed to re-record anything. Louis was hugely relieved at this. Having not done a TV interview for ten years, he had been petrified of it being live, of messing up and failing in front of the nation so having the small bit of wiggle room from pre-recording was hugely comforting.
Chapter 10

Before Louis knew it, the next ad break was upon them and he was called onto set to get the lighting and sound set up for him. He could feel himself sweating under the studio lights while people fussed around him, attaching a microphone to his shirt and adjusting the light rigging. After a minute or two they were satisfied, and Louis was ushered to the side to watch while the next segment was recorded. Fifteen minutes or so later they cut to another advert break and the host recorded the links to the pre-recorded segment and the following ad break. Louis was then called back on set to the sofa, a make-up artist dashing over and quickly brushing mattifying powder over his face to ensure he didn’t look shiny on camera.

Louis’ palms were sweating and he tried to surreptitiously wipe them on his trousers, before raking his fingers through his hair, upsetting the volume the stylist had put in there. The host smiled at him and they chatted for a moment as she tried to put him at ease and told him not to worry. The producer asked if they were ready to start and Louis nodded, his mouth suddenly as dry as the Sahara Desert. He reached for the water next to him and took a sip, trying to calm himself. He steeled himself and shakily exhaled as the producer counted down and the cameramen wheeled the cameras in to focus on the set.

The host addressed the camera and announced, “Hello and welcome back. Now, this is the moment you’ve all been waiting for – we’ve had his band members on the show throughout the week and now we have Louis Tomlinson from One Direction, giving his first interview for ten years.” Turning to face Louis, the cameras panned out to the pair of them as she continued, “Hello Louis, can I begin by saying what a pleasure it is to have you on our show. I know this is your first media interview for ten years, how are you feeling?”

Louis took a deep breath, cleared his throat and replied with a half-smile, “Thank you for having me, I have to be honest with you, I’m absolutely terrified.” The host smiled kindly at Louis and began by asking some easy warm up questions which helped Louis to relax. He ignored the autocue with the agreed answers, figuring that he’d been allowed to pretty much say what he wanted so he might as well ad lib, and then he could relax and just pretend he was having a chat with the host. The host was nice and very easy to talk to, so he found himself calming down and answering the questions easily and openly, almost by instinct and he figured all the media training and interview skills from his time in the band had never really left him. Within a few minutes he was explaining his favourite memories, his eyes sparkling as he and the host joining in easy laughter.

They chatted about what Louis had been doing since the split before the host sensitively asked about Louis’ mum. Louis fingered his hair as he answered honestly about Jay’s stroke and how it had affected the family, while remembering to do his best to keep it light and positive. The host moved on to trickier questions, asking about the reasons for the split. Louis answered softly, “I explained my reason for leaving the band on twitter at the time. I know I didn’t break from the band in a fair or reasonable way, I was too angry at the time to think straight. I’ve had time to reflect over the last ten years, although really most of my healing has come in the last few days, and I expect the rest will come over the next few months.” Louis paused and looked straight down the camera lens before saying sincerely, “I’d really like to use this opportunity to apologise to the fans, my band-mates and my family for the way I behaved. It was unforgivable and I know I’ve hurt a lot of people with my actions. The only excuse I can think to give is that I was young, immature and very hurt and angry.”

The host followed up by asking if that meant he had forgiven Harry. Louis paused before replying quietly and honestly, “I don’t know”, adding after a few seconds, “I’d like to try.” The host pressed on asking, “Speaking of splits, are you able to confirm or deny that you have separated from
your girlfriend, Emma?” Louis nodded slowly and answered, “We agreed to separate, at least for a
time, while the reunion is happening. After that, we’ll have to see if we can work things out. She’s
an amazing woman who has been a very important part of my life for the past year, and I hope that
she will continue to be.”

The host switched subjects, asking what he was looking forward to most about the reunion
Louis replied that he was mostly looking forward to seeing the lads again, reconnecting with the fans
and performing the shows. She asked a few more light-hearted questions about the reunion and his
plans for the future to wind up the interview and end it on a positive note, which Louis answered
without difficulty. Eventually the host thanked Louis for his time and reeled off a link to the camera,
plugging the reunion TV special and the tour and letting the audience know what was coming up
after the break.

The producer yelled cut and Louis relaxed into the chair, relieved it was over. He quickly glanced
over to Melanie to try and gauge how he’d done, who beamed at him and gave him a thumbs up. He
stood up and shook the host’s hand thanking her for her interview as she gushed that he’d done a
great job and that it had been such a pleasure meeting him. After shaking hands with a few of the
crew members and thanking them, he headed over to Melanie for her feedback, falling into step with
her as they walked back to his dressing room. Melanie was full of praise with how he’d managed
and that he had exceeded her expectations. She paused, placing an arm on his shoulder and saying
quietly, “I really am very proud of you, especially with the craziness of the last few days” which
earned her a warm smile from Louis.

Louis felt a huge weight had lifted now that the interview was done, and he felt quite bouncy with
adrenaline. He freshened up once in his dressing room, scrubbing the make-up off his face with a
baby wipe and putting his clothes back on. He told Melanie he’d like to see the fans for a few
minutes who had been waiting outside. Melanie nodded, pleased, but told him they’d have to wait
until Louis’ segment had finished airing to keep the illusion of it being filmed live and aired without a
delay. Louis spent the wait drinking tea and chatting to Melanie while munching on custard creams.
He asked if Melanie could arrange for Emma’s new clothes to be sent to her as he wanted her to
have them and she agreed to get them couriered to Emma. Thirty minutes later he was standing by a
door, flanked by bodyguards who Melanie was issuing last minute instructions to. “No more than
five minutes. If you start feeling overwhelmed signal to James and we will pull you out of there.
James, make sure the fans don’t get too grabby – this is their first opportunity for ten years to get near
Louis so they’re likely to be a little intense”.

Louis nodded at one of the bodyguards, who swung open the door before Louis stepped through. All
of a sudden there was a cacophony of noise, with fans screaming at deafening levels. Louis felt
slightly dizzy and then took a deep breath to steel himself before stepping forward and waving with a
large smile. The shrieks rose to new volumes and Louis saw what felt like a million phone cameras
aimed at his face. He took the permanent marker Melanie proffered and started at one end of the line,
moving swiftly through to sign the CDs, posters, t-shirts etc that the fans were desperately
brandishing towards him. He smiled and said ‘Hi’ to everyone he could, taking photos with some
and signing as much merchandise as he could, pausing for a brief second to smile reassuring at one
girl who was bawling and to wipe the tears away from her eyes with his rough thumb. The
screaming had not stopped the entire time he’d been outside and Louis’ head was beginning to ache.
Once he’d reached the other end James pulled him away while Melanie called out to the fans, “I’m
sorry, that’s all we have time for today, which made many of the fans, who had not managed to get
close enough to the front, start wailing at having missed their chance.

Louis was beaming as he was pulled back inside, and quickly ushered to the car, where he could
finally start to relax as they drove out of the TV studio and back towards the complex, which was
quickly beginning to feel like home. He was absolutely shattered after the morning’s work and was
very pleased when Melanie told him that he was done for the day and could relax before the filming began for the reunion tomorrow. Adding with a cheeky smile, “Although I would appreciate it if you could keep away from the rest of the band members so there’s still something to film”. Louis grinned and rolled his eyes amiably at Melanie, realising a little belatedly that he’d become pretty fond of her over the last few days. It was really nice having an ally on the management team, that he felt he could trust and was on his side; which was a far cry from how he’d felt about Modest! Management when the band was still together.

They pulled into the complex and dropped Louis off at his door, promising to pass his message on to the chefs about his lunch order. Not really knowing what to do with himself for the rest of the day; he started by having a shower, washing the sweat and grime off of him from the interview and hundreds of hands trying to touch him. Louis pulled on a pair of comfy faded jeans and a t-shirt and headed downstairs, where he was greeted by the delicious smell of spaghetti bolognese. Louis ate messily, splattering the rich tomato sauce down his t-shirt. Once he’d finished he headed to the lounge and flopped on the sofa, turning the TV on. He considered watching his interview back, but thought better of it, instead putting on a random film and picking up the tablet from the shelf under the coffee table.

Louis typed his name into the twitter search function, unsure what the public’s reaction to his interview and the fan meet-and-greet would be. He scanned through the twitter feed, pleasantly surprised when the vast majority of it was positive comments and loads of happy fans sharing pictures and descriptions of meeting Louis. He paused for a moment before typing Harry’s name into the twitter search and loading his profile to see if he’d tweeted over the last few days. A breath caught in his throat when he saw the tweet from Harry, posted just after his interview had aired, reading simply ‘Hope is grief’s best music’. He quickly checked Niall, Liam & Zayn’s profiles, smiling when he saw that they had all tweeted supportive messages after the show about how they couldn’t wait to see him.

Feeling relaxed and happy, he watched the film for a bit before pulling out his phone and texting Melanie to ask if she could arrange for him to have a verified twitter account set up for him, deciding that it was time to get back out into the world again. He lazed around for the rest of the day watching films and rubbish on TV. In the early evening he called his Mum and Lottie, chatting to them about the last few days and filling them in with what had happened with Emma and Zayn.

He had fajitas for dinner and then watched some more TV, interrupted by his phone when it sounded and the caller ID showed Emma’s name and photo. He stared nervously at the phone before he connected the call and they talked for a while; Emma praising him for how he’d handled the interview and them both trying to ignore the awkwardness between them, for the most part successfully. Louis thanked her for calling him, and stressing that he wanted them to stay in contact during this separation and for them to remain a part of each other’s lives, even if they weren’t properly together. They ended the call with promises to catch up in a few days and a gentle acceptance of the situation. After he’d hung up the phone, Louis decided to go to bed and have another early night, wanting to be at his best for the filming the next day.
Chapter 11

The next day Louis slept in until about 11, knowing he wasn’t due at the studio until after lunch. They were recording individual interviews today, staggering them throughout the day. He padded downstairs still naked, feeling pleased to see the chef had been and gone, leaving the plate of warm croissants and pastries Louis had requested. Louis felt pretty pleased with himself that he’d put the breakfast order through at the same time as his dinner order and grabbed one, munching on it idly while his tea was brewing. He stood naked sipping his tea, feeling bored and wondering how to pass the time before he had to go to the studio. He felt a bit restless and realised he hadn’t worked out for about a week, so after he had called the staff line to request James to escort him, he went upstairs to get dressed, pulling on a t-shirt, jogging bottoms and running shoes. He pulled on a head-band and retied his hair to keep it off his face and went outside to wait for his bodyguard.

A minute or two later, James and another man jogged up, while a third body-guard was driving a car up to his door. Louis raised an eyebrow, confused, until James explained the options available. He could either run laps around the complex, which was pretty dull, or they could run out on Hampstead Heath. Hampstead Heath was only a few minutes jog away, but they would have to have a car follow them, to keep a little distance between Louis and the paps who would undoubtedly follow in the car. Otherwise they may well accidentally run Louis over in their quest to get a decent photo, plus it also meant they could get Louis to safety quickly if anything went wrong. With regards to the paps who would follow him on foot, James and the other bodyguard would flank either side of Louis as he ran and make sure they didn’t come too close. Louis agreed and said he'd like to get some proper fresh air and go to Hampstead Heath and get out of the complex.

James also asked if Louis could give them advanced warning next time he wanted to leave the compound. It had worked out okay today because the interviews were staggered so there were some of the spare bodyguards on hand, but if the other lads had conflicting appointments or something like that, it would only be James available which wouldn't be enough. Louis could see the sense in all that, but he was still a little taken aback that so much planning and effort and security had to go into having a simple run. He’d known the other lads needed bodyguards to go running but had never really considered the logistics of it given that ten years ago he would have laughed at the idea of running for pleasure and had gotten most of his, admittedly little, exercise from kick-abouts and the occasional gym session when Liam roped him into going.

But heartbroken and alone after the band split up, he’d needed something to focus his rage and pain into. One day he’d just grabbed his keys and ran, trying desperately to outrun the past and the pain. It had worked for Louis by giving him brief moments of respite. While his lungs were bursting and his legs ached and the sweat ran off him in rivulets, he no longer thought about anything other than trying to get more oxygen into his lungs. It made him feel free and powerful and he’d kept up the habit since.

He nodded to James and the other bodyguard whose name he learnt was Chris, who signaled for the driver to start the car and drive through the gates, stopping in front of the paps’ vehicles and waiting for Louis. Louis took a deep breath and jogged down the long drive turning a corner around a batch of trees and then into sight of the paparazzi and fans lining the entrance way, waiting expectantly due to the parked car that had come through seconds before. As they caught sight of him, the fans started screaming and the cameras started flashing. Louis waved and smiled, slowing slightly for the fans' benefit as he jogged through the gates, only to speed up as they cleared them. Some of the fans and paparazzi followed on foot and he could hear cars behind him starting their engines, but he forced himself to block everything out and focus on his breathing and the steady pound of his feet on the pavement.
Within a few minutes they'd arrived at Hampstead Heath and Louis laughed out loud as he ran, appreciating the views and stunning greenery. He felt light and free, and so alive. After about ten minutes he realised it was just him and the bouncers. Having outrun his followers, he allowed himself to slow a little, James and Chris pulling their pace back naturally to meet his. They jogged in a loop for about 30 minutes more before they reached their starting point and jogged back on the road to head home. Some of the paps had also been waiting for them to return and they followed Louis back to the complex. Minutes later they arrived at the gates and Louis stopped to sign a few autographs for the waiting fans, apologising for his post-run sweatiness before jogging slowly through the gates back up to his house, eventually slowing to a walk as the sounds of the fans screams faded.

Louis greedily drank the bottle of water James passed to him, and then started stretching to warm down. He'd learned the hard way how painful it was in the days after a run if he didn't warm down properly so he made sure he stretched every muscle he could thoroughly and massaged them with his hands. After completing his warm down, he headed inside and had a long hot shower. He washed the sweat off his body and out of his hair, briefly considering having a wank in the shower but deciding against it. He dried himself off and dressed in one of his new outfits, coming his hair and leaving it down to air dry. He headed downstairs as he heard knocking at the door and opened it to see Melanie outside. He waved her in and she set about making tea while Louis made himself some marmite on toast for his lunch.

Louis felt relaxed and happy after his run, it had replaced all the nervous energy with lovely endorphins and he felt energised. Melanie debriefed him on the press response to his interview and meet and greet the day before as he ate. She echoed the sentiments he'd seen on twitter from the fans, which was a relief that the papers had been saying positive things too. She also let him know she'd requested the twitter account, but it could take a few days for twitter to verify it and get it all set up. Finishing his tea and toast and leaving the empty dishes in the sink, they headed out to the car waiting outside. They chatted light-heartedly as they drove to the studio, where there was a huge crowd of fans screaming outside. Louis asked if they had time to sign some autographs before they went in and Melanie nodded in agreement. Louis stepped out of the car, waving at the fans whose screaming increased tenfold as they pushed closer against the barriers in desperation to see and touch him. Louis followed the line down the barriers, interacting with as many fans as he could before James pulled him away and inside to the studio.
Chapter 12

Louis grinned and chatted, buzzing from the high of meeting the fans while the hairdresser styled his hair and the make-up artist sponged foundation in different shades onto his face to even out his complexion and add definition, applied a matte lip balm to his lips, ran a liquid liner over the tips of his top and bottom lashes to darken them and not even scowling when they put that awful clear mascara on his lashes and eyebrows which he’d always hated. When they were finished he changed into the shirt and trousers the wardrobe lady gave him, checking the mirror quickly to muss up his hair a little from the neat style the hairdresser had created. Melanie led him into the studio, which was set up with a small couch and a neutral backdrop, four cameras pointing at the sofa.

He smiled and shook the hands of each of the small crew, and sat on the sofa. While the lighting was adapted, Melanie told him to just relax, tell the truth and they’d let him know if there were any answers he needed to expand upon or revise. Louis took a deep breath and relaxed into the couch, fidgeting slightly before finding a comfortable position.

The director shouted, “Action”, and started asking his questions, beginning with Louis’ time on the X-Factor. Louis recapped his time on the show; how nervous he’d been auditioning; meeting Harry in the bathroom; his first impression of the other guys at boot-camp; his heartbreak at not being selected for judges houses; the elation when he’d been put together with the lads; the week at Harry's Step-Dad’s bungalow getting to know each other; the first performance as a band at Simon’s house after he’d hurt his foot on a sea urchin and the joy of Simon putting them through to the live shows.

He glanced at Melanie who nodded and smiled at him, reassuring Louis that he was doing okay and he continued reliving the memories of moving into the X-factor house; the hi-jinx and video diaries; the first time he’d seen the fans outside and the awe as he realised that some of them were there for him; how the live shows were terrifying and the eliminations even worse; the absolute roller-coaster of it all; how devastated he’d felt when it had ended so abruptly in the final; and the relief and happiness when they’d been offered a record contract regardless of them coming third.

The questions moved on to the post X-factor era and Louis talked about the amazing places he’d seen; writing songs and recording with the lads; making the videos; all the interviews; the live shows and the euphoria he’d feel after. He paused before quietly admitting how it hard it had been to be on the road for so long away from his family; that he was never really prepared for the level of success they had; that he’d never really felt like he’d deserved the adoration he received. Although the attention from the fans had been amazing at first, it soon became frightening and overwhelming.

Louis was quick to say that, of course, he was so incredibly grateful for the fans and everything they did for him; but it had just gotten to the point after a few years where he was so famous that he couldn’t leave the house without multiple bodyguards. He was regularly frightened for his life when he was locked in shops and crowds were pressing in from the outside. He haltingly spoke about how often he would have panic-attacks after being almost crushed by fans and how miserable it was to not be able to do or say anything that hadn’t been pre-scripted by Modest! Management; how the Larry Stylinson speculation had torn his and Harry’s friendship apart; how he always had to be hyper aware of where Harry was, so he didn’t look at him too much or touch him, all to avoid long lectures from their then-management team; how lonely and jealous he’d felt when Harry had dropped him for his cool indie friends and the slow realisation that he’d lost his best friend because they weren’t allowed to be friends in public.

He talked about becoming closer with Zayn, Liam and Niall after Harry had made his new, cooler
friends, which was a change because while he’d always been close with the other lads it had been ‘Louis and Harry’ for so long, with the other three being best friends together. The natural divide in the group hadn’t caused tension, it was just the way it was; until of course everything changed and Louis was pushed away by Harry and joined the other three. Once it was the four of them and Harry was off doing his own thing, the band atmosphere became a lot more tense.

The director asked him about his relationship with Eleanor and Louis raked his fingers through his hair nervously as he swallowed a lump in his throat before saying, “She was my first love, and I thought we would be together forever”. Louis gave a smile which turned out more like a grimace and added bitterly, “I was wrong”. The director gestured for Louis to expand and he sighed, not really wanting to talk about it but continuing on anyway. Beads of sweat formed on his brow and his voice shook as he spoke about how their relationship had been, how the distance and the Larry rumours had affected them, but that they’d got through it all. Louis could feel his stomach coiling and clenching as he opened his mouth to talk about how it had ended, how he had found the two of them together, but he felt his throat closing up and the room starting to spin.

Louis tried to swallow, tried to breathe, to get air into his lungs, but however much air he tried to breathe, the dizzier and dizzier he felt. He his heart thumped wildly and his skin felt like it was on fire, before he became aware of a cool hand on his shoulder and Melanie’s soothing, calm voice saying, “Relax Louis, you’re safe. It’s just a panic attack. Take a deep breath with me, in and out, in and out”. Louis forced himself to concentrate on her words and follow her instructions, slowing and deepening his breath, in and out, in and out, as she crooned, “That’s right, you’re doing so well. Just relax and it will pass through you”. Melanie wet a tissue with a bottle of water and wiped his forehead, murmuring comforting words to him, before holding the bottle to Louis’ lips and urging him to take a sip. Louis sipped at water, the cool liquid soothing his burning throat as he felt his breathing steady and his heart rate slowing down.

Five minutes later Louis felt better, but still very shaken and Melanie handed him a cup of sweet tea that one of the crew had fetched for him. Louis blocked out the room apart from him and Melanie as he drank the tea, grimacing at the sweetness that he wasn’t used to. Melanie rubbed his back and comforted him and he eventually looked at her, embarrassed, before mumbling “Sorry”.

Melanie smiled at him kindly and told him there was nothing to apologise for. He had done a really great job and of course he was going to struggle with difficult, triggering topics. He smiled wanly at her as she handed him a chocolate hobnob and he asked her as he dunked it, if there was any chance he could have a cigarette. Melanie nodded and beckoned to one of the crew members who rushed over to hand her his own pack of smokes and lighter. She lit his cigarette for him, her hands cradling the flame as she shot a glare at the person who tried to interject that they weren’t allowed to smoke in the studio and passed Louis an improvised ashtray of a disposable coffee cup.

Louis inhaled deeply, the familiar smoke curling upwards from his fingers, beginning to feel a little more like himself. He took a large slurp of the sweet tea and another drag of the cigarette. When he had started having panic attacks, Harry had always been the one to soothe him through it; then later, when Harry’d left Louis for his new indie friends, Zayn had taken over looking after him. It was Zayn that had suggested having a post-panic-attack cigarette to calm him down, and they had chuckled when Louis had raised an eyebrow and replied, “Isn’t it supposed to be post-coital?” Zayn had bantered back with a smirk, “Maybe, but you’re not getting laid at the moment and you are having panic attacks”. He had smoked cigarettes and spliffs a few times before at parties so he had shrugged and taken one of Zayn’s proffered cigarettes, finding that it helped to level him out and after that had started smoking regularly.

His last panic-attack had been about seven years ago and he had quit smoking a few years back; no longer needing them to calm him down, becoming less able to afford them after his Mum’s stroke and
realising how much it had impacted his ability to run. He didn’t really want to start smoking again, but reasoned that he was going through a particularly stressful time at the moment and the occasional one wouldn’t kill him. After he’d taken the final drag and stubbed his cigarette out in the coffee cup, he took a deep breath and told Melanie that they could continue. She nodded and called the make-up and hair team back over and they flitted around him, reapplying foundation and powder and fixing his hair.

The director said kindly, “We’ll leave this topic for now, and if possible we can come back to it later – but not to worry if we can’t get through it today. You’re doing a great job so far”. The director started asking about Jay’s stroke and Louis answered as best he could, slowly relaxing back into the swing of the interview. He talked about his relationship with Emma and the past few years with his Mum before the director steered him towards finding out about the reunion. Louis described the intensity of the previous week; from his break-up with Emma; the craziness of being thrust back into the spotlight with no time to prepare; to how he almost had a breakdown and how Zayn had been amazing and helped him through it. After he’d finished talking about seeing Zayn, Melanie held up a hand and asked if he could re-record that section, this time leaving out the part about seeing Zayn, as she teasingly reminded him with a wink, “You haven’t seen each other yet, right?!”. Louis nodded, having forgotten about that and quickly repeated the last section without mentioning Zayn, instead saying that he had called a friend who had helped him through.

The director asked if he was okay to go back to Eleanor and the split, Melanie interrupting to tell him he could stop at any point and to let them know if it was getting too much. Louis swallowed nervously and nodded before bravely launching into to the things he’d kept locked up for so many years. He told them about how things hadn’t been going well for some time, but he’d thought they would get through it. He recounted the days where Eleanor had joined them on tour in Australia and how they had argued about the band, the rumours and the distance between them. The fight had ended in Louis storming off to get drunk with Zayn, and returning to the hotel hours later to find Eleanor in their bed with Harry thrusting into her.

Louis found that once he had started talking he was unable to hold anything back and he found the memories and pain pouring out of him, realising belatedly that his cheeks were wet and at some point he’d started crying. He wiped his cheeks with his shirt sleeve and continued, talking about the initial shock and rage that the two people he had loved most in the whole world had betrayed him. That night he’d tweeted what had happened and caught the first plane home to his Mum. He’d locked himself in his room at his Mum’s house, ignored all calls and messages, deleted his twitter and all social media accounts and refused to leave the house for months.

Louis told them how after a few months of wallowing alone, his old best friend Stan pushed into his room and forced Louis to talk to him. Stan would come over every day to sit with Louis and at the beginning Louis would resolutely stare at the wall and refuse to speak, until eventually, realising Stan was never going to leave him alone, he started talking. Louis was full of praise for Stan and how supportive he’d been, saying softly, “Really, Stan was the one who started to put me back together, I don’t know what I would’ve done without him”.

Louis spoke about how he gradually started rebuilding his life; how he coped with his time after One Direction; the adjustment to life without the boys, without the pressure and the fame, to life without Eleanor. How when he’d finally emerged from his Mum’s house many months later, there had only been one reporter still waiting patiently outside, who he’d punched in the face and broken his camera. He laughed embarrassedly and issued an apology to camera to that pap. He spoke about the move to his small village, growing his hair and beard long and using the name Louis Thompson. He spoke about the intervening years and how he’d put his life back together but had never really healed and he’d felt stuck living this half-life. That he’d made peace with being a bit broken and it had never occurred to him that he could ever become whole again, until this process started and now, maybe,
there was hope for him.

The director asked a few more questions before asking Melanie if there was anything else they needed. When she shook her head he yelled, “Cut” and walked over to Louis to shake his hand. The director congratulated Louis on a great interview and thanked him for his time. Melanie came up and hugged him, telling him he’d done a great job and she was bowled over. Louis wiped his make-up off and got changed back into his clothes, before having another cup of tea and going back out to see the fans. Now used to the screams and back in his element, he spent about 10 minutes with the fans laughing and chatting and posing for pictures. He got back in the car and they drove home, Louis using his mobile to call the staff line and put an order in for dinner, realising he was famished.

It was close to 8pm by the time he got home, and he gratefully stuffed the carbonara the chef had made him into his mouth before heading to bed with the tablet. He pulled off his jeans and shirt, leaving his boxers on and getting under the covers. Louis scrolled through twitter, smiling at the photos the fans had taken of him and their ecstatic tweets about meeting him. He clicked on a news story about him going for a run, frowning when he saw the state of him all sweaty while running before loading up Netflix and putting a film on. He fell asleep about half way through the movie, feeling his eyelids drop exhaustedly and eventually his snores drowned out the dialogue.
Chapter 13

Louis woke up refreshed the next day, beating his alarm by ten minutes. He showered and dressed quickly, trying to distract himself from the butterflies in his stomach. He felt equal parts excited and terrified. Today was the day, today was what this was all about, today he’d be seeing all the lads, today they’d all be in the same room for the first time in ten years. Louis took a deep breath and tried to still his thoughts and quiet the chant of ‘today, today, today, today, today’ racing through his mind. He messaged Melanie and made himself a bowl of cereal as he waited for her to arrive with the car, absentmindedly spooning it into his mouth and swearing as he accidentally dribbled milk into his beard.

Melanie breezed in as he was washing his bowl, giving him a quick hug and asking how he was. Louis replied honestly that he was nervous but excited and Melanie nodded and patted him on the back reassuringly. Within a few minutes they were in the car and on the way to the studio. Some of the paparazzi followed the car, but there were only a few fans outside the studio this early which Louis was a little relieved about. Louis followed Melanie down a long hallway, passing dressing room doors with each of the other lads’ names on until they reached one with Louis’ name on.

Louis felt sick as the team worked around him, the reality of the situation suddenly hitting him like a punch to the stomach. The lads, Harry, were only thin walls away, no doubt at this moment having their make-up and hair done too. He felt a wave of nausea come over him and he rushed over to the nearest bin and threw up his breakfast. Melanie sympathetically handed him a bottle of water, while he heard the make-up artist groan, “Ugh gross, not you too! Harry threw up twice while I was in there”. Louis let out a weak laugh at that, he knew it wasn’t kind but there was a pretty large part of him that was glad Harry was suffering too.

Melanie handed him a pack of unopened cigarettes and a lighter, saying, “I got these for you, I had a sneaking suspicion you might need them”. Louis smiled grateful at her as he lit a cigarette, feeling himself calm as he started to inhale. He asked Melanie tentatively how this was going to work, who would be seeing who first. Melanie explained that it would be him and Harry first and then later once they’d cleared the air, the other three would come in together. Louis raised an eyebrow and said half-jokingly, “Is that wise, what if we start punching each other?” Melanie barked out a laugh and replied, “While we certainly wouldn’t recommend it, I figured you’ve got to do what you’ve got to do. You’ve got a lot of shit to sort out together and it’s better to get it over and done with than go forwards with it hanging over your head.” She continued with a shrug, “You can always take a break or leave it for the day if it becomes too much. We’ve got some leeway with the editing window if we need to spread the reunion over a few days, so don’t sweat it. Just do your best and remember why you’re here.”

Louis gave her a small smile, feeling slightly better, although still dreading facing Harry. One of the crew members gave him a toothbrush and some mouthwash and he gladly took it and washed the taste of vomit from his mouth. He settled back into the styling chair, drinking tea and chain smoking while the hairdresser and make-up artist did their thing. He forced himself to focus on his breathing, trying desperately to clear his mind and reach a state of calm.

Ten minutes later he was shown to the set, a large four walled room built in the middle of a studio. Once they were through the door he looked around, seeing that it was decorated like a living room with four large sofas around a huge coffee table. From the inside it looked almost exactly like a normal room, apart from there was no ceiling, just a light rigging with boom mics attached and then many metres above that, the studio roof. Louis could see small cameras in each corner of the room, confused he asked where the proper cameras were and Melanie explained the change in technology
that meant they could get very high spec HD recordings from the small cameras. She pointed out a
few more hidden around the room, in the bookcases and plants etc, and told Louis that these were the
standard for filming many types of shows nowadays due to their discrete nature, enabling people to
act much more naturally than if there was a film crew in front of them. The cameras were controlled
from another room and could rotate and zoom and all sorts of things.

Louis nodded, somewhat relieved that there wouldn't be a whole film crew in front of him during
what was likely to be one of the most awkward experiences of his life, but at the same time afraid of
being alone with Harry. Melanie squeezed his hand and reassured him, “You can do this”, before
leaving the room leaving him on his own.

Louis perched tensely on the end of one of the sofa cushions, not quite daring to get comfortable. He
played with his hair nervously, pulling it into a bun, before taking it out a few seconds later and
shaking it out. After a few moments there was a light knock on the door, and it cracked open
agonisingly slowly as Louis jumped to his feet, palms sweating and legs trembling. Time stood still
as he stared at the door and Harry hesitantly walked through and closed it behind him.

They stared at each other, wide eyes locked in a gaze and speechless for at least a minute, the
seconds dragging like hours. And, fuck, Louis had forgotten how green Harry’s eyes were.
Eventually Harry squeaked out, “Hi”, his Adam’s apple bobbing with tightly controlled emotion,
Louis choked back, “Hi”, feeling embarrassed about the wobble in his voice. Louis hadn’t known
before that moment that a voice could wobble and break in the course of such a short one syllable
word, but apparently it could. He cleared his throat and tried again, “Hi”, feeling very relieved when
it came out slightly more normal sounding. Harry swallowed, Louis watching his Adam’s apple dip
up and down as he asked quietly, “May I sit down?”

Louis shrugged, but awkwardly sat down back on the edge of the cushion and watched as Harry did
the same on another sofa. They sat in silence, as Louis thought about how uncomfortable this was.
Over the years he'd imagined confronting Harry; dreamt about beating him into a bloody pulp more
than once or twice. He'd spent hours working out what he'd say, the perfect scathing remarks to cut
Harry to the bone, to wound Harry like he'd been wounded. Now that he was face to face with
Harry none of those options seemed appealing anymore. Louis was broken out of his thoughts by
Harry, who had always been so cool and unflappable, suddenly making a low keening noise and
starting to talk, the words rushing out of him all at once and tripping over each other.

“I'm so sorry Louis, I know you can never forgive me, that I will never be able to properly explain
myself. I can't thank you enough for seeing me, for giving me this opportunity. I want to make it up
to you.” Harry stopped as abruptly as he started, stood up and turned away from Louis. Louis stared
at his back, Harry's hands clenched into fists at his sides, muscles tensed, and head bowed, curls
falling into his face as he swore, “Fuck, this is all coming out wrong. I've rehearsed this in my head
for ten years and now you're actually here in front of me, it all seems wrong.”

Startled by Harry’s confession and how similar it was to his own emotions, Louis let out a bitter
laugh, causing Harry to spin round and stare at him in shock. Louis explained sardonically, “I dreamt
of punching the shit out of you for ten years, and now you're actually here in front of me, it doesn't
seem right anymore either.” Harry gave him a small, wry smile and said, “That's a relief, though God
knows I'd deserve it if you did.” Louis smirked at Harry and warned, “Don't relax just yet, I may
change my mind.” Harry laughed quietly at that, "I'd let you”.

Louis fell silent, looking away from Harry overwhelmed, before composing himself and glancing at
Harry again, to see that he'd sat back down again on the sofa. Louis settled a little further into the
couch, forcing himself to calm down and relax. He took a deep breath and asked the one question
that had been haunting him for ten years; the question only Harry had the answer to; the question that
meant everything to him “Why did you do it?”
Chapter 14

Harry looked like he'd stopped breathing for a few seconds before starting, “It’s hard to explain, but I'll do my best. I'm not really sure where to start, but the beginning is as good a place as any. I suppose it all started in the X-factor audition bathroom.” Louis raised an eyebrow at this and opened his mouth to ask what the fuck a bathroom 15 years ago had to do with any of this, before Harry desperately begged him, “Please don’t interrupt me, I’m not sure I can get this out unless it’s all in one go.” Louis gave a short nod before leaning back into the sofa and gesturing for him to continue.

Harry took a deep breath and started again, visibly shaking, his eyes staring at the floor, “I met you in that bathroom, and I immediately knew that you were going to be important to me. I didn’t know how or why, but I just had this feeling in my gut that we were meant to meet. And then at boot camp when I saw you again, when we put together in the band it all made sense. Getting to know you at the bungalow was the best week of my life up to that point, you were like my beacon. You were all I could think about and it was so confusing, you know, because I was sure I was straight, I liked girls. But the more time I spent with you the more obvious it was to me that I liked you too.”

Louis was stunned, not quite believing what he was hearing, Harry was gay? Harry had feelings for him? He sat wordlessly, as Harry continued, “I used any excuse I could to touch you, any excuse I could to sit near you, to look at you, and for a brief time I thought you felt the same. You were as affectionate with me as I was with you, but you were with Hannah and I was too scared to bring it up. Then all that Larry Stylinson speculation started and you were so quick to laugh at it, so convinced that there was nothing but friendship between us that I realised that you didn’t feel the same. It broke me to know that it was all a joke to you, and that you couldn’t see what the fans did; that I was in love with you. Then you got with Eleanor and she was so upset by the rumours that you stopped finding them funny. Then management got involved and separated us. I was just so broken and I found it so hard to be around you.”

Harry paused before admitting bitterly, “That's when I turned into a bit of a shit. I started withdrawing from you, I started hanging out with Grimmy and that lot, because Nick understood. As we ever talked about was you and how fucked up my life was that I was head over heels in love with my best friend who had no idea because I was too much of a pussy to tell him. I had sex with a couple of guys, but I realised that it wasn’t what I wanted unless it was with you, I couldn't enjoy sex with girls or guys without imagining you. I went out on all of these dates, with men and women and fucked around a lot, trying to get the thought of you out of my head but nothing worked. It got to the point where I couldn’t bear to be near you until we weren’t even friends anymore, but that made me even more miserable than being around you.”

Harry took a deep breath before saying tightly, “So one night,” and then with a burst of anger and sorrow, “One stupid fucking night. I got shit-faced and I knew I couldn’t carry on like this so I thought fuck it and came to tell you everything, to try and explain why I’d pushed you away. Only you weren’t there, and Eleanor was. In my drunkenness I’d forgotten that she was with us on tour. She was upset and crying so I sat with her and started crying too. We were both so broken and fucked up from being in love with you and then before I knew it she was kissing me and I was letting her. I knew while I was doing it that it was wrong, that this was the worst thing I could ever do and probably the most stupid. I couldn’t stop though, all I could think was that this would be the closest I would ever come to having you, kissing someone you had kissed in the desperate hope that somehow some of your love for her would rub off onto me. I know it makes no sense, I still can’t make sense of any of it even now. All I know is that it was the biggest mistake of my life and I will never forgive myself for it.”
Louis sat there with his head spinning, trying to process what he’d heard. He looked at Harry who was still staring at the floor, tears running down his cheeks, not daring to look up at Louis. Before he knew what he was doing, he launched himself at the other sofa and hugged Harry, wrapping his arms around the taller man as Harry bawled into his chest. Soothing his fingers through his curls as Harry wept into him, Louis whispered, “I’m sorry, I didn’t know”.

Louis realised for the first time that Harry was as broken as he was, that he had unwittingly hurt Harry as much as Harry had hurt him. Realising how much pain he had caused Harry, who was once his best friend, overwhelmed him and then he was sobbing too. They clung to one another crying for what seemed like hours before they let go, slumping drained on the sofa next to one another.

Given that Harry had bared his soul, Louis supposed it was his time to talk. He started hesitantly, eyelashes still wet, “I’m sorry, I didn’t know you felt that way but…” Harry scrubbed his eyes and interrupted him to tell him that it was okay, that it was his own fault for never telling Louis. Louis took a deep breath and continued “…But I don’t know if it would have made a difference. While I might have been more sensitive around you, I am not gay. I am sorry for hurting you though, and I’m sorry for not understanding when you needed your space.”

Harry laced his fingers in Louis, and they both flexed their wrists instinctively, remembering the familiar feeling before letting their linked hands settle and replying quietly, “I know. I always knew really that you wouldn’t have reciprocated and I think that’s why I never told you; because I knew you would have rejected me and I wouldn’t have been able to cope with that back then.”

Louis fell silent for a moment before he asked, “So why tell me now? What’s changed?” Harry looked at Louis intently and said, “I have. I’m not a love-struck little boy anymore Lou,” Louis’ heart constricted as Harry called him by his nickname, the name he’d forbidden anyone to call him for ten years, but Harry didn’t seem to notice, continuing, “Quite simply, I got over you. I mean, I think some part of me will always love you, but I’m just not in love with you anymore, y’know?”

Louis felt relief wash over him, ignoring the tiny voice inside him that hummed with disappointment that Harry wasn’t in love with him anymore, brushing it off as simple vanity. He looked into Harry’s eyes, green meeting blue, and said simply, “I forgive you”. All of the pain of the last 10 years seemed somewhat worth it to see the flash of joy in Harry’s green eyes, before Louis apprehensively asked, “Do you think you can ever forgive me?” Harry looked at him puzzled, asking incredulously, “Forgive you? You’ve done nothing to need forgiving”. He shushed Louis as he tried to explain that he’d hurt Harry too, and that really this was all Louis’ fault for making Harry so miserable in the first place. Plus he’d broken up the band, ignored Harry for ten years and never given him a chance to explain. Harry smiled crookedly at Louis and told him to shut up and stop being stupid before pulling him into a hug.
Chapter 15

They sat hugging, just revelling in being next to one another after ten years of being apart. Louis laughed, saying out loud when Harry looked at him confusedly, “It’s weird that this isn’t weird or awkward” and then beaming as Harry laughed and agreed, giving Louis a kiss on the forehead. They were interrupted by a knock on the door and Niall, Zayn and Liam came in, not pausing before the three of them threw themselves at Louis and Harry, climbing over the coffee table and jumping on top of them. The sofa tipped back at the force of three fully grown men flying at it and the five of them were capsized onto the floor in a mass of limbs, laughter and tears. They laid on the floor, bodies sprawled over one another and hugged, sounds of tears and laughter coming from the pile of men before Louis spluttered “Get off me Niall you fatty, you’re crushing me” and they all rolled off one another howling with laughter.

They eventually sat up, pushing the sofa upright and back into position, before the five lads hugged each other individually, and then had one large group hug, each sniffing back tears. They settled on the sofas, Liam and Niall taking up one, with Harry, Louis and Zayn on the other. Louis leant his head on Zayn’s shoulder and threw his legs over Harry’s as he slumped tiredly over the two boys. Zayn ran his fingers gently through Louis’ hair as Niall and Liam began to gabble excitedly over one another, interrupting each other so none of the others really knew what either were saying “So glad… “See you”… “Happy” … “Back again” … “Missed you” … “Can’t wait” … “Too long”…

Harry held up a hand to silence them, saying solemnly, “Louis and I have some stuff to tell you, we’ve had a long talk and there are some things that you guys should know as well”. He looked at Louis, seeking confirmation that it was okay to tell them everything and started to talk after receiving a nod from Louis. Zayn drawled, “Oh god Harry, do we really have to listen to this all again… blah blah blah, you were in love with Louis, blah blah blah blah…”. Louis and Harry stared at him open mouthed while Niall stuffed his fist in his mouth trying to stop himself from giggling too much and Liam tried to look stern but failed, his mouth quirking upwards. Harry stuttered, “You... you… you knew?” Zayn smirked, “No of course not, you prat, we were just watching you guys on camera”.

Louis sat bolt upright in horror while Niall, Liam and Zayn burst into raucous laughter, staring wide eyed at Harry. Somehow he’d forgotten all about the cameras, that this was being filmed. He managed to gasp out, “The cameras, no, Harry, gay, career, management, we’ll have to re-film”, before Harry shushed him, and cupped his face in his impossibly large hand and said, “It’s okay love, I’m ready for it, I’ve already said it in the individual interviews anyway. We can re-film this all if you’re not comfortable, but I’m happy for the truth to be known.” Louis slumped weakly against Zayn, still staring at Harry before asking, “But what about management? They won’t let this come out!” Harry replied, “Well unless you lot aren’t happy with it, they won’t have a choice,” continuing with a groan when he saw Louis’ confused face “Honestly Louis, didn’t you read your contract?”

Louis looked at Harry even more confused, until Liam stepped in and explained, “When we negotiated our contracts, I insisted on an 11% controlling stake each. Meaning, that if we all agree on something – we can ouvote the management team. As a band, we have a majority stake, meaning we have control over our image, our music, the editing of this TV show, everything. They weren’t happy about it of course, but it was the only way we would agree to the reunion. There’s no way I would’ve done this if it meant going back to the old days, like with Modest! Management. We all hated being told what to say and how to act and we’re all adults now so we chose a management team that would support us and advise us rather than control us.” Louis gaped at Liam, not quite believing what he was hearing, eyes shifting to Niall as he piped up to say proudly, “I negotiated the on-call personal chefs!”
Thinking about it, it started to make sense to Louis why everyone was always so nice to him and no one had forced him into anything he wasn’t comfortable with. Although that hadn’t been the case with Emma. He narrowed his eyes and said, “In that case, I’d like to sack the PR team”, going on to explain the way they’d treated Emma, implying she was fat and berating her for having a personality and not being a media trained robot. Niall echoed that his wife had been treated similarly, and although she’d laughed it off – Niall was quite angry on her behalf and he would be up for sacking them too. The other three guys agreed, and decided they’d let management know that they wanted new PR representation.

The five men chatted and caught up, reminiscing about their time together in the band and slipping into easy banter with each other. Louis told the other lads what he’d been up to in their time apart, and eagerly listened to their own stories about their lives. They shared how each other's families were; each boy softly telling Louis how sad they were to hear of Jay’s stroke, and asking eagerly about his siblings. Louis blinked back tears as he heard about the families that had once been as close to them as his own, bitterly regretting the last ten years that he had missed out. They remembered stories of their exploits together and laughed with each other at the memories of their teen years.

Harry took Louis’ hand in his and said softly, “Are you sure you're okay, about this stuff between you and me being aired? If you aren’t, we can re-record it, it doesn’t have to be made public.” Louis thought for a second before grinning at him wickedly and saying, “Are you kidding, I can’t wait for people to find out that the heart-throb Harry Styles was pining after little old me” and batting his lashes. Harry gave a snort and shoved Louis playfully, pushing him into Zayn who exclaimed, “Ouch” and shoved him back into Harry. A minute later the five of them were wrestling and it was almost like they’d never been apart.

There were laughing and shoving each other gently as they separated again, before Louis gathered them all into a tight hug and whispered, “I really am sorry”, Harry adding straight after, “Me too”. Niall shushed them and told them it was okay, all was forgiven – they were just pleased to have them back again, with Zayn and Liam murmuring agreements. Niall broke away slightly to say, “I’m starving, can we get some food?” The boys laughed and agreed, but Louis stopped them before they filed out, pulling his phone out of his pocket and turning it to take a selfie of the five men, arms winding around each other with wide grins in the first picture of them all together for ten years.
Chapter 16

They exited the room and saw Melanie with four strangers, one woman and three men, standing on the edge of the studio with huge smiles on their faces, bursting into applause as they saw Louis and the lads. Melanie ran up to Louis with a huge smile, bursting with pride and she threw her arms around him to give him a giant hug. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the other strangers each hugging one of the lads and he assumed they were each of their allotted management team members. Melanie gushed at how proud she was of him, how well he’d done and that it had gone so much better than they’d ever imagined. She asked Louis how he felt and Louis beamed at her and told her with a laugh that he felt better than he had for ten years.

Breaking away from Louis, Melanie introduced him to the rest of the management team who all seemed really friendly and had so many nice things to say. The boys mentioned that they were hungry, and would like some food – with Niall exuberantly shouting, “Nando’s!” when they were asked what they wanted to eat. They each headed to their dressing rooms to wipe off their make-up and get changed, before they headed back to the complex to eat. Niall, Liam and Zayn piled into their shared car, while Louis shared a car with Harry so that his driver could go to Nando’s to pick up their order.

Louis was silent in the car, feeling exhausted and drained from seeing the other boys again. Harry seemed to understand and didn’t push him for conversation, sensing that Louis was a little overwhelmed. They sat with their thighs touching in comfortable silence until Louis said so quietly, in voice lower than a whisper, like he’d hoped Harry wouldn’t be able to hear it, “I missed you”.

Harry didn’t answer and Louis felt half relieved that Harry hadn’t heard him, half disappointed. But then, a second later, he felt Harry’s long arm reach around his shoulders, felt a soft kiss on his forehead and heard a whisper back so quiet he might have imagined it, “I missed you too”. Louis felt the tension leave his body and he relaxed into Harry, leaning his head drowsily on Harry’s shoulder. They stayed like that for the rest of the journey until they were dropped off at Harry’s house, the lad’s car pulling up a minute or so later.

The lads flopped on Harry’s couch and chatted while he made them all tea, somehow remembering their tea preferences perfectly even after all this time. They sat and caught up on the time they’d spent apart and reminisced about the days in the band. About half an hour later there was a knock on the door and one of the bodyguards came in with their Nando’s orders which made Niall’s eyes light up. He announced dramatically “Nando’s, love of my life!” which made all the boys laugh as they plated up their food and started tucking in.

Melanie and the rest of the management team came in and debriefed the group as they were eating, letting them know that they had got a huge amount of great footage from the reunion and that the TV special was going to be sensational. One of the men on the management team, Louis thought perhaps Zayn’s manager but he wasn’t really sure, asked if they didn’t mind, could the lads hold off tweeting, until Louis had his twitter account up and running. He explained that the management team thought it would be really great press if they went quiet for a day, until Louis tweeted the selfie of the boys he had taken. The boys nodded, seeing the sense in that and Melanie added that they hoped it would be tomorrow, as it would be a Monday.

Louis was a little shocked when he realised that it was Sunday, having completely lost track of the days. He couldn’t believe it only been a week since Simon called him. He ran through the week in his head; He got the phone call on Sunday; Monday he went to work and saw his mum after; Tuesday they got the shock of the paparazzi and traveled to London, met with the PR team and then
the styling team; Wednesday they had more PR training, Harry’s TV interview, the wardrobe
department coming over and then splitting up with Emma; Thursday he’d had the day off to get over
the break-up, Zayn, Niall & Liam’s TV interview and he’d gone over to see Zayn in the evening;
Friday had been Louis’ TV interview; Saturday he’d gone for a run and recorded his individual
interview for the reunion; and finally today, Sunday, they’d had the reunion.

Louis felt a bit dazed that so much had happened, so much had changed in a week. He’d been on a
massive roller-coaster and was very relieved to tune back into the management team letting the lads
know that they now had the rest of today, Monday and Tuesday to do as they pleased and to catch
up with each other and rest, before they’d be reviewing the footage and editing of the reunion
recording on Wednesday. They requested that they stay in the complex, out of the sight of cameras
until the tweet had gone out, to maintain the mystery and suspense. Niall wiped his mouth with his
sleeve, pausing eating to mention firing the PR team before his manager smoothly cut in to
to say they’d taken care of it and already fired them, having heard the men’s wishes in the studio. He
reassured them they would have a new team in by Wednesday and management team filtered out,
leaving the lads to relax and enjoy themselves.

The five of them hung out for an hour or so more before Zayn, Niall and Liam made their excuses
and went to see their wives and fiancé leaving Harry and Louis alone. Louis stood up to leave,
nervously playing with his sleeve before Harry looked up at him with his doe eyes and asked, “Do
you want to stay, watch a movie maybe?” Harry had said it casually but with so much hope in his
eyes that Louis couldn’t say no, instead sitting back down next to him. Louis resolutely ignored
the part of him that wanted to be near to Harry all the time, telling himself he was only doing it because
Harry wanted him to. They settled down next to each other and put on a film they’d both seen
before, Louis lying next to and slightly on top of Harry on the sofa so that they were almost
spooning. They fit together so well, Harry’s longer and leaner body encompassing Louis and Louis
swore to himself that it definitely did not feel like for the first time in over ten years, he was home.
Louis blinked confusedly as he woke up on a sofa with the room dark and the TV turned off. He shifted slightly and then froze as he realised he was still on Harry’s sofa and Harry was asleep behind him, with an arm draped over him. He lay there for a moment, not quite ready to leave Harry’s embrace before he gently disentangled himself from Harry and stood up. He deduced that Harry hadn’t woken him up, electing instead to turn off the TV and hold Louis as he slept, eventually falling asleep with him. Louis told himself that Harry was a wanker for not waking him up and sending him home to sleep as he tried to ignore the flutter in his stomach that Harry had let him rest and looked after him, like he used to do a lifetime ago.

He looked fondly at Harry sleeping on the sofa, feelings of annoyance dissipating as he got a blanket from the cupboard and laid it over Harry so he didn’t get cold. He pulled on his shoes and let himself out, walking the short distance to his house. Once home, he kicked his shoes back off, undressed and got into his own bed. He curled in the foetal position trying to get warm in the huge, cold bed, suddenly regretting his decision to go back home rather than stay in the comfort, safety and warmth of Harry’s arms.

He woke up again when it was light outside, reaching for his phone to check the time and swearing when he couldn’t find it on his bedside table. He checked his trouser pockets, put on some boxers and padded downstairs to look for it there. He thought back to when he’d last had it and swore again when he realised he must have left it at Harry’s. He checked the time on the oven, seeing it was about 10 and went into the living room to use the landline to request a fry up for breakfast. He was just about to head upstairs to have a shower and put some clothes on before the chef arrived, when he heard the doorbell ringing. Louis swore again and then went to go answer it.

He opened the door to see Harry outside. Louis raised an eyebrow as Harry’s expression quickly changed from looking nervous, to shocked and a little embarrassed. Louis was confused until he followed Harry’s eye line down his body and saw that he was in fact, still only wearing a pair of boxers. Louis flushed bright red, stammering out “Oh right, yes, I was on my way to get dressed, but then the doorbell rang”. Harry managed to compose himself pulling a bland expression onto his face before drawling cheekily, “Do you greet all your guests like that, or just me?” Louis laughed, breaking the tension between them, then pulling Harry inside saying, “Come in you idiot”.

Louis gestured to Harry to make himself comfortable and went upstairs to dress, feeling or perhaps imagining Harry’s eyes on his back and arse. Of course, anyone who would suggest that Louis walked a little slower and sexier, hoping Harry was watching him walk away, would be a liar. Louis discarded 2 pairs of trousers and 3 shirts before he found a combination that he liked, not really wanting to look to deeply why he didn’t just pull on the first thing he came across as he usually did. He pulled the clothes on and went back downstairs to see Harry chatting with the chef and making tea. Harry brought a mug of tea over to Louis and nodding towards the chef said, “I asked if she could make me breakfast as well, as I haven’t eaten yet, hope that’s okay”. Louis shrugged and sat down, sipping the hot tea. Harry pulled Louis’ phone out of his pocket and passed it to Louis saying, “Here, you left this at mine”. Louis turned it on and scrolled through his notifications seeing that he had messages from Emma, Stan and his Mum. He put his phone back down, deciding to deal with it later and chatted lightly with Harry while breakfast was being made.

Once they’d finished their fry up and washed up, they sat on the sofa in the living room. Harry looked nervous for a moment, before gaining courage and asking carefully, “Are you, okay, about last night? Just I woke up, and you were gone, and I didn’t know if it was weird or you were upset…” Louis looked at him and smiled sadly, “I was okay, I just felt a little vulnerable y’know,
being there asleep. I’m not used to it any more. It’s going to take some practice to be around you again.” Harry nodded and said “It’s weird for me too, it would be so easy to slip right back into being brothers and pretending nothing had changed, but things have changed. We’ve both changed and although I think we still have love for each other, as brothers, we haven’t healed overnight. It’s going to take time.”

Louis was relieved that Harry knew how he was feeling, but had a sort of ache inside him that he couldn’t quite place and couldn’t swallow down. He said softly, “I don’t want to jump back into our friendship either, or at least my head doesn’t; but there’s part of me, maybe my heart, that has been without you for so long, it just wants to be close to you all the time and never let go. It feels like you’re the only one that can fix me.” Adding wretchedly in almost a whisper, “I just don’t want to be broken anymore” feeling tears well up in his eyes.

Before the tears could spill over, Harry had pulled him into a bear hug and held him as he cried, murmuring, “It’s okay, it’s okay” into Louis’ hair. They sat on the sofa cuddling for a while until Louis stopped crying, looking at Harry with wet eyelashes and apologising for being such a pussy, Harry laughed at that and reached up to grab Harry’s hand from his tresses to hold it in his own, marvelling at how small his hand looked in Harry’s larger one. Harry continued, “I like the beard too”, Louis felt his cheeks burning and batted the praise away, joking, “Shame about the grey hair and wrinkles though”. Harry was quiet for a moment, oddly serious before saying, “You’re even more beautiful then you were ten years ago” which shut Louis up.

Louis abruptly changed the topic to steer onto safer ground and give his heart an opportunity to stop skipping around like a little girl with a jump rope. He asked if they should go and see what the other lads were up to. Harry paused for a second before nodding and they got up and put their shoes on and headed out. They walked over to Zayn’s and Perrie opened the door, pulling Harry and Louis into a huge hug and telling them how great it was to see them. Zayn came up and gave them each a hug as they explained they had come over to see if everyone fancied hanging out. Zayn nodded and fished out his phone to fire off a quick text to Liam and Niall. The three of them walked over to Harry’s, with Niall and Liam turning up a few minutes later.

The five of them sat on the sofas, drinking tea and chatting while Louis sat quietly, watching the other lads and really realising for the first time, how much everyone had changed. They all had some wrinkles and grey hairs which was new; some of them were starting to bald at the temple and crown a little, Niall had gotten a little chubby. It wasn’t just their appearance though, they had all grown up over the ten years they’d been apart. He was looking at four men, not the four little boys he’d met all that time ago, who’d thought they were men. He remembered meeting the boys with their bright, clear eyes and naïve smiles.

Liam had always been serious and responsible, even as a sixteen year old. He’d been so desperate to prove himself to Simon and not mess up. He’d always been the daddy of the group, pulling Louis in line for mucking around. Once they had the success and fame he had learnt to let go a little, relax a bit, but he was still the responsible one. Now he was lightly care-worn, a little frayed at the edges, his short brown hair greying at the temples and the beginnings of brown lines etched permanently on his brow. He was more guarded too, perhaps a little more aware of the fragility of this reunion, than the other lads. Watching Liam, Louis realised that perhaps Liam didn’t expect this truce that had been
made to last, that maybe he thought this was all too good to be true and not willing to trust it. Thinking about that made Louis frown and he wondered if it was going to all work out okay, or if he was just being naïve and fooling himself.

Flicking his thoughts to Niall, Louis couldn’t help but smile, the frown vanishing from his forehead. Niall had changed the least of the five, having kept his hair bleached and quiffed, but now with smile lines around his eyes, a larger frame and a hint of a pot belly under his jumper. He’d always been a sweet boy, so quick to smile and so eager to make everyone else happy and to keep the peace and that seemed to be true even now. He’d grown up though too, now a husband and a father to two boys, and an air of responsibility within him that hadn’t been there before.

And Zayn, who was still rail thin, with cheekbones that could cut glass and eyes that smouldered. The fans had always thought him mysterious, a bit of an enigma, but Louis and the other lads had known that wasn’t really him. He was just a bit shy, overwhelmed by the attention and prone to introversion, preferring drawing and writing to the trappings of fame. He had smoked a lot of weed while in the band, eventually moving on to harder drugs, cocaine and MDMA to help him cope with life in and after One Direction. Louis could see the shadows across his eyes from the experience; could feel the hesitation about being back in the public eye; the fear of relapsing. Zayn had been through a lot, he had hit rock bottom after his third album had flopped and had gone to rehab to cure him of his drug addiction. It was only when he looked at Perrie that the shadows lifted and his eyes became clear again, he looked at her like she was his sun, his salvation, his anchor.

Louis looked down to his hands, seeing them enclosed within Harry’s, having not noticed they were holding hands, and having no idea when they started. His eyes followed Harry’s arms upwards to his face, seeing Harry looking at him worrily. Harry mouthed, “You okay?” and Louis nodded quickly before tuning out his thoughts on the lads and back into the conversation.
Chapter 18

After hanging out with the guys for another hour or so, Louis made his excuses and left. His head felt so full it hurt and he needed some time to think without all the lads, without Harry. He could feel worried eyes on him as he left and he wasn’t that surprised when he was walking back to his house and heard Harry calling out, “Lou?” He sighed and turned around, fingering his hair nervously, turning to face Harry who looked into his eyes so intently and asked, “Are you okay? It’s just, you were pretty quiet in there”. Louis nodded and said, “I just need a bit of space I think, to sort my head out. It’s all been a bit much, the last few days y’know.” Harry nodded before pulling him into a tight hug and whispering, ‘I’m here if you need me”. Louis couldn’t find the energy to put his arms around Harry and hug him back, leaving his arms limply at his side but burying his head in Harry’s neck. He was surrounded by the smell of Harry, his unique smell that no aftershave could ever hide and he abruptly pulled away and muttered, “See you later”, turning on his heel and heading back to the safety of his house. He could feel Harry watching him as he walked, but he didn’t look back.

Once indoors, he stripped and went to bed, not caring that it was mid-afternoon, but just wanting some solitude. He tried to nap to escape his thoughts but sleep eluded him, so he lay in bed just trying to process the events of the past week. He couldn’t figure out how he felt, and he was so frustrated with himself. On one hand he was kind of glad to be out of his mundane life, doing nothing but working and seeing Emma, his family and a few friends; but this new life was terrifying and moving too fast for him. Just over a week ago he’d been fine with hating Harry and never seeing or thinking about the lads again, and now he was here, with all of them. They’d miraculously forgiven him, and still wanted to be best mates even after the way he’d treated them. It was too much, too overwhelming, Louis knew he didn’t deserve their love, he hadn’t even deserved to be in the band in the first place. Everyone knew Louis was the weakest singer, there were other boys at boot-camp that were far better than Louis that should’ve been picked for the band. He’d had thousands of tweets over the years that said so. The only reason people liked him was because they thought he’d been in a secret relationship with Harry.

Harry. Even more confusing than the lads, was the situation with Harry. He still couldn’t get his head round it. Harry was in love with him. Shaking his head, he corrected himself, Harry had been in love with him. How could he have not known? Was he such a bad friend, so self-absorbed, that he was oblivious to his supposed best mate’s pain? And Eleanor, he had hurt her too. The more Louis thought about it the more he thought to himself that really, he’d brought the entire situation on himself. Had he looked after the people that he’d loved none of this would have ever happened. Harry’s words echoed through his head, ‘We were both so broken and fucked up from being in love with you’. At that Louis let out a sob. He’d let Emma go, he’d broken her too. Everything he loved he broke, he was a destroyer, he should stay alone to save everyone else from the pain that Louis caused everyone.

Louis cried for a long time, trying to release all of his pent up emotions. He ignored the knocking on his door, lying in bed still crying hours later when he heard a broken sounding, “Oh Lou”. It was Harry. Of course it was Harry, it was always Harry. Harry climbed into the bed, spooning Louis and holding him tight, which made Louis cry harder. He wanted to push Harry away, to be left alone to wallow, to try and protect Harry from him, but he just didn’t have the strength. He felt so warm and safe in Harry’s arms and he needed the comfort, too drained to fight it. Harry just held him and crooned soothingly into his neck, “It’s okay love, let it all out” and gently kissing Louis’ bare shoulder, telling Louis things like, “I’m here”, “You’re amazing”, “I love you”, “You’re not alone” and “You’re perfect”, in-between peppering Louis’ back and shoulders with little kisses. Eventually Louis fell exhaustedly into sleep, tears soaking his pillow while Harry soothed him.
He woke in the morning to an empty bed, having slept for an absurd amount of hours but still feeling exhausted. The bed was cold where Harry had been, leaving only the smell of him on the pillow. Louis wanted to cry again that Harry had left him but didn’t, instead taking a deep breath and telling himself to man the fuck up. Louis felt like he’d spent the majority of the last week either crying or vomiting and he promised himself no more. He got out of bed and walked to the shower, interrupted in his full frontal nudity by Harry entering the bedroom holding a tray with a mountain of scrambled eggs on toast and tea on it.

They both stood stock-still in shock before Harry turned beet red and mumbled apologies, almost tripping over himself to turn around and get back through the door. Louis found his ability to move again a second later and pulled on a pair of sweats over his legs and stuttering out to Harry with flaming cheeks, “Wait, hang on, sorry, fuck, I’m decent now, sorry, fuck, I thought you’d left”. Harry slowly turned around and looked relieved to see Louis in some trousers before asking confusedly, “Why did you think I left?” Louis mumbled something about the bed being empty and he wouldn't have blamed Harry after the ridiculous spectacle last night. Harry rolled his eyes at Louis saying simply, “Don’t be a twat, it’s completely understandable”, adding softly after, “But surely you must know that I’d never leave you”.

Louis didn’t know what to say to that and Harry told him to get back into bed, adding teasingly, “You can’t very well have breakfast in bed, out of bed”. Louis smiled wanly and climbed back into bed, Harry getting in next to him with the pillows propping them upright as Harry said, “You must be famished, you only ate a fry-up yesterday as we missed dinner”. Louis realised he was starving and gratefully ate the breakfast, accidentally moaning a little as he realised that it was Harry’s cooking, Harry’s scrambled eggs, that he hadn’t had since they had lived together. Harry raised an eyebrow, smirking at Louis when he heard the moan and Louis flushed before saying, “I forgot what a good cook you are”.

Harry went a little pink and didn’t tease Louis any more about the moan, which he was thankful for. After he’d finished eating and was sipping the tea, Harry moved the tray with the empty plate onto the floor and put his arm around Louis, bringing him in closer and gently asking, “Is it okay for me to be here? Sorry for barging in last night, I forced a maid to give me your key after you didn’t answer.” Louis nodded, and Harry continued softly, “Do you want to talk about it?” Louis thought for a moment before shaking his head and replying, “No, I’m okay I think. I just got in a downwards spiral and freaked out a bit and then wallowed for a while. I don’t think I even really believe most of the shit I was getting worked up about last night”. Harry nodded and let it be, and they sat comfortably together for a while in silence.

Breaking the silence about fifteen minutes later, Louis said softly, “Thanks for last night Haz, and the last few days, and well, everything. You’ve been so good to me, and I really don’t deserve it”. Harry frowned and took Louis’ face in his huge hands, his green eyes blazing into Louis’ and said intensely, almost angrily, “Don’t ever say that, it is me who should be thankful, me that doesn’t deserve it. I will never be able to do enough to make up for what I did to you”. Louis tried to argue with him but Harry continued, his eyes turning stormy, “I’m the one that fucked this all up, I’m the one that broke you, and I will spend the rest of my life if you’ll let me trying to fix it.” Louis was stunned, but managed to squeak out, “But I broke you first”. Harry looked at him with a look of utter confusion before asking, “How did you figure that one out babe?”, frowning when Louis quoted his words back at him, “We were both so broken and fucked up from being in love with you”.

Harry laughed a little and said kindly but slightly exasperatedly, like he thought Louis was being a bit of a plonker, “I was broken and fucked up, but not from loving you. I was broken because I was stupid and scared and I couldn’t deal with the fact that you are straight and could never love me the way I want back. How could it possibly be your fault I’m in love with you?” Louis gave Harry a
weak smile and said, “Thanks for saying that, but I should have known, I should have been less self-absorbed”. Harry rolled his eyes at Louis and simply said, “Shut up you prat, I’d like to think I was pretty good at hiding it”. At that Louis laughed and teased, “Not that good at hiding it, seeing as half the fans thought we were secretly dating!” Harry laughed along with him before admitting, “I used to spend hours on Tumblr, YouTube and the like, looking at all the theories and fan videos, hoping to see signs that you knew and you loved me back.

Louis’ eyebrows nearly hit the roof at that and he laughed and asked, “Really? I don’t think I ever saw those”. Harry nodded ruefully and said, “Some of them were quite good actually, loads of GIFs and clips of interviews and shows and all that, and the erotica was pure filth”. Louis blushed and said hesitantly “Do you think it’s still on there, I’d like to see what I was so oblivious to”, hastily adding as Harry wiggled his eyebrows at him, “Not the erotica, obviously, but the other stuff, of us in interviews et cetera.” Harry nodded and padded downstairs to get the tablet from Louis’ coffee table.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Please note: this chapter contains a sex scene (masturbation smut), please skip the part surrounded by ‘----’ if that offends you.

Harry came back upstairs and got back into bed next to Louis, the older man leaning his head on Harry’s shoulder as they loaded up YouTube and started watching videos. Louis watched the videos in shock, having forgotten so much of what they did, and the banter. And *fuck*, he could see it in Harry’s eyes, everything about Harry just screamed his love for Louis. He couldn’t believe that he hadn’t realised it at the time, Harry possessively putting an arm on Louis’ leg, finding any excuse to touch him, the way he looked at Louis like he was his whole world. Louis flushed, the pink moving from his cheeks down to his tanned chest and he said softly, “I never knew, I thought it was just banter, just a joke, I never realised. I’m sorry”, Harry laughed, but the laugh had a slightly bitter edge to it and he said tightly “It’s okay, as I said, I’m over it now.” Louis felt his heart sink a bit at that, almost like he didn’t want Harry to be over him before he firmly pushed the thought away.

Louis suddenly felt acutely aware of every inch of Harry’s body next to him, burning his skin and he needed to get away. He quickly got out of bed, trying to put distance between them and stop his skin tingling. He told Harry he needed to have a shower and return the phone calls he’d never got round to the day before, Harry nodded before saying, “Yeah sure, can I come back later, have dinner and hang out tonight maybe?” Louis nodded before he could tell himself it was a terrible idea and headed to the bathroom, leaving Harry to let himself out. Once he heard the door shut, he left the bathroom and sat on the bed again, trying to process last night this morning and groaning when he remembered that Harry had walked in on him naked, before realising belatedly with a gasp that he had been naked all night. Realising Harry had held him and comforted him all night, with only Harry’s clothes between them. He swore to himself and decided he would take a shower after all, to clean Harry’s soft kisses from his body, and the scent of Harry’s skin off his own.

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He stood under the hot shower for a while, lazily washing his hair and soaping up his body. He felt his cock start to harden as he soaped his balls, and giving them a gentle tug, decided he might as well have a wank. He squirted some more shower gel into his hands and used the suds to lubricate the glide of his hands over his length. His mind was mercifully blank as he pleasured himself with lazy strokes up and down his shaft, though occasionally a brown curl or a flash of green eyes flickered unwanted into his imagination. Each time they did, he involuntarily sped up his strokes, before forcing his mind to go blank again and slowing down. It wasn’t until his was close that he couldn’t keep his mind clear, images of sharp collar bones, pale smooth skin, a large butterfly tattoo, green eyes, Harry’s wide mouth curving into a smile, dimples popping and Louis’ fingers tangled in his curls. Louis let out a bellow as he climaxed, one fist speeding over his cock and the other tugging on his ball sack, splattering the shower wall with his come.

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Louis felt faint and disgusted with himself. He’d just tossed himself off to a man. He might not have meant to, but there was no denying that he had, although he could deny that it was one of the best
orgasms he’d ever had, and he did, swearing to himself that it wasn’t. He quickly washed himself off again and rinsed the shower walls, the water swirling the offensive reminder away and leaving no evidence behind apart from the confusion in Louis’ brain. Louis got out the shower and forced himself to forget about it, drying himself and pulling on some comfy clothes. He fished his phone out of yesterday’s trouser pockets and turned it on, scanning through his messages and missed calls. He saw that Melanie had texted him his new twitter handle and password, letting him know he could change the password. Louis found that very novel, actually having control of his own twitter account! He logged in and updated the password, and was confused when he saw that he already had thousands of notifications. Before he’d even posted anything, over three hundred thousand people had already started following him, and many had tweeted him too. He followed the four lads and posted the selfie he’d taken at the weekend, with the caption, ‘Reunited and it feels so good’ and then tagging the other lads’ twitter handles in the caption.

He read the other messages from Melanie, letting him know that all four albums were in the top five albums chart, Four being number one. Six of their singles had gone into the top 10, with Steal My Girl and Night Changes taking the top two spots, and loads more in the top 40 and they were getting loads of plays on mainstream radio. Louis couldn’t believe they were number one again, after all this time. Feeling a little brighter, he decided to call his mum, who’d sent a few worried messages asking how the reunion went. He chatted to her for a while, filling her in on the events of the last few days, and what had happened at the reunion filming.

His mum laughed, actually laughed, at Louis when he explained about Harry being in love with him, saying, “Of course he was darling, anyone with eyes in their head could see that he was head over heels in love with you.” Louis stuttered back, “You knew?” His mouth hung open when Jay said, “Yes, I knew, I thought you knew too. It was just the way you looked at each other, like no one else mattered. The pair of you always had to be touching, like you would each float off the ground unless the other was anchoring you to it”.

Louis fell silent trying to digest this, before asking quietly in almost a whisper, terrified of the answer, “Did I love him back?” He held his breath until Jay answered kindly, “It certainly looked that way to me, son”. Louis exhaled and told his Mum shakily that he had to go, had to think, had to work out what was going on. Jay told her son that she loved him, she was very proud of him, and whatever happened she would always support him.

Louis hung up the phone and stared at it in his hands for a long time, before picking up the tablet and reloading the Larry videos he’d watched with Harry before. When he’d watched them the first time he’d just been looking at Harry, trying to see what he’d been so blind to. This time he looked at himself. He watched himself watching Harry; touching Harry; trying to subtly inch closer to Harry in interviews; running his hands through Harry’s curls; pressing his legs against Harry’s just to reassure himself Harry was still there; the times where he reached out for Harry rather than the other way round; the jealousy he’d displayed when Harry paid attention to, or received attention from, anyone but him. All leading to the definite conclusion that the feelings hadn’t just been one-sided. Louis let out a noisy breath and finally gave into the feelings he’d suppressed since the first day he’d met the younger boy with the adorable curls and heart stopping smile; the feelings he still felt now, ten years later, even stronger after the absence.

Louis realised that he’d never felt about anyone the way he felt about Harry. Nothing compared to the way Harry made him feel, no one had ever meant as much to him, had been able to affect him so much with a simple look or a smile. Louis stood up, preparing to go to see Harry, tell him how he felt before he stopped, freezing as he remembered Harry’s words ‘I got over you. I mean, I think some part of me will always love you, but I’m just not in love with you anymore’. He fell to the floor, heart almost breaking as he understood that he’d lost his chance; Harry didn’t love him anymore. He laughed bitterly to himself at the realisation that he was doomed to pine after Harry, as Harry had
pined after him all those years ago.
Chapter 20

Louis sat on the floor moping for a while before deciding to pull himself together and stop being so pathetically lovelorn. After all if Harry had coped with unrequited love for four years, Louis was not going to let himself fall apart after one hour. He raked his fingers through his hair and stood up, telling himself that some marmite on toast would make everything better. He was interrupted on his way to the kitchen by his phone ringing, answering it to hear Melanie squealing that his photo had received over five million retweets in less than an hour, smashing the previous world record.

Louis was stunned, not really knowing how to deal with that. After the call ended he loaded twitter onto his tablet, gasping at the follower, favourite and retweet numbers rising at a ridiculous rate per second. He clicked onto his newsfeed and saw the four lads had all retweeted the photo and they'd each tweeted a message about how happy they were to be back together. He zoomed in on Harry’s tweet, less cryptic than usual, 'The last few days have been better than I could ever wish for, and more than I could ever hope to deserve.'

Without thinking, Louis hit reply and tweeted, '@harry_styles you deserve all the good things, and by good things, I mean me', realising after he'd sent it that was probably a really, really bad idea. He swore, not really knowing why he'd done it, having acted on instinct, forgetting for a moment that it was public. He thought about deleting it but felt better about it when seconds later Harry tweeted back, '@louis_tomlinson you are the best thing'.

Louis quickly DMed the lads a group chat with his mobile number, realising that none of them had it and set about making himself marmite on toast. After eating his lunch he called the staff line to put an order in for some dinner for him and Harry, smiling to himself as he requested chicken, stuffed with mozzarella cheese, wrapped in Parma ham with some homemade mashed potatoes. He asked for some wine and beer as well, not knowing what Harry would want to drink. He got a text message on his phone a few seconds after hanging up, reading, 'Hello mate it's Niall. Nice one for breaking twitter. Fancy coming over and meeting the famalam? Middle house. X'. Louis grinned at his phone, firing off a message letting Niall know he'd love to and was on his way.

At Niall’s he was pulled into a bear hug by the Irish man and handed a cup of tea, Niall grinning at him, "I took the liberty of making you a cuppa, 's not like you ever refuse one". Louis smiled gratefully and sipped his tea while he was introduced to Niall’s wife, Samantha. Samantha was blonde and curvy with a kind face and pale blue eyes. Louis liked her instantly and it was obvious the couple adored each other. Samantha called out "Sean, Aidan, come downstairs" and a few seconds later, two small blonde blue-eyed boys came running downstairs noisily.

They stopped suddenly at the threshold, unsure why a stranger was in their living room until Louis crouched down to their level and said softly, "Hi, my names Louis, what are yours?" The boys looked to Samantha for reassurance who nodded encouragingly at them before the taller boy stepped forward into the room and said bravely, "I'm Aidan", then dragging his brother forward after him, "This is Sean." Louis told them he was pleased to meet them and he was a friend of their Dads. He asked Aidan how old he was, and Aidan proudly replied, "Five and a quarter", Louis smiled and asked gently, trying to draw Sean in, "How old are you Sean?" Louis paused as Sean hid his behind his brother, before he continued, seeing he wasn't going to get an answer, "Let me guess, you're ten years old". Sean peeked out from behind Aidan, giggled and shook his head, Louis teased "No? How about forty five? Sean shook his head in fits of giggles as Louis made a show of scratching his beard and thinking before exclaiming, "I know! You must be sixty seven!" Sean giggling and shouted, "I'm three" and held up three fingers at Louis. Louis laughed and said, "Oooh, three. Why
didn't you say so before?"

They moved over to sit on the couch, the boys sitting next to Louis as he asked them questions about school and nursery, having successfully broken the ice. He asked the boys what their favourite book was and all of a sudden Sean tore off upstairs, coming back a few minutes later with a very well read copy of The Gruffalo shouting, "Gruffalo, Gruffalo!" and climbing onto Louis’ lap and handing him the book expectantly. Niall and Samantha groaned, having obviously read the story millions of times but Louis hadn’t read it since Ernest and Dorris were small and was happy to oblige. Aidan huffed, "That book’s for babies” and Louis promised he would read Aidan’s choice after.

Sean cuddled into Louis’ lap and began sucking his thumb, one small arm reaching up to curl a hand into his beard. Louis began reading, making different voices for each of the characters, pausing as he felt Aidan scoot a bit closer to look at the pictures, to wrap an arm around him drawing him into a one armed hug. He felt calm and content reading to these two young boys, so totally absorbed in reading the story aloud that he didn't even notice Niall slyly taking a photo of the three of them. Once the book was finished, he looked down to see that Sean had fallen asleep in his lap. Samantha grinned at him, “You've certainly got a way with kids, most of the time we can't get him to take an afternoon nap anymore. Do you think you can take him upstairs?” Louis nodded and gently carried the small boy, following Samantha upstairs to the boys’ bedroom, laying him on one of the small beds and stepping back as Samantha tucked him in and kissed him on the forehead.

They headed back downstairs and Louis spent about an hour playing Lego and doing a floor puzzle with Aidan while chatting with Niall and Samantha. He found out they'd gone to secondary school together, reconnecting after One Direction split and Niall had gone home for a while to see his family. They had become friends first before Niall eventually made a move on her a year or so later. They'd got pregnant after a few years, Samantha mouthed, 'unplanned' and pulled a funny face before breaking into a grin and they’d married when Samantha was 8 months pregnant with Aidan, Sean following two years later.

Niall got his phone out to show a picture of the two of them on their wedding day, both with the widest grins imaginable, Samantha in a simple floaty wedding dress with a huge round belly. She laughed looking at it, "I was the size of a house!" She pouted good naturedly when Niall teased, "Y'Ep you were really fat" and burst into giggles when he added softly, whispering in her ear, but unfortunately not quiet enough for Louis to not overhear, "And I'd quite like to fatten you up again soon".

Louis made a disgusted face and groaned, "Guys, seriously? There are innocent ears over here!" He explained to Aidan when he looked up curiously, having been oblivious to all but his Lego creation, "Mummy and Daddy were just saying something naughty that my little ears couldn't cope with". The three adults laughed while Aidan shrugged and carried on playing with the Lego, not really understanding or caring what the grown-ups were talking about.

Louis felt so at ease with Niall and his family but he wanted to see Liam as well, being the last lad he hadn't caught up with properly. He made his excuses and hugged them all goodbye, telling them to give a hug to Sean when he woke up. He promised Aidan he would come back to see them soon and told Niall he would see him tomorrow for the editing.

Once outside he checked his messages to see if Liam had replied with his number yet which he hadn't, although Harry had texted him asking what time he should come over and Zayn, ever concise had just texted him with, ‘Zayn x’. He added the numbers into his phone and replied to Harry telling him to come at 7. Louis knew which house was Liam’s by process of elimination and thought he might as well stop by and see if he wanted to hang out. He rang the doorbell but there was no reply so he decided to head home and try to catch up with Liam another time.
Chapter 21

Louis made himself a cup of tea when he got in, settling on the sofa to drink it and browse Twitter. He was overwhelmed by the amount of mentions and that in the space of a few hours he had gained over 30 million followers. His photo with the lads had racked up 10 million retweets. He scrolled through the follows, pouring in quicker than he could read them, smiling when he read a few of them, pretty much all of them saying nice things. He gave Stan a call to catch him up on the last week, but decided against mentioning Harry’s confession and his own newly recognised feelings, not quite ready to share that yet. They chatted for a bit before Louis realised he only had twenty minutes before Harry was due to arrive so he wrapped up the call. Once he was off the phone he started to panic, not really knowing how to act around Harry now that he knew he was in love with him.

The chef arrived to cook dinner and Louis went upstairs to get changed, swearing as looked through his wardrobe, finding nothing that was good enough, nothing that was perfect enough to wear to see Harry. He eventually settled on a blue shirt which he thought might bring out the colour of his eyes with smart jeans, leaving his feet bare. He put on some aftershave and smoothed his beard with a little fancy beard oil that the stylist had given him and left his long hair down. He rolled his shirt sleeves up to the elbow and left the top few buttons undone, showing a hint of his chest hair and ‘It Is What It Is’ tattoo. He looked at himself critically in the mirror for a few minutes wishing that he looked better, but figuring it was the best he could do before the doorbell rang.

Louis raced downstairs to answer the door, his breath catching in his throat when he saw Harry. Harry was wearing a black, more than slightly sheer shirt undone to practically his navel, teemed with black skinny, leaving his feet bare. He put on some aftershave and smoothed his beard with a little fancy beard oil that the stylist had given him and left his long hair down. He rolled his shirt sleeves up to the elbow and left the top few buttons undone, showing a hint of his chest hair and ‘It Is What It Is’ tattoo. He looked at himself critically in the mirror for a few minutes wishing that he looked better, but figuring it was the best he could do before the doorbell rang.

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Louis raced downstairs to answer the door, his breath catching in his throat when he saw Harry. Harry was wearing a black, more than slightly sheer shirt undone to practically his navel, teemed with black skinny, to the point of being skin-tight, jeans. Louis eyes flicked appreciatively to Harry’s lips, his Adam’s apple, down to his sharp clavicles, past his smooth pale chest to his butterfly tattoo. Louis unconsciously licked his lips hungrily, his blue eyes darkening as he stared at Harry until Harry asked bemused, “Um, can I come in?” Louis flushed as he realised he’d been staring and tried to act nonchalantly, saying, “Sure” and gesturing inside.

They headed to the kitchen where Louis offered Harry a drink, pouring them each a glass of red wine when Harry nodded. They headed into the lounge to hang out while dinner was being prepared and chatted about their day since they’d seen each other this morning. Harry told Louis about his afternoon with Zayn and Perrie, regaling stories and laughing and Louis told Harry stiltedly about meeting Niall’s kids. Louis couldn’t relax, couldn’t figure out how to act around Harry anymore, he felt like he had a massive neon sign on his forehead screaming, ‘I’m in love with you’. He felt everything that he said sounded stupid and berated himself for not being cooler, not being able to come up with the witty banter he’d always been known for. After about 10 minutes of chatting, mostly Harry talking, dinner was ready and they thanked the chef who left them to it.

Harry’s green eyes widened as he saw what they had to eat giggling as he recited, "Chicken, stuffed with mozzarella cheese, wrapped in Parma ham with some homemade mashed potatoes", doing the hand movements along with the words and looking at Louis with unbridled joy in his eyes. Louis smiled fondly back at him and pulled out the chairs so they could sit. He watched Harry as they ate, Louis not eating much due to the butterflies in his stomach, mostly just watching Harry. He’d never noticed the way Harry ate before, the dainty mouthfuls he’d take, occasional little kitten licks to the side of his mouth to retrieve stray food and the way his throat bobbed as he swallowed his wine. He ducked his head staring at his own plate when Harry looked over to him and asked, “Aren’t you hungry?” and murmured, “Not really” in response, but taking a few more bites just to make sure Harry didn’t worry about him.
After Harry had finished eating, Louis cleared the plates and refilled their wine glasses. They relocated to the sofa, Louis grabbing another wine bottle on their way out of the kitchen to avoid having to get up again too soon. Louis sat nervously on one end of the sofa as Harry grabbed the remote and stretched out next to him, throwing his feet over the other end and resting his head on Louis’ lap. Harry turned on the TV and scrolled through the film selection, selecting a new-ish comedy film neither of them had seen. Louis forced himself to try and relax, to ignore how close Harry’s face was to his crotch and thought of unsexy things to stop himself from hardening. He ran his fingers through Harry’s curls, glad the movie was taking Harry’s attention so he could just sip his wine and watch Harry.

As he stared at Harry he thought back to the beginnings of their friendship, when Harry had been a scared and overwhelmed little boy, sixteen years old and away from home. He remembered how quickly he had become Harry’s protector; how only Louis had the capability to calm Harry down, how to make him smile that real wide grin that seemed to be just for Louis; how only Louis could make Harry laugh so much he doubled up, wheezing with tears running down his cheeks. He thought back to them living together, Harry making him dinner every night, doing all of the cleaning and cooking as Louis was so useless at it and because Louis liked to be looked after for a change. He remembered management meetings, telling them to tone down the bromance stuff, separating them at interviews and controlling what they said about and to one another and how much trouble they’d get into when they went off script as they inevitably did. How Harry would go quiet every time Louis had laughed it off, how Harry would be distant for a day or two after Louis had seen Eleanor, and how eventually there had been nothing but distance between them. His heart ached at how much he’d hurt Harry.

He looked at Harry now, as a man, all length and angles, pale smooth skin and tattoos. He wondered how many of the fans’ theories were right about the meaning of Harry’s tattoos and belatedly if any of them were right about the meaning of his tattoos, even if Louis had been unconscious of it at the time of getting them done. Harry had thinned at the temples, though his curls covered most of it and he had wrinkles around his eyes which crinkled as he laughed at the movie. Harry had grown into himself, he had become the man that he had spent years pretending to be. Only Louis had really known how much of a front Harry’s confident lothario celebrity persona was and how insecure he was underneath. There were times he caught flashes of the boy he’d been, but he had changed. He was a lot more wary now, more shielded, he was slower to laugh – but laughed longer and more delightedly when he did.

He thought back to Harry’s TV interview and when he’d first come into the room at the reunion filming and how guarded he had been, shadows haunting and darkening his green eyes, and how over the last day his eyes had lightened, returning to their natural clearness. Louis smiled when he thought maybe, just maybe, that was due to him, but he didn’t know if that was just a fantasy. He frowned as he thought back to when he’d looked up what the lads had been up to and the reports of Harry were of him cheating on girls and getting drunk. He wondered suddenly if Harry had a girlfriend, and then dismissed the idea. Surely Harry would have said if he did, surely she would be here with him.

He belatedly realised that Harry was looking up at him and the credits were rolling on the film. His cheeks coloured as he realised that he’d been staring at Harry for the entire film, over an hour and half, like a massive creep. Harry lazily reached up, a long finger tracing the contour of Louis’ temple before drawling, “What’s going on in that head of yours Loubear?” Louis’ chest tightened at the use of his old nickname, the one only Harry had ever called him and before he could stop himself he blurted out, “Do you have a girlfriend?” Harry laughed apparently not noticing Louis’ weirdness and said, “No, why do you ask?” Louis mumbled something about the articles he’d seen online and Harry shifted away from Louis to sit up, Louis almost whining at the loss of contact but just about
managing to stop himself.

Harry said slowly, “It’s different now, I mean, it’s hard to explain. The last ten years I’ve been trying to forget everything, I’ve been stupid and done stupid things and I lost everything. All the partying was just a way of trying to forget. It wasn’t much though, most of the time I was at home writing songs, but you know what the paps are like – you go out once, and they report it as you having been out for 4 nights. They said I was dating every girl I was ever pictured with. Once there was even an article, Dan bloody Wootten of course, saying I was cheating on my latest ‘girlfriend’ with Gemma. I mean, what kind of idiot reporter doesn’t even check that I’m not in a photo with my bloody sister! The truth is I haven’t actually dated anyone seriously for four years, and I didn’t cheat on anyone. There have been a few flings since I’ve been single, but nothing like the amount reported, maybe two or three in the last four years? But it’s different now, I don’t need to forget anymore. I have my happiness now, here, with you.”

Louis tried to hide his pleasure at Harry’s words, but being a little tipsy from the wine, having finished the second bottle while the film was on, he probably didn’t hide it too well. He stood up and got another two bottles of wine from the kitchen, grateful for the opportunity to hide his face and asking with a slight slur “Wanna watch ‘nother film?” and grinning inanely to himself when Harry agreed. He brought the new bottles of wine back and refilled their glasses, Harry scooting to the other end of the sofa and patting his knees smirking, “It’s my turn to play with your hair now”. Louis lay on the sofa leaning his head on Harry’s lap and sighing as he felt Harry’s long fingers weave through his hair and massage his scalp. They watched American Pie together, an old classic neither had seen in years and they laughed and drank through all the familiar scenes.

Harry put on another film without asking immediately after it finished and they stayed in the same position, Harry stroking Louis’ hair with one hand and trailing his fingers down Louis’ arm with the other. At some point Louis fell asleep, waking to Harry shaking him gently, “Loubear, babe, come on love, let’s get you into bed”. He drunkenly leant on Harry as he led him upstairs and allowed Harry to help him with his jeans and shirt, leaving him in his boxers. Harry flushed and unable to meet his gaze as he tucked him in, pulling the cover over him. Harry turned to leave and Louis shot out an arm to stop him leaving, pulling him back towards him and softly mumbled beseechingly, “Stay with me, please, I don’t want to be alone tonight.” Harry hesitated for a moment, thinking, before lightly groaning and pulling off his shirt and socks and peeling off his tight jeans. Harry climbed into bed next to Louis in just his boxers, keeping a safe distance away before Louis huffed and grabbed Harry’s arm, pulling Harry into a spooning position behind him. Louis pressed his back into Harry’s chest and sighed with contentment when Harry eventually relaxed and held Louis close to him, imprinting a chaste kiss on Louis’ shoulder.
Chapter 22

Louis woke up early, feeling content and warm in Harry’s embrace, his back pressed tight to Harry’s chest, Harry’s knees behind his own and arms wrapped around him to hold him close. His head pounded from the wine he’d drunk the night before the fogginess of sleep cleared and he froze as he became aware of Harry’s hard cock against his arse. Harry snored, obviously still asleep as he unconsciously thrusted lightly against Louis, two thin pairs of boxers the only separation between hard cock and soft round arse. His hangover forgotten, Louis forced himself to relax, to remember that Harry was only doing this because he was asleep, knowing Harry would be horrified if he was aware of what his body was doing in his sleep.

Louis bit his fist to stifle a moan as Harry gently rutted against him, not wanting to wake the younger man up in case he stopped; not brave enough to reach down and touch his own hard cock aching and dripping in his pants. Louis felt fuzzy with arousal and became pliant, shifting his arse slightly to give Harry a better angle. For the first time in his life Louis wondered what it would be like to have a cock in his arse, in his mouth. Harry’s cock in his mouth and up his arse.

A minute or two later, so hard it hurt, so close to coming in his pants untouched, Louis heard Harry wake up with a gasp. He immediately pretended to be asleep to save Harry from embarrassment, before hearing Harry hiss, “Shit” behind him. He felt Harry gently shimmy his hips back, almost doubling over as he straightened his legs to keep his chest and feet where they were, until his cock was no longer in contact with Louis’ arse and Louis could have cried at the loss of contact. Louis concentrated on his breathing trying desperately to appear asleep, trying to get the blood to drain from his own aching cock. After a few minutes Louis’ cock had softened sufficiently to be safe enough for him to ‘wake up’ and he did so, turning to cuddle Harry, draping an arm over him and looking up sleepily to peek at Harry through his lashes, noticing that Harry’s cheeks were a little pink and that his breath had hitched.

Louis mumbled, “Morning Hazza” and snuggled his face into Harry’s hard flat chest, adding sheepishly “Sorry for being a drunkard last night”. Harry ran his fingers through Louis’ hair and dropped a kiss to the top of his head as he murmured, “You were adorable”. Louis blushed into Harry’s chest and whispered, “Thank you for staying with me”, blushing further with the biggest, goofiest smile on his face when he heard Harry reply softly, “I’d do anything for you Loubear”.

They lay in silence cuddling for a while until Harry’s alarm went off, Louis blinked confused at Harry until Harry laughed and said, “Show edit today, remember babe?”, Louis nodded, working out that it must be Wednesday. They got up, taking it in turns to shower, neither bothering to wash their long hair, each pulling their hair into buns. Louis pulled some clothes from his wardrobe and dressed while Harry showered, and then ran downstairs before he could see Harry come out of the shower, knowing that he could not have been able to cope with seeing Harry come out of the shower all dripping and wet; rivulets of water running down his hard abs over that butterfly tattoo, especially after having been so frustrated and horny this morning.

Louis had made tea and toast for the two of them by the time Harry came downstairs, wearing his jeans from last night along with one of Louis’ jumpers which was baggy on the body and too short in the arms, the sleeves creeping up to expose his wrists. Harry tugged on the sleeves, frowning a little as he said, “I borrowed a few bits, hope that’s okay”. Louis nodded numbly as he took in the sight of Harry wearing his jumper, his breath hitching as Harry reached up to grab some jam from the cupboard and the too-small jumper exposed a strip of skin above his low riding jeans, revealing his fern tattoos.
They ate their breakfast chatting amiably until Melanie knocked on the front door, and let herself in. She raised an eyebrow but didn't mention it when she saw Harry was there, making Louis flush again. She said hello brightly before asking if they were ready to go see the first edit. They nodded, and Melanie asked Harry if Sally, his manager, knew he was here, Harry then took a turn to blush as he realised she was probably at his house and wondering where he was.

Melanie laughed at Harry’s panicked expression before reassuring him, “It's not a problem, I'll let her know. Are you guys going to ride to the studio together? Louis nodded eagerly and then looked at Harry nervously, worried that maybe Harry would want some space from him, but Harry smiled at Melanie and nodded too and Louis relaxed, relieved. Melanie popped out to call Sally, telling her to meet them at Louis’ house and then calling for the car to be brought round while Harry and Louis got their shoes on and grabbed their things.

There were an insane amount paparazzi and fans outside the complex gates and Louis and Harry looked guiltily at each other as they drove through the crowd, realising they'd been neglecting the fans the last few days. They looked back towards Melanie and Sally as the managers filled the pair in on the last few days press wise, and how well everything was going. So far the attention had exceeded everyone's expectations by a long way. Louis was pleased it was all going well but there was still this nagging feeling in his head that he didn't really deserve any of this praise or attention, let alone his second chance with the lads.

They drove into the private entrance, beating the fans and paps that had followed them there. As Louis and Harry got out of their car, another identical car pulled up. Liam, Niall and Zayn poured out, laughing at something but Louis didn't know what. Another car followed shortly with their managers. The boys hugged and headed into the studio, an assistant leading them to the post-production theatre. It was a large comfy room with a huge sofa facing a cinema screen and smaller screens around it. There was a control booth behind the sofas. They settled on the sofas, Harry taking the seat next to Louis and curling a hand around Louis' thigh.

Liam's manager introduced them to the post-production crew and they began watching the first edit. The show started with a recap of their achievements as a band, before starting with their time together on the X-factor, mixing footage with excerpts from the individual interviews with each of the lads. Louis smiled as he watched clips of the band forming and their first performances, laughing at a story Niall told about their time there, before the show moved on to their time recording and touring, breaking America and then the rest of the world, the lads each recounting their perspectives. Louis tensed as the narrator then moved to the time of the split and Harry rubbed his thigh soothingly. Louis lay his head on Harry’s shoulder as they showed a screen grab of his tweet and videos of the fans’ reactions. He felt tears falling down his cheeks but made no effort to wipe them away as he saw the other lads talking about how it had affected them.

He couldn't watch himself describing what happened, him crying on camera, but he felt Harry take his hand away to brush away his own tears before replacing it on Louis’ thigh. And then there was Harry’s interview, Harry haltingly explaining his unrequited love, mixed with some of the clips Louis and Harry had watched together of the two of them flirting and Harry gazing fondly at Louis. Harry told them how he'd acted out because he knew Louis didn't feel the same way and Louis wanted to scream out that he does feel the same way, but couldn't bring himself to. He concentrated on Harry’s hand on his thigh as the lads spoke, some of them crying, about how hard they'd found it to be cut out of Louis’ life, and then Harry’s too. And then onto how they'd put their lives back together, what they’d done after the split.

It cut to Louis sitting nervously in the studio room, the narrator explaining, somewhat unnecessarily, that this was the first meeting for ten years. It showed the full reunion between the two of them, panned shots of them on the sofas, close up of haunted eyes and trembling lips, the whole messy
ordeal although thankfully cut down the amount of time they'd spent sobbing without saying anything. Louis smiled despite himself as they showed the rest of the lads coming in and jumping on them, laughing out loud as the sofa tipped over. The part where they'd talked about the contracts and the old PR team were cut, but pretty much everything else was included.

The show wound down with a clip of Louis taking the selfie and showing the twitter screen grab of the photo, the favourite and retweet numbers rising quickly until the screen faded to black. Zayn's voice echoed across the darkness “As for what's next for us, that's for the fans to decide.”

Louis slumped back on the sofa as the credits rolled, exhausted as the lads chatted to the managers about the edit, wanting one or two small alterations made. Harry squeezed Louis’ thigh, and murmured, “You okay?” Louis smiled weakly at him, not wanting him to worry but just so overwhelmed by how much pain he'd caused the other guys. He stood up and headed out the room, mumbling something about needing the loo, suddenly desperate to get away from the lads.

Seconds later, alone in the corridor, he couldn't breathe. He sat on the floor as he felt a panic attack hit him in full force as he hyperventilated, trying urgently to get oxygen into his lungs. He felt large cool hands on his face and looked up blindly, scrabbling to get away in terror before recognising Harry’s green eyes, Harry’s low voice slowly and calmly telling to breathe deeply and focus. Louis poured all of his attention into Harry, into calming down and after a few minutes the panic attack passed.

Louis slumped, even more exhausted after the attack having only just enough energy to mumble, “Need a smoke”. Harry frowned, hating it when Louis smoked but nodded and went to fetch him one of Zayn’s cigarettes, cradling his long fingers around the lighter as he lit the cigarette for Louis. Louis took long drags as Harry sat behind him, legs either side of him and pulled Louis back into his hard chest. Louis smoked as the last traces of his adrenaline dissipated. After he finished, Harry helped him up and said kindly, “Come on love, let's get you home”. Harry led Louis to one of the cars, supporting him around the waist. In the car, Harry made a quick call to Sally, asking her to send a driver out to the car to take them home and to leave them alone for the rest of the day.

They drove home in silence, Louis curled into Harry. When they arrived at the complex the driver took them to Louis’ house and Harry helped him inside, taking him upstairs straight to bed, pulling off Louis’ shirt and trousers, followed by his own and climbing into bed next to him without needing to be asked. Louis fell into an exhausted sleep as Harry held him close and pressed burning kisses into his back, shoulders and neck.
Louis woke up a few hours later, his heart heavy as he remembered seeing the lads’ interviews, the lads’ pain. Harry peppered kisses to his back and gently asked, “Are you okay love?” Louis felt tears pricking his eyes but he blinked them away, resolving not to cry again. He rolled over to face Harry, and fuck this was intimate, forehead to forehead, in nothing but boxers, legs intertwined. He turned back over quickly and sat up to hide the flush travelling across his chest and face and mumbled, “Downstairs, need tea”.

They got out of bed and pulled on some t shirts and sweats, Harry’s bony ankles poking out of the bottom of Louis’ too-short joggers. Louis laughed fondly at Harry, passing him a pair of socks to keep his ankles warm and they headed downstairs to make some tea. They sat facing each other on the couch, each leaning against an armrest and toes touching. Harry cleared his throat, suddenly focused and asked, “So what happened at the studio today?” Louis faltered, knowing there was no way he’d be able to avoid Harry's questions when he had that intense look in his eye. With a deep breath he explained haltingly how guilty he felt, how everything was his fault and he just couldn’t bear it.

Harry opened his mouth to assure Louis that it wasn’t his fault, but a loud knock on the door stopped him. He frowned at the interruption, having given specific instructions they were to be left alone, before getting up to answer the insistent knocking. Liam, Niall and Zayn pushed their way past Harry and into the living room. Niall asked in a slightly panicked tone, “Are you okay Louis? Sorry to barge in, we couldn’t wait any longer and neither of you are answering your phones. What’s going on? We can edit the show if that is the problem”.

Louis sighed and figured now was as good a time as any to have the chat they’d all been brushing off since they reunited. Seeking a reassuring glance from Harry, who of course obliged, Louis started to really talk about his guilt. He explained how he would never be able to forgive himself for taking off like he did; for splitting up the band without a thought for them and their livelihoods; for ignoring them for ten years; and if he couldn’t forgive himself, how could they ever forgive him? He explained that seeing their pain in those videos was just too overwhelming to him. Being confronted with the devastation he had caused broke his heart.

Liam started hesitantly, “We were hurt Louis, of course we were. But we weren’t ever really angry at you, we just missed you. It was really hard to suddenly have to quit mid tour, to cancel shows and let the fans down. But if I was angry at anyone, it was Harry. Obviously I wish that none of the drama had happened, but I think something would have broken us up eventually anyway. It might have been Zayn’s drugs, or just sheer exhaustion from the way Modest! Management pushed and controlled us, or any number of things. I mean we toured constantly for 4 years, barely having a couple of weeks a year off to see our families, having every moment scrutinised and tweeted about. We would have snapped eventually anyway. The only thing that I wish is that we hadn’t spent the last 10 years apart. But I’m willing to draw a line under the past, to move on, to forgive and forget, and to make the most of this opportunity we have now. I want us to be brothers again, and we can’t do that if you freak out and run away every time there is a reminder that it was shit for a while. We can’t do that if you can’t forgive yourself and trust that we forgive you.

Niall and Zayn were nodding along to Liam’s speech, while Louis sat there speechless. His thoughts were interrupted by Harry mumbling nervously, “What about me? I left you guys too, I ignored you, and this really is all my fault. If I hadn’t slept with Eleanor none of this would’ve happened.” Liam turned to look at Harry and said, “I was angry with you for a long time Harry. I couldn’t understand why you had distanced yourself from the four of us in the band, how you could
do that to Louis. You left without explaining any of it to us, you just got on a plane and left. We found out from Twitter what you had done, that our careers were over. It was a dick move and I spent a year or two hating you. But mostly I was just confused. Now that I understand what really happened, I’m not angry with you at all any more I’ve completely forgiven you. We just wish you had confided in us, we would have helped you through it, and I feel guilty for not seeing what was going on, for not supporting you. I mean looking back at it, it was so obvious that you loved Louis I don’t know why we didn’t guess. I need your forgiveness just as much as you need mine.”

All the lads were choking up by this point, having laid their emotions bare. Harry apologised for disappearing after the split, and explained how he’d been too ashamed of himself to face the others. Niall and Zayn added a few more words to echo Liam’s sentiments. They all inched in for a large group hug, surreptitiously wiping stray tears away from their eyes. They all felt for the first time, that maybe this would all work out okay, that instead of an uneasy truce where everything had been brushed under the carpet they could have an honest and meaningful relationship, a brotherhood, again. Louis felt like he had found redemption in these four men, who’d been thrown together almost randomly when they were just kids. He couldn’t keep the smile off his face and he felt free, free-er than he had for such a long time. He could feel a shift within him, in the way that he felt about himself, his guilt and insecurities abating as he basked in the love and acceptance of his brothers.

After they’d finished hugging, Zayn reminded them that they had to let the management team know about the edit. Because Louis and Harry had left abruptly, no decisions had been made. Louis thought for a moment and said, “I’m happy with the edit, they got everything I wanted in from my point of view. And, well, I think it’s about time we started telling our fans the truth, even if it isn’t pretty, rather than the lies Modest! Management constructed”. Harry nodded and agreed, so Zayn called the management team to let them know to Harry & Louis were happy with the edit, and to crack on with the one or two changes the other three had mentioned at the studio. Zayn hung up and told Louis and Harry that their managers wanted them to check in, if they were up to it. Zayn then stood to leave, stretching and telling the others he had to get back to have dinner with Perrie. Liam and Niall looked at their phones and nodded, Niall wanting to get home to put the kids to bed and Liam wanting to see his fiancé too. They left, Liam telling Louis he’d DMed him his number on Twitter and shouting, "see you tomorrow" at Louis & Harry.
Left alone with Harry, Louis suddenly felt nervous again and he stammered, “You don’t have to stay with me, if you don’t want to.” Harry smiled at him and said softly, “Thanks, but I do, want to stay I mean, unless you want me to leave?” Louis shook his head vehemently and said with a toothy grin, “I’d like you to stay”. Harry reached for Louis' hand, marveling at how well it fit in his larger hand and gave Louis a wide smile in return. They decided to call their managers to check in, Harry heading to the kitchen to call Sally while Louis stayed in the living room. Louis reassured Melanie that he was okay and happy with the edit and Melanie told him they all had a day off tomorrow, then a print interview and photoshoot on Friday. He rang off as Harry walked back in the living room and flopped on the sofa next to him. Harry told him he’d also put an order in for a takeaway curry for dinner for the two of them and Louis was glad, suddenly aware he was pretty hungry.

They relaxed on the sofa, watching two old episodes of South Park before their food arrived. They flicked the TV off and ate on the sofa, feet tucked under themselves as they dug in ravenously. After they’d finished, Harry looked down and swore when he realised he’d spilled curry down his t-shirt, down Louis’ t-shirt. He muttered an apology and pulled the t-shirt over his head, exposing his chest as he stood to take the dirty t-shirt to the washing machine, mumbling something about staining although Louis wasn’t listening, instead staring hungrily at Harry’s bare chest, and fuck, that butterfly tattoo. Harry walked past Louis to get to the kitchen, and Louis reached out as he passed, unable to stop himself. With a shaky breath he traced a finger over Harry’s butterfly tattoo, pausing startled when Harry shuddered, literally shuddered, and let out a weak mewl. Harry reached out a hand to enclose Louis’ firmly, halting his motion and breathing, “Don’t”.

Louis flushed and snatched his hand back as if he’d been burnt, scrambling away from Harry to the other side of the sofa and turning his head to the other wall, unable to stop the quiver of his lip and the tears welling as he remembered that Harry didn’t want him to touch him like that, that Harry didn’t feel the same way, that Harry didn’t love him anymore. Harry reached out and said, “Come back to me love, I’m sorry”. Louis turned his face to look at him, unshed tears filling his eyes as Harry continued wretchedly, trying to find the right words to explain, “It’s not that I don’t… fuck, it’s just too much… Being here with you, you touching me like that, I just can’t”. Louis nodded numbly, instantly vulnerable and self-conscious, pulling his knees to his chest to somehow shield himself, albeit ineffectively. Harry let out a frustrated moan and tried to explain again, seeing that Louis still had the wrong idea, “I just can’t do this with you, knowing that it means different things to the two of us”. Louis tried to bite back a sob at the realisation that Harry knew, Harry knows Louis is in love with him and he’s trying to tell him he doesn’t feel the same way.

Harry realised he’d said the wrong thing again and tried desperately once more to make it better. He dropped the t-shirt and was next to Louis on the sofa, grabbing him and pulling him into his bare chest as he tried to find the right words to explain. “I’m sorry, I know you don’t feel the same way about me, I know I said I was over you, but fuck, the last few days of being around you, all those feelings are coming back and I’m more in love with you than ever.”

Louis laughed hysterically, madly as Harry continued, “I just don’t want to make it weird between us, I want us to be friends but when you touch me like that I can’t help myself. It’s just too close to what I want, it’s just not fair to me”. Harry clenched his fists and almost roared with bitterness
through Louis’ gulping insane laughs, “It’s not fucking fair”. Harry was so angry and frustrated at Louis laughing after he bared his soul he shouted, “WHY THE FUCK ARE LAUGHING AT ME”.

Louis looked up at Harry, the love of his life. He cupped his small hands around Harry’s cheeks and grinned, “Because we are two of the stupidest, most oblivious people I have ever known, now kiss me you fool”. Harry’s eyes widened, looking like a rabbit caught in headlights and froze. Seeing Harry was struck dumb, Louis took the initiative and leant up, pressing his lips to Harry’s.

Harry stayed still for a second or two until his brain gave up trying to work out what the fuck was going on and he gave in to the kiss, tilting his head down to Louis, and bringing his arms up and around Louis. Louis licked at Harry’s lips, asking for entrance and Harry obliged, their tongues dancing and swirling around each other as they met. They somehow ended up lying down on the sofa, exploring every inch of each other’s mouths, taking a little while to find the right tempo and angle before getting it perfect. Time seemed to stand still as they kissed, throwing all of their emotions into the kiss, hands fluttering over each other’s backs, fists tangling in long hair until eventually they moved away from each other, breathless and lips bruised.

They stared at each other in awe until Harry tentatively asked, “Does that mean…” trailing off, not brave enough to finish the question, despite what had just happened. Louis grinned wryly at him and said, “I’m head over heels for you Harry. I’m completely gone for you, and if I was less of a twat I would have realised sooner, because it’s always been you”. Harry couldn’t wipe the smile off his face as he took Louis’ smaller hands in his, face to face gazing into each other’s eyes with inane grins until Harry closed the distance between them and kissed Louis again. They hit their stride immediately, as if they’d been kissing for years and Louis had never felt so right as he did in this moment, chest to chest with Harry, realising belatedly that he was hard. Louis hadn’t got hard from kissing since he was a teenager and he instinctively pressed his crotch against Harry to try to get some friction. Louis moaned into Harry’s mouth when he felt Harry’s hard cock through his joggers and their erections rubbed against one another as they kissed.

Harry stopped kissing Louis, inching away and placing a hand on Louis’ chest to stop him when Louis tried to chase his mouth and body. Harry murmured in explanation of the interruption, “Wait, I think we should talk before we go any further”. Louis nodded and tried to clear the lust induced fog in his brain, which was pretty difficult being so close to a topless Harry and the throbbing in his boxers.

Louis suggested regretfully, “Perhaps you should put a shirt on, it might make me a little less distracted.” Harry smirked at him “Can’t concentrate when I’m topless huh? You really do have it bad”. Louis snorted and bantered back, “Nope, I’m just disgusted by your grossness and it’s making me feel queasy”. Harry laughed delightedly and pushed Louis, accidentally pushing him off the sofa and they roared with laughter as Louis landed with a thump on the floor, Harry following a few seconds later having forgotten that his other hand and his legs were entwined with Louis.

Chapter End Notes

AAAHHHHHHHH FINALLY!
Please note, from here on in, there is A LOT of smut. There's still a fair amount of plot left - but there is going to be a hell of a lot of smut so I'm not going to bother with a smut warning on each chapter from here - consider this one huge smut warning from here to the end of the fic.

If you've been skipping the parts with the smut, I suggest you don't read any further. If you'd like the rest of the story, smut-free feel free to send me a message and I'll send you the plotty bits.

They lay tangled on the floor laughing for a moment before Harry spread his legs to rest on the floor and pushed up on his elbows, giving Louis an affectionate kiss on the tip of his nose and leaning back on his heels, straddling Louis. Louis let out a gasp as Harry sat on his still hard cock and strained out, “This is not going to help calm me down”. Harry giggled, unable to resist slightly grinding his arse into Louis’ crotch before standing up, pulling the stained t-shirt back on and holding out a hand to help Louis up off the floor. They sat on the sofa, both with wide-eyed slightly dopey expressions on their faces before Harry cleared his throat and said, “Right, um tea, tea would be good”. Louis nodded, agreeing they should probably cool off and talk things through although his body hummed with need and lust for the curly haired man.

Harry made the tea while Louis tried to centre himself, tried to calm the desire coursing through his veins. By the time the tea had been made and they were back on the couch he had managed to get a grip on himself. Harry was obviously full of questions and Louis was relieved when he didn’t ask them all at once, starting by asked softly, “Is this really what you want?” Louis nodded fervently and keened out, “So much Hazza, it’s all I’ve been thinking about, can’t help myself just want to touch you all the time”. Harry smiled and asked curiously, “How long have you been thinking about this?” Louis replied wryly “Consciously… since after you left yesterday. Subconsciously… I guess since we met in the X-factor bathroom fifteen years ago”. Harry let out a surprised laugh and teased, “My god Lou, you only managed to last one day before cracking, you really are desperate for me”.

Harry expected Louis to banter back, but instead he just flushed and hung his head in an admission of guilt. Harry was a bit taken aback by that and didn’t really know how to respond, shelving his sudden desire to see Louis meek, to see how far that blush travelled down Louis’ tanned chest, to see which of his tattoos it reached, for another time. Harry shook his head to clear his lusty thoughts and beseeched Louis, “Tell me how you feel, love”.

Louis took a deep breath and told Harry how, for years, he had been in denial about how he felt about Harry, and it had taken his mum informing him that he was in love with Harry for him to realise. He explained how he’d felt the last few days; the heart-ache at thinking Harry was over him and it was too late; how shit it was to have been so fucking oblivious for so long; how this all could have been avoided if Louis wasn’t so fucking stupid. Sensing Louis was going to go on a long rant about his faults and insecurities Harry leaned over and cupped Louis’ cheeks with his hands, shutting him up with a gentle and chaste kiss on the lips. Louis leaned in, trying to deepen the kiss but Harry moved away.
Louis let out a little whine before blushing and saying, “God, you make me fucking feel I’m like a randy teenager again. How do you stay all calm and shit when I’m falling apart?” Harry smirked fondly at Louis before saying simply, “Practice”. Harry took Louis’ hand and held it in his own as he continued, trying to find the right words, “I’ve been in love with you for so long, and I’d accepted this would never happen that I just got really used to hiding it, to controlling my lust for you. It’s going to take me a little while to get used to this all being real y’know?” Louis nodded and said softly, “It’s going to take some time for me too.”

Louis stuttered out embarrassedly making it sound more like a question, his cheeks flaming red, “I’m… um… I’m… um… new… um… to… um… this…?” Harry’s breath caught in his throat as he realised Louis was an anal virgin, and fuck that was hot. Before Harry could rationalise that they probably should talk some more, he was pulling Louis off his feet mumbling, “Gonna make it so good for you babe” into Louis’ mouth as he kissed him, fumbling awkwardly up the stairs to Louis’ bedroom.

They pulled each other’s t-shirts off and joggers off, leaving their boxers on for the moment, Harry trying to be mindful, despite his lust, that they should take it slow. They laid on the bed, Harry straddling the smaller man, breathing heavily at each other, cocks already half hard at the kiss. Harry looked down lovingly at Louis and whispered, “Let me know if you want me to stop”, before kissing a trail down Louis’ neck and onto his chest. His lips burned a path through Louis’ chest hair, over his tattoos, glossing over his hard nipples with a warm breath, biting, sucking, licking and kissing as he explored Louis’ dark torso. Louis whined and arched his back, fists clenched by his side at Harry’s ministrations. It was too much and not enough at the same time. Louis’ whole body felt like he was on fire and his cock was aching in his boxers, leaving a damp patch where the head was leaking on the soft material. Harry looked up with hooded eyes at Louis, pausing to let Louis catch a breath before Louis let out a garbled, “More… please… more…” Harry obliged, continuing his explorations agonisingly slowly as Louis fell apart beneath him.

When he had finished with Louis’ chest and abdomen and traced his lips over the new tattoos on Louis’ arms, Harry breathed hot air over Louis’ boxers as he passed over them, and then started tugging them down, Louis lifting his hips almost comically high in his eagerness to help. Harry tossed the boxers on the floor, exhaling a hot breath over Louis’ cock, which was so hard and red it was almost purple, before settling his mouth on Louis’ thighs. Louis let out a frustrated whimper as he realised he was not going to get relief but didn’t move to touch himself and Harry murmured through his kisses, “Good boy”.

Louis felt a jolt of desire through him at the praise and shuddered before going soft and pliant, his insides turning to mush. Once Harry was satisfied that Louis’ thighs had been thoroughly bitten and kissed, Harry inched his mouth up and nuzzled his nose against Louis’ tight balls. He forced himself to control himself, to make this good for Louis, but by god it was hard not to come in his pants untouched when Louis whined, “Please, Harry, please, god, Harry, Harry”.

Taking pity on Louis, Harry licked a stripe up from Louis’ balls to the tip on his cock where pre-cum was pooling, making a note of the high keening sound that must have come from Louis before immediately dipping down to engulf Louis’ cock deep into his mouth, hollowing his cheekbones as he sucked and swallowed Louis’ dick, flicking his tongue across the slit on the top. Louis could hear his blood rushing in his ears, he had never felt more stimulated and turned on in his life and within thirty seconds of Harry sucking his prick he tangled his fingers in Harry’s curls, threw his head back as his spine arched, toes curling and moaning as he released into Harry’s mouth, Harry’s name brokenly on his lips as he came. Harry followed a few seconds later, untouched and still in his boxers as Louis’ come filled his mouth.

Harry pulled off his boxers and used them to wipe away the mess he’d made on himself before he
slid his way back up Louis’ body and laid to the side of him, Louis lay there flushed and dazed from his orgasm, his body covered in a film of sweat and dried saliva, as Harry peppered his face with small kisses. Louis felt foggy and light as he looked at Harry in his post-orgasmic haze and said weakly, “wow, that was, wow”. Harry smiled crookedly, still a little high from the encounter himself and said fondly, “It really was”. Harry pulled Louis into him and said tightly, “I love you”, his face splitting into a wide smile as Louis murmured back contentedly, “I love you too”. They lay there cuddling for a while before they started to stick to each other and Harry sighed, not wanting to break apart but knowing they needed to, “C’mon babe, shower time”. Louis grumbled but followed Harry to the bathroom, staring at the tall man’s pert arse in front of him, his cock fattening slightly at the view despite how recently he had orgasmed.
They soaped each other gently in the shower, kissing under the warm spray, murmuring endearments as they washed and explored each other’s bodies, their cocks now fully engorged again. They finished showering and dried off and Harry led Louis gently back to the bed, his eyes drinking in Louis’ naked body. Louis flushed self-consciously when Harry breathed “You’re beautiful” and Louis decided that what he really, really wanted to do was to make Harry fall apart, like he had done to him. He looked at his feet and mumbled, “Want to make you feel good Haz, but I don’t know how”. Harry just lay on the bed lazily and said, his voice even deeper than normal with his lust, “Jesus Lou… don’t think anything you could do to me would feel bad… want you so much”.

Louis smiled shyly and his eyes roved over Harry, settling on that fucking butterfly tattoo that got him so damn hot. He moved towards the bed, hovering over Harry, supporting his weight on his arms, no contact between them, until his hard cock bobbed involuntarily and brushed against Harry’s. Louis let out a moan at the sensation, pupils dilated with lust as he looked down at Harry. Harry’s head was tilted back, his wet curls tousled in the pillow case, exposing his neck and collar bones. Louis dove down and licked a trail from Harry’s collar bone to his ear, loving the way Harry mewled softly and his Adam’s apple bobbed. He attacked Harry’s neck with his lips, teeth and tongue, noting which spots made Harry gasp and buck his hips and concentrating on them.

Louis resolved to go with his instincts. After all he’d done this many times with women before so he wasn’t exactly a virgin. But Harry was so very much not a woman, and this was so very much better. He found himself tracing his tongue around Harry’s butterfly tattoo, leaning up to lap at and graze his teeth against each of Harry’s four nipples, and smiling to himself at how Harry almost purred at the stimulation. He travelled down hungrily to Harry’s cock, leaking against his navel and wondering how on earth he was ever going to get that monster in his mouth, or arse for that matter, but very much wanting to find out.

Louis gave an experimental lick to Harry’s shaft, marvelling at how similar, yet how different to his own dick it was. Harry moaned and thrust his hips upwards and off the bed, automatically seeking the pleasure again. Louis obliged and repeated the motion, licking slightly longer and slower this time. Louis tried to think about what he’d enjoyed being done to him in the past and felt a jolt of pure arousal run straight to his aching cock when he’d remembered that girl with the dimples in her back who’d let Louis fuck her face and how good that had been. Louis made a mental note that he wanted Harry to do that to him at some point, but probably not tonight, it being his first time and all. He focused his attention back onto Harry and his beautiful cock. Harry was trembling as Louis licked at him, fists clenched into the sheets and mumbling obscenities as he tried desperately to resist holding onto to Louis’ head and forcing him down onto his cock until his choked. He couldn’t stop himself tangling his fingers in Louis’ wet hair though when suddenly without warning, Louis took him into his mouth and sucked. Harry moaned out, “Fuck yeah Louis, like that, so fucking good” and used every ounce of his will power not to come right there, not wanting this to be over.

Louis slobbered messily over Harry’s cock, excess saliva dribbling down into his beard and making up for lack of experience with eagerness. Harry could not deal with how good Louis’ pink lips looked stretched obscenely around the head of his cock and he moaned almost incoherently, “Fuck… you look so pretty… mouth wrapped around my cock… ugh”. Louis added a hand around the base of Harry’s cock, the combination of Louis’ twisting fist and sucking mouth too much for Harry to take. He tried to pull Louis off him, not wanting to come into his mouth the first time, but Louis stubbornly sucked harder, making one final twist around Harry’s shaft with his hand and Harry was gone, spilling into Louis’ mouth with a moan. Louis found the taste wasn’t unpleasant, slightly bitter and salty, but also with a sweetness to it and a musk that was so completely Harry it
was intoxicating. Without thinking he swallowed it down, slightly grimacing at the saltiness but very proud of himself for having that effect on Harry.

He frowned down at his own cock, still hard and aching but not wanting to bother Harry with it when Harry was all limp and satiated. Harry reached for him and pulled him back up towards his mouth, tasting his own semen as he kissed Louis. Harry asked if Louis had any lube and rolled away from him briefly when Louis nodded and pointed at the bedside table, announcing, “Aha”, when he found what he was looking for and rolling back over to Louis with Louis’ lube in his hand. Harry pumped some lube into his palm and slicked his hand over Louis’ aching cock, Louis was unable to breathe as he saw and felt Harry’s large hand holding his dick. Harry wiped the excess lube between his legs, slicking up his thighs before he rolled Louis on top of him, chest to chest, face to face, Louis breathing heavily. Harry opened his legs slightly and Louis’ cock fell between his thighs and Louis gasped as Harry immediately grinned wickedly and closed his thighs, trapping Louis’ slick and aching cock between them.

Harry bent his neck to kiss him and Louis could help but thrust his hips forward, groaning as he belatedly realised how pleasurable the friction between Harry’s thighs was. Louis moaned and humped into Harry’s thighs, the slick heat doing crazy things to him. He’d never had sex like this before, he hadn’t even entered Harry and it was already the best sex he’d ever had. Louis let the thoughts leave his mind as he humped against Harry, shamelessly seeking his orgasm. Harry crooned, “That’s right babe, knew you’d like that… rutting against me… so good, such a good boy, so beautiful”.

Louis felt dizzy at Harry’s words and almost sobbed into Harry’s chest as he chased his orgasm, the feeling of thrusting against Harry so overwhelming. Every part of his cock was stimulated by the crook of Harry’s arse, the clench of Harry’s thighs, the drag against Harry’s perineum. He raised up on his arms, so close to his orgasm and did the one thing he’d been dreaming of since he’d admitted his feelings for Harry. Louis pulled out from Harry’s thighs and fisting his cock once, twice, before ejaculating all over Harry’s butterfly tattoo with a roar, painting over the dark lines with white splashes. Louis collapsed from his orgasm, suddenly weak and drained, whimpering from the loss as Harry got up and padded to the bathroom.

Harry got a flannel and quickly wiped himself, before coming back and lovingly dabbing away Louis’ sweat, come and lube away with the warm, wet cloth. They cuddled together, both completely sated and exhausted, both happier than they’d ever been, falling asleep with contented sighs, murmuring, “I love you” to each other and pressing chaste kisses onto the parts of the others bodies they could reach.
Chapter 27

The couple slept in the next morning, waking lazily and smiling at each other as they remembered the events of last night, sharing a sleepy kiss as they brushed off their drowsiness. Harry asked Louis what he wanted to do with their day off and Louis replied, “You”, with a smirk. Harry laughed and rocked Louis’ shoulder lightly muttering, “Pervert”, with a wide grin. Louis mumbled that he needed the loo and a shower first, Harry watched his round arse as he walked away, the view arousing his lust, before he sighed and forced the thoughts out of his mind, knowing that he also needed to empty his bladder and pissing with a stiffy wasn’t exactly fun. He headed to use the en-suite in the other bedroom and shower last night’s stickiness off.

Louis let the water run over his body, easing away the soreness of last night and using the time to process what had happened last night. Harry loved him, he loved Harry and they’d had two incredible orgasms each. He expected to feel a bit weird about having fooled around with his old best mate, but it didn’t feel weird at all, it just felt right. He bit his lips nervously when he got out the shower, seeing Harry was gone and then relaxed when he heard the other shower running. Louis dried his body, chastising himself for thinking Harry would leave – when he’d already said that he wouldn’t. Louis knew they had to have a real talk about where this was going to head as he couldn’t cope with this constant insecurity about Harry. He looked at the bed, wrinkling his nose at the clammy sheets from last night before heading to the other bedroom, grabbing the lube on his way. He figured they might as well have the pleasure of clean sheets, he’d just leave a note to let the staff know to change the sheets in the spare room as well.

As Harry showered, taking an inordinate amount of time, Louis sat on the bed and mused about how nice it was not to have to cook or clean or do any of that stuff. As if by magic, every time he came back to the house, it was spotless again, with a clean bathroom & kitchen, fresh sheets, replenished toiletries, empty bins, his dirty laundry removed from the floor where he’d invariably thrown it etc. It was like living in a hotel and he could definitely get used to this again. He was breathless as Harry walked out of the shower fully nude and they stared at each other lustfully before Harry jumped on the bed next to Louis, Harry eyed the lube Louis had put on the bedside table and smirked. Louis paused before saying cautiously, “Can we talk for a bit first, about um, us?”

Harry smiled widely at the use of the word us, he could get used to that and Louis continued nervously, “God, I don’t mean to be such a girl about this, but does this mean that we’re together, properly, exclusively?” Harry grinned and teased, “If you’re asking me to be your boyfriend Loubear, the answer is a resounding yes, to all of it” Harry wasn’t quite prepared for the blaze of joy in Louis’ bright blue eyes and the huge smile on his face and his chest tightened as he thought for a moment how bloody lucky he was that Louis loved him.

He kissed Louis gently and asked softly, “Do you want to tell anyone, or do you want to keep this a secret?” Louis thought for a moment, about coming out as gay, only a few days after he found out himself and found himself surprisingly agreeable to the idea. “I want the lads and my family to know. There have been enough secrets between us, I don’t want there to be any more. As for the fans, the public, I’m not ashamed of loving you. I’d be okay with going public if the other boys are – but it would have to be a band decision. What about you Harry?” Harry smiled and said, “I’d like to shout it from the rooftops, God Louis, I want everyone in the world to know that we love each other and that you are mine”. Louis felt all warm and squirmy inside when Harry said he was his and he closed the gap between them to give Harry a proper kiss, moaning slightly as their minty tongues touched.

All thoughts of talking forgotten, the couple laid down on the clean bed, Harry handed Louis the lube and stuttered, “Want you inside me Lou, want it so bad”. Louis kissed Harry again, cock
hardening at the thought of being inside Harry, inside his boyfriend, but a little nervous as he’d only done it a few times, and that was with a girl. Louis frowned, realising that they couldn’t and leaned away from Harry saying, “I don’t have any condoms Haz, it’s not safe”. Harry let Louis know that he hadn’t had sex since his last check-up three months ago so he knew he was safe. Louis thought back and realised that his last check-up was with Emma about nine months ago when they had decided to stop using condoms, relying instead on the pill and neither of them (to his knowledge) had been with anyone else since, so he was pretty certain he was clean too.

He told Harry as such and asked him if he wanted to risk it, cock hardening again as Harry nodded, “Yeah I trust you and I don’t want to wait, I’ve waited bloody long enough. We can book an appointment for next week just to double check, but I say let’s go for it in the meantime.” Louis nodded and kissed Harry, getting nervous and hard again. He kneeled between Harry’s thighs and forced himself to relax, asking Harry softly, “Tell me if I hurt you yeah?”, pumping out lube onto his fingers as Harry nodded and drew his knees up to expose himself. Louis’ breath caught in his throat as he saw that, while in the shower, Harry had shaved his balls and arsehole, leaving himself completely bare below his cock.

Louis shakily ran a slick finger from Harry’s tip, down his shaft, across his balls, his perineum and then rested lightly on his entrance. Harry’s hole twitched slightly at the touch and Louis stared entranced as it pulsed, almost inviting him in. He circled his index finger around the hairless puckered opening, lubing the area before slowly sinking the tip of his index finger in to the first knuckle. Harry let out a keening sound as Louis slowly worked his finger in and out of Harry’s hole, marvelling at how it seemed to suck him in deeper and hold onto him like it didn’t want him to withdraw. A minute or two later Louis realised he had his finger fully inside Harry and he exhaled in awe.

Louis slowly and carefully explored the younger man’s insides, mentally cataloguing the different noises and thrusts Harry made with each experimental touch. Harry begged, “More please, need more” and Louis slid out his first finger, making sure to add more lube, before slowly pressing two fingers into Harry. He continued his intrusions gently and carefully, sensing that Harry was getting impatient for a third finger but wanting to go slowly and make sure he did this right.

He leisurely started easing his fingers apart inside of Harry, trying to avoid his prostate as he opened him up gently with little scissoring motions, enjoying the whimpering sounds coming from Harry before withdrawing his two fingers and gradually adding a third, in awe of the way his fingers looked inside his boyfriend. Once all three were fully inside of Harry’s hot and slick passage, Louis crooked his fingers slightly, reaching for Harry’s prostate and finding it on the second stroke. The reaction Harry gave was immediate and startling, Harry’s leg kicking out and hips leaping off the bed, thrusting into the air as Louis hit his sweet spot, letting out a long drawn out moan, “Fuck”. Harry’s cock was leaking, a pool of pre-cum collecting on his stomach as Louis moved his three fingers across each other within Harry’s tightness, massaging his walls. Harry was letting out a string of incoherent moans, falling apart as Louis stretched him open.

When Louis was satisfied that Harry was sufficiently loosened he extracted his fingers, wiping them on the sheets. He pumped more lube into his palm and around his own cock which felt like it was ready to burst. He shifted his knees and leaned over Harry, gently kissing his sweaty forehead before edging down to nip at his collar bone, the height difference perfect for him to attack Harry’s neck. Harry moaned and breathed Louis’ name as his aching length pressed against Harry’s pulsing entrance.

It took everything Louis had to not plunge into him in one hard thrust, instead taking a moment to lap at a nipple and compose himself while Harry whined, “Please… please…”. Louis lined up against Harry’s opening, steering himself with one hand, unable to resist a quick tug of his shaft before
slowly sinking into Harry’s depths.

Harry arched his back violently as Louis entered him, thighs automatically wrapping around Louis’ waist. Louis inched in slowly and eventually bottomed out, his balls resting against the curve of Harry’s arse cheeks. Harry was wet and tight around him, burning hot and Louis could have come right then from the sensation of being inside him. Louis paused for a moment once he was fully inside, allowing Harry to get used to the intrusion and to give himself a second to think of anything that would help to make him last longer. He started moving when he realised that Harry had begun using the leverage of his legs around him to rock gently back and forth on his cock, and with a smooth motion pulled out and then back into Harry.

Harry moaned, hair a sweaty tangled mess on the pillows and he fell pliant, allowing Louis to control the depth and rhythm of the penetration. Louis fucked Harry with long slow strokes, hitting deep inside Harry as he bottomed out on every thrust. Louis licked and sucked at Harry’s collar bones, nipping at his Adam’s apple as he imperceptibly angled his hips in a different direction with each intrusion, wanting to find that magic spot again, wanting to bring Harry over the edge. Harry had stopped making any sense a long time, just vocalising obscenities, “Oh God”, “Please” and “Louis” over and over again and god, Louis just loved watching him fall apart.

Louis felt a jolt run through Harry as he finally found his prostate and Harry lost all his words completely, babbling gibberish as Louis angled his hips to hit Harry’s prostate again and again. Louis felt Harry fall over the edge, coming untouched with his eyes bulging, mouth open in surprise and strangely silent, his spurting cock trapped between the two bodies, his muscles clenching tightly around Louis. Louis gasped at the way Harry’s internal passage gripped around him and gave in to the sensation, allowing it to pull him into oblivion to come with his love, filing him up. He sunk exhausted onto Harry’s chest, completely sated, leaving his gradually softening cock inside Harry.

A few minutes later he came back to earth and looked up, realising Harry still hadn’t said a word and his body was all jelly-like, like he was boneless. Louis pulled out and rolled off Harry carefully then, remembering how Harry had looked after him the night before, he went to the bathroom. He wet a flannel with warm water, quickly wiping himself off before rinsing the flannel and gently wringing it out so it wasn’t too wet. He gently stroked Harry’s chest and sides with his fingers, lovingly whispering, “Come back to me, love”, as he softly wiped away the mess from their love-making.

Harry blinked sleepily as he recovered from his intense orgasm and weakly said, “Lou... that was... that was...”, trailing off as Louis shushed him with a kiss and lay next to him holding him close and pressing kisses to his flushed and sweaty cheeks. Harry softly whispered, “I’ve never... it’s never... never been like that”.

Louis blushed at the idea he’d done a good job, especially as it was his first time having gay sex and softly replied, “I’ve never felt anything like that either”. They smiled sleepily at either, the endorphin’s rushing through their bodies making them drowsy and they kissed, falling asleep a few minutes later, limbs draped over one another in bliss.
They started stirring an hour or so later, wrapped around each other, still slightly sticky despite Louis' attempts to clean them up earlier. Louis smiled at Harry as they awoke, before blurting out in wonder, "We had sex!" Harry let out a delighted and surprised laugh before bending his neck to kiss the tip of Louis' nose and murmur lovingly, "Yes, my love, we most definitely did". They looked at each other, love and happiness radiating from both of them before Harry continued softly, "That was seriously the best thing I've ever felt, you were just incredible, I've never come like that before."

Louis beamed as he blushed and said, "That is exactly how I feel about you. If only I was a teenager, I'd want to do that again straight away". Harry laughed easily, teasing, "Pity you're an old man now, we might have to get you some Viagra!" Louis burst into giggles and started wrestling Harry as they traded banter, "Enough of the 'old man', you weren't complaining last night", "I might not have been complaining, but I was moaning", "So was your Mum", "Oi, enough about my Mum, or I won't let you do that again".

Harry didn’t hear a response from Louis and paused on top of Louis, pinning him down, noticing how Louis’ breath had shallowed and feeling the physical evidence of the beginning of Louis’ arousal against him. Harry forgot what they were talking about momentarily as he got lost in the lust in Louis’ stormy blue eyes. Harry leant down to kiss Louis, releasing his wrists from where his was pinning them and gently teased, “Who am I kidding, you can do that to me any time. Although I’m hoping you’ll let me return the favour too though”.

Louis flushed at the thought of Harry being inside him, hardening further at the idea, although nervous of how it would feel. He knew he liked a finger up there, but Harry was so big, how would it ever fit? Given how Harry had fallen apart earlier though, he was very interested in trying and experiencing how it felt.

Louis pouted as Harry moved away from him and got up, padding to the en-suite and turning on the shower, He laughed at Louis' expression and said, “C’mon love, don’t be greedy. I’m starving, sticky and a little sore”. Louis grimaced and he felt himself flagging, he playfully stomped away back to the main bedroom, pausing to turn around and stick his tongue out at Harry on the way.

Louis showered quickly, not wanting to be away from Harry for too long and then rolled his eyes as he made his way downstairs, dry and dressed when he heard the other shower still running. He didn’t understand how it took Harry so long to get clean but he ignored his slight irritation and used the time to turn his phone on and check his messages, quickly replying to a couple of texts including a group message from the other lads to see if he wanted to hang out today. As he made tea and put last night’s leftovers in the microwave to heat through, he replied to the lads, telling them to come over in half an hour.

Five minutes later, Harry came downstairs and they ate the left over curry, chatting about when they should tell the other guys about their relationship, deciding today would be as good a day as any. They had finished their brunch and cleared away the plates by the time the doorbell rang. Louis let the lads in and hugged hello before settling on the couch. Liam said brightly, “We thought we could go see the fans at the gate today, there are loads out there and we haven’t done any interactions for a couple of days”. Louis caught Harry’s eye as he nodded, communicating silently they could tell the lads after.

Louis replied, “We were thinking the other day we had neglected them a bit so that sounds great
guys. Shall we let security and management know?” Niall spoke up, “We already did, figuring we’d
go without you two if you weren’t up to it”. Harry looked down at what he was wearing, one of
Louis’ t-shirts, and the skin tight jeans he’d been wearing for a few days, having not been home
since he came for dinner at Louis two nights ago and said, “Sweet, give me five minutes to run home
and get changed into something a little more photo-worthy”. The boys nodded and Harry jogged out
the door while Louis headed upstairs to put on something a bit smarter, not really wanting to be
pictured in the joggers he’d pulled on after his shower. He got changed quickly and scribbled a note
to the household staff, letting them know his spare room needed cleaning.

By the time he came back downstairs, wearing a shirt and smart trousers a couple of the security
team were in his living room. They were chatting to the other lads asking how long they wanted to
stay out for, what level of security they wanted etc and the lads were letting them know they were
happy to stay out there for a quite a time to see as many of the fans as possible. Louis suggested
forming a queue like they used to at their paid meet-and-greets, filtering the fans through a few at a
time into an area where they could chat to the lads and take pictures, rather than the standard making
your way across the barriers, where you could only reach the first couple of rows of the fans. The
other lads nodded enthusiastically and the head of the security team issued instructions through a
walkie-talkie, nodded at the four lads and told them it’d take ten minutes to set up, leaving the room
to prepare the area.

The guys chatted for a few minutes before Harry rocked up carrying a hold-all bag, looking so
ridiculously gorgeous that that it took Louis’ breath away, staring lustfully at his boyfriend while the
others filled him in on the plan. They all headed outside so Zayn could have a cigarette before they
got the go ahead from security. Harry left his bag in the lounge while Liam read aloud the last minute
instructions he’d received by text message, requesting what they should and should not talk about
with the fans.

A few minutes later they were waved over by security, and they started to walk down the long drive,
hearing the roar of the crowd, rising to screams as the boys turned a corner and came into
view. Louis’ eyes quickly adjusted to the flashing of the cameras and he turned to grin at Harry,
reaching out to grab his side and squeeze it, making Harry flinch and squeal before laughing and
poking Louis in the side to retaliate. They neared the gate and filtered into the cordoned off area that
security had set up, waving and posing for a few minutes so the crowd could get photos of the five of
them together.

After a few minutes, the security team started letting people through in groups of about twenty, and
the fans rushed up to their favourite band member to take photos or get stuff signed, or just to hug
them. Louis was in his elements, chatting and signing autographs, grinning easily for the photos and
mucking about a bit. He remembered to keep his answers short, to brush off any difficult questions
and when asked anything about the reunion said, “You’ll have to watch the show to find out” with a
wink. After about an hour, they’d seen pretty much every one outside and the security team was
starting to let people through Louis was sure he’d seen before, so he was a little relieved when Liam
signalled to the security team to start to wrap it up.

After another ten minutes or so, they headed back inside the complex, waving at the happy fans as
they walked up the path, each with big grins on their faces. Zayn teased, “What’s the chance that
Twitter is exploding right now?” Louis didn’t really care about Twitter and just shrugged, basking in
the knowledge he’d made some fans happy. He glanced at Harry questioningly, smiling at Harry’s
short nod before asking the lads if they wanted to come in for a cuppa. They all agreed and within a
few minutes they were sprawled on the sofas in Louis’ living room each with a cup of tea or coffee.

The lads chatted while Louis waited for a natural lull in the conversation, but realising there wasn’t
likely to be one for some time with Niall in the room he decided to clear his throat a few times. Niall
fell silent and looked at Louis curiously and Louis began, “There’s something I would like to tell you all. I know this might make things a bit awkward but given how much secrets have torn us apart in the past, I wanted to be honest with you guys.” Louis paused and he felt Harry edge closer to him, giving him the strength to carry on.

“As you guys know Harry had feelings for me in the band, which I thought I didn’t return, but over the last few days… um… over the last few days… um…”. Louis stalled and looked desperately at Harry for help, finding it when Harry took Louis’ hand in his own and said smoothly, “Over the last few days, I came to realise that I was not over Louis, and he came to realise that he returned my feelings”. Harry and Louis looked at the other lads’ shocked faces and Harry continued, “We are in a relationship and we’d love to have your blessing”.

The three men sat in stunned silence for a while, Louis playing with his sleeve anxiously, before Zayn let out a long breath and drawled, “Shitting hell”. That seemed to break some of the tension in the room and they all laughed softly. Liam asked worriedly, a frown playing on his brow, “Are you guys sure about this, I mean what happens if it doesn’t work and everything goes to shit again?” Louis met Liam’s gaze and replied simply, “I’ve never been so sure of anything in my life. I love Harry, I think I always have, I don’t know if I believe in soul mates, but if they are real, Harry is mine”. Louis felt Harry squeeze his hand when he said the thing about them being soul mates, and he looked at Harry, caught off guard by the look of pure adoration and joy Harry was giving him. Zayn drawled, “Love? Soul mates? So this isn’t just a sex thing, this is for real?”

Harry turned his gaze from Louis and nodded, addressing Zayn, “Yes, soul mates, forever and ever, the realest thing in the world”. Niall burst out with a grin, “Well I think this is great lads! Shows the fans know what they’re on about eh?” Louis smiled gratefully at Niall and said, mostly to Zayn and Liam, “We know this is a lot to take in, and it won’t be easy for any of us, but we love each other and want to be together. We don’t mind if that’s in private or in the public, although we would prefer to be out and proud, that’s completely up to you three. We’ll happily go along with whatever you guys think is best for the band.”

Liam nodded and asked, “Can we have some time to think about it?” Louis nodded back saying, “Of course, we know we’ve just dumped this on you, take as much time as you need”. The lads asked a few more questions, which Harry and Louis answered honestly and openly. The five of them talked about the different alternatives, what might happen if they split up, that the lads weren’t happy with huge amounts of PDA around them, what the public response might be to the news and how it would work to keep it a secret. None of the boys seemed disgusted or angry by the news, which Louis was grateful for; they were mostly just anxious about the effect it would have on Harry and Louis, and the band as a whole.

The mood was lightened when the conversation was winding down and Zayn laughed delightedly, “Liam, I’ve just remembered, you owe me fifty quid mate. We had a bet they would end up shagging at some point”. Liam scowled at Zayn and protested, “Seriously, that was like fifteen years ago! And it was a joke!” Zayn smirked at Liam and drawled, “A bet’s a bet darling, pay up!”, and the lads all laughed as Liam grumpily reached into his wallet. Liam got out a few notes, pausing to check, “Wait a minute, we don’t even know if they’ve shagged yet”, and then sighing as he saw Louis looking at the floor as though the carpet was very interesting with a bright red face and Harry’s wide happy grin. Liam passed Zayn the money muttering, “Bloody wankers… can’t keep it in their pants”, grinning despite himself. The boys all laughed at that, Louis joining in with his friends even through his embarrassment.

The five chatted for a few minutes more before the other three excused themselves, letting Louis and Harry know they’d think about going public and that they’d let the couple know as soon as they had made a decision, Liam adding, “Either way guys, even though we have some concerns, we’re
genuinely really pleased for you guys. You both deserve to be happy and I’m glad you’ve found it with each other”. Zayn nodded and added, “Yup, I’m especially pleased as I got £50 out of it”, laughing as Liam scowled again and pushed him off balance. Zayn righted himself and said, “Seriously though, I think it’s great. Took you idiots long enough to figure it out.” Niall just beamed at Harry and Louis and pulled them into a hug whispering cheekily, “Have fun boys” and leaving with a wink and a wave. Harry pulled Louis into a long hug after they’d gone and kissed Louis, feeling like it had been far too long since they’d been alone and murmuring, “I think that went okay”. Louis replied, “Yeah, they didn’t take it too badly”, before kissing his boyfriend thoroughly, all thoughts of the other lads leaving his mind.
They made a call to the staff line and ordered some dinner, deciding to watch a film and relaxing on
the sofa. They didn't really paid attention to the screen, mostly chatting quietly and sharing soft
chaste kisses; neither of them wanting to get too carried away with the chef preparing their food in
the kitchen. When dinner was ready, they ate off their laps on the sofa, not bothering to get up to eat
at the dining table in the kitchen. Once they’d finished, Louis spoke hesitantly, worrying his lip
nervously as he brought up something that had been disturbing him since the lads were questioning
them earlier.

“What happens if it doesn’t work Haz? What happens to the band? What happens to us? I don’t
think I could deal with that?” Harry exhaled and looked deep into Louis’ cerulean eyes, running a
large rough thumb over Louis’ soft and chapped lips to keep him from biting them, “I don’t know
love, I hope that will never happen. All I know is that it would be agony having experienced this,
having experienced what it could be like for us, to go back to the way it was. I don’t want to miss out
on loving you because I’m scared. I’m all in babe, completely gone for you, I’m not bothered about
the fans or the fame, I just want to be with you. As for the rest of the band, I think that if we have
come through the last ten years, we can come through anything – as long as we’re all honest with
each other.”

Louis nodded, feeling a little better and agreed, “I don’t want to go back either, I don’t even think I
can. I can’t just be friends with you, knowing how we feel about each other. I guess we’ll just have
to do our best, and trust one another, trust in the band”. Harry pulled Louis into a long hug and
whispered, “I love you Boobear, I will fight for you until the day I die”. Louis was overwhelmed and
lost for words so he just buried his head in Harry’s neck and eventually mumbled back, “I love you
too Haz”. They cuddled for a while until they heard Harry’s phone beep, Harry checked his phone
and grinned widely, passing his phone to Louis so he could see the message Liam sent to the group chat:

‘Hey Harry & Louis, Niall, Zayn & I have spent the last hour talking about you guys coming out
publically, and we’re really happy for you to do so. We love you guys and we don’t want you to have
to hide who you are and your love for one another. Thank you for trusting us with this, we know it
couldn’t have been easy. We are happy with whatever consequences come with this, even if we lose
fans etc. Just please don’t break each other’s hearts. Xxx’

Louis smiled and tapped a quick reply on Harry’s phone, ‘Thanks guys, we love you too xx H&L’.
He raised an eyebrow at Harry and asked “Management or family first?” Harry thought for a second
and then said decisively, “Management, that way we can hopefully be honest in the interview
tomorrow”. Louis nodded, seeing the sense of that and feeling ever so grateful for Liam’s negotiating
skills which meant the decision was in their hands and the management team couldn’t stop
them. Although, Louis thought with a frown, they could try to persuade them not to in other ways if
they weren’t happy about it. Louis scrolled through Harry’s phone to find Sally’s number, being too
lazy to find his own phone. He passed it to Harry who dialled the number on loudspeaker and asked
Sally if she and Melanie could come to the house that night as they had something they wanted to
discuss with them. Sally agreed and let them know it would have to be in about an hour as they were
still finishing up some last minute tour plans. They wrapped up the conversation and rang off.

Louis waggled his eyebrows and asked cheekily, “What can we do in an hour?” pouting as Harry
replied, “I’m going to call my Mum, might as well get it over with.” Harry laughed and kissed the
pout off of Louis’ lips, saying in a stern voice as a joke, “Don’t be greedy, princess”, and then raising
an eyebrow as Louis froze, flushed and let a soft moan fall from his lips. Harry laughed to himself, as
he headed to the bedroom to call his Mum, very intrigued at Louis’ reaction and the possibility of exploring that at some point. Louis collected himself and found his phone, turned it on and called his own Mum, figuring he might as well use the time for that too. His Mum squealed at the news and chatted happily, obviously having no issue that her son was gay. Not that Louis had really expected her to, after their conversation the other day – but he was still relieved anyway. They spoke for a while, catching up on what Louis had been up to, and what Jay had seen on twitter about it. Louis smiled as his Mum mentioned a new occupational therapist she’d seen that day, pleased that she was seeking help again and engaging in trying to get better.

He spoke to Lottie after he’d talked to his Mum, telling her the news and hearing what she’d been up to, and her opinion on how Mum and the kids were doing. Lottie’s reaction was a little more cautious than Jay’s was, but she was very happy for Louis after he explained how they felt about each other and allayed her fears. He ended the call promising he’d bring Harry to visit soon and asking Lottie if she could tell the rest of the family over the weekend, as he would be crazy busy with work. Louis felt a little bad as that was kind of a white lie and a bit of a cop-out, he didn’t even know what the schedule for the weekend was. But he couldn’t talk to everyone, there were so many people he had to speak with before the news broke and he was pretty beat after the fan meet and greet, coming out to the boys, his Mum, Lottie and in a few minutes he’d have to tell management too.

Harry came back downstairs looking relaxed and happy after speaking to his Mum and Gemma. They chatted about the phone calls, Harry telling him how happy Anne was that Louis finally returned his affections, Louis raised an eyebrow, having not realised that Anne knew and flushing with embarrassment, Harry kissed his nose and said, “It’s okay babe, she wants us to come up as soon as we have a chance”. Louis nodded and told Harry that he’d promised the same to his Mum, laughing when Harry crowed, “Road trip!”, before tensing as the doorbell rang.

Harry squeezed Louis’ hand encouragingly before going to the door and letting Sally and Melanie into the front room. The two ladies looked at Harry and Louis expectantly, with small smiles as Harry told them that he and Louis were together and they would like to come out publicly. They nodded at the news, Melanie saying with a grin, “We figured as much after the other day. Are the rest of the band in agreement?” Louis nodded and told her that they were happy to go public, and that he and Harry would ideally like to do it ASAP as they didn’t want to have to lie. Sally let the pair know that after seeing the two of them together at the edit, the management team had an emergency meeting to plan for the possibility. Harry laughed then, saying, “We weren’t even together at that point!” Louis joining in the laughter when Melanie smirked, “Call it woman’s intuition”.

Sally told the couple that it was the management team’s recommendation business-wise that they didn’t come out, in case it affected sales; or to wait until the relationship was established to come out; but they had agreed that if Louis and Harry got together and wanted to come out and the band members were happy with this, they would not try and dissuade them. This meant that they were free to discuss their new relationship in the magazine interview they were doing tomorrow, but as that wasn’t being published until the end of the week after, they recommended coming out properly in the live TV interview on Monday, the day after the reunion show had aired. Harry laughed happily and said, “That’s great, thank you. What a relief”. Melanie and Sally excused themselves, as they had to renegotiate the privacy clauses and amount of people present at the interview and photoshoot in the contract with the magazine, to ensure that the news didn’t get out before the live interview aired. The women left shortly after, letting the boys know they would set up a full band meeting tomorrow with the new PR team just to clarify their position as a band before the interview took place.

After they left, Louis collapsed exhaustedly on the sofa. It was only about 9, but he was shattered after the long day. Harry grabbed his hold-all and held out a hand to him and said, “Come to bed, love”, and ever obliging, Louis obeyed.
Chapter 30

Louis took Harry's proffered hand and followed him up the stairs, suddenly nervous but unsure why. Perhaps because this was the first time he’d be going to bed with Harry as his boyfriend; perhaps because Harry might want to fuck him tonight and he wasn’t sure if he was ready or perhaps because he didn’t want to disappoint the green eyed, curly haired man he was head over heels for. Harry noticed Louis’ sudden shyness and pulled him into a long hug, resting his chin on top of Louis’ head as his large hands stroked down Louis’ sides, trying to ease the tension away, He bent his head down to kiss Louis, breathing; “I adore you”; before claiming his lips in a gentle kiss, which slowly heated up, both of their cocks stirring at the kisses.

Harry pulled Louis to the bed and laid him down, kissing Louis' closed eyelids as he whispered, “We don’t have to do anything you’re not ready for, princess” and smiling to himself as he gradually felt Louis relax under him. Louis' eyes fluttered open to meet his and he admitted softly, “I want you to make love to me, but I’m not sure I’m ready”. Harry nodded and reassured his boyfriend, kissing down his neck with gentle pecks, “That can wait love, we’re not in any hurry. Is there something else you’d like to do, beautiful?”

Louis shook his head, not really knowing all of the options, but knowing he’d definitely like to do something having already been denied twice that day, mumbled shyly, “Can you choose?” Harry kissed him on the forehead and crooned, “Of course babe, I’m going to take care of you You’ve been so patient today, such a good boy”. Louis blushed with the praise, turning to mush at the nice things Harry was saying and the way his was softly kissing his body. He felt small, protected and safe, in awe of Harry’s long and lean body and the dark ink that covered it.

Louis laid on his back as Harry trailed a hand down his hairy, tattoo covered chest, letting out a small whine as it fluttered past his cock, and shuddering with desire as Harry lightly scraped a nail over Louis’ perineum. Harry had barely even touched him yet and he already felt like he was going to burst. He pouted as Harry moved away from him, not wanting any distance between them, half-mad with lust and need for his curly-haired lover. Harry was back within seconds, pumping lube into his palm and then Louis was overcome with the slick sensation of Harry’s fist wrapped around him. Only this time it felt different. Louis looked down confused and moaned when he saw Harry had wrapped his hand around both of them, their cocks aligned in Harry’s giant hands.

Harry moved his hands almost lazily, occasionally switching up the position so their crowns were rubbing up against one another before shifting so their shafts rubbed together. Louis' heart soared as Harry's deep voice rasped, "So pretty, princess" and he rutted lightly into Harry's hand in response, feeling his stomach start to coil and uncoil as his orgasm built. He kissed Harry hungrily, brain fuzzy with 'Harry, Harry, Harry' running through his head like a mantra, desperately chasing the pleasure. Louis jolted as he felt another hand exploring his arse, Harry dipping a slick finger into the cleft between his cheeks and pressing against his arsehole but not penetrating. Louis urgently snapped his hips backwards, chasing the pressure and then pumped his hips forward into Harry’s fist, his glans sliding across Harry's so deliciously.

Louis was dizzy with the pleasure, caught between two pleasure centres and thrusting back and forth between them. Harry sped up his movements and on Louis' next backwards motion, angled his finger slightly, the tip slipping inside Louis' hole, up to the fist knuckle. It was all too much for Louis and he moaned as he erupted into Harry’s fist, spurtling against Harry’s cock. Harry continued his motions, wringing the cum out of Louis as he used Louis' spunk to further lubricate his motions, following Louis into the abyss a few strokes later with a whine.
Harry kissed Louis gently as they panted, trying to regain control of themselves after their orgasms. Louis felt so loved and blissed out in Harry’s arms. He revelled in Harry’s kisses and as he fell asleep he smiled and thought to himself that if he died now, he would die happy.
They woke in the morning and showered together, kissing lazily under the water, gently soaping each other clean but trying to keep it chaste as they didn’t have much time. Louis washed Harry’s hair for him, giggling on tiptoes as he shampooed Harry’s curls and then mewling in pleasure when Harry returned the favour. They dried off and dressed, each leaving their hair wet and tying it into quick buns, knowing it would be styled later anyway. They sent a quick message to Melanie and Sally to let them know they were up and dressed, Harry pulling his own clothes out of the bag he’d brought over yesterday before going downstairs. Louis made himself toast for breakfast while Harry munched on a banana. Within minutes they were picked up and taken to an upscale hotel. Liam chose to jump in a car with them, leaving Niall and Zayn to travel together. They chatted on the way, curious about the new PR team they would meet that day and excited to be doing their first official photo-shoot together.

When they arrived at the hotel, they were led to a conference room where the new PR team, and the management team greeted them. They sat down and discussed what Harry and Louis’ relationship would mean for the band and the potential risks involved. Zayn told the PR consultants that as a band they were prepared for the risks and that the most important things to the band, following their experiences with Modest! Management were honesty, transparency and integrity. The PR team then explained how to handle coming out press-wise and how to respond to the possible backlash. Niall laughed at this, “To be honest mate, most of our fans have believed they were, or wanted Harry and Louis to get together since the band started, I’m not really concerned about the fans. As for the papers, they’ve always printed what they want about us so it doesn’t really matter does it?”

Liam added, “Most of our old fans are in their twenties and thirties now anyway, it’s not like we’re corrupting the young. This whole reunion thing might not work anyway, we don’t know how many people will buy tickets for shows or if they’ll want a new album so we might as well go in full throttle as who we are now. We have nothing to lose”. The management and PR teams nodded at this from the lads, and turned to Harry and Louis who had so far been quiet and asked them what their thoughts were. Louis hesitantly said, “I just don’t want to lie” before falling silent. Harry jumped in and said slowly, his low voice rumbling, “For me it all comes down to press-wise and how to respond to the possible backlash. Niall laughed at this, “To be honest mate, most of our fans have believed they were, or wanted Harry and Louis to get together since the band started, I’m not really concerned about the fans. As for the papers, they’ve always printed what they want about us so it doesn’t really matter does it?”

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Louis swallowed a lump in his throat and saw Sally and Melanie going a bit misty-eyed in the corner as Harry continued, “As for if we should wait until our relationship is more established, we’ve loved each other for 15 years, whether or not we’ve known it. We’ve waited long enough. I have no doubt Louis and I will be together forever and if for some crazy reason it doesn’t work out, we are all adults. We can be professional, and Jesus, if we come through the craziness of the last ten years and still be friends, I think we’ll be able to get through anything”. Louis reached out for Harry’s hand, and murmured, “I love you” into his ears, heart stopping as Harry turned to look at him, blue eyes gazing into green. Harry murmured, “I love you too” back at him, staring into each other’s souls as the seconds dragged until they suddenly heard the sound of violent retching.

Louis turned his attention back to the meeting to see Niall pretending to vomit and grinned, reaching for the closest thing, which happened to be a satsuma from the fruit bowl in the centre of the table and throwing it at him, the whole band cracking up when it bounced off Niall’s head. Niall grabbed an apple and made to throw back at him before one of the managers loudly cleared their throats and said, “Boys” with a warning in their voice. The lads sobered, remembering they were in their thirties and not their teens before looking sheepishly at the professionals and muttering, “Sorry”, while
shooting sly grins at each other, knowing that while they might have matured, they probably hadn’t matured enough to not have food fights anymore.

They rounded off the meeting and the management & PR team left to give them a few minutes to have a break for the interviewer came in. The minute they were alone, Niall grabbed a banana and threw it at Louis, and seconds later it was a free-for-all; pens, notepads, bottles of water, fruit and pastries all being thrown at one another. They used the chairs as defences, ducking under the level of the table height before jumping up and throwing whatever was to hand at each other. Louis crowed as he hit Zayn smack in the middle of the face with a croissant, only to be hit in the arm seconds later by Liam with a doughnut. They were suddenly interrupted by Sally opening the door while talking to the interviewer and then stopping, open mouthed as they saw the chaos. The lads looked at each other and burst into hysterical laughter as Sally frowned while trying very hard not to laugh. Sally went to quickly usher the journalist out of the room until Liam stepped back into adult mode and introduced himself, apologising for the mess and offering the interviewer a seat, trying to discretely brush the crumbs off the closest chair before she sat down.

The rest of the lads quickly pushed the debris off the table and chairs, driving the mangled fruit and pastries into a corner, before wiping their hands on their trousers and shaking the reporter’s hands with embarrassed expressions. Sally introduced the journalist, whose name was Abbie, before sitting on a chair and apologising for the band’s behaviour. Abbie smiled and said brightly, “Well, it certainly wasn’t what I was expecting, but I’m not bothered”. She set up her voice recording equipment and announced the date, time and details of the interview to the recorder. She started by asking them questions about the reunion process, and asking for further details about the TV show, of which she’d seen a preview and asking each of the boys to expand on certain things.

Each of the lads spoke about their experience of filming the reunion and what had happened after, getting to know each other again and Harry and Louis explained about their new relationship and how they had come to realise they loved one another. Louis found talking with Abbie relaxing, knowing that by the time the interview was published he’d have already announced on live TV that he was with Harry, so this was just a case of expanding on that and getting the full story across. They spoke about the possibilities of what could come next, depending on the reception from the fans. They’d love to get back in the studio, tour America and the rest of the world again, but it all depend on the level of fan interest. The interview lasted for about an hour before Abbie thanked them for their time and let them know she would send through a copy of the article before it was published.

The lads were rushed through hair and makeup. Louis laughed as he sat in the chair and saw in the mirror opposite that apparently he’d had icing sugar on his cheek throughout the entire interview, before moaning at Harry for not telling him. Harry simply laughed and told him, “I thought it was far too adorable to say anything”, giggling when Louis stuck his tongue out at him. They got changed into clean clothes and were ushered into another room to do the photo-shoot. Louis felt a bit awkward under the lights, having not had professional photos taken for a long time, but quickly relaxed as the boys messed around together while the photographer took shots, before going into more ‘modelly’ poses. Louis and Harry were kept back a few minutes longer to take some couple shots of the pair, but this was pretty painless as he got to be really close to Harry.

After the shoot had wrapped, the lads got changed into another set of clean clothes and signed some autographs for the fans waiting outside. Louis had to remember to not touch Harry while they were outside, knowing they had to keep their relationship quiet until the TV show on Monday. Louis was exhilarated by the fans attention, but exhausted by having to be constantly vigilant about not touching or kissing Harry. It felt like the longest they’d been apart for days. Pretending he wasn’t head over heels in love with Harry was agonising. He was so pleased that the other lads had agreed to let them be honest about who they were – he wasn’t sure how long he’d be able to keep it up for if
they weren’t already due to announce on Monday.
Louis cuddled up to Harry on the drive home, relieved that Liam had decided to ride with the other lads so that it was just them. Both exhausted, they ate the lunch the chef had prepared for their return before heading upstairs for a nap, Harry spooning him and whispering that he loved him as he drifted off to sleep. Hey woke up an hour or so later and they lay next to each other, cuddling and chatting. Louis’ mouth suddenly went dry as Harry asked him gently, “You’d tell me, if there was anything you wanted right? In bed, I mean?” He quickly nodded and blushed, before Harry raised an eyebrow and continued, “It’s just that when I say certain things, or talk in a certain way, you have an interesting response”. Louis blushed even further and squeaked out, “I, I don’t know what you mean?” Louis’ cheeks were on fire with embarrassment as Harry said lowly, “Like when I call you princess”. Louis nearly fainted when he heard those words and to his dismay he felt his cock twitch and his shame deepened, knowing that Harry had felt it against his leg.

Louis tried to calm himself and mumbled, “I just like it when you’re nice to me”, desperate for this conversation to end before Harry found out his secret desires. Louis wanted to die when Harry let out a low chuckle and drawled, “I don’t think that’s the whole story love, because I think you also like it when I call you a greedy slut”. Louis looked at him in horror, his crimson cheeks and semi-hard cock testament to the effects of Harry’s words. Harry continued, “You can ask me if there’s something you want darling”. Harry then paused and nonchalantly asked slyly, “Unless of course, I’ve got it completely wrong and you’d like me to never say any of those things?”

Louis tried to breathe as he thought for a moment about what he wanted; nervous of what Harry would think of him if he asked for it. He eventually decided he could trust Harry not to laugh at him and he blushed and mumbled all in a rush, his voice cracking in his mortification, “Could you use your fingers, and um, maybe, um, be in control or something, maybe?” Harry peppered kisses over Louis’ beet-red cheeks as he trailed a hand down Louis’ back to grab the meatiness of his arse, before dipping a dry finger into the cleft between his cheeks. Louis felt the large, dry finger press against his hole, as Harry asked, his low and slow voice rumbling, “You want my fingers in here?”

Louis nodded dumbly, his mouth suddenly dry at the touch of Harry’s finger, at the idea of Harry’s long fingers inside him. A shiver of desire ran through him at Harry’s dark chuckle, “I need your words please, I need you to be a good boy for me.” Harry rolled Louis onto his front as he managed to stutter out, “Yes, please, want fingers, in there, in my arse”. Louis nodded shyly as Harry asked, “Have you had fingers in your arse before?” Harry reminded sternly, “Words Louis” and Louis keened as he heard a slapping noise and felt a burning sensation on his arse, his cock jumping as he realised with shock and delight Harry had just lightly spanked him.

Louis gabbled out quickly, “Yes Harry, sorry, an ex’s, and my own”. He felt slightly relieved, and disappointed when Harry massaged his spanked cheek instead of spanking him again. Louis trembled with arousal as Harry murmured lowly, “Your own fingers? Have you been putting your own fingers up there like a naughty little boy?”, adding with a growl, “Like a slut”. Louis moaned out “Yes”, embarrassedly. He was quaking with need and desperately turned on before Harry had even touched him properly.

And god, he got even harder, leaking from his tip as Harry asked sternly, “Yes what, Louis?” Louis squeaked out, “Yes Sir?” as a question. He felt another spank to his arse and his hips chased forward into the bed, seeking more stimulation as Harry repeated angrily, “Yes what, Louis?”. Louis’
brain scrambled to try and figure out what it was Harry wanted him to call him, settling on, “Yes Master?”, which earned him two more hard spanks to his arse. Louis’ head spun from the pain and arousal and he let out a sob, having no idea what Harry wanted from him, but desperately needing to please him.

Harry’s large flat hand rained down on his arse, spanking every inch of his skin which Louis was sure was bright red by now. His arse felt like it was on fire, and his hips humped into the mattress trying to find some relief for his aching cock. Harry tangled one hand into Louis' long hair, tugging on it sharply to pull his head back by his hair, making Louis moan louder. Harry hissed into Louis’ ear, “Yes. Daddy.” Louis keened at the flood of ecstasy running through him, howling out “Yes Daddy!” overwhelmed with relief at finding the answer, the way to please Harry, his Daddy. Louis rutted into the bed wailing, “Daddy”, brokenly as he came, spilling his seed onto the mattress and almost crying with the euphoria of his release.

When Louis came back round, Harry was gently stroking his fingers over Louis’ back, peppering soft kisses on his arse and thighs and murmuring, “Such a good boy, my best boy, beautiful princess, so gorgeous”, in between kisses. Louis felt light as air, giddy with the endorphins and the praise. He barely even noticed as Harry fluttered his hands lower. Louis tensed as he felt Harry’s hands gliding over his flaming arse before relaxing as he felt cold lotion being rubbed on his cheeks, Harry soothing the soreness with his gentle touch and cool cream. Louis let out a mewing sound as he felt Harry’s fingers edge closer to his crack and instinctively widened his legs, giving his lover an unspoken and unconscious invitation.

Louis moaned as he felt a finger trace up and down his crack, from his cleft to his balls, before resting against his hole. Louis shuddered as Harry rested his finger to his entrance, applying light pressure before beginning to circle around it. He whimpered at the loss of sensation when he felt Harry’s finger withdraw, sighing a few seconds later when it was replaced, this time with the unmistakable slickness of lube on it. Louis felt Harry shift on the bed behind him before the air left his lungs as he felt the tip of Harry’s finger enter him. He could immediately tell that Harry’s fingers were much larger than his own and he winced at the intrusion, forcing himself to relax, aided by Harry crooning, “So beautiful Boo Bear”. Louis felt Harry’s long finger slowly but insistently pressing into him, sending ripples of pleasure through him at the feeling of being full. He found himself spreading his legs wider and arching his back to allow Harry better access.

By the time Harry’s thick finger was fully inside of him, Louis’ body was quivering with the sensations, his sweaty head buried in his pillow and fists curled into the sheets. He moaned as he felt Harry pumping his finger in and out gently and cooing “Such a pretty princess, such a good boy for your Daddy”. His senses were overwhelmed as Harry stimulated him, the angle and depth utterly superior to what he could reach himself and he let out small groans as he felt his insides being stretched and explored. Louis had been so absorbed in the sensations from his arse that he hadn’t realised he was hard against the mattress again. He was slightly baffled that he’d been able to get hard again so quickly after orgasming the first time.

He melted into the sheets as Harry continued the ministrations, pleasure building in the pit of his stomach. Harry whispered words at him, telling him how beautiful and perfect he was, and how proud he was at what a good boy Louis was being. Louis whined as Harry withdrew his finger, before gasping as he felt two slick fingers prying at his entrance. The feeling of fullness was almost unbearable, Harry’s two wide fingers being equivalent to three of Louis’ smaller digits. He was stretched wider and deeper than he had ever been, and God, this was so much better than what he could do to himself.

Panting in his arousal he slightly rocked his hips back to impale himself further on Harry’s fingers, and groaned as Harry sped up the thrusting of his fingers. Harry growled, “Want more huh? Knew
you’d be a greedy slut Lou, just knew it.” He started sobbing as Harry angled his fingers to brush his prostate, stretched wide and open, so saturated with pleasure. Harry continued growling, “Are you such a slut for every one Lou?” Louis could barely think, all thoughts wrapped up in his lust and screaming nerve endings, just about managing to stammer into the pillow, “You, just for you, all yours Daddy”.

Harry threw his head back as he pumped into Louis, barely able to control his own lust at Louis words, the magical way Louis moaned ‘Daddy’, like it was a prayer, a wish. Like Harry was his only salvation. Harry murmured, “Good boy, such a good boy, you’re mine, only mine”, as he added a third finger, opening up Louis’ arse and exploring every part of his internal walls, loving the way Louis was falling apart. Louis felt like he was floating, and the only anchor to the ground was Harry’s fingers inside him. Pressing against his walls, massaging his prostate, all of his attention was focused on the sensations Harry was giving him. His blood rushed hot through his body and then almost as a surprise, having been on the edge for so long, he felt himself come. Pleasure throbbed through his body, running from his fingers and toes to his cock, and he spurted his release, sobbing Harry’s name as his arse bucked and jumped, clenching tight around Harry’s fingers.

Weak from his orgasm, Louis drifted in and out of awareness, vaguely aware of Harry bringing himself to completion over his arse, feeling warm splashes against his still-loose opening. Louis felt Harry drape his body over his back and whisper, “Such a good boy, so good for me, so proud of you”. Louis couldn’t help but sob at his words, spent from two orgasms too close together and overwhelmed by how much Harry had somehow known and understood everything Louis had wanted. He fell asleep again, drifting off as Harry whispered endearments to him, smiling as Harry cooed, “My beautiful princess, you’re all mine”.

Chapter End Notes

oops. I didn't really intend to write Daddy Harry, but somehow these things happen! ;-)
Chapter 33

It was dark outside when the boys woke, curled around each other, sticky but sated. Louis felt a little fuzzy from before and insecure about how he had responded to Harry’s words and touch. He was worried what Harry thought of him, scared that he’d disgusted Harry with his needs, how much he’d loved the way Harry had dominated him. He began to relax as Harry pressed kisses into his neck, figuring that if it was that much of an issue for Harry, he would have left by then. Still a little apprehensive he turned to face Harry, who drew him in for a long and sensual kiss, leaving Louis breathless with his insides liquefying at the way Harry’s tongue caressed his own. He broke the kiss to question nervously “Harry, was…?”, cut off by Harry, almost as if he had read his mind whispering lovingly, “You were perfect Lou”. Louis blushed, the pink spreading from his cheeks to his chest as Harry continued, “God Lou, you turn me on so much, I love it when you fall apart. It just makes me want to destroy you”.

Louis pushed away his fears to give Harry a cheeky smile saying, “You can destroy me anytime”, lowering his voice to add in a sensual whisper, “Daddy”. Louis giggled as Harry groaned with lust, before capturing his lips and shutting him up. Reluctantly after a few minutes of snogging, Louis pulled away, unable to ignore his full bladder and ravenous stomach both vying for relief. They got up, but Louis couldn’t stop touching Harry at every opportunity; brushing past him on his way back from the bathroom; kissing Harry as he tried to pull on socks; running his hands over Harry’s chest as Harry pulled on a pair of sweats; hand in hand as they walked downstairs. Once downstairs Louis made tea while Harry ordered some food, and they chilled on the sofa, chatting as the chef arrived and prepared their dinner.

As they ate their meal, they planned what they wanted to do tomorrow, deciding to maybe have a run and hang out with the guys if they were free. When they had filled their stomachs, they curled up in front of a film with a beer each and mostly just chatted, ignoring the movie. When the film ended they decided to head upstairs for an early night, despite having napped already. Harry whispered in Louis’ ear, “If we go up now, we’ll have time to have some fun in the shower before bed!” Louis was off of the sofa like a shot, already half hard as he ran up the stairs eagerly, Harry laughing and fondly calling him a slut as he saw his boy’s eagerness.

Louis turned on the shower, leaving the water to heat up as he waited for Harry to follow him upstairs, quickly divesting himself of his clothes. Goose-pimples trailed across his body in anticipation as he stood, hard and waiting for Harry. Harry entered the room a minute or so later, by which time Louis was aching with desire and losing his patience. Harry stood still for a moment, drawing in a quick breath at the sight of Louis, petite and perfect, hard and needy for him. Golden skin, covered in black ink, brown hair dusted over his body with thick patches on his chest and above his cock, his meaty length protruding from his body. All Harry wanted to do was worship Louis, spend hours exploring every part of him, his muscular calves and his thick but strong thighs. The way his abs fluttered when he was close, the ripples of muscles across his back, strong arms with defined biceps and oh God, that arse. Harry could worship Louis’ arse for hours, and he decided that is what he would do tonight.

Harry pulled his t-shirt over his head and pushed his joggers and boxers down in one smooth motion, using his other foot to step on the toe of each sock as he pulled his feet out of his socks and trousers, leaving him naked in front of Louis, his cock hardening at Louis’ lustful stare. Harry held out a large hand to Louis and led him into the bathroom, the air thick with steam from the shower. They slid under the hot spray, soaping each other’s chests as they kissed, Louis spending a little longer than was necessary on Harry’s butterfly tattoo that he loved so much, their soapy cocks bobbing against each other. Louis smoothed a bit of soap off of Harry’s clavicle before nipping at Harry collar bone,
trailing kisses along his neck and sucking lightly on his Adam’s apple, eliciting a throaty moan from Harry.

Harry growled, “Turn around”, dizzy with lust. Louis, as always, obeyed. He turned to face the shower wall and gasped as Harry pressed his chest to Louis’ back and pushed him against the tiles. The tiles were cold as they slid across Louis’ nipples; the feeling of his hard cock trapped against the smooth marble and Harry’s hardness pressing against his arse making him shiver. He felt Harry angle his chest back slightly, leaving his groin in contact with his arse before feeling Harry massage shower gel into his back. The feeling of Harry’s skilful long feelings was pure bliss, rubbing the tension out of his muscles before he felt Harry move his hands lower; murmuring, “Spread your legs for me, princess”, as he kneaded Louis’ arse cheeks.

He felt Harry move away completely before the stream of water changed direction, running over his back so he was completely encompassed in the spray, infused with the warmness of the hot water. Louis’ hips stuttered against the tiles as he felt the tip of a soapy finger against his entrance and he arched his back displaying himself to his lover, submitting to Harry. Louis groaned as Harry’s thick finger slid inside, the friction rougher than lube, the soap leaving a slight burning sensation. Harry slowly caressed his insides, only using one finger and only to the second knuckle, before it was withdrawn and Louis let out a frustrated groan as Harry didn’t add a second finger, instead re-inserting the one finger to the same depth, this time without soap.

Harry scolded lightly, “Don’t be greedy, love”, and Louis forced himself to relax and enjoy the sensations Harry was giving him. Harry seemed hell-bent on teasing him, using his finger to almost swipe against the walls of Louis’ passage rather than pumping into him like Louis wanted. Louis was almost at the point of forgetting to be patient, almost unable to wait any longer, almost unable to control the urgent need to hump back at Harry’s finger, before suddenly Harry’s finger was gone. A heartbeat later, he felt Harry’s large hands clutching at his arse cheeks, forcing them obscenely wide to expose Louis in his entirety to Harry.

Before he could work out what was happening, he felt Harry’s tongue lick a large stripe up his crack and Louis squealed, instinctively pushing his arse back into Harry’s waiting tongue. The feeling of Harry’s rough tongue rasping against Louis’ entrance was insane, sending jolts of pleasure directly to his cock. Harry kissed and lapped at Louis’ hole wildly, coating the puckered opening with his spit, leaving Louis’ thighs trembling as he moaned, “Fuck Harry, Fuck”. This was without a doubt the best thing Louis had ever experienced and his skin felt on fire, electricity running through his body, all towards that focal point where Harry was kissing. His cock was on fire against the cool tiles and he felt dizzy and weak with his lust. He could feel his orgasm building in his stomach already, but then the tip of Harry’s tongue pierced his entrance and his senses went crazy. Louis desperately wanted to reach back and pull Harry’s head by his curls, to pull him in deeper, wanting more of the amazing sensation, wanted to wrap his hands around his aching cock to bring himself off, but he kept his hands where they were, braced against the shower wall. He wanted to be a good boy for Harry, instinctively worried Harry would stop if he gave in to his urges.

The tension built in Louis’ body as Harry penetrated him with his tongue and he was unable to stop himself humping back lightly towards Harry, chasing the sensation. Louis jolted as he felt Harry’s nails dig painfully into his cheeks in punishment and he stilled, forcing himself to remain in control as Harry continued thrusting his tongue inside him, occasionally retracting slightly to nibble and suck at Louis’ entrance. Louis was going mad with the stimulation, sweaty with trembling thighs barely able to hold himself up, too hot with the shower running over his back, tightly coiled in barely restrained self-control, loving the sensation of Harry’s tongue, but it wasn’t enough to tip him over the edge. He let out incomprehensible whimpers and moans as Harry rimmed him, mind blown by the pleasure and unable to form words, just an aching desire through his body to lose himself in an orgasm.
Louis gasped and almost stumbled as Harry fiercely gripped his hips and spun him, engulfing his aching cock immediately, hollowing his cheeks as he sucked hard around Louis’ shaft. Louis erupted into Harry’s mouth, his knees giving way as he came with the most intense orgasm he’d ever had. He sunk to the shower floor in a daze, spent from his orgasm as Harry wrapped his fist around his own cock and wanked himself off ferociously before coming on the shower floor with a groan. The pair sat on the shower floor, letting the water wash away the come and sweat, light-headed and panting from their orgasms. Louis felt floaty, like all of his muscles had unravelled or melted and he wondered idly if he would be washed down the drain too. They sat, sprawled across the shower floor for minutes longer as they gradually came to their senses, Harry whispering, “I love you Lou”, and Louis unable to form words to tell Harry how incredible he was.

Eventually Harry stood up, testing his legs carefully after being on the floor for so long. He turned the shower off and stepped out, reaching a hand back to Louis to gently help him up. Harry grabbed a warm towel and wrapped it around Louis as he stepped out the shower, stumbling as he was still a bit dazed, Harry led Louis to the bed and slowly laid him down on top of the duvet, before running still wet and dripping to get a glass of water from downstairs. Louis’ head spun as he laid on the bed, feeling faint from the hot water and the steam, from his orgasm. He allowed the room to shift and change in his line of vision, safe in the knowledge Harry would look after him. Seconds later, Harry was back urging Louis to drink some water and Louis gratefully tipped his head up and took small sips of the cool water, finding to his surprise that he was thirsty.

The drink helped to clear his mind a little, and within a few moments he was with-it enough to notice Harry was still wet and naked, shivering slightly from the water drying on his bare skin. Louis mumbled croakily, “I’m fine love, get yourself a towel please, you’ll get a cold”. His heart swelled as Harry gave him a look back of pure fondness and love before padding to the bathroom to dry himself. Harry came back a minute or so later, mostly dry, though it was obvious he been hurrying and had missed spots and he helped Louis sit up a little and drink some more. When Louis had fully recovered, Harry led him to the spare room so they could sleep on clean sheets, wrapping Louis up in his long arms. Louis gradually drifted, relaxing into Harry, finally able to find his words to whisper drowsily to Harry, “You are everything to me, you’re my soulmate, I love you Haz”, before slipping into sleep.
Chapter 34

Louis woke before Harry, relaxed and comfortable with the taller man holding him close and snoring lightly in his ear. He lay there for a while, processing his thoughts, smiling to himself as he mentally reviewed the last few days. He and Harry had only confessed their love a few days ago and already he was head over heels for the man. Louis had always been so cautious in love, unwilling to jump into anything quickly, careful to preserve himself for as long as possible. It wasn't like that with Harry, Harry had breached all of his defenses within minutes, or he mused, really it was years. He'd been so unaware of how over the first two years of his friendship with the boy-Harry, he had wormed his way irreparably into Louis’ heart. He looked back stunned at how he'd been so blind, when everything had always been Harry.

He thought back to how close he'd been to the curly haired teenager, how he had gone out of his way every day to touch or tease the boy, the lengths he would go to to cheer up Harry if he was sad or overwhelmed, anything to see his chubby cheeks crack into a smile and his dimples pop. He wryly thought that really, it was almost like the last 11 or 12 years hadn’t happened. In so many ways he had fallen straight back into his old affections. Except of course, things had changed. They were men now, not teenage boys, although given Louis’ sex drive over the last few days he could be forgiven for forgetting. Harry had lost his boyish curves and had become tall and slender, toned muscles, and soft skin covered with sprawling black ink. Harry had been through a lot and bore the scars. He’d become harder somehow over the years, more careful, but more secure within himself. He had a confidence of knowing who he was that he didn’t have a decade ago. Louis was scarred too, his hurts mainly due to Harry, but Harry had been healing him, cocooning Louis in a blanket of love and acceptance.

Louis gingerly prodded at his feelings, finding where for so long there had been anger, hurt and hate there was now a sense of peace and acceptance. Harry had done that to him, Harry had brought him back to life. Louis wanted to do something for Harry, wanted to find a way to repay him, to show his lover how much he meant to him. His mind flicked through ideas, discarding some ideas that were too cheesy, too cliché, others discarded because it was too soon. Louis laughed internally as he realised he’d briefly considered proposing to Harry, the thought ludicrous after such a short space of time, but oddly compelling. He finally settled on taking Harry out on a date, to go to a nice restaurant, maybe on Monday after they had come out. Louis briefly outlined the plan in his head, thinking about what he could arrange to make the perfect first date before Harry mumbled sleepily in his ear, “I can hear you thinking, stop it”.

Louis turned to face Harry, such a soppy expression of love on his face that he was almost embarrassed by himself and he kissed his boyfriend good morning. Tongues danced together sleepily until Louis took a breath and cocking an eyebrow asked, “So, that was rimming huh?” Harry grinned and teased, “I'm not sure I'll bother again, you didn't seem to enjoy it much!” Louis laughed internally as he realised he’d briefly considered proposing to Harry, the thought ludicrous after such a short space of time, but oddly compelling. He finally settled on taking Harry out on a date, to go to a nice restaurant, maybe on Monday after they had come out. Louis briefly outlined the plan in his head, thinking about what he could arrange to make the perfect first date before Harry mumbled sleepily in his ear, “I can hear you thinking, stop it”.

Louis whined to Harry, half joking, “It’s not fair though, you've done all of this before. You know what you're doing and I feel like a bloody virgin almost”. He erupted into giggles as Harry began to croon the Madonna song at him, his voice rich and smooth, Louis joining in a few seconds later. They sang a few lines together until they couldn't remember the words and Louis broke off,
frowning as he heard his singing voice. He realised that he hadn’t allowed himself to sing since their last gig ten years ago and his voice was woefully out of practice.

Harry tugged Louis’ hair gently, winding a finger around a long strand, his voice like a caress, Please don't frown babe. I'm really pleased you haven't done this with anyone else, it means I can look after you, I can teach you. I love seeing the way you respond when you discover something new”. Louis shook his head and said, “No, it's not that. It's just that I haven't sung for ten years. I'd almost forgotten that I ever could, and because I haven't, now I can’t”.

Harry looked at him in confusion and Louis sighed, realising he hadn’t explained himself very well and tried again, “My voice, it's all scratchy and flat. I was never the best singer anyway, but I'm so out of practice. it sounds awful now.” Harry looked deeply into Louis’ sea blue eyes as he reassured him, “You are a wonderful singer, and we've got loads of time before the shows They'll have the best vocal coaches and I'll help you until then.” Harry added softly, “We’re all out of practice love, with the singing and the performance. Don't worry about it, we'll all get back up to scratch before the shows”.

Louis nodded and kissed Harry, rolling away to get up and dressed, making a plan in his head for what he needed to arrange and sort out. They went downstairs and ate some fruit and toast for breakfast, Louis asking casually, “Is it okay if you go for a run without me, I'm feeling a little lazy today?” Harry instantly said that he wouldn't bother either, but Louis insisted, trying to be covert about needing some time apart from Harry so he could arrange things in secret. Harry eventually agreed to go, having obviously wanted a run, but not wanting to be away from Louis, and left to get changed into his running gear, having not brought any with him.

After Harry left, Louis found his phone and turned it on to call Melanie. He chatted with her for about half an hour, making plans for the next week, Melanie taking notes as they talked. Louis ran through his ideas for taking Harry out on a real date, and Melanie made helpful suggestions to improve the plan. She also agreed that Louis could start singing lessons sooner than the other lads and to arrange for a sexual health nurse to meet with them. Melanie let Louis know that the live show on Monday would be his last commitment for two weeks, until the tour rehearsals started, although there would be a huge amount of scrutiny from the press after the show was aired. She urged Louis to consider how he wanted to spend that time and Louis told her he'd discuss it with Harry and let her know. They ended the call, Melanie giving brief instructions on what time they had to be ready by on Monday.

Louis scrolled through twitter as he waited for Harry to return from his run, smiling at his mentions, favouriting some tweets and following a few people. He called the staff line and ordered lunch and dinner for him and Harry, and texted the lads to arrange hanging out that afternoon. He looked at the time and sighed, Harry had been gone for 45 minutes and he already was aching from missing him. He scrolled through his contacts and decided to call Stan, figuring that his best mate shouldn't find out about his sexuality from the TV. He chatted to Stan for a while, catching up on what his friend had been up, laughing together.

Stan told him that he sounded good, happy, and Louis responded that he was, before steeling himself and saying, “There's something I need to tell you”. Stan was quiet as Louis told him about Harry’s confession of love at the reunion, letting out a long breath at the end. He told Louis that he had suspected over the years something similar, but it was still a lot to hear it. Louis swallowed nervously and continued, “There's more...”. Louis haltingly explained how he had discovered his own feelings for Harry and their decision to embark on a relationship together.

Stan was stunned and asked, “Does that mean you're gay now? Not that it matters to me mate, I'll always love you whatever”. Warmed by Stan’s support, Louis explained that he wasn't really sure.
He had been in love with girls, and Harry was the only man he'd ever been attracted to, so he wasn't exactly gay, but he was very gay for Harry. Stan snickered and teased, “Spare me the intimate details please” and Louis smiled down the phone at his oldest friend. Louis heard Harry come in and blew a kiss to his love as he chatted to Stan about when he would be coming out and what would be aired on TV. Stan asked who else knew and Louis explained that he'd only told family so far, and asked Stan if he could call Oli to let him know before it aired, not wanting his other friend to find out from the TV either, but not having the energy to do it himself.

Stan asked gently, “What about Emma?”. Louis tensed, having tried to put it off for a few days now. Harry saw him stiffen and pulled him into a cuddle as he spoke on the phone. Louis felt his anxiety rising despite Harry rubbing soothing circles on his back as he explained to Stan, sighing guiltily, “I’ll have to call her. I can’t have her find out all this from the TV. It’s not fair to her. As far as she knows we might still be getting back together.” Then realising Harry had stiffened, stilling his motions he told Stan, “I mean obviously I know I would never get back with her, I’m completely and utterly gone for Harry, but that was how we left it with each other”. Relieved when Harry relaxed and restarted the movements of his hands, obviously reassured by Louis’ words, Louis continued, “It’s just going to be hard you know? It’s going to be a bit of a shock finding out your kinda-ex you’re on a break from is gay and head over heels in love with his old band mate. I don’t want to hurt her, but she’s going to be hurt regardless, and far better it comes from me than somewhere else. I’m just dreading having to do it.”

Stan clucked sympathetically and said, “I know it'll be hard mate, but you gotta do it. If it would help, if you let me know when you've done it, I can go round and check she's okay?” Louis smiled and said, “That would be a great help, thanks mate. She's a good girl and she doesn't deserve what I'm going to put her through. It will have to be tonight as the reunion show airs tomorrow”. Louis was distracted by the small kisses Harry was pressing into his neck and he missed what Stan said next, idly mumbling an agreement to whatever Stan was saying. He lost control of his thoughts completely when Harry started trailing his fingers down Louis’ sides and quickly mumbled an excuse at Stan, telling him he had to go before exchanging goodbyes.

The minute he was off the phone Louis turned and attacked Harry’s lips, kissing him eagerly. He pouted as he ran his fingers through Harry’s curls, finding they were wet. He looked up at his boyfriend with betrayed eyes, “You showered without me?” Harry laughed and teased, “Come on princess, you don't want to have every shower together do you?” He raised an eyebrow as Louis replied back seriously, “Yes I do, every shower we ever take for the rest of our lives.” Harry smiled, amused at Louis’ sincerity and smirked, “A man has to have some secrets, surely”. Harry’s heart melted as Louis’ blue eyes stared softly at him and breathed, “Not from me, no more secrets”. Harry gave up trying to banter with his baby, seeing that Louis was not in the mood and instead drew Louis closer and whispered in his hair, “No more secrets, beautiful. I promise. I missed you too. Showers are much more fun when you’re there, but I was gross and sweaty after my run and I just wanted to get clean, my love”.

Louis snuggled into Harry, checking his phone as it beeped, seeing a few messages from the other guys saying they were up for hanging out, suggesting a picnic lunch with all their families. He told Harry who nodded happily and he replied saying great and giving them a time, letting them know he’d sort the food. He called the staff line and cancelled their order for lunch, requesting picnic food for everyone instead. They relaxed for a while, basking in each other’s company, exchanging soft kisses and chatting until it was time to meet the others.
Louis mentioned the two week break to Harry and they discussed their options, deciding to take a trip home, to see each other's families, and then maybe see if they could get away for the second week, somewhere private and hot. Louis turned his phone on and fired off a text to Melanie, letting her know what they'd decided they'd like to do in the break. He read the reply a few minutes later, confirming that was fine and she'd arrange everything. A while later, they got a call to say the picnic was set up and they got up from the sofa, firing off a text to the lads to let them know everything was ready for them.

Harry put on a light jumper while Louis pulled on an Adidas sweatshirt and changed his baggy jogging bottoms for a pair of jeans. They slid their socked feet into shoes and headed outside, going around the side of their house to the large expanse of grass behind the row of houses. Louis let out an impressed whistle when he saw what the staff had done, having arranged picnic tables, blankets and an enormous spread laid out for the group including sandwiches, crisps, sausage rolls, salad and loads more.

A few minutes later Zayn and Perrie arrived, hand in hand and beaming at Harry & Louis. They exchanged hugs, Perrie whispering, “I’m so happy for you, love”, into Louis’ ear as they embraced. The four of them chatted for a few minutes, Louis keen to catch up with Perrie properly before the others arrived. Perrie was still gorgeous, older, but still with a cheeky grin and high cheekbones. She looked stylishly relaxed, wearing a maxi-dress with a cardigan and her blonde hair in a top knot, with thick black lashes and red lips. Louis told her sincerely, “You look great Pez, the years have been very kind”.

She pushed his shoulder impishly and said, “Shush love, before my husband finds out about our affair”, and they bantered for a while about their fictitious affair, an old in-joke between them from the days of the band. Zayn and Harry grinned at each other at the back-and-forth, sharing amused glances at how quickly things were back to normal between the pair before Zayn smirked, “Dream on mate, as if she would stoop so low”, earning a mock offended glare from Louis before his scowl cracked and he burst into laughter. They began reminiscing about old times and what she’d been up to since Little Mix fizzled out, falling quickly back into their easy friendship and banter.

They were interrupted by Liam calling and waving as he came into view, from the side of his house. He had his arm wrapped loosely around a tall slender woman, leading her to the group. Louis recognised her from the photos he’d seen of them at a movie premiere when he’d looked up the band with Emma, but he wasn’t quite prepared for how naturally beautiful she was up close. She had long curly auburn hair, deep green eyes and large freckle just above her lip. She was dressed casually, in jeans and a jumper, with just a hint of mascara and lip balm. Liam nudged her forward slightly as he introduced her with a grin, obviously proud of his fiancé, “Harry, Louis, this is my beautiful fiancé Layla”. Layla blushed slightly, her pale cheeks turning rosy as she held out a hand to Harry and Louis in turn, Harry told her he’d seen quite a lot of her films and he was a big fan of hers, causing her to blush further as they chatted about some of her movies.

Louis felt slightly awkward, having not seen any of Layla's movies he couldn’t really contribute to the discussion and he was relieved as he saw Aidan running towards him shouting, “Louis!”, with a big smile. He crouched to wrap Aidan up in a huge hug, Sean following a few seconds after, his shorter legs unable to keep up with his older brother. Louis playfully ruffled the boys’ blonde hair
and asked “How are my favourite little guys doing?” They excitedly told them about the games
they’d been playing that morning before Liam cleared his throat and said indignantly, “Oi, where are
my cuddles?” The little boys turned and screamed, “UNCLE LIAM!”, before starting to climb up
Liam’s legs. Liam bent down to hold one in each arm and groaned loudly under the weight. “When
did you two get so big, huh? Have you grown since yesterday?,” teasing the boys as they giggled
and shook their heads.

Samantha and Niall walked up, carrying lots of bags with various toys and jumpers, sun cream etc
for the boys and hugged everyone hello. Layla, Zayn and Perrie all crouched to give the kids a
cuddle, chatting familiarly to them. Louis noticed Harry standing a little far back and he introduced
Harry to the boys, realising he hadn’t met them yet. Sean hid behind Niall’s legs, shy at meeting a
new person, but they were soon charmed by Harry, chatting happily to him. Louis, watching Harry
interact with the little lads was utterly charmed too, and his heart clenched as he thought about what
having children with Harry would be like.

They sat down to eat, helping themselves from the wide range of picnic food laid out for them. Louis
found himself in-between Samantha and Layla and he was pleased to have the opportunity to get to
know them both a little better. Louis and Samantha chatted to Layla about what it was like being an
actor and she told them that she enjoyed the work, but not all the stuff that came with it. She thrived
on becoming another person, making a book or a script come to life; but she hated the celebrity scene
and being treated like a commodity.

As Louis got to know her, he realised that her shyness came from caution, having obviously been
burnt before by people wanting to use her. She was clearly very loving and caring, speaking about
the charities she supported with such passion and enthusiasm that Louis couldn’t help but like her.
She and Liam had met at a charity gala for children with cancer and had chatted for a bit before
going their separate ways. They continued to bump into each other at fundraising events, both being
patrons of the charity and eventually after meeting 4 or 5 times over the course of a few years, he’d
asked her out for dinner. Louis thought she and Liam were very well suited and he was glad that had
found each other.

Louis found out that Samantha had been a primary school teacher before she’d had her kids and they
chatted about her life. Louis enjoyed chatting to Samantha, finding that she was very funny and easy
to talk to, full of anecdotes and stories. He deflected most of the questions about himself, not quite
sure what to say, his years away from the band mostly dull and painful, turning the conversation
back to Layla and asking her if she had booked a wedding date yet. Layla's green eyes sparkled as
she spoke eagerly about their plans for the wedding, having decided on a destination wedding in the
winter. They had hired a private tropical island for them and all their guests, far away from prying
eyes so they could have an intimate wedding.

Overhearing the conversation about the wedding, Liam joined the conversation, saying casually, “Oh
yeah, that reminds me, I was going to ask if you and Harry wanted to be groomsmen with the other
lads”. Harry looked over in shock at the mention of his name, Louis looked at Liam stunned and
asked with a stutter, “Are you sure mate, even after everything…”, trailing off. Liam shrugged and
replied, “Of course you idiots, as if I’d get married without my best mates up there with me”.

Louis was overwhelmed with the love and acceptance Liam and the other lads had given him, with
the ease they had welcomed him back into their life. He felt his eyes wetting and quickly swallowed
his emotions and blinked the tears threatening to fall away; grateful when no one poked fun at him.
He said shakily with a quick glance at Harry who was having similar trouble controlling his
emotions, his voice cracking, “We’d love to mate, it would be an absolute honour”.

Liam grinned and said excitedly, “Wicked, the stag do is going to be insane!” The emotional mood
lifted as Louis joined the lads’ conversation about the stag do plans, leaving the girls to chat and play with the kids. They bantered about that time they’d gone to a strip club on tour, when Harry had still been underage, and how Niall had spent the entire evening blushing and talking to the lap-dancers, asking about their families and what they were studying at university, trying desperately to maintain eye contact with the strippers. The band gently ribbed Niall for a bit before he good-naturedly told them to shut up, that he was a gentleman and that he had eventually found some game, pointing to Samantha with a wink with and a look of fondness crossing his face as he glanced at his wife.

The group relaxed on the grass, watching the boys run in circles and playing with toys, chatting about everything and enjoying each other’s company. Niall cornered a passing maid on her way back from cleaning one of their houses and got her to take a photo of the group, uploading it to twitter with the caption ‘family :-)', laughing to himself as the favourites and the retweets immediately started racking up. Louis smiled at Niall warmly as he leant into Harry, feelings of happiness and relaxation flowing over and around him, utterly at home and comfortable with his friends.

The conversation moved to plans for the tour and rehearsals, and if the girls were coming along. Perrie was definitely coming along, but Layla would be filming and Samantha would be staying at home with the boys, feeling that the disruption would be too much for them. She added that Aidan having already taken two weeks out of school to come here, couldn’t really miss any more. Liam asked what Louis and Harry had planned for the two week break and they filled the lads in on the plan to see family, before going on holiday somewhere. Liam and Zayn were both planning on going on holiday, while Niall had to take the family home and was planning to ramp up security hugely to protect the boys and Samantha from the worst of the press interest.

Chapter End Notes

In an earlier edit Liam's fiancé was called Cheryl (at the request of a reader), but I obviously had to change the name once the Chiam 'relationship' news broke. Apologies for any confusion.
Chapter 36

Niall’s attention waned from the conversation as he heard his kids start to argue and he good-naturedly grumbled as he got up to return the snatched toy back to its rightful owner. Samantha stood up too and said she had to get the kids back now anyway, they had had enough sun for one day. Niall picked up Sean and took Aidan’s hand, taking the boys home with Samantha trailing behind them with the bags.

The late afternoon sun dappled through the trees, washing over the group as they sat together laughing and chatting, Niall returning on his own a few minutes later, carrying an acoustic guitar with him. He sat down and started to strum, grinning happily as Zayn started singing, his soulful voice piercing into Louis' heart, ‘Your hand fits in mine, Like it's made just for me’. Louis looked down at his hands numbly as Harry took his hand into his larger hand, tears pricking at his eyes.

Harry squeezed his hand, and whispered into his ear, “Ed wrote this after hearing me talk about you”, and Louis couldn’t stop the tears from silently falling. His heart ached as Liam’s voice took over, strong and deep, and then Niall and Harry joining in for the chorus. The words took on new meaning as the boys sung, as he understood for the first time that it was about him, it was about Harry loving him, thinking he was perfect, unable to say so, unable to let the words slip out of his mouth.

Louis stayed silent, painfully aware of how out of practice his voice was. He didn't want to let the other guys down and promised himself he could practice every day to get his voice back to where it was, grateful that he didn't have many solos. The group looked at him expectantly when it came to his verse, but Louis just couldn’t, shaking his head as his tears mingled in his beard. Harry wrapped his arms tight around him and sung it for him, ‘You can't go to bed without a cup of tea’. The boys voices raised and soared around each other, finding harmony even after all this time and Louis found himself joining in on the last chorus despite himself, his voice scratchy and shaking, cracking on the high notes, but somehow completing the sound, adding a richness and depth to the voices. Harry ended the song, replacing the ‘you’s in the last chorus with ‘Lou’s’. Crooning into Louis’ ear, ‘Cause it's Lou, Oh it's Lou, It's Lou they add up to’. The lads grinned and joined in, ‘I'm in love with Lou, and all his little things’.

Louis brushed away his tears as the song ending and Niall continued strumming onto the next song, strumming the opening chords to Best Song Ever before going into Steal My Girl. Louis ducked out of each of his solos but joined in with the choruses. He was somewhat surprised that he still knew all the words, knew the songs like the back of his hand even after all these years. But, as they had sung them pretty much every day for four years ago he guessed they were pretty well ingrained. Layla and Perrie clapped as they finished and gushed about how good they all still were, and that the fans were going to go crazy. Liam frowned and shook his head, telling his fiancé that they needed a lot of practice before the tour and his voice was really rusty.

Harry beckoned to Niall to pass the guitar as he swung his long legs out from around Louis, shifting to sit next to him with the guitar on his lap. Harry said nervously with pink cheeks, “I've been working on some stuff, you know, in case we get to record again. It's a bit rough at the moment, needs a lot of work, it's fine if you don't like it, but yeah... this is called infinity...”.

They listened in silence as Harry played the guitar and sang, his tuneful voice belting out the new song, ‘How many nights does it take to count the stars, That's the time it would take to fix my heart’. Louis was breathless by the time Harry had finished, staring in wonder at the curly haired man. The group burst into applause, Zayn shouting, “That's fucking sick mate!” and the rest joining in to
congratulate Harry on the song. Louis smiled at his love and said in awe, “You're amazing, babe”. Harry blushed at the praise, scratching his neck embarrassedly as he grinned at the lads thanked them.

They chatted for a while about how cool it would be to get in the studio again and to record a new album before Louis shivered, suddenly aware that the sun’s rays had lost their potency. He felt pretty tired and he still had to call Emma so he looked at Harry, tilting his head back towards the houses questioningly. Harry nodded and stood up, passing the guitar back to Niall and telling the guys they were going to head back and they’d see them soon. Niall asked about their plans for tomorrow, asking if they wanted to watch the TV show all together and Louis shrugged, telling him they'd let them know tomorrow when they figured out what the plans were.

They walked the few metres home hand in hand, the sounds of the group’s laughter carrying on the May breeze. Louis flicked the kettle on as they walked in, busying himself with getting the mugs and tea bags prepared as he waited for the kettle to boil. Harry wrapped around Louis from behind, dropping his head to kiss Louis’ shoulder, his long arms surrounding Louis’ waist. Louis finished making the tea and they settled in the living room.

Louis couldn't relax, fidgeting, the thought of calling Emma looming over him like a dark cloud. Harry tried to ease away his tension by pulling Louis into his chest and massaging his shoulders gently. Eventually Louis sighed and said, “I might as well get it over with”. Harry offered to stay with Louis for the phone call but Louis told him he'd like to be alone. Harry nodded and headed upstairs to give him some privacy, telling him that he'd use the time to let Grimmy and Ed know, squeezing Louis’ hand reassuringly before he left.

Louis stared at his phone for a long moment, thumb hovering over Emma's contact details on the screen before he took a deep breath and swiped his finger across the dial button. He tensed as it started to ring and forced himself to try to relax. His mouth went dry as Emma's familiar voice answered the phone, sounding happy to hear from him and his heart sank when he realised that this would probably be the last time she would ever answer the phone to him.

Emma started chatting, asking what he'd been up to, before he interrupted her in a strangled voice. He told her everything, apologising profusely and it was awful. Emma cried and shouted, she felt betrayed and heartbroken and Louis didn't have the words to make it any better. He ended up crying down the phone to her as well, knowing how badly she was hurt. She ended the call angrily, asking Louis never to contact her again. Louis sobbed at the pain he'd caused, tapping blindly into his phone to ask Stan to go and look after her. Harry ran downstairs at the sound of Louis crying and enveloped him into a giant hug, running his fingers through Louis' hair and rubbing his back soothingly.

Eventually Louis’ sobs turned into soft hiccups, nestled into Harry’s chest, a large damp patch soaking into his jumper. Louis told Harry brokenly about the phone call and Harry murmured loving reassurances to him, telling him it wasn’t his fault and it would all work out okay. Eventually Louis calmed and they spent the evening on the sofa, cuddled up together with a takeaway and watching a film. Louis was quiet all night, still upset at hurting Emma but slowly finding peace with it, knowing he had done the right thing by telling her, and really the only way to not hurt her would be to live the rest of his life as a lie.

After a while he realised he hadn’t asked Harry how his calls had gone, so he did, pleased when Harry told him that his two friends had been really made up that Harry had got his happy ending. He smiled into Harry’s curls content enough for the moment, glad he'd got the call over and done with and there was no one else that he cared enough about to ring. He looked up at Harry through his eyelashes and murmured, “Take me to bed, love, make it all okay again. They stood, Harry leading
Louis upstairs by the hand saying fondly, “Come on then, princess”.
In the bedroom Louis stood and allowed Harry to kiss and stroke him, feeling fragile and numb, drained from his tears and the conversation with Emma. Harry stripped Louis’ clothes off gently once they were in their bedroom, caressing and peppering Louis’ bare skin with kisses as it was revealed before divesting himself of his own clothes. Louis began to warm inside under Harry’s ministrations, returning Harry’s loving kiss as their lips met. He followed Harry to the bed, slipping under the covers and lying face to face, tongues embracing softly, Harry’s large hands fluttering lightly over him, tracing over his tattoos.

Louis let out a sigh as his lover sucked on his neck, his cock beginning to harden slowly as his body responded to Harry’s touch. He forced the stresses of the day out of his mind and focused on the sensations of Harry’s attention, slowly relaxing into Harry’s love, smiling as Harry whispered endearments to him. Harry grabbed the lube and squeezed some onto his long fingers, before briefly pressing them into himself, opening himself up quickly for Louis. He pumped out some more lube and wrapped his slippery fingers around Louis’ length, making Louis throw his head back at the firm, slick grasp. Harry ensured his entrance and Louis’ cock were sufficiently lubed before rolling on top of Louis, straddling him and murmuring, “Make love to me, baby”.

Louis took a deep breath, feeling oddly boneless everywhere other than his throbbing dick as Harry eased himself down, impaling himself on Louis’ cock. Once sat down fully, Harry entwined his hands with Louis and leant forward to suck his tongue into his mouth as he slowly began to wiggle his hips up and down, fucking himself on Louis. Louis’ head rolled back at the sensations, feeling Harry’s muscles contract and flutter around him, the hot tightness enveloping him. They kissed softly, making love as Harry moved above Louis, Harry completely in control of the pace and angle and murmuring, “I love you, princess”, “You’re so beautiful, babe”, in Louis’ ear.

Louis looked at Harry through hooded eyes, taking in the view of Harry, his curly hair mussed, biting his bottom lip and sweating slightly as he rocked in his lap. Harry’s cock beginning to bounce up to slap his own stomach as he increased his rhythm, the wings of his butterfly tattoo fluttering as his stomach muscles clenched. Louis was sure he’d never seen anything more erotic as Harry began to ride him in earnest, brows furrowed in concentration as he chased his orgasm, using Louis for his own pleasure as he angled himself to hit his prostate and moaned.

Louis moaned along with him, overcome by the sight of Harry, the feel of Harry around him. A feeling of urgency swept through him and he reached up to grasp Harry’s hips, fingers digging into the flesh as he dug his heels into the mattress and began to plunge into Harry, meeting Harry’s motions, pulling Harry onto himself deeper and faster. Their mouths fumbled over each other as their pleasure built, exchanging messy kisses as Louis fucked into Harry, Louis gasping, “Fuck, Haz, love you so much”, thrusting inside his lover. Harry let out a high keening noise at Louis’ onslaught, his orgasm building in his stomach, reaching out a hand to wrap around his cock and giving it two pumps before he exploded, painting Louis’ chest with his come. Louis couldn’t breathe as he felt Harry contract and tighten around his cock, pulling him over the edge at the same time, moaning out Harry’s name like a prayer, filling up Harry with long spurts.

Louis lay there sated and panting, his arms falling limply to his sides as Harry rocked lightly a few more times before disengaging, kissing Louis on the nose and collapsing next to him. Louis rolled to face Harry, using the duvet to wipe Harry’s mess from his chest as best as he could before Harry pulled him into a cuddle, sharing contented sighs and soft kisses, murmuring compliments and declarations of love to each other as they drifted off to sleep.
Chapter 38

It was nearly lunch time when Louis woke, feeling refreshed after his long sleep. He frowned when he turned over to find the rest of the bed cold and Harry gone before rolling out of bed with a sigh and going to the bathroom. After brushing his teeth he found his phone and turned it on to see if he had any messages, half relieved when there weren’t any. He pulled some sweats and a t-shirt on and headed downstairs, smiling as he saw Harry bustling around the kitchen. He greeted his boyfriend with a minty kiss, smiling fondly at him when Harry mumbled, “Was just about to wake you, I’m making a Sunday roast, it’s nearly done”. Louis’ stomach rumbled in answer and they giggled before Harry swatted his arse and told him to go and chill out in the other room.

Louis curled up on the sofa, turning on the TV and loading up the tablet, choosing an old American Dad series before checking his emails and looking at twitter. His twitter feed was full of mentions, and Louis couldn’t believe how quickly things had gone back to like the old days. He smiled to himself at the ‘Larrises’, coming up with theories about his and Harry’s interactions over the last few days, the hashtag #LarryIsReal mentioned in many of them.

He laughed to himself as he decided to tease them a bit, scrolling through to find to find a video of him and Harry in their youth, one without a ‘Larry’ related hashtag. He retweeted it, writing, ‘@Harry_Styles can you believe we were ever this young? You old man’. He laughed loudly to himself as twitter immediately went crazy, Harry popping his head round the door to ask what was going on and Louis saying, “Just fucking with the fans on twitter”, with a grin. Harry chuckled and pulld out his own phone to see what Louis had done. While Harry looked at his phone, Louis found a picture captioned ‘Foetus Liam’, with his Justin Bieber haircut and retweeting with the comment, ‘@Real_Liam_Payne that hair mate lolololol :-D #ThenISawYourFaceNowImABelieber’. He saw Harry had tweeted a response and smiled as he read’ @Louis_Tomlinson I’ll always be two years younger than you, old man :-D 😊.

He decided to tweet Zayn and Niall as well, scrolling to find silly pictures of them when they were younger, settling on a GIF of Niall crying when he didn’t get through as a solo artist on x-factor tweeting ‘@NiallOfficial bless…’, and one of Zayn dressed as a girl from the Best Song Ever Video ‘@ZaynMalik Veronika is hands down the fittest bird I’ve ever seen’. He laughed as the fans retweeted and commented in their thousands, before seeing the lads quick responses.

From Niall, ‘@Louis_Tomlinson you dick ;-D’; Liam tweeting a photo of Louis’ equally embarrassing Bieber hair at his audition with the comment ‘@Louis_Tomlinson as if you can talk! #bieberfever’ and Zayn tweeting ‘@Louis_Tomlinson still waaaaay out of your league love’. Louis grinned before sending one last tweet ‘@Real_Liam_Payne And I was like baby, baby, baby, I thought you’d always be mine’.

Louis turned his attention back to the TV, realising he’d missed most of the episode, distracted by tweeting the boys and decided to mute it. He turned his attention back to twitter, following Samantha, Perrie and Layla and favouriting some fan photos and art before turning the tablet and the TV off when Harry called out and asked him to lay the table. He laid the table as Harry finished making the gravy and served up the food, mouth-watering smells wafting from the roasting trays.

Louis smiled at Harry and kissed him as Harry passed him a steaming plate, piled with roast chicken, potatoes and vegetables. Louis almost inhaled his lunch; even as a young man Harry’s cooking had been utterly amazing and it had gotten even better over the years. He mumbled around a roast potato, unwilling to stop eating the delicious meal long enough to compliment Harry, “If you weren’t such a good singer you totally should have been a chef, this is incredible”. Harry blushed at the compliment
while taking small cat like bites, completely at odds with the way Louis was cramming the food into his mouth uncouthly.

Louis was absolutely stuffed, having had seconds of lunch, joking to Harry, “Fancy a run?” and groaning as they got up to move onto the sofa, laughing at the idea of exercise after all that food. Harry played with Louis’ hair as they sat and chatted, talking about all the things they had done during their time apart, so much to catch up on. They’d had many deep chats over the last few days, really exploring each other’s memories and emotions, getting to know one another inside out again. Louis’ phone beeped with a message from Niall asking if they were coming over for dinner and to watch the show together. He discussed it with Harry, before deciding they would go and he replied accepting the invitation and confirming times.

Louis discretely angled his screen away from Harry as he saw an unread email from Melanie letting him know that Monday’s date was all planned. He smiled to himself, excited about taking Harry out and spoiling him. The message continued that a nurse would be coming Tuesday morning to do a sexual health check-up, security was arranged for them to go to Holmes Chapel on Tuesday afternoon for 3 days, then to Doncaster on Friday. Louis could have a one or two hour long singing lesson, in person while he was in the UK and via video call while the wee abroad, every day of the break if he wanted. She was working on arranging the details of the holiday, and would keep them updated. Louis told Harry the plans, leaving out the date night and they each texted their Mums and siblings to let them know when they’d be home. Louis smiled as he got the replies from his family expressing their delight at the thought of seeing Harry.

They lazily cuddled on the sofa, watching a movie while their stomachs processed the large meal, whiling away the time before they had to meet the others, neither in the mood for anything strenuous. Harry muted the TV when the credits rolled and Louis turned to face him, looking up at Harry through his long lashes and murmuring, “I am so head over heels in love with you. How is that possible in less than a week?” Harry kissed him in response, pulling him close before answering softly, “Because darling, we’ve both felt this way for 15 years even if we didn’t know it. It’s different from a normal relationship. I don’t even feel like this is rushing it, it just feels so right”.

Louis nodded happily, agreeing with him and kissing him again, before leaning his head on Harry’s shoulder, lips tracing Harry’s neck and breathing out, speaking the words in a slight lilt, not quite singing, “I have loved you since we were eighteen, long before we both thought the same thing”. Harry completing the lyric lovingly, “To be loved, to be in love”. They looked at each other adoringly before Louis smirked and said, “Ed knows how to write a cracking tune, who knew it would be so apt?”, making Harry laugh and agree, “That he does, love, although I was 16, you cradle snatcher!”, Louis joining him in laughter before tickling him as a punishment for making him sound like a dirty old man. Harry wheezing out through his giggles, “Remember how Niall always sung ‘chonce’?” and they both snorted, belting out loudly, “We took a chonce” before collapsing into giggles again.
They were cuddling on the sofa, nose to nose, limbs draped around each other, exchanging soft kisses when Harry broached the subject of their bedroom activities, “Loubear, can we talk about the sex stuff we’ve been doing?” Louis immediately stiffened, unsure what Harry wanted to say, scared that Harry didn’t like what they had been doing before nervously nodding. Harry gently continued, “I’m so in love you, and I really love what we’ve been doing in the bedroom, I just wanted to check you’re okay with everything we’ve done?”

Louis breathed a sigh of relief at Harry’s words and nodded, surer this time before replying, “I’ve loved everything Hazza, I’ve never felt the way you’ve made me feel. It’s like you know exactly what I need before I do.” Harry smiled happily at Louis, giving a goofy grin before saying, “Good, I want you to be happy and God Lou, you turn me on so much, you make just want to wreck you. I just want to make sure I don’t push you too far, or do anything you’re not ready for.” Louis kissed Harry before murmuring shyly, “I want you to wreck me love, I love everything you do. As for going too far, I trust you babe”.

Harry nodded before saying, “It makes me so happy that you trust me honey, but I want us to have a safe-word, so that if we’re doing stuff with me in control, I know you’re serious if we hit your limits.” Louis asked, “Safe-word, that’s like if you hurt me or something I can say that word and you’ll stop whatever we’re doing?” Harry nodded and said, “Exactly that princess, for example, if I’m spanking you too hard and it hurts too much and stops being fun you can say the safe-word and I’ll stop.” Louis thought for a moment, before agreeing, “That sounds sensible, what sort of word?”

Harry replied with a smirk, “I was thinking ‘carrots’”, Louis blushed and groaned, burying his head in Harry’s neck, “Nope, love, never”. Louis half giggled, half sighed and agreed, “I suppose it’s not something I’ll forget is it? Fair enough. I probably won’t ever use it anyway”.

Harry smiled at his lover and said, “Hopefully not, but we can help reduce the risk of it by having a proper talk about what does and does not turn us on, so we already have an idea when we are playing around what is and isn’t okay.” Louis nodded and blushed, “I guess that’s a good idea, but I’m not sure exactly what I like yet. Plus I find talking about it a bit embarrassing.” Harry cupped Louis’ cheeks in his large hands and looked earnestly into his eyes, saying sincerely, “There is nothing you could say to me that I would laugh at. If you’ve ever fantasised about something, however fleetingly, I want you to tell me. Can you do that for me princess?”

Louis nodded, speechless at Harry’s words, before stuttering nervously, “I liked everything we’ve done so far. I like it when you call me nice things, and um, nasty things.” Blushing a rosy red, he continued haltingly, “I like it when you spank me and I call you Daddy”. Harry kissed the tip of his nose and praised, “Well done princess, I’m very proud of you. Is there anything we haven’t done that you’d like to do?”

Louis thought for a split second before saying with slightly more confidence, “I want to rim you, and I want to bottom for you.”

Louis then faltered slightly, before choking out, emboldened when Harry gave him an encouraging smile, “I think I want you to fuck my face, and dominate me, but I don’t want to be dominated all the time, sometimes I just want us to be normal and make love.” Harry nodded and crooned, “You’re doing such a good job babe, can you tell me how you’d like me to dominate you?”

Louis felt so tingly and ashamed talking about all this, but he concentrated on the kindness and love in Harry’s eyes before saying shyly, “I want you to tell me what to do, how to please you. Um, punish me when I get it wrong and reward me when I get it right.” Harry brought him closer and
kissed his burning cheeks, whispering, “Good boy, you’re such a good boy for me”. Louis blushed further at Harry’s praise, feeling a little floaty at the attention. Harry continued peppering kisses to his face before asking softly, “I’m going to ask you some questions princess, and you can just answer yes or no to them, unless you want to say more”.

Louis answered everything Harry asked him from, "Do you like having your hair pulled?", "Yes"; to "Do you want other people to watch?", "No". He answered on instinct, head fuzzy and relying on his intuition to guide him, having never tried most of what Harry asked him about. Once Harry had finished questioning him, he drew Louis in for a long hug, kissing him thoroughly, breaking the fog somewhat in Louis’ brain, returning back to focus on reality again. He found that he couldn’t really remember most of the questions, or his responses but he let it go, trusting in Harry to take care of him. Harry checked his watch quickly before giving Louis one last hard kiss and asking him, “Can you take your clothes off and get on your knees for me princess? I want you to suck me off”. Before Louis’ brain could process the words his body was already obeying, pulling at his clothes as he rolled off the sofa, sliding the coffee table across the floor towards the TV and dropping to his knees between Harry’s legs where he had leisurely sat up.

Louis looked up at Harry who was sitting there relaxed. He staring up at Harry, his body tense and throbbing with need. His cock was hard and aching and he tried to discretely palm himself to get some relief, stopping with a jolt when Harry commanded, “Stop. You are not to touch yourself without my permission. Do you understand?” Louis instantly nodded, instinctively clasping his hands behind his back, a weight lifting in his chest when Harry crooned, “Good boy, now don’t move”, at him.

Harry leisurely pulled his t-shirt over his head, revealing his long pale chest, littered with tattoos, muscles twitching slightly as his arms stretched and moved. He hooked his fingers under his waistband and pulled his sweats lower on his hips, revealing his fern tattoos and the top of his pubic curls. Louis’ mouth fell open, watering with desire as Harry lifted his hips slightly and slowly pulled his trousers down, taking his boxers and socks with them, easing them over his long pale legs.

Harry’s cock slapped against his stomach as it came free of the confines of his clothing, already angry and hard. Louis let out a moan at the sight, he felt already tightly wound and was desperately trying to control his instincts to dive mouth first on Harry. Harry looked down at Louis, seconds turning into over a full minute, but it felt like a lifetime to Louis before Harry eventually leant forward and tangled his long fingers in Louis’ hair and pulled his face towards his lap.

Louis was almost touching Harry’s cock, his tongue inching out of his mouth to taste him when Harry sharply yanked his hair, stopping Louis from closing the final few centimetres. Harry laughed scornfully, “So eager, such a cockslut aren’t you Lou?” He pulled Louis’ hair harshly when Louis didn’t answer, hissing warningly, “I asked you a question, slut”. Louis felt his cock throb with the pain and arousal, moaning, “Yes Daddy”, following it up when Harry asked sternly, “Yes Daddy, what?”, with “Yes Daddy, I am a cockslut.” Harry nodded approvingly, curtly saying, “Good boy”, Louis preening with the praise.

Harry reached into his lap, grasping his length and bringing Louis closer again with his other hand, tapping his cock against Louis’ face, slapping his cheeks, lips and cheeks with his hard dick. Louis moaned at the sensation, Harry’s hardness in contrast to the softness of his skin. Louis tried to be good and keep still, mindful of Harry’s iron grip in his hair but he was desperate to feel Harry in his mouth again and he groaned with frustration. Harry commanded Louis to open his mouth and angled himself to rest the head on Louis’ tongue before letting go of himself and entangling both fists in Louis’ hair. Louis was held in place, unable to swallow Harry like he wanted to, looking up at Harry with desperation all over his face, tongue half out, with the weight of Harry resting on it.
Louis felt saliva collect in his mouth and unable to swallow, it spilled out of his mouth, mingling down his chin in his beard. Harry crooned softly, “So beautiful” and Louis blushed, his eyes crinkling with happiness. Harry said softly, “I want you to keep your hands behind your back at all times princess, unless you need to safe-word out and can’t use your voice. If that happens you can remove your hands and tap me three times on the leg, okay?” Louis tried to say, “Yes Daddy”, but as his tongue was still out of his mouth with Harry’s cock rested on it, it sounded more like, “Heh hah hee”, but Harry seemed to understand what he was trying to say and gently stroked a thumb down his cheek, murmuring lovingly, “Good boy”.

Harry waited a few seconds more before pulling Louis’ face forward again, thrusting his hips slightly forward, sliding his cock into Louis’ waiting mouth. Louis’ lips stretched over Harry, his mouth barely able to accommodate his size, moaning at the sensation, Harry’s dick throbbing in his mouth finally able to taste Harry. Harry held him there for a few seconds, telling Louis to breathe through his nose, before lifting Louis off for a second or two and repeating. Harry did this five or six times, each time doing a little deeper until he hit Louis’ gag reflex. Louis panicked when he felt himself gagging and he instinctively brought his hands around but caught his reflex mid movement and forced his hands back behind his back again, willing himself to relax and trust Harry. Harry immediately bought him back up and allowed him to catch his breath for a few seconds. Louis’ jaw ached at being open for so long, but it was a type of ache mingled with pride and he didn’t really mind the soreness, each twinge a reminder that he was pleasuring Harry, his Daddy.

Harry tugged him down again, murmured compliments at Louis while he fucked his face, filling his mouth and hitting the back of his throat, leaving it to press against his gag reflex for a second before bringing him up again, repeating this with gradual increases to the length of time. Louis’ eyes streamed and spit overflowed from his mouth but he began to relax fully as he realised that he wouldn’t actually vomit even if the sensation wasn’t entirely pleasant and Harry would pull him off before it became too much. After a few moments of this, Harry hit the back of his throat again and croaked out, “Swallow princess”. Louis swallowed, eyes widening as the head of Harry’s cock slipped down his throat, stretching his wind pipe impossibly wide. After a few seconds he couldn’t breathe, Harry’s thickness cutting off the air supply as it lay in his throat and Harry pulled him back up.

Harry wiped Louis’ tears away from his cheeks and pulled him down again, slipping into Louis’ throat easier this time, thrusting a few times before bringing Louis up again to allow him to take a breath and then repeating. Louis had never been so hard as he was at that moment, moaning around Harry’s cock in his throat, throat filled with his lover as he fucked his face, nose nestled in Harry’s pubic hair. Louis’ cock throbbed and spasmed by his thigh and he ached to touch himself, but he kept his hands behind his back as Harry used his mouth. Harry began to get a bit rougher, holding Louis down for longer and thrusting into his throat harder as he tipped his hair back and groaned, his sweaty curls tangling in pleasure.

Louis looked up at Harry with desperate eyes, so turned and needing relief and Harry growled, “Such a good boy babe, taking Daddy’s cock so well, so good for me, Daddy’s cockslut”. Louis moaned around Harry’s cock at his words, the vibrations bringing Harry over the edge and he yanked Louis’ head back, his first spurt shooting down Louis’ throat with the next few spurts painting over his face. Louis keened as Harry came, so close to his own orgasm but unable to reach it, desperate to come himself. Harry rasped, “Touch yourself princess” and Louis’ hands immediately leapt to his aching cock, giving himself two quick tugs before he was coming, spurting onto Harry’s ankle, as he leant his head against Harry’s thigh, shuddering through his climax until his body went limp.

Harry softly stroked his hair and murmured, “So proud of you princess, you’re my best boy, you were so good. You made me come so hard, I love your pretty mouth.” Louis smiled tiredly into
Harry’s thigh, pleased at the praise, glad he’d done a good job. Harry pulled Louis up into his lap, wrapping his arms around the smaller man and rocking him slightly as he cooed at him and rubbed his back. After a few minutes Louis looked up at Harry, giving him a tired smile. Harry grabbed his t-shirt to wipe the last of the cum off Louis’ face before gently kissing him and asking if he was okay. Louis tried to speak but found his throat was too sore, settling for nodding at Harry instead.

Harry cuddled Louis for a bit longer, whispering soothing words and compliments before quickly making Louis some tea, not wanting to be away from him for too long, but wanting to give Louis something to soothe his throat. Louis gratefully drank the tea, managing to rasp out, “Thank you”, his voice utterly wrecked. Once Louis had finished his tea, Harry led him upstairs and they showered together, Harry soaping his boyfriend tenderly as they kissed under the water, murmuring, "I love you".
They dressed lazily after their shower, Louis smiling as he looked around this room, seeing how many of Harry’s things had found his way into his bedroom and bathroom over the last week. He couldn’t imagine a life without Harry’s expensive toiletries lining up in the bathroom, without a shared wardrobe, filled with Louis’ plain colour shirts, and Harry’s flamboyant sheer and patterned ones. Harry interrupted his thoughts, saying casually, “I love you Lou, love being here with you, I want this to last forever, sleeping with you every night, sharing a home.” Louis’ voice was still a little wrecked and raspy from Harry’s cock in his throat, but he croaked out, “I love you too Haz, I want that too.”

Harry grinned, his smile as bright as the sun, blinding Louis and making his breath catch in his throat before asking, “Do you want to move in with me? Can we share a place forever?” Louis nodded with a wide smile as Harry let out a loud, “Wooop!”, and barrelled into Louis, picking him up and spinning him round, letting him down gently before kissing him thoroughly. Louis beamed, looking up at Harry and murmuring “I love you” before Harry captured his lips for another bruising kiss and responding cheekily, “Good”. Louis gave him a playful shove before Harry whispered, “I love you too Boo Bear.”

Harry checked the time and saw know it was time to head over to Niall’s. They pulled on their shoes before heading over, grabbing their phones on the way. They each saw a message from their managers asking them to tweet about the show, so they dutifully did so, each retweeting the tweet from the One Direction official account and urging their fans to watch it. They walked the few metres to Niall’s house, and rang the doorbell, the rest of the group already there. Niall had moved the coffee table out of the room, leaving the two sofas and space on the floor, making room for everyone in the compact living room.

They hugged everyone hello and Samantha handed them each a glass of red wine as they settled on the floor, Harry grabbing a cushion from the sofa and sliding it under Louis before he could sit. Louis smiled gratefully at Harry and draped a leg over him, sitting close and cuddling on the floor in a circle as they chatted. The kids were already in bed and Louis was a bit sad not to see the adorable boys, knowing that the next day they would be leaving to head back to Ireland but Samantha promised Louis that he could visit any time, and they’d see them at the Ireland shows. They ate on their laps together, a delicious vegetable pasta bake with garlic bread, drinking wine and sharing laughter.

They talked about the live morning show they would be doing tomorrow, and briefly talked about the strategy they’d been given for the interview, laughing as they thought up ridiculous ways to come out instead, the ideas getting sillier and sillier as they continued. Harry laughed, “How about one of you compliment me on my outfit and I say ‘Well, I didn’t spend all that time in the closet to dress badly’”. Liam giggled, “Or you could just bend Louis over the sofa?” Louis blushed crimson as Harry laughed and replied, “I’m not sure Louis has been a good enough boy to deserve that!” before poking Harry in the ribs, Harry capturing his hand and kissing his knuckles as they grinning good-naturedly at each other.

Niall added “What about jumping out of giant cake and screaming ’We’re Gay!’” Zayn cackled and crowed “A GAYKE!” Perrie suggested they do a choreographed cover of ‘Coming Out’ by Diana Ross, Louis suggested they sing, ‘If you’re gay and you know it clap your hands’. They came up with more ridiculous ideas, howling with laughter before Liam checked the time and said, “Shit, we’d better turn the TV on”. Niall set up the programme as Harry and Louis shifted around, backs to the sofas so they could face the TV. Harry put his arm around Louis, and he snuggled into his side,
breathing quietly into Harry’s neck, “Are you sure you’re ready for this”. Harry replied softly, “It’s a bit late if I’m not. But honestly love, I am ready. I’m excited for the truth to come out. No matter what anyone says about it”. Louis kissed Harry’s neck in response, relaxing into him as the adverts ended and the show was announced.

They watched the show in relative silence, the lads having all seen it before, but the girls watching it for the first time. Perrie reached down from the sofa to occasionally squeeze Louis’ shoulder in solidarity as she watched him break down on screen and he smiled up at her gratefully, seeing tears in her eyes. Louis felt relaxed watching the other guys’ interviews this time, having cleared the air between them and knowing that they had genuinely forgiven him and it was all in the past. When it came to the actual reunion they sat in silence as Harry and Louis cried together, Louis going slightly pink in the cheeks at the thought that the entire world was watching this, before the boys came on screen, toppling the sofa and making the room erupt in laughter.

Perrie wiped tears from her eyes as she giggled at the exuberant greeting, the laughter breaking the slight tension in the room. Samantha mock-scowled as she heard Louis call her husband ‘fatty’ and Louis shrugged at her with a laugh. They ended the show laughing, Perrie dropping to the floor to pull Louis and Harry into a long hug, make-up streaked around her eyes as she whispered, “I love you guys”, to them.

Louis beamed at her and told her he loved her too, and suddenly there were more arms around him, Zayn, Liam and Niall all moving to the floor to hug around the three of them, Samantha and Layla following a second later. The eight of them hugged on the floor for a moment, basking in the group’s love for one another and how well the reunion had gone, before everyone’s phones started ringing and beeping. Zayn drawled, “Oh shit, here we go” before fishing out his phone and silencing it. They each silenced their phones, not wanting to include anyone else in their evening, wanting this moment to be private between them.

They sat back in their own seats again, and chatted about the show, Liam loading up Twitter to see the fan’s response. Liam read out some tweets to the group, telling them that it was mostly positive, twitter was imploding with the news that Harry wasn’t straight with loads of comments about how ‘Larries’ had been right. The friends laughed at some of the tweets, Louis curled into Harry, relieved that there hadn’t been a giant backlash yet. Liam tweeted a message to watch the breakfast TV interview tomorrow for exciting news, with the details of the time and channel. Louis got his phone out too and retweeted the show details, adding, ‘Check out our interview tomorrow for a world exclusive #thetruthwillsetyoufree’. Harry did the same typing, ‘Thanks for the support, but the story isn’t over yet, check out the show tomorrow #thetruthwillout’, Niall and Zayn each tweeting messages to watch tomorrow’s show as well.

Harry checked the time, seeing that it was just gone ten, and he drained his wine before standing up to leave, offering a hand to Louis to help him up too. Harry said to the group, “We’d better be heading back guys, early start tomorrow and all that. We’ll be picked up at seven and I need my beauty sleep.” Louis blushed with an embarrassed grin as Perrie teased with a wink, “I bet that’s not all you need Harry, have fun boys”. Louis thanked Niall and Samantha for having them, and hugged everyone goodbye, Zayn, Perrie, Liam and Layla all getting up to leave as well.
They woke up the next day to the sound of Harry’s alarm, Louis groaning and pulling the covers over his head to block out the light and sound and then scowling when Harry laughed and pulled the covers back. His scowl broke into a nervous grin when Harry said, “Time to get up babe, it’s coming out day”, and he stretched, his sore muscles complaining at the motion. Louis muttered teasingly, “I think you broke me last night”.

His body ached deliciously as he remembered the way Harry had taken him into his mouth, cheeks hollowing as he opened him up with three fingers. Harry had teased him for an hour, bringing him closer and closer to the edge and then backing off each time, until Louis was sobbing and begging for his release. Harry had sucked him and massaged his prostate, giving Louis waves and waves of pleasure but not allowing him to come. Louis had the most intense orgasm of his life when Harry did eventually let him climax, pleasure jolting through his body as Harry gave one final stroke to his prostate and whimpering, “Harry”, as he shot down his lover’s throat.

They showered together, efficiently washing each other; conscious of the time and trying not to be distracted by each other’s naked bodies. They dressed in smart shirts and jeans before heading downstairs as the doorbell rang, Sally and Melanie handing them each a croissant and a disposable tea as they walked to the car. They chatted about the interview on the drive, confirming the strategy, a smile playing on Louis’ lips as he remembered the silly suggestions the lads had made the night before. They arrived at the studio, ushered in through the private entrance and through to the green room where the other lads were already waiting. They hugged in greeting before sitting down on the sofas, the managers debriefing the group on the response to last night’s show.

The management team explained that it had rated very positively, with good reviews in today’s papers and that although there hadn’t been much of a backlash yet, they weren’t out of the woods yet. The management team went over the set-up of the tour with the lads again, one night in Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Belfast and Dublin, before two nights at Wembley Stadium in London where they would be filmed for another TV special to close the tour. They were going to do eight dates over four weekends, with Sunday – Thursday off every week, so Niall could fly home between the gigs to see his kids. Rehearsals would start in two weeks at the beginning of June, lasting a month, with the tour starting at the beginning of July and lasting until the end of August.

The tickets would go on sale at 9 that morning, about an hour before their scheduled interview at ten, so they would have some idea of how well the tour would sell before they went on, but initial signs were that it would sell well, given the social media response. There had also been a large call from the fans for a world tour and a new album, so depending on a few factors, this was a possibility, but would need to be discussed further. The lads all grinned, happy at the idea of recording, although Niall didn’t seem too keen on being away from the kids for a long tour. Management assured him that if it did go ahead, they would schedule it with a similar view to how they had done the UK tour, to ensure minimal disruption to his family life, and Niall nodded, satisfied with their answer. Louis was pleased the shows wouldn’t be all bunched together. Although he missed performing on stage, doing it non-stop for four years had taken a huge toll and he was not as young as he used to be.

They were interrupted by the host coming in and saying hi to everyone, chatting about how great the show was last night and how excited she was to have the opportunity to do the interview, giving Harry and Louis a beaming smile. Louis smiled back, remembering how nice and easy she had been to chat to last time and he joked around with her before she had to run back on set.
The group had already negotiated and approved the questions and answers in their meeting before their magazine interview on Friday, so there was very little to do apart from get ready, the hair, wardrobe and make-up teams fussing over each boy in turn. Louis re-read the script, starting to get a little nervous as the time ticked closer until he heard Melanie scream, “Holy shit”. He looked over at her, puzzlement turning into delight as she squealed, “The whole tour sold out in less than five minutes”. The boys grinned and whooped, Louis pulling Melanie in for a quick hug as she bounced up and down with excitement. She gabbled at Louis, “This is going to be so great, you’re going to have to do a full tour now!” Louis laughed fondly at Melanie, so different to his previous management. She was full of childlike excitement and kindness while also having a keen business sense, and she felt like a friend to Louis, like she genuinely had his back.

Before long they were ushered in for a lighting check during a break, their makeup touched up as the crew found the perfect lights and angles for the cameras. They were ushered off and ten minutes later they were given a five minute warning and they came together for a group hug. The boys hugged each other warmly, foreheads pressed together, arms around each other’s shoulders. Harry started, “Are you guys sure…” before Liam interrupted, “Yes, we’re sure. Now get out there and tell the world how disgustingly in love you and Louis are”, causing the whole group to laugh.

They were called back onto set when the segment finished, getting into position during the ad break. Harry sat closest to the host, then Louis, Zayn, Liam and Niall. Harry squeezed Louis’ hand reassuringly as the producer counted the host back in and mouthed ‘I love you’, before dropping Louis’ hand and adopting his signature sprawling stance. Louis didn’t have time to answer before the countdown hit zero and suddenly the host was announcing the segment, cameras panning across the sofa to show the lads

The host announced, “Welcome back to the show. As our regular viewers know, last week we had three interviews with the recently reformed One Direction and today I’m pleased to announce that we have all five of them together for a world exclusive TV interview, their first for ten years. They filmed the beginning of the reunion process which was aired last night and if you missed it, you can see a brief recap of it right now”. The producer signaled to play a recap clip of last night’s show, the lads reactions recorded in the bottom of the screen as they replayed a few of the key moments of the reunion. Once the clip finished the host continued, “Welcome to the show guys, I’m really pleased to have you here. How are you all doing?”

Liam jumped in to answer, “We’re doing great thanks, we are all very happy to be here and very happy to be together again”. The host replied, “That’s lovely to hear, can you each tell me a bit about how the reunion process has been for you?” Harry started, “It’s been a really healing process actually. We’ve had a lot of changes over the last week and I think we’re all really glad to have come through the other side”. Louis paused slightly before answering honestly, “Yeah, it’s been a little traumatic for me, having buried my emotions for so long, bringing it all back up again has been difficult. I’ve cried more in the last two weeks than I have in the last God knows how many years. I’m incredibly happy with the way things have turned out though, it has surpassed my wildest expectations”. He blushed slightly when he admitted to crying so much but he figured he was about to tell a bigger secret so he might as well tell all.

Zayn drawled, brief as usual, “It’s been emotional, emotional but good”. Liam told the host, “To be honest, I came into the reunion with very little to lose. I knew I wanted to reconnect with Harry and Louis again, especially with my wedding coming up. Having been a part of my life for so long, I didn’t want to get married without them. This week has been awesome for me, and I’m really happy that these four lads have all agreed to be up there with me on my big day as my groomsmen”. The lads all smiled happily at the mention of the wedding, proud looks on their faces, before Niall added, “It’s been brilliant, it’s been so nice to introduce my family to Lou & Haz and we’re all brothers again. All the old stuff is water under the bridge now”. Louis raised a slight eyebrow at the idea that
he and Harry were brothers and smirked at Niall.

The host continued with her questions, “How lovely. What have you guys been doing since the reunion was filmed?” Liam answered, “We’ve mostly been hanging out as a group and getting to know each other and each other’s partners. We’ve had a lot of long chats about everything that happened and what we want from the future and really opened up to one another about how we each felt. We’re in a really good place.” Harry added, “Yeah, we’ve spent lots of time together chilling out and catching up, getting to know one another again”.

The host pressed on, keen to get to the nitty-gritty, “There must have been a lot for you all to talk about and there’s one thing, in particular, I’d like to talk to Harry and Louis about. In last night’s show Harry, you revealed that during your time in the band, you were secretly in love with Louis. Can you tell me about your decision to share that with the world?”

Harry took a breath and answered, “To be honest, coming out as bisexual isn’t that big a deal for me, it’s not something I’ve ever tried to hide. There has been a lot of speculation about my sexuality ever since I hit the spotlight at 16 and I’ve certainly alluded to my bisexuality over the years, but the only time I was ever asked directly was by GQ in 2013 and I was forced by my management team to lie. If anyone had asked since then I would have told the truth, but no one ever did. As for telling Louis and the world, about my feelings for him, that was harder but I knew I owed him and the fans an explanation. I had hidden my love for Lou for a long time and I was tired of hiding it, although as many long-time fans of the band will know, I never hid it particularly well from them”.

The host turned to Louis, making eye contact and asking, “And Louis, can you tell me about your feelings about this confession?” Louis’ palms started to sweat slightly and he pressed his knee into Harry’s thigh, finding reassurance in the small amount of contact it provided before saying, “I was completely stunned, I had no idea. When Harry told me, my first response was shock and then that I didn’t feel the same way. It had never even occurred to me that Harry felt that way about me. I had always been straight and had never considered a romantic attachment to another man. I realise now, how hurtful my brushing off of the ‘Larry Stylinson’ rumours must have been to Harry and for that I am truly sorry. All I can say is that I was completely oblivious at the time and I thought that everything between us was a joke and banter, I know now that I was wrong”.

The host smiled before saying, “It sounds like you’ve had a lot to talk about this week, how has your friendship progressed since the initial meeting we saw last night?” Harry glanced at Louis and smiled before stating, “We’ve spent a lot of time with each other this week, practically every minute actually. We’ve talked in depth about our time in the band, the break up and the events surrounding it and our time apart”. Louis jumped in, knowing it was his turn to talk, “It was a day or two of talking after being reunited when I started to think back to the time in the band, and with the help of some old fan videos, I was able to see Harry and I’s interactions and really see what I’d been so blind to. When I was looking at these videos it became very clear to me that I had looked, spoken to and touched Harry differently than I did the other lads”.

Louis paused for a second before continuing with a rueful grin, “I had a realisation, with a little help from my mother, that perhaps I had been in love with Harry too. I didn’t know it at the time, I had a girlfriend and considered myself 100% straight, but looking back I can see that even if I couldn’t have admitted it to myself, Harry was my entire world”.

Louis looked at Harry who took over smoothly, “I also realised after spending a day or two with him that I was not as over Louis as I had thought and I was still as much in love with Louis as before, and probably always would be”. Louis and Harry grinned at each other and Louis slipped his hand into Harry’s larger one before turning to the camera with a beaming smile and saying, “So after a little tiptoeing around each other, we confessed our feelings to one another, and I’m over the moon to
announce that Harry and I are a couple”.

The host smiled broadly and exclaimed, “Wow, that’s big news. Congratulations. Obviously this is very new for you both, how have things been going?” Harry answered, “Really well thank you, I can honestly say that I’ve never been happier”. Louis added, “I have never been happier either. It has taken us fifteen years to get onto the same page, but I’m very glad to say that we are both there now”. Harry continued, “We understand that this is big news, but we would like to ask the media and fans to respect our privacy during this time”. The host responded kindly, “Of course, that’s completely understandable”. Then, turning the the other lads she asked, “Liam, Niall, Zayn, How did you react to the news?”

Liam smiled and said, “After some initial concerns, we were very happy for the boys. It was really important for them to be able to be honest with the world and we support their choice to live openly”. Niall said, “I thought it was fantastic, they are so well suited to each other and always have been. I’m really made up for them”. Zayn drawled with a smirk, “Well, I won a £50 bet from 15 years ago that they would get together so I was very happy”. Zayn smiled before continuing sincerely, “In all seriousness, Louis & Harry are made for one another and I’m very pleased for them. I support them 100% and I’m glad they’re happy”.

The host cooed “That’s lovely to hear, Harry and Louis that must mean a lot to you, have the other people you’ve told been supportive”. Louis told her “Our family and friends have been incredibly supportive and we both feel really lucky to have these three, our management team and our friends and family’s support. We have been really bowled over by the love and compassion we’ve received from everyone we’ve told and we hope that the rest of the world is as supportive of our relationship”.

The host reassured him “I’m sure they will be, we can see already from the messages and tweets coming in that your fans are being very supportive”. Harry thanked her and said, “That’s great to hear”, before the host continued, changing the topic, “So, you guys are going on tour in July, tickets went on sale this morning and I can reveal that it was sold out in minutes. Are you guys looking forward to being on the road again?” Louis felt himself relax as he realised that the part about coming out was over and it was just back to business now.

Zayn answered first, “Yes, we’re really excited to start rehearsing. We’ve got a short break before we start as this has been somewhat of an intense two weeks and we aren’t as young as we used to be, but we will be starting rehearsals at the beginning of June and we’re all buzzing to get back on stage”. Niall followed, “I can’t wait to perform again. It’ll be hard to be away from the family, but it’s spaced so I won’t have to be away from my kids for too long at a time. I can’t believe it’s sold out. It’s going to be wicked.” Liam spoke up next, “Yes, we’re all incredibly grateful to the fans for supporting our reunion and making this tour happen. We need to get back into rehearsals so we don’t look like idiots out there, but I’m confident we can deliver some really great shows”.

Louis leant slightly into Harry, almost by instinct as Harry spoke, “It’s been a long time and it’s the thing I’ve missed most,” adding quickly, “Apart from Louis and the lads of course. I love being on stage and singing so I’m really looking forward to it”. The host continued, “I’m sure the shows will be fantastic boys, we’ll be giving away a part of tickets to the London show later on today so please stay tuned if you’d like to win those. What are your plans for after the tour, are you planning on releasing any new material or doing an overseas tour?”

Niall answered, “We don’t really know yet, that is all very much up to our fans. We’d absolutely love to get back in the studio and record a new album, and do a bigger tour but it depends on if there is any demand for it”. Zayn added, “Nothing has been decided yet. We’re hopeful that we can but it’s up to you guys at home. We’d love to do a world tour again and I know that some of us have a few songs up our sleeves so hopefully we’ll get that opportunity”.
The producer signaled to the host to wrap up the interview and she turned to the camera, announcing brightly, “Well that’s all we have time for today. Thank you so much for joining us and sharing our news. Stay tuned after the break for details on how to win tickets to see One Direction live on tour”.

The producer signaled to roll the credits and they were off the air. Louis let out a sigh of relief, catching Melanie’s eye just off set who was smiling and giving him a thumbs up. He murmured at Harry, “Well, there’s no going back now”, and Harry raised an eyebrow before Louis continued, “Not that I’d ever want to”, earning a smile from the curly haired man.

They shook the host’s hand and thanked her as they were herded off the set and back to their dressing room. Melanie walked with Louis and quickly filled him on the twitter response to the news while the lads did the same with their managers. Louis smiled happily when he heard that the fans were pretty much all happy with the news, although there were a few who had said some homophobic things and a few who thought it was a PR stunt. He guessed that was to be expected. Even in 2025 attitudes in some places were still a bit backwards, but he was happy that well over 95% of the comments had been supportive.

The lads relaxed in the dressing room for a little while, drinking tea and taking their makeup off before going outside to greet the fans outside the studio. The lads spent about fifteen minutes signing autographs for the fans, Louis was relieved not to have to worry about not touching Harry too much, and they posed for a few photos together. Louis blushed as Harry stooped to plant an affectionate kiss on his cheek, the crowd going wild at the sight. He took Harry’s hand as they walked to the cars and they headed home, happy to be out and free.
They got home and ate lunch, the whole group popping by Niall’s briefly to give him, Samantha and the boys a quick hug before they left. Harry and Louis said goodbye to Liam, Layla, Zayn and Perrie too, with promises to keep in touch over the two week break. They relaxed back at theirs for the afternoon, chilling out and answering their text messages from the people they hadn’t contacted. Louis loaded Twitter and looked at his mentions tweeting, ‘Thanks for the support, words can’t express how much it means to us’.

He quickly checked google to make sure he got the wording exactly right, before typing out another tweet and hitting send, ‘Always in my heart @Harry_Styles. Yours sincerely, Louis’. Harry looked at his phone with a huge grin as he read the tweet, immediately replying, ‘@Louis_Tomlinson And you in mine, forever and always, Love Harry’.

They grinned at each other while Twitter exploded, kissing hungrily before Louis checked the time and told Harry to get dressed in something smart. Harry looked at him quizzically, asking, “Why? Are we going somewhere?” Louis nodded and said “Yes, but it’s a surprise love”. They headed upstairs and showered, leaving their hair as it was, already styled nicely from the interview. Harry put on a moss green shirt with a black suit with pointed smart shoes. Louis put on a white shirt with a navy suit and smart shoes, both leaving the top two buttons undone and not bothering with a tie. Louis rubbed beard oil into his beard while Harry moisturised and they left their long hair down.

Louis took Harry’s hand in his as they walked downstairs, opening the door to find a car parked outside. Louis held the door open for Harry, saying gallantly, “Our carriage awaits”. Harry’s eyes crinkled as he smiled fondly at Louis. They chatted on the drive, Harry telling Louis he didn’t need to do all this and Louis shushing him and telling him that he wanted to take Harry out on a proper first date. They pulled up outside a smart red-brick building in Mayfair, just round the corner from Hyde Park. They got out of the car, the bodyguard following Louis as he ran around to open Harry’s door for him. The paps that had followed them managed to snap a few pictures of them entering the restaurant and called for a statement, but James and Chris held them off.

They walked in the restaurant to be greeted by the maître d’, smoothly saying in French-accented English, “Welcome to Le Gavroche gentlemen, It is a pleasure to have you here. If I may take you to your table please”, leading them into a private dining room. They arrived in the private room, relieved to be out of the way of the restaurant diners’ curious glances and whispers.

There was a knock on the door before it opened and Michel Roux Jr walked into the room. The maître d’ introduced the famous Chef du Patron and Louis and Harry shook Michel’s hand, Harry shooting Louis an impressed look as they chatted to Michel, before he excused himself to finish preparing their meal. The maître d’ sat them down around the table, and poured them each a glass of wine, stating, “We have prepared an exclusive tasting menu for you tonight, paired with wines our sommelier has selected especially for you. If there is anything at all I can help with, please let me know”.

Harry and Louis relaxed and chatted as they ate plate after plate of exquisite gourmet food and drank expensive and rich wine. The maître d’ was attentive and explained each dish as it arrived, checking if they needed anything between each course before retreating to allow them to dine in privacy. They ate seven small courses in total, each more delicious than the last, leaving them comfortably full and ever so slightly tipsy. At one point, Harry leaning forward to lick a small droplet of wine resting in Louis’ beard and giggling. Michel Roux Jr came to say goodbye before they left, and they thanked them profusely for the wonderful meal, shaking both the maître d’ and Michel’s hands.
They left through the restaurant, Chris and James already waiting at the entrance as they were escorted out, this time through a swarm of paparazzi. Harry curled protectively around Louis pushing him into the waiting car before getting in himself. Louis apologised once they were driving, and Harry looked at him fondly before telling him he had nothing to apologise for and he had just had the most amazing date imaginable. He kissed Louis hungrily, still tasting the slight residue of wine and chocolate in his lovers’ mouth before pulling away and drawing Louis into his side, sitting comfortably with an arm around him as they sped through London.

They arrived home and Louis leapt out of the car again to open the door for Harry, waving thanks to the bodyguards. He fumbled slightly with his keys, his hands starting to shake as he opened the front door and stood back, gesturing for Harry to enter. He stood back nervously as Harry walked past him into the hall, stopped and gasped as he saw the rose petals and candles leading up the stairs. Louis smiled at Harry’s reaction, pleased at how the staff had followed his instructions while they were out; glad Melanie had suggested putting the candles in little jars so he didn’t have to worry about blowing them all out. He walked past Harry, tiptoeing to plant a kiss on Harry’s neck and took Harry’s hand, leading him upstairs, following the trail of flowers and candles to the bedroom.

The bedroom was aglow with candlelight, flames flickering warm shadows over their faces and the walls, hundreds of petals scattered over the bed and floor. Harry gaping and managing to croak out, “Lou…”, but Louis reached up to silence him with a kiss and whispered, “Watch me”, before walking backwards to the bed, slowly undressing himself as Harry stood there watching him dumbly. Harry watched, still clothed as Louis lay down on the bed, crushing the rose petals, their heady odour filling the room. Louis reached under the pillow to grab the lube and pumped some out on his fingers, and began trailing his hand over his chest before drawing his knees up and teasing his entrance.

Harry’s breath caught in his throat as he watched his beautiful boy insert a finger into himself, throwing his head back and moaning at the pleasure. Harry joined his lover in the moan, as he stared at Louis lustfully, his fists clenching at his sides. Louis pumped his index finger into himself, one side stretched taught and the other wrinkled as he contorted himself to reach a better angle. Harry thought that he had never seen a more erotic sight, his cock tenting his trousers. Louis rasped out, “I want you to make love to me Harry”, while adding another finger. Less than a second later Harry was pulling at his clothes, fumbling with the buttons as he ripped his shirt off, pulling his trousers and boxers off hastily and practically running to the bed.

Harry hovered over Louis as he worked two fingers into himself, kissing his lover deeply before grabbing the lube and batting Louis’ hands away from himself, quickly replacing Louis’ fingers with his own. He sunk two fingers into Louis, nipping at Louis’ neck and collar bones as he threw his head back, exposing his Adam’s apple to the curly haired man. Harry deftly pumped two fingers into Louis, opening him up as Louis’ hand found Harry’s cock and lazily started wanking the shaft. Harry was overcome with the sensation and murmured, “Don’t babe, I won’t last”, already so turned on. Louis let his hand drop, instead tangling a hand through Harry’s curls and bringing him close for a hungry kiss.

Harry added a third finger, driving them into Louis’ passage, lowering his lips from Louis’ to lap at one of Louis’ nipples, inducing a long keening sound from his love. Harry scissored his fingers in and out, rubbing his fingers across one another inside Louis, massaging his internal walls. He brought his head up to look down at Louis’ the candle light flickering across his face, and whispered, “You are so beautiful love”, before capturing Louis’ lips in a bruising kiss. Louis humped his hips at Harry’s fingers, meeting his thrusts and panting, “Want you now babe, need you inside me”. Harry pumped his fingers a few more times before asking, “Are you sure you’re ready love?” Louis gasped out, “Fuck yes, please, I’m so fucking ready”.
Harry nodded and withdrew his fingers, squirting a large amount of lube on his fingers, before thrusting two fingers back into Louis, coating the walls to ensure he was slick and then adding a generous amount of lube to his cock, hard and throbbing, poised at Louis’ entrance. Harry’s hands shook as he lined up against Louis’ hole, rubbing his crown gently at the puckered opening before gently easing the head through the rim. Louis clenching and unclenching around him.

Louis had involuntarily stiffened as Harry’s intrusion, his cock flagging at the pain, Harry kissed him and whispered, “Relax babe, breathe”. Louis’ arse burned with pain and pleasure at the point where Harry’s tip was inside him and he forced himself to relax and exhale as Harry inched forward, breaching each ring of muscle slowly. Harry’s head suddenly came through the tight ring of muscles and he paused, the burning feeling within Louis easing, being replaced with the sensation of being stuffed full and stretched. Louis wriggled slightly, breath catching in his throat as he tried to adjust to the intrusion. He returned Harry’s soft kisses before looking into his moss green eyes and nodding reverently at Harry to continue.

Harry slowly drove forward again, Louis’ eyes rolling into the back of his head as Harry inched past his prostate, his nerve endings on fire as electricity shot between them. Harry was all the way in when he stopped, his balls resting against the curve of Louis’ arse, small whimpers coming from Louis as Harry peppered his eyelids and cheeks with soft kisses. They were completely joined, Harry balls deep in his lover, as Louis’ muscles fluttered around him. Harry waited again, wanting Louis to be completely ready before he started thrusting, Louis lying with his head thrown back, overwhelmed with sensation. Louis had never felt more full than he did in that moment, he had never been so opened up and stretched. Harry’s hardness pressed against every inch of his internal walls. It was a few moments before Louis was able to continue, relaxing and adjusting to the sensation, aided by Harry’s kisses, caresses and whispered endearments.

A moment or two later, Louis smiled weakly at Harry and murmured, “I’m ready”, his cock starting to fatten again as the pain dissipated and pleasure took over. Harry thrust into Louis with long and slow strokes, angling his hips to hit Louis’ prostate with every stroke, filling up his love while he kissed him. It took everything Harry had to go slow, trying desperately to hold back, to make this good for Lou, fighting the urge to fuck him violently and ruin him. Louis let out inhuman noises as Harry made love to him, grunts and moans spilling from his lips, his cock now fully hard and trapped between them. They were flushed and sweaty, pulses racing as they moved together, their pleasure building as they rocked against one another. Groaning and moaning incomprehensibly into each other’s mouths, teeth clashing as they kissed messily. Louis’ back arched and his toes curled as Harry rubbed against his prostate again and again, Harry’s muscles straining as he fought to control himself. Louis’ velvet walls engulfed Harry, the slick heat fluttering around his thickness and stimulating every millimetre of his throbbing cock.

Harry pulled himself up higher, stretching on his hands to create a space between them, allowing Louis to inch a hand between them and curl around his aching cock. Louis’ muscles spasmed around Harry as he tugged on himself and he moaned, “Fuck, I’m close love”, Harry grunting out, “Come for me babe”, knowing he couldn’t last more than a few strokes more. Louis sped up his motions, his head thrown back as he dragged his thumb across his slit at the same time as Harry’s cock stabbed into his prostate and he came with a bellow, spurts of cum shooting from his throbbing dick, painting his stomach, one long strand hitting his chin. Louis’ muscles clenched around Harry as he came, and Harry let himself fall into oblivion, his breath ragged as he slammed into Louis with hard thrusts and climaxed. Harry collapsed on top of Louis exhausted, the two rolling together to rest on their sides, Harry’s cock slipping out of Louis as they moved.

It took a few minutes for them to catch their breath, their bodies entwined as their hearts pounded and lungs gasped for air, both spent from their orgasms. Louis looked up at Harry, adoration pouring from his eyes, candlelight flickering across their features as he whispered, “I love you Harry
Styles”. Harry whispered back in awe, “I love you too Louis Tomlinson, with all my heart”. Harry held Louis tight as they kissed, wrapped up in each other in satisfaction and joy. They drifted off, Harry murmuring, “Thank you”, at Louis before they surrendered to their slumber.
Chapter 43

The couple woke lazily in the morning, at some point in the night having wriggled under the covers to keep warm. The room still had the fragrance of crushed rose petals and the candles burnt down, having extinguished themselves while the men slept. Harry’s eyes crinkled as he smiled at Louis, waking him properly with a kiss before cheekily smirking, “Didn’t realise you were the type to put out on a first date”. Louis let out a delighted laugh and replied, “What can I say love, I really am a cockslut!” Harry joined his lover’s laugh and kissed him again, lightly saying, “As long as you’re my cockslut”.

Louis smiled softly, suddenly serious as he replied, “Always yours Harry, only yours.” Harry’s heart burst with love for Louis and he kissed him thoroughly with delight, their morning hardness pressing against each other. Harry reluctantly pulled away from Louis, knowing he would be sore this morning, but Louis pouted and brought him back closer, whimpering, “Please”. Harry reached for the lube and slicked his palm up before capturing both of their lengths in his large hand.

They kissed as Harry lazily wanked them off together, both lightly rutting against each other into Harry’s fist. Their orgasms built slowly, neither in a rush, both revelling in the sensation, sharing loving kisses until they spilled into Harry’s hand and over his fingers. Louis rolled away sated, snuggling into the crook of Harry’s armpit before sniffing and declaring, “We need to shower”. Harry nodded and grinned, “Yeah, we’re gross”.

They walked to the bathroom hand in hand, Harry smirking at Louis’ waddle, obviously sore from the night before. They showered and dressed, heading downstairs to call and ask for breakfast. They ordered a fry up, both famished from last night's activities and they found the broom, sweeping up the rose petals and stacking the candle containers while the chef prepared their breakfast.

After they finished breakfast there was a knock on the door and a male sexual health nurse introduced himself. They each took it in turn to speak to the nurse privately about their sexual health history, giving each other privacy through the other’s appointment. They both had a full screening, blood tests and vaccines to protect against Hepatitis. The nurse did a fast HIV test, the results showing within a 10 minutes that both were HIV negative, although they would have to wait a few days for the rest of the results. The nurse left them, letting them know they would receive the results via text message by the end of the week and advising them to have another check-up in three months’ time.

Louis sent a message to Melanie, thanking her for arranging last night and that they would be ready to leave for Holmes Chapel in about an hour and for the car to pick them up from Harry’s. They headed back upstairs, pulling their clothes into bags, looking around the house to say a wordless goodbye to the place they’d called home for two weeks, before dragging the bags over to Harry’s. Louis waited in the kitchen and made them tea as Harry went upstairs to pack. When Harry had finished packing, they sat at the dining table chatting, sipping their tea until the bell rang and the car arrived.

Melanie and Sally stood outside, drawing the men into long hugs as they said their goodbyes while James and Chris grabbed their bags and loaded them in the boot. Melanie passed Louis a folder containing the check-in details for their hotel in Doncaster, information for their holiday and the appointment details for the vocal coach he’d meet with while they were up north. She told him they would be in touch about a decision for the album before giving Louis another hug. He murmured his thanks to her for everything she’d done over the last few weeks, and she laughed, telling him that it had been her pleasure; she was always on call if he had any problems over the
break and she’d see him in two weeks. She raised an eyebrow as she saw Louis' stiff walk to the car and giggled to herself, having a fair idea of what they’d been up to the night before.

They left for Holmes Chapel, curled up in the back as they read through the information Melanie had given them, looking in wonder at the pictures of the private island she’d booked them into for their holiday, designed for exclusive getaways with complete privacy. The paps followed them in their cars, but they managed to lose them somewhere on the motorway, although they’d probably be heading to Anne’s or Jay’s anyway, guessing where the pair would be going.

They chatted quietly in the back of the car on the long drive, music hiding their words as Harry checked in with Louis that he was okay about last night. Louis nodded fervently, telling Harry that he hadn’t known anything could ever be so good, although he was still pretty sore. Harry nodded and told him it would pass. Louis giggled, “I don’t want to wait long enough for it to pass before doing that again”, before lowering his voice to whisper softly. “Daddy”. into Harry’s ear, making Harry shudder as his cock fattened. Harry gave him a stern look murmuring. “Not now princess, don’t be greedy”. while Louis looked up at him with an impish grin and giggled.

Louis pressed kisses into Harry’s neck and whispered in his ears all the naughty things he wanted his Daddy to do to him, Harry trying his hardest to ignore him, before calling out over the music to James and Chris sitting in the front seat, “Can we stop at the next service station please, I need to go to the bathroom”. Louis smirked as he whispered, “Want you to fuck me in the bathroom Daddy, I’ve been such a naughty boy”. Harry adjusted himself, trying to find some relief for his aching cock before growling, “I don’t think you deserve it, you’ve been such a naughty slut, getting Daddy all worked up”. Louis pouted as he nibbled Harry’s neck and let out a whine, “Please Daddy, I need it so much”, before whispering more filth into Harry’s ear.

Ten minutes later they pulled into a service station, and Harry almost dragged Louis to the bathroom, finding a disabled loo for privacy and locking them inside. Louis fell to his knees on the dirty tiles in front of Harry as Harry wrenched his jeans open and stuffed his throbbing cock into Louis’ mouth, fucking it ferociously as he growled, “Such a fucking slut Lou”. Louis moaned, “Daddy”, around Harry’s cock, his nose nestled in Harry’s pubic hair while the metal zipper scratched his cheeks. Louis pulled the lube from his trouser pockets before raising up slightly to pull his own trousers down. He fumbled as he squirted the lube on his fingers and slipped his hands underneath him to open himself up, plunging two fingers straight away into himself. Seeing what Louis was doing, that he had thought this out enough to make sure the lube was with him made Harry’s head spin and he humped Louis’ face harder, expletives falling from his lips, fingers tangled in Louis’ long hair.

Louis pushed at Harry’s thighs and Harry pulled his cock out, Louis scrambling to stand as he pushed his jeans down to his knees and lubed Harry’s cock. Louis panted, ‘Please Daddy, please, fuck, I need you”. Harry kissed Louis almost angrily before pushing him against the wall, clapping his hand over Louis’ mouth as he roughly pushed into him from behind, Louis letting out a muffled moan at the intrusion. Harry grabbed Louis into the wall hard and fast, seeking his own release, using Louis for his own pleasure, hissing into Louis’ ear to, “Shut the fuck up slut”, as Louis whimpered and swore, “Daddy, fuck, Daddy, please, oh fuck”. Harry reached around to Louis' aching cock and pumped it with his hand as he took his arse, growling, “Slut, so fucking naughty, is this what you wanted?” Louis babbled, “Yes Daddy, ‘m a slut, Daddy, please, fuck”. Seconds later they were both coming, Louis letting out filthy mewls and moans, shuddering around Harry as he painted the bathroom tiles with hot ropes of white come and Harry releasing into Louis’ hole.

They stayed pressed against the tiles for a moment longer before Harry gently kissed the nape of Louis’ neck and whispered softly, “Are you okay princess”, suddenly worried he’d gone too far. His worry dissipated as Louis sighed with contentment and murmured, “So good Harry, exactly what I needed. Thank you love”. Harry peppered kisses into Louis’ neck, still inside him as he reluctantly
eased himself out of and away from Louis, grabbing some paper towels to clean himself and Louis off, passing Louis some to wipe the tiles. Harry kissed Louis deeply before checking the mirror, their fucked out expressions and mussed hair testament to their activities before sighing and unlocking the bathroom door. They headed back to the parked car, James smirking, “That better guys?”, as Harry and Louis blushed deeply, knowing there was no denying what they’d been up to. Chris snickered and handed the lads each a tea, bottle of water and a pastry that he’d got for them while they were otherwise engaged, the bodyguards laughing good-naturedly as they got back in the car.

Louis wriggled the rest of the way to Cheshire, his abused arse throbbing from the fucking it had received with a delicious pain. He was utterly blissed out in it, knowing that Harry had caused that and that he had wanted every wonderful second of it. In the end he ended up laying on his side, head across Harry’s lap, Harry lazily playing with his hair as they whispered to each other, Louis yarning as he murmured, “Okay, now I think I will have wait for it to pass”. Harry gave his boy a fond smile before Louis drifted off to sleep.
Harry shook Louis gently to wake him as they turned off the M6, the familiar route making him smile as he murmured, “Wake up babe, we’ll be there in five minutes”. Louis grumbled as he woke, rubbing his cheek against Harry’s crotch as he sleepily came to. He sat up and yawned, stretching out his arms and back before giving Harry a goofy smile, “Haven’t been here for so long”. Harry watched as a shadow passed across Louis’ face a frown suddenly appearing as Louis whispered anxiously, “Are you sure they want to see me?”

Harry laughed and said “Don’t be daft love, of course they do”, silencing Louis with a kiss as he started, “But…” Harry tilted, leaning his forehead against Louis’ as he said firmly, “They love you, as do I, and they can’t wait to see you”. Louis nodded tightly, his teeth worrying his chapped lips before Harry ran a thumb over them and kissed him again, murmuring, “Don’t worry love”. Louis felt himself relax under Harry’s kisses and pushed his nerves about seeing the Styles family away. They pulled outside Harry’s house, Louis remembering the first time he’d seen it, after boot-camp when they’d come up for a week to get to know each other before judges’ houses. Inevitably there were already a few paps there and Chris got out, jogging up to the doorbell to ring it before jogging back to grab the bags from the boot and open the door for the lads.

Harry and Louis got out, ignoring the shouted questions as they walked to the door. Anne opened the door, pulling them inside out of sight and shutting the door against the flashing cameras. The moment they were inside Anne pulled Louis into a long hug, tears pooling in her eyes as she moved back to cup his cheeks in warm hands and say sincerely, “It’s so good to see you, son”. Louis felt his own eyes wetting at Anne’s greeting, feeling silly for ever having doubted her. Robin came into the lounge and shook Louis’ hand warmly, clapping him on the back as Anne greeted Harry, pulling her son into a loving hug and beaming at him.

Robin went to put the kettle on while Harry and Louis said goodbye to James and Chris as they needed to check into their hotel. Harry and Louis dropped their bags at the bungalow at the bottom of the garden where they’d be staying and headed back to the house, greeted by Robin with steaming cups of tea, asking Louis, “Milk, no sugar right?” Louis nodded thankfully as he took the mug, taking a deep sip and wincing as the too-hot tea burnt his tongue. They sat on the couch with Anne and Robin opposite, chatting and catching up as they drank their tea, Anne glancing between the boys with a wide smile. Anne told the boys Gemma would be over for dinner with the kids and Harry beamed, having not seen his sister or his nieces in about a month.

Things in Holmes Chapel were easy and full of joy. Gemma and the kids came over each day and Louis loving getting to know the little girls, poking their dimples and making them squeal as he played with them. The days passed quickly, Louis easily falling back into the family dynamic which he’d once been a part of. They spent their days in the house chatting and laughing, posting photos to Twitter, watching DVDs and reminiscing; their nights spent making love in the bungalow. Louis met his vocal coach and they spent a few hours each day working on his singing and Louis’ confidence slowly started to return as he regained control of his voice. Harry would always give him privacy while the vocal coach was over, staying in the main house while Louis practiced scales over and over again in the bungalow.

Anne cornered Louis in the kitchen on the second day there, Harry distracted by Gemma and his nieces and they sat over a cuppa chatting softly. Anne searched for answers in Louis’ eyes as she grilled him about how he felt about her son, nodding and smiling as she found the love she was looking for in Louis’ honest replies. She drew him into a long hug murmuring, ‘I’m so very happy
for you both”.

They chatted with the lads every day, sending messages to the group chat, as well as emails between the lads and management, negotiating a new contract for an album and world tour. It was confirmed they would all be staying in Ireland for the rehearsals so Niall could be with his family, and they would fit in writing sessions and recording sessions throughout the rehearsals and tour. Louis, Harry and Zayn left most of the planning and negotiations up to Liam and Niall, knowing they were better at that sort of stuff and were more particular about the way things were planned, occasionally dipping into the conversations if there was something they wanted to add or suggest. They all approved the press interview and photos, pleased with the draft they'd been emailed, and excited for it to come out on Friday.

They didn’t leave the house the whole time they were at Anne’s, leaving Chris and James free to protect Gemma and the kids as they came and went and Anne and Robin when they popped out. Friday came too soon for the couple and they were sad to leave, although excited to see Louis’ family. Harry was nervous about seeing the Tomlinson’s, knowing that they had seen first-hand how badly his betrayal had broken Louis all those years ago. Louis did his best to soothe his boyfriend, but he knew from his nerves of seeing Harry’s family, that Harry's fears would only be abated when he saw them and realised they still loved him. They said goodbye to the family, giving each other long squeezes as they promised to keep in touch and be back soon. Anne whispered in Louis’ ear, “Take care of my boy” as they left and Louis replied gravely, “With everything I have”.

They both received text messages on the drive, giving them the all clear from their sexual health screening, which they showed each other with grins, both quietly relieved. They arrived in Doncaster at lunchtime, this time having beaten the crowd of paps by minutes, although there were a few that had been camping outside Jays', flashes going off as Louis unlocked the door and let them inside, calling “Mum, we’re here”. He waved at Chris and James, sending them off to drop their bags at the hotel and check the four of them in, not having enough room to stay at Jay’s.

Louis took Harry by the hand as he led him into Jay’s living room, to see Lottie and his Mum chatting brightly. Lottie squealed and jumped into Harry’s arms for a giant hug while Louis hugged his mum and gave her a kiss, noticing her hair had been styled and her eyes were bright. Harry stood back slightly until Jay said fondly, “Come and give me a cuddle then love”, and Harry rushed over to her to hug her, his long frame draping awkwardly over her chair. Lottie made the tea while they chatted, Jay telling Louis about her new therapies and treatments management had arranged for her.

Louis couldn’t believe the changes in his Mum over the two weeks he’d been gone. She was the woman he’d once known, with vitality and hope for the future. She might always be paralysed but it was like she’d found herself again, found purpose for her life. He glanced up at Lottie as she came back in with four mugs of tea, noticing that she had dyed her hair for the first time in years and looked much healthier and well rested than she had for a long time.

He smiled at his family, basking in being home as they caught up, filling each other in on the last few days, happy to find out that his other sisters were on their way home from university for the weekend. Louis grinned, not having seen them since Easter a month ago. The four of them caught up, Harry getting to know Jay and Lottie again, cautious at first but soon relaxing as his fears abated.

James and Chris arrived to escort Lottie to the school to pick the kids up and Harry made dinner while she was gone, leaving it to reheat when everyone arrived back. Louis spoke to his Mum while Harry cooked, assuring his mother of his happiness and explaining in more detail about their relationship and how his call with Emma had gone. Thinking about Emma reminded him of Stan and fished out his phone, turning it on to send a quick text to his old friend, letting him know he was in town, where he was staying and asking how he was. Stan replied almost instantly and they arranged
to meet up while Louis was in town, knowing he’d be away for a while with the holiday and rehearsals coming up.

Lottie arrived back with the twins, Ernest and Doris running up to give their older brother a big hug, before shying away at the sight of the tall curly haired stranger. Louis introduced his boyfriend and they were soon infatuated by Harry, as everyone always was; chatting to him about school and homework, Harry taking a genuine interest in their lives. They put on an old Disney film to watch with the twins until the girls arrived home, Harry and Louis curled on a sofa singing along joyfully to Aladdin, wrapped up in their own world and missing the happy looks Lottie and Jay gave to one another. The girls arrived shortly after the film ended and they all hugged in greeting, talking quickly over one another and catching up before eating together and spending the evening chatting.

James and Ben arrived at about ten to pick the couple up, taking them to the hotel and leaving them to the rest of their evening. They lay on the large bed, soft eyes gazing into one another, Louis softly brushing Harry's curls from his eyes before gently saying, “See, I told you it would be fine love”. Harry kissed him in response, lazy kisses soon heating up with the lust in their bellies rising. They made love, Louis riding Harry as their tongues massaged each other, hands intertwined, rope and anchor tattoos aligning as they met their climax.

The days passed much in the way they had at Anne and Robin's, Louis having a singing lesson in the morning before heading to his Mum’s. They shared relaxed days with the family before going back to the hotel, falling asleep in a tangle of blankets after satisfying their lust for each other. At one point Harry was subject to a grilling from Lottie and Jay, which he seemed to pass with flying colours based on the blush to his cheeks and grins from the two women as they returned to the living room. Louis just rolled his eyes and went back to playing with the twins, smirking slightly to himself at Harry’s embarrassment.

Stan came round to join the family on Sunday, catching up with Louis while Harry and Lottie made a roast. Louis and Stan skirted around the issue for a while, talking quite awkwardly. Louis asked politely about Emma, and Stan explained that she was hurt but okay and he’d spent most of the last week with her. They moved onto safer ground, the conversation remaining stilted and awkward until Louis sighed and said, “Come on mate, we’ve known each other long enough, where’s all the teasing?” Stan grinned and replied, “Sorry mate, I guess I’m not used to you being a poof yet”. Louis laughed delightedly, knocking his oldest friends shoulder before saying, “Yeah, yeah, get it all out now”, and their conversation picked up, falling back into the easy banter they’d always had.

They ate their roast, all congratulating the cooks on the delicious meal and fighting over who got to eat the last roast potato. Louis felt such a pool of joy in his stomach watching his boyfriend, best friend and family all together, all happy and he blinked back tears as he looked around the table at his favourite people with fondness. Laughter and terrible jokes filled the room and he linked his hand in Harry’s, giving him such ridiculous heart eyes that if he’d seen himself he would have laughed.

Louis almost couldn’t bear to leave when it was time to go, knowing he wouldn’t see his family until after the tour had started, which was over a month away, but he was so excited to go on holiday that it slightly tempered the pain of leaving his family. He lovingly kissed each of his siblings in turn, giving them all huge hugs before giving his mum the largest; her one working arm squeezing tight around him as they whispered, “I love you” into each other’s hair. Harry kissed and hugged everyone goodbye, murmuring something quietly at Jay, causing her face to split into a huge grin as he said his goodbyes. They left for the hotel, Harry rubbing soothing circles into Louis’ wrist on the drive as they chatted about their flight tomorrow, groaning at the stupidly early time they had to be up for their flight in the morning.
Harry and Louis groaned at the wake-up call the next day, Louis mumbling grumpily, “Four AM, who invented this ridiculous time?”, while rubbing his face in Harry’s chest. Harry rubbed his eyes and stretched as he replied, “Got to beat the paps right?” Louis grumbled as he got out of bed, sleepily turning the shower on as he brushed his teeth. He started to feel a little more alive when he got in the shower, the steaming water punishing his skin and waking him up. He left his hair up in a bun as Harry showered and dressed quickly before stuffing the assorted clothes littered around the hotel room back in their bags. Louis felt heat pool in his stomach as he watched Harry stroll out of the bathroom, a towel slung low on his hips, rivulets of water dripping from his curls down his chest and stomach. Harry loosened the towel and swung it upwards to start drying his body and hair, revealing his thick cock, hanging heavy and soft between his legs, sparse dark hair framing it perfectly.

Louis’ mouth began to water and he sharply turned on his heel, busying himself with the rest of the packing as Harry rubbed himself dry and pulled on a pair of boxers. Louis took a few deep breaths, suppressing his lust, knowing they had a flight they had to catch, but wanting nothing more than to drag Harry back to the bed and eat him out until he passed out. Instead he sighed and grabbed the last few bits from the bathroom as Harry finished dressing.

He’d eaten Harry out for the first time a few nights ago, Harry moaning into the hotel pillows as Louis gave him long deliberate licks across his puckered entrance. Louis had loved the intoxicating musk of Harry and soap and Louis had rimmed him eagerly for over half an hour, alternating speeds and pressures, experimenting with nibbling, sucking and tongue fucking. Harry had gone crazy, sweaty curls matted against his forehead and neck, writhing against the mattress until Louis had forcefully held his hips down and continued, leaving Harry a boneless whimpering puddle as he came against the sheets. Louis had ended the night by fucking Harry, angling long and hard strokes at his prostate as Harry lay there docile and wrecked by his orgasm, fucking him through another one until they collapsed exhausted.

Louis had to readjust himself as he thought about that night, discretely slipping the lube out from the zip up compartment he’d packed it in and slipping it into his pocket. They opened the door at Chris and James’ knock, and they left for the airport, creeping past a dozing pap stationed in his car outside the hotel. Louis let his thoughts wander as they drove to the private airport just outside of Doncaster. It all still seemed a little surreal, being famous again, being with Harry, being gay. It was not bad, quite the opposite, but so much had changed in such a short space of time. Louis wondered why he was so cool with it, why everything felt so right. It wasn’t really a question he knew how to answer, he only knew that he’d felt like something had been missing for so long and now he finally had the last piece of the puzzle, completing him.

They pulled up at the airport, grabbing the other bags that the wardrobe team and management had prepared for them, leaving their old bags in the boot and headed inside to check in. They had a brief security check before being led to the lounge, the small airport eerily quiet, with only a few members of staff and the small group. They ate a quick breakfast in the lounge before heading to the private plane, James and Chris dealing with the luggage for the couple. They settled into the large comfortable seats, immediately pushing the armrest between them up so they could cuddle and deciding to have a quick nap while the plane flew them to the island.

After napping for a few hours Louis woke and stretched, took his seatbelt off and headed to the bathroom. He got the lube from his pocket before pushing his jeans down and pouring the lube over his fingers and working them into himself. Louis’ cock twitched as he stretched himself open,
hardening at the stimulation. After a few minutes he pulled his fingers out and his jeans back up, rinsing his fingers quickly and flushing the toilet to make it seem less suspicious. He headed back to his seat, finding Harry still dozing and huffing as he sat next to him.

He gently trailed a finger up Harry’s arm, leaning in to press gentle kisses to Harry’s neck and jaw. Harry mumbled “’m ‘sleep Lou” as he slowly came to. Louis ignored him and continued kissing and tonguing Harry’s neck, nibbling and then sucking the skin into a love bite. Harry let him carry on for a few minutes before eventually opening his eyes and stretching. He frowned slightly at Louis for waking him before standing up and mumbling, “Need a piss”, as he climbed over Louis. Louis grinned to himself, waiting about a minute before standing up himself and walking casually to the bathroom, blushing as he passed Chris and James and muttered, “You might want to put some headphones on”, ignoring their catcalls and eye rolls as he waited for Harry to open the bathroom door.

Harry’s eyes were wide with surprise as he unlocked the bathroom and Louis pushed into the small space. Louis said, “Hi”, with a cheeky grin as he kissed Harry and reached for his flies. Harry groaned, “Lou, they’ll hear”, through Louis’ kisses, trying to bat away Louis’ hand. Louis giggled and whispered, “Taken care of it”, making Harry give in to his rising lust and kiss him ferociously. Louis pushed Harry’s jeans down, losing his breath at the sight of Harry’s cock hardening as he started to lazily jerk him off. Louis pushed the lid of the loo down and pushed Harry onto it, before turning and pulling his own jeans off. Harry moaned at the sight of Louis’ wet hole, glistening with lube and pulsing, already stretched and opened. Louis edged back, lining himself up with Harry, as Harry clutched his hips helplessly before sinking down slowly, impaling himself inch by inch on Harry’s hard cock.

Louis’ head snapped back as he bounced on Harry’s lap, thighs clenching as he rode him and letting out a soft moan, “You feel so good Haz”. His hips stuttered as one Harry’s large hands left his hip to wrap around his cock, the other reaching up to clap a hand over Louis’ mouth. Harry pressed burning kisses into the nape of his neck as he moved up and down. His breath sped up as Harry thrust up, matched his strokes to Louis’ movements. Louis mumbled, “Fuck, Harry, fuck” muffled through Harry’s fingers, as sweat pooled on his brow. Louis arched his back as Harry’s cock hit his prostate, leaning the back of his head on Harry’s shoulder as he fucked himself on Harry’s dick, the slight angle change pulsing electricity through his body. Harry panted out quietly, “Fuck baby, you’re so good”, into his ear as his stomach fluttered, clenching and unclenching with heat, his body tingling with sensation, all pooling into his balls. Louis knew he couldn’t last much longer, gasping for air around Harry’s fingers as his thighs slapped into Harry’s over and over again, taking him to the hilt on each downward stroke.

Louis bounced faster, Harry matching his speed as his hand fisted over his aching cock, dribbling pre-cum as Harry thumbed over his slit. Louis’ thighs trembled as his balls tightened and his senses erupted, the world going white behind his eyes, his lungs burning and electricity shooting through his body as he came, spurting thick white ropes of come over his legs. Harry stroked him through his orgasm, before returning both hands to Louis’ hips, lifting Louis up and down with furious speed. Louis' thighs were like jelly as Harry maneuvered him, his body pliant and spent, whimpering quietly as Harry fucked him, chasing his own orgasm. Harry dug his fingers into Louis’ hips, hard enough to leave bruises as Louis’ slick heat pulsed around him, Harry bit down into Louis’ shoulder as he reached his climax, thrusting his hips up into Louis as he pulled Louis down onto him, shooting deep into Louis as he came.

They both sat slumped, leaning back against the bathroom wall, taking a while to recover and catch their breath, Louis reaching for toilet paper a few minutes later to wipe the now cool jizz off of his thighs, before disengaging himself from Harry, legs weak as he stood and used the paper to wipe Harry’s mess from his gaping hole, smiling to himself as Harry leant forward to rest a gentle kiss on
Louis’ arse cheek. Louis murmured, “I love you Haz”, Harry mumbling back, “Love you too Lou, but I swear to god you’re going to kill me”. Louis blushed and giggled as he turned to face Harry, pulling him up to stand, Harry’s jeans still pooled around his ankles, “But at least you’ll die happy, right?” Harry grinned and nodded, “The happiest”. Harry wiped himself and they each gave themselves a quick wash in the small sink, washing their face and pits as well as their private parts before kissing softly. They unlocked the door and headed back out into the aisle, Louis blushing at James’ wiggling eyebrows as they passed.

They curled up for the rest of the flight, still a little dopey from their orgasms, enjoying the afterglow as they gazed out of the window at the white and grey swirls within the clouds they flew through. Louis fell asleep at one point, waking up an hour or so later to blink sleepily up at Harry’s face and finding Harry looking fondly at him. Louis blushed as he realised he’d dribbled on Harry’s chest as he slept and wiped the drool from the corner of his mouth, mortified. Harry laughed and pulled Louis closer, kissing the top of his head and whispering, “Look babe” and pointing out the window. Louis looked to a view of startling blue, the clouds all above them now. There were small islands dotted throughout the blue, and Louis smiled as he realised they were descending, moving away from Harry briefly to click his seatbelt closed as the warning light flickered on. He couldn’t snuggle up as close to Harry with their belts on and he pouted slightly, his pout turning to a frown as his ears buzzed, the air feeling thick and heavy until his ears popped and his body readjusted to the pressure in the cabin.
A few minutes later the plane was landing, juddering to a halt on the landing strip as the plane taxied
to the airport. They both stretched in their seats, stiff from having been seated for most of the long
flight as the pilot welcomed them to the Seychelles. They all quickly peeled off their layers, pulling
on shorts and flip flops from their luggage while they waited to be let off the plane. After fifteen
minutes or so, passport control boarded the plane and checked their details, clearing security checks
before leading them to a small buggy and driving them to a helicopter where they flew to a private
island.

They spent the first hour exploring the small island, mapping out the terrain as their butler gave them
the tour, showing them the bar, restaurant and spa. When James and Chris were happy that the place
was secure, they left in the helicopter, heading to a neighbouring isle until they were needed, though
Harry laughed and told him there was little chance of them leaving the island and they should just
enjoy their holiday. Louis whistled as they were led around their large and spacious villa, their things
already unpacked for them while they had been given the tour.

They went through their itineraries for the week with the butler, arranging scuba diving and spa
treatments for each day. Harry chose to do yoga on the beach while Louis had his singing lessons via
Skype and they booked private sailing and fishing experiences. Once they'd chosen their options for
the week, they changed into swimming trunks and applied suncream before heading to the beach, hot
sand underfoot as they paddled towards the water before leaping under the warm and gentle waves.

They spent their days swimming and sunbathing on the beach, rarely wearing more than their trunks,
if that. Louis’ olive skin deepened to a warm nut brown in the sun, and Harry’s pale limbs turned the
colour of warm amber, despite the factor thirty he constantly reapplied. They relaxed together in the
spa, getting couples massages, manicures, pedicures, body wraps and facials over the course of the
week. They ate delicious meals prepared by the chef, fresh tropical fruit in the mornings and
succulent fish in the afternoon and evenings.

Louis’ singing continued to improve over the week, daily lessons paying off as he practised over
Skype with his teacher, starting to go over the old songs. Harry contorted his body with his yoga
instructor on the beach, returning sweaty and relaxed to pepper Louis with kisses, before showering
and heading off together to scuba dive. They spent their evenings watching the sunsets, hand in hand
on their patio or the beach before making love, their pants and groans echoing over the deserted
island. All in all it was paradise.

On their last night there Louis couldn’t sleep. He gently lifted Harry’s arm from where it was resting
on his chest and slithered out from under the thin sheet covering them. He padded barefoot to the
patio, pulling on some boxers and grabbing a pen and pad of paper on the way. He didn’t really
know why, he just wanted to make sense of the ideas and feelings swirling around his head. He
hadn’t written for over ten years, but in the past it had always been what he’d done when he couldn’t
sleep, a way to sift through his emotions when it all got a bit too much. He sat at the table on the
patio, moonlight and stars lighting up the view, the dark water lapping at the shore as it reflected the
light.

He clicked the end of the biro to make the nib appear and rested it against the paper, pausing for a
moment before taking a breath and writing the first thing that came into his head. He’d written five
pages of mostly nonsense before he’d stopped, using the exercise to purely pull the thoughts out of
his brain. He read over the pages, his heart beating in the quiet as he gazed over the feelings of love,
of home, happiness, doubt and hope in writing. He started a fresh sheet, and picked out a few of the
key thoughts,

There was something missing in her eyes,

I found what I was missing in his eyes,

Could we ever be enough?

I want to be his light

He is my home

I want to be his home

Excited building at what he’d written and seeing the potential, he started to craft it into a song, a love song. He hummed a tune to himself as he wrote it, crossing out lines and reordering them, editing as he went until he had a song he was half-way proud of. He wrote it out again, titling it Home and dating the page before looking up to see Harry standing in the doorway looking at him with such fondness it made his heart swell. Harry padded over to lean down and give him a long kiss, before breaking apart and looking deep into his eyes, “Couldn't sleep?” Louis shook his head and shrugged, “Just had some stuff I needed to get out”, gesturing to the page.

Harry smiled lovingly, “It’s good to see you writing again Lou, you always were the best of all of us. Do you want to share it with me?” Louis smiled at the compliment and thought for a moment before nodding, “Yeah okay, but it’s a little rough and my voice isn’t where it needs to be. It’s still a first draft so don’t judge me too harshly”. Harry just gave him a dopey look of love in return which made Louis feel a bit stupid, because of course Harry wouldn’t judge him harshly.

He pulled Harry onto his lap and angled the pad so he could read it before he started singing, ‘Make a little conversation, So long I've been waiting, To let go of myself and feel alive…’ Harry pressed kisses into his forehead as he sang, his voice rich and strong in the moonlight, although it squeaked when he was unable to reach the highest notes of the songs, out of his natural range. Harry joined in with the last chorus, his voice rising an octave higher, taking the song where it needed to go, filling Louis’ heart with love as Harry’s voice filled out the song, singing it better than he ever could. Harry leant down and kissed Louis until he was breathless, whispering, “I love it, I love you”, into Louis’ mouth.

Louis dropped the pad back on the table and reached for Harry’s hips, swivelling him until he was straddling his lap. He trailed his hands up Harry’s strong back, fingers brushing over stray sand still lightly stuck to his skin. Louis could feel himself harden as they kissed, Harry’s arse giving a delicious pressure against his cock. He used his hand to angle Harry’s hips, grinding Harry against him as he nibbled down Harry’s neck, licking the slightly salty skin against his clavicles. Harry caught the rhythm and swiveled his hips into Louis’ lap, fingers brushing over Louis’ hard nipples making the smaller man gasp.

Harry pushed away from him abruptly, standing and striding towards the bedroom. Louis stood to follow him, but Harry called, “Stay there babe, I want you to make love to me in the moonlight”. Louis pushed his boxers down and thumbed over his slit, smearing the wetness and giving himself a few tugs until Harry returned with the lube. He kissed Harry hungrily as Harry passed him the lube, having missed his lover in the few seconds he was gone. He pushed Harry backwards onto the table, Harry arching his back to pull the pen and paper out from under himself before tossing it to one side. Harry looked up at him, his lips pink and plump from kisses, hair mussed and pupils blown in lust.
Louis leant over him to kiss him as he lubed himself and Harry, tucking two slick fingers into Harry, not bothering with stretching him for too long, given how many times they’d fucked each other over the last few days.

Louis groaned as he edged himself forward, sinking into Harry’s slick heat. Louis made love to Harry with long and slow strokes, making Harry whimper into the moonlight, shadows dancing over his skin. Louis thumbed over Harry’s four nipples before bending down to catch one in his mouth, scraping his teeth over it lightly as he thrust into Harry. Harry’s body seemed to stretch for miles before him, long and lean, the moon reflecting in the sweat on his smooth chest, tattoos glittering as Harry reached down to wrap a hand around himself, jerking himself in time with Louis’ thrusts.

They built towards their climax together, bodies shuddering in the warm air, moans spilling from their lips. Louis whispered, “You’re so beautiful Haz”, looking down on his lover as Harry bit his lip, the wings of his butterfly tattoo fluttering as his abs clenched and unclenched. They sped up, moving together like poetry, Harry reaching his orgasm first, erupting over his chest, painting white stripes over his butterfly tattoo. Louis followed a moment later, toes curling as he pulled out and fisted himself, his come intermingling with Harry’s as he aimed it over the tattoo, disguising the black lines completely in a puddle of white fluid.

Louis leant down to kiss Harry, angling himself to hover slightly over Harry, keeping a sliver of space between their bodies until Harry swept his arms around him, crushing Louis to his chest and closing the gap between them, stomachs squelching in their combined come. The motion knocked Louis off balance, his legs not long enough to reach the ground as well and the table gave an almighty creak before the legs gave way, unable to take the weight of both men. The tabletop thudded to the floor, taking the two of them with it. They barked out laughs, slightly winded but neither hurt, sticky and sweaty as they kissed on the now flattened table. Harry giggled, “I love you Louis Tomlinson”, and Louis gave his nose a soft kiss before replying, “I love you too Harry Styles”.


Chapter 47

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Three months later they were at the O2 in London, preparing for their last show. The month of rehearsals in Ireland had flashed by; each day devoted to singing lessons, choreography, writing and recording; their evenings and weekends spent chilling with the guys and Perrie; their days off spent at Niall’s, hanging out with Samantha and the kids. The tour had gone amazingly well so far, exceeding all expectations, the buzz of the fans and being on stage creating a feeling of euphoria, better than any high Louis had ever experienced. They had announced a world tour, and the new album was to be released in a few weeks.

They’d spent their days off between shows at Harry’s, well their home now. Louis had moved in when they got back from Ireland and had quickly adjusted to London life, popping up north to see their families every few weeks. Louis couldn’t believe how much his life had changed in the space of a few short months, that everything in his life was now centred around the curly-haired man that he loved. They were so in sync, neither willing to let the small annoyances of every day overwhelm their love for one another. Any arguments were quickly forgiven, kisses containing mumbled apologies exchanged within minutes. Louis had never been happier and tonight, he was going to ask for it to be forever.

He knew that it was too quick. They’d only been together four months, living together officially for two, although they hadn’t spent a night apart in all the time they’d been together. But Louis knew, he knew there would never be anyone else for him and that they were perfect for each other. He also knew Harry would say yes, but that didn’t stop the twisting of his stomach or the tremor of his fingers as he checked his pockets again, the pads of his fingertips curving over the smooth cold metal. He fished in his other pocket, pulling out his phone to send a quick message, confirming everything was ready, before Melanie popped her head around the door and told him they had 5 minutes until stage time.

Louis stood up and straightened his shirt, giving himself a quick once over before pulling the other lads into a hug. Zayn grinned and winked at Louis as Harry moved away from the group hug to hold Louis, rubbing his back soothingly, “Are you sure you’re okay love, you’ve been twitchy all day.” Louis murmured back with a roll of his eyes, “I’m fine Haz, I’ve already told you, I’m just a bit nervous about it being our last show, and that this is being filmed. I just want it to be perfect”. Harry clucked and pulled Louis closer, kissing him and reassuring him, “You will be perfect babe, you are perfect”. Louis smiled into Harry’s shoulder, glad that Harry had bought his lies but uncomfortable at the fibs he’d been telling Harry all day.

The stage manager knocked on the door and led them to the stage. The roar of the crowd was already at a fever-pitch; rising impossibly higher as they went on stage, screams ringing in their ears. The set passed in a blur of songs, Louis sweaty with the beat of the music drumming in his veins, euphoria in his heart. He hit all his solos perfectly, occasionally stealing kisses from Harry in between songs when they went for water bottles to the delighted screeches of the crowd. All in all it was the best gig they’d ever done, his nerves crept back in for the encore, casting desperate glances at the lads while they waited to go back on, the guys in the band throwing him discrete thumbs up.

Louis quickly palmed his pocket to check the ring was still there and breathed a sigh of relief when he felt the now familiar outline. They headed back on stage, the crowd clapping and shouting at their return, as they got into position. Louis held his hand up calling for silence, waiting a few seconds
until the noise died down. Once the room was sufficiently quiet he spoke into his mic, “Thank you so much for coming guys. Your support means the world to us, especially after all this time and what we’ve been through. Right now though, I’ve got something important I’d like to say”. Louis could feel Harry looking confusedly at him and he swallowed before he continued, “And to help me do that, I’d like to bring on an old friend of ours, Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr Ed Sheeran.”

Harry’s face was a picture as they crowd screamed and the band started playing the opening lines, Ed emerging on stage with a huge smile as Zayn started, “When your legs don't work like they used to before, And I can't sweep you off of your feet”. Ed reached the lads, dropping an arm around Louis with a huge smile before leaning into Louis’ mic and singing the next lines, “Will your mouth still remember the taste of my love? Will your eyes still smile from your cheeks?”

Louis took a deep breath before heading into the second verse, looking deep into Harry’s eyes and singing, “And, darling, I will be loving you 'til we're 70, And, baby, my heart could still fall as hard at 18”; editing the lines slightly to fit in with their relationship. He sang the whole second verse to Harry as he walked up to him and reached out for his hand. Harry’s confused face had turned into an embarrassed and delighted smile, splitting his face impossibly wide. Louis was quite sure it was the best thing he’d ever seen.

Louis smiled and passed his microphone to Niall, whose eyes were already filling up with tears; the lads and Ed continuing with the song, picking up the chorus. He took Harry’s hands in both of his and spoke over the music, the song drowning out his words to all but the two of them. “Harry I have loved you since I was eighteen, whether or not I knew it. The last few months have been the happiest of my life, and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I can’t imagine anything better than waking up next to you forever and it would be the greatest honour if you would allow me to spend the rest of my life trying to make you as happy as you make me”.

Dropping to one knee and pulling out the ring, barely aware of the crowd screaming and Ed and the boys singing, “Maybe we found love right where we are” in the background he asked simply, “Will you marry me, Harry?” Harry’s green eyes overflowed with tears as he nodded happily and croaked out, “Yes, yes, Of course I’ll marry you”.

Louis let his own tears flow as he stood and pushed the ring onto Harry’s fingers with shaking hands. Harry swooped down to capture his lips in a bruising kiss, winding their arms around each other, tears still tracking down their cheeks as they consummated their engagement with a passionate kiss. A few moments later, the lads and Ed all bounded onto them, knocking them over into a bundle of arms and legs, all hugging whatever and whose-ever body parts they could reach and they became aware of the crowd going wild around them.

They finished their encore hand in hand, bowing to the crowd before they all hopped, skipped and ran offstage, jumping around like children with euphoric whoops. They were surrounded by the crew offering congratulations and excited chatter before Anne swept in, pushing Jay’s chair, Robin, Gemma and all Louis’ siblings following. Harry screamed with joy, “Mum, Gem, what are you doing here?” Anne grinned and winked, “As if I’d miss your engagement, love”. Harry hugged his family while Louis hugged his own, before swapping and hugging each other’s.

They partied into the night back at their flat, all the band, family and crew invited. It wasn’t until much later, the last stragglers leaving, that they had a moment to themselves. The moment the door closed on the last guest, Harry’s lips were on Louis’, kissing him with all the passion inside him and tugging him to the bedroom. Harry breathed, “I can’t believe you did all that, for me”, and Louis replied, “I’d do anything for you babe”. Harry exhaled, “I love you so much Louis” before pulling away.
Louis looked at him quizzically as Harry dashed to his bedside drawer and rummaged through before pulling out a small black box. He smirked as he handed it to Louis, “I had planned to ask you next weekend, but it seems you’ve beat me to it, and there’s no way I can top your proposal”. Louis flicked open the lid of the box to see a simple ring with an inlaid blue stone, very similar to the ring with an inlaid green stone, now on Harry’s ring finger. He looked up at Harry as Harry murmured, “Don’t suppose you fancy marrying me, do you?” Louis laughed delightedly and nodded, murmuring lovingly, “There’s nothing I’d rather do”, before meeting Harry in a tender kiss.

Chapter End Notes

So this is the end.

Thank you so much for those who have been reading and commenting, I’ve appreciated every single one (and please do comment/kudos if you haven’t already).

I do plan on doing an extensive edit at some point, and hopefully one day I’ll get this beta’d so thank you for bearing with me in the rough first draft.

You can find me on Twitter at @harriet1dfan, I’d really love feedback :D x
Hi all,

Just wanted to update you guys with some of the amazing manips and fan arts people have done of long haired Louis :-)
Louis with long hair by Kris, hazylestrash
Louis with long hair by Bara, [youngandmadeof](https://youngandmadeof.com)
fan art by Sunny, @twisttheknifex

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