Everlasting Love Affair

by Liberteaaxx

Summary

Louis didn't expect to find anything, in fact, he gave up on his love life a few years prior but yet here he is in love with someone who really shouldn't even be allowed with in ten feet of his pathetic life.

Or,

Louis owns a book store and one day the beautiful Harry Styles decides to walk in and change his life forever.

Notting Hill AU.

Notes

Okay so I love this film so much and I had to write a Larry version, for obvious reasons. It took me weeks to write this, there still may be a few mistakes and I apologise in advance but I have read over it about fifteen times so far.

I asked for help when it came to smut and I have tried to change it to fit into my writing style but I admit, I've never written smut before in my life and find it so challenging. So I apologise in advance.

Anyway, I do hope you enjoy it because it took so long to actually finish it.
Of course I've seen his films, always thought he was fabulous but you know, million miles away from the world that I live in, which is, here - Notting Hill.

There's a market on the weekdays selling every fruit and vegetable known to man. There's the tattoo parlour, with a new guy outside every morning who got drunk and can't remember why he chose the name Ken. The racial hairdressers, where every one who comes out ends up looking like the Cookie Monster whether they like it or not. And then suddenly it's the weekend and from break of day hundreds of stalls appear out of no where, filling Portobello Road right up to Notting Hill Gate.

And thousands of people turn up to buy millions of antiques some even genuine and some - not so genuine.

And what's great is that lots of friends have ended up in this part of London, there's Ben Winston, Music director turned chef, who recently invested all of his life savings in a new restaurant.

And this where I chose to spend my days, years, in this little village in the middle of the city in a house with a small door that me and my husband bought together - before he left me for a man who looked like David Beckham, only more handsome. And where I now lead a strange half life with a lodger named...

"Niall" Louis shouted as he closed the door behind him, picking up the post on his way and trying extremely hard not to trip over the numerous items all over the floor.

As if on cue, Niall appears at the bottom of the stairs. He was an incurably strange man, incredibly unusual looking fellow with his brightly highlighted blonde hair. He also spotted an unusually loud Irish accent and always wore the most unusually short boxers.

"Hey, you couldn't help me with an incredibly important decision, could you?"

"This is important in comparison to let's say, whether they should cancel third world debt?" Louis challenged, turning around to switch the kettle on.

"That's right - I'm at last going out on a date with a great girl named Janine and I just wanted to be sure that I picked the right t-shirt"

"Right" Louis spoke, pleasantly surprised "What are the choices?"

"Well, wait for it" He shouted as he fled up the stairs, giving Louis a chance to pour the boiling water into his mug. But he was soon back down, throwing the first shirt over his shoulders.

"First there's this one"

Louis tried to stifle in an abusive comment towards this mans stupidity as he glanced at the t shirt, it had a horrific looking plastic alien coming out from the middle, jaws open and blood everywhere with the simple words 'I love blood' written across it.

"Yes" Louis starts and stops, trying to contain himself "might make it hard to strike a romantic note"

"Point taken" Niall nodded, running back up the stairs and removing his top "I imagine you'll prefer the next one"
He re enters the room with an even worse top, a very blatant and large arrow pointing towards his crotch with the words 'get it here' in bold letters.

"Cool, huh?" Niall asked, pulling the bottom of his top side to side to show off.

"Right, well, she may not think you have true love on your mind?"

"Right, good point" and back he goes, his feet banging against the flooring before he returned back down the stairs "last one"

Although it would most definitely not be claimed as the most attractive t-shirt worn, he couldn't exactly argue with this one. The words 'you are the most beautiful woman in the world' sprawled across it and the giddy look on Niall's face made it hard to deny him of this one.

"Well, yes. That's perfect, Well Done"

"Thanks. Great. Wish me luck?"

"Good luck" Louis said gracefully.

But as he turns around Louis' worst thoughts are confirmed as the words 'Fancy a fuck?' were written across the back, he was most definitely not surprised.

And so it was just another hopeless Wednesday as I set off through the market to work little suspecting that this was the day that would change my life forever. And this was work, I owned a little book shop, actually a little travel book shop, which only sells travel books and quite frankly, it doesn't sell much of those either.

It's a small book shop, slightly chaotic, bookshelves everywhere, with little secret areas around corners with even more books in. James, my only employee was as ever waiting enthusiastically inside for me. He's extremely keen, an uncrushable optimist even without a cause.

And it only takes an hour into their day for them to be stood behind the counter working out their earnings and pay outs for that month, a gloomy job at best, especially for two men who had no idea how to work numbers.

"Tragic. Absolutely classic" Louis begins, running his fingers through his unruly hair "profit from major sales push, minutes 347 pounds"

James smile is slightly lost for a second then, he was what you would call a jolly fat man, not that he would call him fat. He was more, let's say, plump. But it only took a second for his smile to reappear.

"Shall I get us a cappuccino? To ease the pain?" He suggested with a delightfully annoying smile.

"Yes, better get me a half though. It's all I can afford, clearly"

"I get your logic" James winked, annoyingly "a demi cappuccino coming up"

He quickly salutes Louis like he is his commanding officer and bolts out the door, Louis only has his head in his books for a few seconds before the bell above the door chimes once more.

He simply glances up, recognising it was a man before looking back at the stupid amount of numbers in front of him. It takes him a few seconds for something to click in the back of his mind and realise that this person looked extremely familiar.
And when he looked again, it was confirmed, although he was wearing a ridiculous barrette and sunglasses in attempt to hide his self.

That was Harry Styles, the biggest movie star in the world, here, in his shop. The most devine, subtle, beautiful man to ever grace this fine earth. And Louis was momentarily frozen, fighting his mind as he tried to figure out how he should approach this. His heart was telling him to run out of that counter and beg for him to love him, grasp a signature and force him to marry him but on the other hand, his mind was telling him to calm the fuck down and deal with this professionally.

"Can I help you?" He manages to ask.

He looks up at that, removing his sunglasses and placing them on his t shirt. And the green eyes that pierced onto Louis' could have made him faint, combust into a million pieces and beg that he was not worthy. But of course, he stayed cool.

"No, thanks" He spoke subtly, his voice like a sympathy "I'll just look around"

"Fine" Louis answered shortly, admiring Harry Styles' long fingers as they trailed along the different book spines.

He watched intently, seeing him pick out a book, quite a smart coffee table book. And he wanted to go over there, take the book from him and spare him from boring himself from such a stupidly written book.

"That books really not..." Louis begins, trying to figure out what he's saying as he stands behind the counter like a plum "just in case, you know, browsing turned to buying. It would be a waste of money"

"Really?" Harry challenged, raising an eyebrow at him.

"Yes" Louis quickly responds, scanning his eyes over the books on his counter, eventually picking one from random "This one though, is very good"

"Is that so?"

"Yes, in fact, I think the man who wrote this actually went to turkey, which helps. There's also a very amusing incident with a Turkish kebab"

"Thanks, I'll think about" and the smile that came from Harry's lips was enough for Louis to feel a million dollars, or pounds if we're being technical.

Louis glances to his side at the very old, ancient CCTV cameras and spots a man in one of the secret book corners who strangely enough was currently stuffing a book inside of his jeans. He tried hard not to roll his eyes, instead turning to Harry with a soft smile.

"If you could just give me a second"

Louis can feel Harry's eyes following him as he moves from the counter and around the first corner, where the man is standing right at the end pretending to gaze through the books.

"Excuse me" Louis says calmly, placing his hands on his hips as he gains the mans attention.

"Yes?" He asks.

"Bad news"
"What?"

"We've got a security camera in this part of the shop" Louis said, pointing towards the camera behind the thief.

"So?"

"So, I saw you put that book down your trousers"

"What book?" He asks, with a failed attempt at acting oblivious.

"Well, the one down your trousers"

"I haven't got a book down my trousers"

Louis tries to stay calm at this point, not wanting to cause a scene, especially in front of one of the most beautiful men to grace his shop standing behind him.

"Right" Louis starts, letting his arms drop to his side "it seems we have a bit of a impasse - I'll tell you what, I'll call the police and what can I say? If I am wrong about the whole book-down-the-trousers scenario then, I really apologise"

"Okay" He said, his eyes wide "say, what if I did have a book down my trousers?"

"Well, ideally, when I went back the counter you'd remove the book from your trousers and either wipe it and put it back or buy it" Louis explained "see you in a second"

Louis turns around, feeling proud of the way he had dealt with it, usually he'd have called the police straight away or called him a thing or two. He returns to his desk, seeing in the monitor as the man rightly places the book back into the shelf. He then returns to drift out the door, looking between both Louis and Harry who is now stood on the other side of the counter.

"Sorry about that" Louis apologises.

"No that's fine, I was going to steal one myself but I think I've changed my mind now" Harry said, a smirk playing on his lips as he flicked through the pages of the book in his hands "signed by the author, I see?"

"Yes, well we couldn't stop him. If you do find an unsigned copy them that would be worth an absolute fortune" Louis jokes, biting down on his bottom lip.

Harry laughed at that, a carefree, heart whelming laugh that warmed Louis.

"Excuse me?" The thief suddenly spoke, Louis had forgotten he was even there - but this time, he was speaking directly to Harry.

"Yes?"

"Can I have your autograph?" He asked, pushing a piece of paper towards her that he would have most likely ripped from one of Louis' books.

Louis quickly passed a pen to Harry who smiled gracefully as he took it.

"What's your name?" He asked, beginning to write on the paper.

"Simon, Simon Cowell" He spoke quickly.
Louis watches as Harry quickly writes and signs of the scruffy piece of paper before placing Louis’ pen back and giving the man named Simon his paper back.

"Thanks" He smiled widely "what does it say?"

"Well, that's the signature" He says, pointing towards the top "and then that, it says Dear Simon, you belong in Jail"

"Nice one" He laughed, obviously "Would you like my number?"

Louis saw Harry try to stifle in a laugh as he turned to the man again.

"Tempting - but no"

The man shrugs, shoving the paper back into his pocket before taking his leave.

"I think I will take this" Harry says, pushing the book Louis claimed as rubbish and a twenty pound note towards him.

"Oh... Right. Well on second thoughts, maybe it wasn't that bad. Actually it's sort of a masterpiece really, none of those childish Turkish kebab stories you get in so many travel books these days" Louis spoke, embarrassing himself further. He quickly grabbed a random book from the side "and I'll throw in one of these for free"

He placed both of them into a bag and pushes it towards Harry who looks at him with a questioning look.

"It's very useful, you know, for lighting fires, wrapping fish and chips, you know that sort of thing” Louis half joked.

"Thank you very much” Harry said gracefully, taking the bag in his hands and placing the sunglasses back over his eyes.

Louis took a step back as he watched him, his flawless posture and figure turning around in one swift movement and his long gorgeous legs walking himself out of the shop like a super model and once he was gone, well, he was gone.

Louis was dazed, completely taken aback by the situation that he had just endured. How was you supposed to act once the biggest movie star in the world waltzed into your shop, bought a boring book and the left? And to make matters worse, he had left the beautiful scent of his Calvin Klein aftershave drifting through the shop.

His daze was cut short as James ran back through the shop door, two small cups in his hands and as ever, a bright smile.

"Cappuccino, as ordered" He said, passing Louis his own cup.

"Thanks. I don't think you'll believe who was just in here” Louis began.

"Who? Someone famous?” James asked excitedly, practically skipping on his feet.

But Louis' innate English natural discretion takes over and he chose against gossiping on this occasion, instead shaking his head.

"No. No one, no one” Louis shrugs.
They both stay silent, sipping on their miniature drinks for a slight second.

"It would be exciting though, wouldn't it? Someone famous coming in the shop? Oh, this is actually exciting really, I once saw Channing Tatum. Well I think it was, it could have been that bloke from 21 jump street"

"Jonah hill?" Louis questioned.

"Yes"

"But Channing Tatum looks nothing like Jonah Hill?"

"No, well he was quite a while away"

"So, it could have been neither of them?" Louis challenged, trying not to laugh.

"Oh" James said, his shoulders dropping "I suppose not"

"Right" Louie said, draining his cup from the last drop of his cappuccino. "Right, shall we have another?"

"Yes - oh wait, no, let's go crazy! I'll have an orange juice" He said with a giddy smile.

It was always lucky that they had an out door coffee shop only a few minutes away in fact just on the other side of Westbourne Park Road. As told, he orders James an orange juice and chooses to do the same for himself - mainly due to the fact it was considerably cheaper.

"Thanks mate" Louis says as he turns around and makes his way back.

He can't help but admire the view today, it seemed like there was considerably more people today than there had been the day previous and the sun, for once, was shining brightly over Notting Hill - it was almost aesthetically pleasing to look at.

But as ever, Louis should learn to not day dream whilst walking. Especially when walking around corners, it was just his luck that he had bumped right into somebody's chest, spilling and wasting the three pound he had spent on those orange juices on somebody else's clothing.

And when Louis saw exactly who he had thrown it over he nearly died, stood there, now covered in orange juice was Harry Styles.

"Oh shit" Harry shouted, standing with his arms wide as he looked at his white shirt.

"Oh fuck, oh my god, I'm sorry, here let me help" Louis blabbered historically as he tried to wipe the shirt with a napkin, getting extremely close to his nipples and wasn't surprised when his hand was swatted away.

"What are you doing?" Harry shouted again, looking at Louis in disbelief.

Louis physically jumps back "nothing, I'm sorry. Look, I live just over the street - you could get cleaned up?"

"No thank you, I need to get my car back"

"I also have a phone? I'm almost confident that in five minutes we can have you spick and span and back on the street again" Louis offered, soon realising what he said as Harry looked at him wide eyed "in the non-prostitute sense, obviously"
Harry turns to look at him, looking extremely exasperated and annoyed but soon let's out a heavy sigh as his shoulders dropped.

"Okay. What does 'just over the street' mean? Give it to me in yards"

"Eighteen yards, if that. My house is just there, the one with the blue door" He said, pointing towards the house literally a few seconds away.

Harry nods, allowing Louis to lead him towards the blue door. He opens it quickly, stepping in and holding it open for him to step in before closing it behind them. Louis silently mumbles a 'fuck' as he sees the mess, he stumbles in further - he kicks some old shoes under the stairs, bins an unfinished pizza box and hides a plate of breakfast which had been left uneaten into a cupboard just a few mere seconds before Harry had stepped into the kitchen behind him.

"It's not that tidy, I'm afraid" Louis shrugs an apology.

He offers an arm for Harry to go ahead as the approach the stair case, they both stand awkwardly in front of one another and Louis can't help but admire his long brown curly locks that fell so beautifully on his shoulders and the cheeky dimple that showed itself with every emotion he felt and Jesus, Louis was fucked.

"Right" Louis says, shaking himself back into sense as he pointed up the stairs "The bathroom is right at the top of the stairs, there's also a phone on the landing"

He nods and slowly heads up stairs, Louis can see him tracing his eyes over everything he can see until he is out of sight and up the second flight of stairs and all Louis can do is kick himself at the state of his home.

Allowing a movie star into a dump of a house like this should have been illegal.

He gets ahead, cleaning the house frantically, throwing everything into cupboards, corners and under the stairs just so it looked slightly more efficient than before. And he had finished just in time to hear the bathroom door open. And when he looks up he sees him, slowly walking down the stairs dressed - mesmerisingly.

He was dressed in tighter jeans than before, his thick thighs practically asking to be bitten and a lace cream shirt that showed everything underneath, including all the tattoos that he had seen inside magazines and posters and Louis was certain that he was drooling.

"Would you like a cup of tea before you leave?" Louis offered, realising he was now stood in front of him again.

"No, thanks" Harry denied gracefully.

"Coffee?"

"No"

"Orange juice? Probably not" He says as he moves to his fridge, opening it and not so surprisingly seeing it nearly empty "something else cold? Coke? Water? Some disgusting sugar drink pretending to have something to do with the fruits of the summer?"

"Really, no" Harry says, shaking his head. A small glimpse of a smile on his lips.

"Well, would you like something to nibble? Apricots soaked in honey? Why? No one knows as it
kind of stops them tasting like of apricots and makes them taste like honey, instead of apricots but
nevertheless - there if you want them"

Harry smiles slightly brighter as he lets out another "no"

"Do you... Say no to everything?"

He pauses, almost like he is searching for an answer as he stares intently at Louis.

"No" He says with a crooked smile "I better be going but thank you for your help"

"You're most welcome and may I say, heavenly" He forces out, he had never been a smooth talking
man "take my one chance to say it, after you've read that book you're most definitely not going to
be coming back to my shop"

Harry smiles at that, wide and chokes out a short laugh and it was adorable.

"Thank you"

"Yes, well" He guides him towards the front door once more "my pleasure"

They stand facing each other once more, only this time standing behind the door rather than the
stairs and Louis kind of hoped this moment would last forever.

"It was nice to meet you" He begins "surreal but nice"

In a slightly awkward moment, he kicks himself mentally as he lets him out of the door and closes
it behind him. He sighs as he falls back onto the blue wood, his head hitting the back.

"Surreal but nice? What was that?" He judges himself under his breath as his head falls into his
hands.

He shakes his head in horror as he lifts his head up again and attempts to walk back down the
corridor towards his kitchen when there is a knock at the door, he turns casually and walks back
towards the door.

"Coming" he shouts as he approaches the door once more and yanks it open. It's him "Oh, hi.
Forget something?"

"I forgot my bag" He says awkwardly.

"Oh right" He says, closing the door behind him and running along the kitchen to grab his bag.
"Saint Laurent, nice"

"Thanks" He says, taking it in his own hand.

And once again, they are stood in that tiny corridor space, the second time saying good bye to one
another and there was a strange feeling of intimacy and before Louis can splutter another good bye,
Harry leans forward and kisses him, total silence, a real sense of the strangeness of the lips, it was
pleasurable at best but those famous lips on his own, was more than unique. They soon part,
breaking away only inches from each other.

"I apologise for the surreal but nice comment, absolute disaster" Louis says as he pulls back.

"Don't worry about it. I thought the honey and apricot business was the real low part" Harry teased.
Louis would have laughed if it wasn't for the clicking of the key in the door and his heart started racing over time as he looked between Harry and the door.

"Oh my god, my flat mate, I'm so sorry. There's no excuse for him" Louis starts as the door barges open and he is pushed behind it as Niall waltzed in.

"Hi" All three of them speak together.

But Niall walks inside, completely unsuspicious about the fact Louis is actually stood in the door way with one of the most famous men in the world.

"I'm just going into the kitchen to get some food and then, I'm going to tell you a story that will make your balls shrink to the size of raisins" Niall announces as he strolls through the corridor and out of sight.

And it was times like these that Louis kind of hoped he had anothe roommate, anyone but him.

"Best not tell anyone - about this" Harry said, gesturing between the two of them.

"Right. No one, I mean, I'll tell myself about it sometimes but don't worry not even I will believe it" Louis half-joked.

"Bye" Harry says with a small smile, reaching out to give Louis' hand a soft squeeze before exiting the door once again.

Once again, Louis falls back against the door but this time feeling ten times more confused and dazed than before. He pushes him back from the door and slowly walks into the kitchen where he finds Niall leaning against their fridge with a pot and spoon in his hands.

"There's something wrong with this yoghurt" Niall states, putting a spoonful in his mouth.

"It's not yoghurt, it's mayonnaise"

"Oh, well there you go" He says, taking another large spoonful, making Louis cringe. "On for a movie fest this evening? I've got some absolute classics for you"

After tracing back to work for several hours, dealing with zero customers, Louis was back at home with Niall. The whole room was dark other than the light from the TV, that was reflecting from his glasses. And of course, of all nights, Niall would chose a classic film including no one other than Mr Harry Styles. It was a black and white film, odd for this time of the century but fitting for him. He couldn't help but admire the way he moved across the screen, reading his lines word for word so effortlessly and beautiful. The only negative being that he was acting with a women rather than a man, but Louis knew that an actor would have to work with all genders when it comes to relationships. And he also knew that Harry Styles was considered straight to the world.

He watches the way Harry's smile graces across his screen, his perfectly white teeth practically lighting the whole room as if he was inside the movie itself.

"Imagine, there's some lucky bird out there that is allowed to kiss him" Niall randomly spurts out.

Louis smiles at that, finding the warmth inside him grow with fondness as he remembers the warmth of that fabulous mans lips on his own.

"Yeah, he's rather fabulous, isn't he?"
Louis and James are quietly co-existing, drifting around the book shop with little errands. It didn't take much to run a book shop that barely anybody knew or cared about, in fact, he didn't even know why he was bothering to stack the shelves with more pointless travel books.

It was natural that on a day to day basis they would encounter at least one annoying customer and today would be that day. Mr Smith, came in every week to ask the same questions over and over.

"Do you have any books by Dickens?" He asks, holding his coat in one hand as he looks around the shop.

"No, we're a travel book shop. We only sell travel books" Louis speaks slowly, hoping he would understand.

"Oh, what about that new EL James book?"

"Well, no, that's a novel too"

"Have you got a copy of Winnie the Pooh?"

Louis pauses, his tolerance level at a very low stage at this moment in time. He simply drops the books in his hands and turns away from him.

"James, your customer" He shouts, walking towards the window to try and calm himself from throwing a travel book right at his head in hopes it would give him some sort of sense.

As Louis looks up, at that very moment his entire view is blocked by the huge side of a bus, obscuring the light and entirely covered with a portrait of Harry from his new film Fifty Shades of Grey and he has to admire the way he looks in that suit.

He watches as the bus drifts away and his shoulders slump as he turns back to the situation behind him.

After six antagonising hours at work, he is walking up the stairs of his terraced house only to pause as he sees Niall walk past him dressed in a full body scuba diving suit.

"Hey" Niall says casually as he walks past him, a cigarette hanging from his mouth.

"Hi?"

He continues his walk up the stairs until he is on the balcony, a fresh pot of tea already being brewed by Niall. He takes his normal seat, the perfect space so he can see right over Notting Hill and into central London. He loved living here really, even with Niall who was enough to drive him completely mad.

Niall soon joined him, sitting on the brick wall with the same cigarette hanging from his lips. Louis' eyes drift from the view to Niall, his cup of tea in between both of his hands as he took in the sight in front of him.

"Just incidentally - why are you wearing that?" Louis finally asked.

"Uhm - combination of reasons actually, I had no clean clothes"

"There never will be, you know. Until you actually clean your clothes"
"Right, vicious circle. I was rooting through your things and found this and I thought, wow, kind of spacey"

"Right" Louis nodded, deciding against bringing up the matter that he was going through his things.

"There's something wrong with these goggles though" Niall said, bringing them to his eyes as he squinted through them.

"No, they were prescription, so I could see the fish properly" Louis explained, moving his eyes to the newspaper that was sitting in his lap.

"Groovy" Niall said, blowing the smoke from his cigarette up into the goggles so that they fogged up.

"Right, yes, so any messages?"

"Yeah, I wrote a couple down"

"Two? That's it?" Louis asked, placing the newspaper back onto the table.

"You want me to write down all of your messages?" Niall questioned.

Louis closes his eyes in exasperation "Okay, so who were the messages from? The ones you didn't write down"

"Ah let's see" Niall began, crossing his legs over as he scrunched his eyes together in concentration "no, gone completely - wait, actually there was one from your mum, she said don't forget lunch and her legs hurting again"

"Right. No one else?"

"Absolutely not" Niall shook his head as he leant back on the wall and crossed his arms over his chest "although, if we're going for the obsessive writing-down-messages thing. Some guy called Harry called a few days ago"

Louis freezes, his eyes wide as he turned to Niall.

"What did he say?" He pushed, leaning forward in his chair.

"Well it was genuinely bizarre" He began, frowning his eyes "he said, call me at the ritz and then gave himself a completely different name"

"Which was?"

"Absolutely no idea. Remembering one name is hard enough"

Louis wastes absolutely no time in running back down the stairs onto the second floor and grabbing the phone from its holder, he has the yellow pages on his lap as he searches for the number, he sat for a good fifteen minutes in search whilst Niall did nothing but sit on the sofa and giggle about the fogging of the goggles every time he blew the smoke inside of them.

But eventually, he had found the number and was holding the phone to his ear.

"Hello?" Louis rushed to say as the line opened.
"May I help you sir?"

"Right, look, this is a very odd situation. I'm a friend of Harry Styles and he rang me at home the day before yesterday and left a message saying he is with you"

"I'm sorry sir, we have nobody under that name staying with us"

"Right, yes, I know that. He said he is using another name but the problem is that he left that message with my flat mate, which was a mistake" Louis spoke, leaning his head in his hands "imagine if you will, the stupidest person you have ever met. Are you doing that?"

"Yes sir, I have him in mind"

"And then double it and that is what is, the what can I call it, git that I am living with and he cannot remember..."

"Try flintstone" Niall interjected.

Louis frowned, holding the phone to his chest "What?"

"I think he said her name was flintstone"

"Does flintstone mean anything to you?" Louis asks, holding the phone to his ear once again with a nervous glare at Niall.

"I'll put you right through, sir"

"Wow" Louis says, sitting up straight as he begins to practice what he will say "Hi, Hello, hey, howdy...

"Hi"

"Oh, hi" He coughs out "Hi, it's Louis Tomlinson. I, uhm, work in a book shop in Notting Hill?"

"You played it pretty cool here, waiting for three days to call" Harry teased, his voice light and carefree.

"No, I can promise you I have never played anything cool in my entire life. Niall, who I will stab to death later never gave me the message" Louis tries to explain.

"Oh, okay"

"Perhaps I could drop round for tea or something?" Louis embarrassingly suggested, almost hitting himself.

"Yeah. Unfortunately things are going to be a bit crazy but sure, let's give it a try. Four o clock could be good?"

"Right, great. I'll, see you then" He says and hangs up immediately, leaving himself bewildered at why didn't give them a chance to say good bye "I'm tragic"

---

Central London was a sight, it was much different to the likes of Notting Hill that Louis had become accustomed to - even though it was in the same borough.
Louis approached the lift inside the Ritz with a five pound bouquet of flowers that he managed to bargain from a man on the streets, once the door opens he takes a step in being followed by a taller man, clearly a journalist from the notepad and recorder in his hands that Louis spotted.

"Which floor?" Louis asked.

"Four"

Louis nods, pushing the button and leaning against the back of the lift as the doors close. He was feeling immensely worked up by this point, his nerves sending his body into a frenzy.

The door opens shortly after and Louis takes a step out, noticing how the man follows him. He frowns down at the door number written across his palm and turns to the left towards room thirty five and he can't help but find it odd that the man was following his every step, right down the corridor. They both stop outside the door number and Louis looks up at the man and then back down at his hand, to say he was slightly puzzled was an understatement.

"Are you sure you...?" Louis asks.

"Yes" He answers with a nod.

"Right"

Louis lifts his hand slowly as he knocks on the door, letting it drop to his side as he peers between the man and the door and soon enough a very well trailered man comes to the door with a wide smile yet tired look spread across his face.

"Hello, I'm Oli. Sorry things are running a bit late. Here, here's the thing" He says, passing them both a very slick, expensively produced press kit with no one other than Harry sprawled out across the front cover.

Louis goes to argue but finds himself mute, simply following the other gentlemen into the room, following his every step as they make their way through the suite. He's not surprised to find people sitting and standing around, all of them holding their own equipment and most talking away on their phones.

"What did you think of the film?" Oli asks both Louis and the other man.

"Marvellous. A story of love and hate with a twist of fantasy involved" The other spoke enthusiastically. "Oscar winning"

They both turn to Louis who at this point is so frazzled he's unsure what exactly is going on, even slightly unsure where he is.

"I agree" He quickly replies.

"I'm sorry, I didn't get what magazines you are from?"

"Time out" The other bloke states and Louis watches as Oli writes it down.

"And you?"

"Uhm" He freezes, somehow finding it near impossible to think of a magazine name that would have not already been used, his eyes scan frantically across the room until they find what they were looking for. "Horse and hound?"
"Great, if you just wait out here you'll be called in shortly"

"Actually" Louis says, grabbing him by his arm gently "My name is Louis Tomlinson, I think Harry may be expecting me"

"I'll check, please take a seat"

Louis nods, following the other man's pace as they sit beside each other against the wall in the corridor.

"I'm Robin, by the way" He introduced himself.

"Louis" He nodded.

"You bought him flowers?"

"Uhm" Louis starts and stops, trying to think of anything that would make this less of a bad situation than it really was "no, they're for my grandmother. She's in hospital near by, thought I'd kill two birds with one stone"

"I'm sorry. Which hospital?"

He was in trouble, the names of near by hospitals seemed to slip his mind entirely.

"Do you mind me not saying? It's just a rather distressing disease and the name of the hospital gives it away"

He mentally kicked himself for that one, that was worse than the surreal but nice comment.

"Oh sure, of course" Robin nods.

"Mr Tomlinson?" Oli's voice lights the room.

Saved by the bell.

Louis nods a short good bye to Oli and stands to his feet, taking a deep breath before following him through the hallway. His heart beat suddenly ten times faster than it had been before.

"You've got five minutes" Oli said as they stood in front of the grand golden doors.

He holds the door open for him and Louis slowly slides himself in the door way, seeing nothing but absolute glory as the door closes behind him. The room is grand, flowers covering every inch of the room, gloriously colour coded together and then there was the best sight of all. Harry stood staring out of the window, his hands on his hips and looking radiant. Louis couldn't help but admire the bun his hair was suddenly sitting in and the way his trousers made his arse look amazing.

"Hi" Louis coughs out, gaining Harry's attention.

The front view was even better, the emerald eyes hooking Louis further than he knew was already possible. The suit was just as beautiful from the front, a red rose as a dickie bow was placed at the top of his practically see through shirt and it was magnifying.

"Hello" Harry said, his smile wide and his eyes glistening against the sun that shone through the window.
"I bought these" Louis begins, gesturing the flowers in his hand that seemed even worse now "But clearly..."

"Oh no" Harry rushes out as he approaches Louis, taking the flowers in his own hands and looking at them with a soft smile "these are wonderful"

To say there was a fair amount of tension would be an understatement, Louis was aware that he didn't really know this man. In fact, all he knew of him was that he had a liking for travel books and had happened to kiss him the first and last time they saw one another.

"I'm sorry about not calling back" Louis begins as he follows Harry towards the couch "the whole two-names concept was too much for my idiot roommates pea sized intellect"

"Oh no, don't worry about it. It's a stupid privacy thing, I always chose a cartoon character. The last time I was Mr Bambi"

Louis laughed, his eyes lighting up as Harry joined him and just as he was about to offer him a proposition the door opened behind him and they were no longer alone. It was a man he had seen with Harry before on the TV, his publicist.

"Everything okay?" He asked, rummaging around in some papers that lay against the dressing table.

"Yes, thanks" Harry nods.

"And you're from the Horse and Hound magazine?" He asks again.

"Yes" Louis quickly responds, remembering his lie.

"Is that so?" Harry's eyes lit up with his smug smile that spread across his lips.

Louis shrugs his shoulders, his eyes wide as he struggles to figure out what to do. It only makes matters worse as his publicist sits behind them at a desk, clearly engrossed in some sort of work. He knew he had to play the part but he had never been very good at acting, he remembered when he auditioned for Peter Pan in his school production and ended up as a tree.

"Right, I'll just fire away then" Louis says.

Harry nods, leaning against the back of the sofa and crossing his legs over with an intrigued look on his face.

"Right... The film, it was great, really great. I was just wondering if you ever thought about adding more horses?"

"Well we would have liked to, obviously, however it was rather difficult as it was based mainly around two people having sex a lot. Horses in the room wouldn't have been very... Fitting"

"Obviously. Very difficult" Louis says, wanting to curl up in a ball and hate himself for a few hours.

He opens his mouth to say whatever comes to his mind first but is thankfully graced as Harry's publicist leaves.

Louis' head drops to his hands immediately with a rather loud groan.

"I'm sorry" Louis says as he lifts his head "I arrived outside and they thrust this thing in my
hands and I didn't know what to do"

"No, it's my fault, I thought this would all be over by now" Harry says gracefully as he leans forward slightly "I guess I called because I kind of wanted to apologise for the whole kissing thing. I seriously don't know what got into me, I just wanted to make sure you were okay with it?"

"I'm absolutely fine about it, in fact..."

He was interrupted, again. As the publicist walks into the room again, seriously, what did this man need so badly for him to keep appearing inside this room? It was like he hated Louis, that's what he believed.

"Do remember that Mr Styles is also keen to talk about his next project which will be shooting later this summer"

"Oh yes - excellent. Will there be any horses or hounds for that matter? Our readers are equally fond of both" Louis babbled out.

"It takes place on a submarine"

"Yes. Right... If there were horses would you be riding them yourself or would you be getting a horse stunt double sort of thing?"

Louis let's out his breath as the publicist leaves again and he can finally breathe. He lets out a shaky laugh at himself and his inability to talk normally.

"I'm a complete dickhead" Louis splurges a strange apology "sorry, this is the sort of thing that happens in dreams, not in real life. Good dreams, obviously - it's a dream to even see you again"

"And what happens next in the dream?" Harry asks, cocking an eyebrow as he looks straight at Louis with a questioning look. Louis sees this as a challenge.

"Well, I suppose in the dream scenario, I just... Change my entire personality, as you can do that in dreams and I would simply kiss the boy"

Louis is shocked to see the short smile appear on Harry's lips and even more taken back as he moves forward, shuffling his long body towards Louis and all he could do was follow his actions. His heart was racing and his head was fuzzy, he wasn't even sure if this was a reality anymore, this was certainly a dream.

And just as he felt Harry's hot breath against his own the door widened again and they quickly shot back from one another.

"Sorry, times up I'm afraid. Did you get what you wanted?"

"Nearly" Louis says, never taking his eyes from Harry's.

"Maybe one last question?" He offers with a smile as he exits the room one last time.

"Are you busy tonight?" Louis confidently asks, practically shouting it.

"Yes" Harry responds quickly.

They simply look at each other until the publicist walks in again but this time with another journalist behind him. They stand up in front of one another and shake hands, lingering slightly longer than they should be.
"Well, it was nice to meet you. Surreal but nice" Harry mocks, trying to stifle in the smirk that was growing on his lips.

"Thank you. You are Horse and Hounds favourite actor, you and black beauty are tied for number one"

Louis leaves with one last smile, his brain running with scenarios that probably should have happened but he was far too much of a pussy to actually do. The worst part of it all was that he wasn't actually sure if he'd ever see the green eyed beauty again, at least not in the flesh.

"How was he?" Robin pops up from around the corridor.

"Fabulous" He replies honestly.

"Wait a minute - he took your grandmas flowers?"

There's no way out of this one.

"Yeah, that's right" Louis says, acting like he was genuinely upset "such a bitch"

He turns away, in hopes that he can turn around and go back to his dreary house in Notting Hill and complain about how little money he really is making but instead he is bombarded by Oli who is suddenly stood right in his view.

"If you'd like to come with me, I can rush you through the others" He says, ushering for Louis to follow.

"The others?" Louis questioned, eyes wide as he tried to understand.

He followed nevertheless until they reached another large door, Louis was unsure where exactly this would lead him to. That was until Oli announced him.

"Mr Tomlinson here, from Horse and hound"

Louis looked through the door to see a man who looked in his mid forties sat in a chair with the poster of the movie behind him. Of course, now he's started this he has to finish this.

He walks in and shakes the mans hand, not recognising him in the slightest.

"Pleasure to meet you" He says and gestures for Louis to sit across from him, so he does. "Did you enjoy the film?"

"Ah, yes, enormously"

"Well fire away"

"Right, did you enjoy making the film?"

"I did"

"Any part in particular?"

"Well, how about you tell me which part you liked best and I'll tell you if I enjoyed making it" He challenged.

"Right, uhm, I liked the bit in space very much. Did you enjoy making that part?"
This was going to be a very long day.

After three agonising hours, interviewing extremely famous names and making an absolute fool of himself he is finally released from his final room feeling - tired. He can't help but think about how good a cup of tea would be right now but as ever, as he walks through the hall crowded by camera crews and journalists he is stopped once more by Oli.

"Mr Tomlinson?"

"Yes?" He says wearily.

"Have you got a moment?"

"No" Louis answers but by the look on Oli's face it would seem he didn't have much choice in that matter anyway.

His shoulders slumped as he followed after him once again, only this time he noticed he was making his way to the two golden doors he had visited first and his spirits lightened up slightly as they knock on the door.

"Come in" and he recognises that voice.

Louis enters through the door, seeing Harry less dressed up than before. His hair now hanging by his shoulders and his rose pulled from his neck so his shirt lay open for his tattoos and gloriously tanned skin to be seen and Louis nearly fainted just from the sight. The door closes behind him and suddenly they're alone again.

"So, that thing I was doing tonight - I'm not doing anymore. I told them I had to spend the evening with Britain's premier equestrian journalist"

"Oh well, great, perfect" and Louis eyes had lit up for a slight second then before realisation came crashing down on him "Oh shit, buggar, fuck, it's my sisters birthday. We're meant to be having dinner"

"Okay, fine"

"But no, I'm sure I can get out of it"

"No, I mean, if that's fine with you then I'll, you know, be your date" Harry suggests.

"You'll be my date to my little sisters birthday party?"

"If that's alright?"

"I'm sure it's more than alright" Louis says plainly "although, my friend Liam is cooking and he's acknowledged to be the worst cook in the world but you know, you could hide the food in your pockets"

"Okay"

"Okay" Louis says again.

---

Louis and Harry were walking alongside one another as they approached Louis' friends house, he was trying his absolute hardest not to just stare at Harry and drool over how fucking good he
looked. Nobody should be dressed like that. It wasn't much different to usual except the buttons on his shirt were much lower than usual, his tattoos seemed to draw Louis in the most. Even though he had his own, Harry's just seemed much more interesting. And he was certain Harry was wearing some sort of light make up because his eyelashes were so long, they actually fluttered against his cheek every time he looked over at him. But nevertheless, he was the definition of beauty.

---

"He's being a boy?" Liam asked, staring at Zayn like had just spoken a different language.

"Miracles do happen" Zayn smirked.

"Does that boy have a name?"

"He wouldn't say" Zayn shrugged.

"Christ, what is going on in there?" Liam shouted as he ran to the oven that was currently smoking into the kitchen and as he opened it he was faced with the mess.

The door bell rang and Liam looked between Zayn and the oven before throwing his hands in the air and running off through the kitchen and into the hall towards the door. He opens it and turns around, rushing back towards the kitchen.

"Come in. Vague food crisis"

Louis looks at Harry and then towards the corridor, shrugging his shoulders as he guided him inside the house and closing the door behind them. As they walk into the living room they are greeted by Zayn, Louis as ever reached down and kissed him on the cheek.

"Hiya, sorry, the Guinea fowl is seeming more complicated than expected" he explained.

"He's cooking Guinea fowl?" Louis asked, looking absolutely disgusted.

"Don't ask" He rolled his eyes.

"Hi" Harry said, trying to introduce himself.

"Hi, oh good lord" Zayn's eyes widened as he looked at Harry "you're the spitting image of..."

"Zayn, this is Harry" Louis interrupted, placing an arm around Harry's back.

"Right" Zayn nodded, simply taking it in his stride although the look in his eyes was enough to tell Louis that they would talk about this later.

There was a slight second before they heard the oven door shut and saw Liam's head rise from the stove.

"Okay crisis over" Liam sighed as he stood in front of Louis "Alright, shitbrick?"

"Liam this is Harry" Louis introduced.

Liam nodded, realising how rude he was being and traced over to Harry taking his hand in his own.

"Hello Harry... Styles" His eyes widened once he had realised, the second name coming out like a second nature. "Wine?"
"Please" Harry said with a short laugh.

As Liam passes Harry a glass of wine the doorbell goes off again, like on cue, he quickly shoots back out of the door and heads to the front door revealing Lottie. Louis' little sister, who's hair was a strange red colour for today's festivities.

"Hi" Liam says, trying to rush her in.

She stands at the door way, leaning against the frame like she is posing and it takes a few seconds for him to realise that she's showing off her new dress.

"Yes, very nice. Happy Birthday" He says, kissing her cheek briefly and letting her through the door.

"Look" he begins as he closes the door "your brother has brought someone and...

He had no time to finish as she shot through the door, he can do nothing but race after her in hopes that she won't embarrass herself completely.

"Hi guys, the birthday girl is here" She announces as she steps in. But once she catches eyes on Harry her mouth widens "Holy shit"

"Lotts, this is Harry. Harry this is Lottie, my little sister" Louis tries to introduce.

"Hello" Harry says politely.

"Oh wow, this is one of those key moments in life" Lottie says, taking Harry's hands in her own "when it's possible that you can be really really cool and I'm going to fail one hundred percent. I totally and utterly adore you and I think you're the most beautiful man in the world. And more importantly I genuinely believe and have believed for some time that we could be best friends. What do you think?"

"Uhm... I think that sounds, you know, lucky me" He says, smiling awkwardly and handing a present over to her "Happy Birthday"

"Oh my god. Harry Styles gave me a birthday present. We're best friends already, marry Louis and then we can be sisters" She spoke far too excitedly.

"I'll think about it" Harry winked playfully.

The door bell rings as if on cue.

"That'll be Paddy" Liam says as he excused himself and heads to the door once again.

"Hello Pad" Liam says as he opens the door for Paddy to walk in, who is currently arms deep in paper work and a gift hanging from under his elbow.

"I'm sorry i'm late, I bollocked up at work again, I fear. Millions down the drain"

Liam closes the door, keeping a close eye on him as they walked together into the kitchen where the others were all still stood together.

"Paddy, this is Harry"

"Hello Harry, pleasure to meet you" He says, not recognising him in the slightest and instead just shaking his hand and turning to the others.
"Lottie, darling. Happy birthday to you" He says, singing the one line of the song and passing her his gift "it's a hat, you don't have to wear it or anything"

Louis leaves Harry in Lotties hands as he moves to the kitchen area to help Liam place the plates.

"You haven't slept with him, have you?"

"That is a cheap question and of course the answer is no comment"

"No comment means yes"

"No it doesn't" Louis argued.

"Do you ever wank?"

"Definitely no comment"

"You see, it means yes" Liam smirked, elbowing him playfully.

"Twat"

"So, tell me Harry, what do you do?" Paddy asks Harry as he sits beside him on the sofa.

"I'm an actor" He speaks slowly, slightly shocked that he doesn't recognise him.

"Splendid" Paddy says with a genuine smile "I've done a few acting jobs in the past, of course all amateur but it doesn't pay very well does it? It's a pretty tough job, I mean, the wages are a scandal"

"They can be" Harry nods, sipping his wine.

"I see friends from university, clever chaps, been in the business probably longer than you. They're scraping on six, seven thousand a year, it's no life. What sort of acting do you do?"

"Films, mainly" Harry plays along.

"Oh splendid, well done. How's the pay in movies? I mean, last film you did, how much did you make?"

"Well, fifteen million pounds"

"Right" Paddy says, his wine spitting from his mouth in shock, mainly over Harry's face "that's fairly on the good side"

"We're ready" Liam announces, saving Paddy from more embarrassment.

"I wonder if someone could show me where the lady's room is?" Harry asks, standing to his feet.

Of course Lottie offers, standing to her feet instantly to grab Harry's hand and pull him through to the corridor again. There's a moment of silence before they all huddle around Louis.

"Quickly, quickly? Talk very quickly" Liam says in a hushed tone "What the fuck are you doing with Harry Styles?"

"Harry Styles?" Paddy spits as he realises, his eyes wide as he points between Louis and the space behind him "what?!"

"Yes" Liam says, frowning at his friend.
"The movie star?"

"Yes" The three others speak together.

"Oh god, Oh god, oh gosh God" Paddy rambles, realisation of his past conversation.

"I don't believe it" Lottie says as she walks back through the room "I walked into the loo with him. I was still talking when he was unbuckling his belt, he had to ask me leave"

They all burst into hushed laughter, each of them trying not to loud with humility. All of them had made an absolute fool of themselves in front of the worlds most famous movie star.

It's only half an hour later when they are all sat around the table, drinking wine and trying their best to stomach the horrible food that Liam had attempted to cook.

"What did you think of the Guinea fowl?" Zayn asked Harry, sipping on his wine.

"Oh... I'm a vegetarian" Harry admitted in a hushed tone, just enough for Louis to hear but not loud enough for Liam.

"Oh god"

Moving on through their evening, it's very relaxed as they eat dinner and socialise. The evening is going extremely well and Harry sits with a glass of wine in his hands as he admires the scene in front of him, everyone enjoying themselves, so carefree and enjoying their time together in a small common house in Notting Hill. He admires how happy they are as they stay in each other's company and can't help but be envious of them all.

"Having you here Harry, establishes what I've long expected that we really are the most desperate lot of under achievers" Liam says, sitting back in his chair.

"Shame!" Paddy shrugs.

"Not saying it's a bad thing, In fact, I think it's something we should take pride in" Liam says, pulling the plate with the last brownie closer to him "I am going to give the last brownie as a prize to the saddest act here"

"Paddy" Louis says with a laugh.

"Well obviously it's me" Paddy says, with a sigh "isn't it? I work in the city in a job that I don't understand and everyone keeps getting promoted above me. And I haven't had a girlfriend since puberty... And well the long short of it is, nobody fancies me and if these cheeks get any chubbier nobody will"

"Nonsense, I fancy you" Lottie admitted "at least I did, before you got so fat"

"You see, unless I'm mistaken your job still pays you a lot of money" Liam begins "whilst Lottie here, she earns nothing flogging her guts out at London's seediest store"

"Yes and I don't have hair, I have feathers" Lottie says, pulling at the ends of her hair "and I've got funny goggly eyes and I'm attracted to cruel men and no one will ever marry me because my boobs keep shrinking"

"You see - very sad" Liam says, with a smile.

"On the other hand, her best friend is Harry Styles" Zayn joked.
"That's true. He needs me, what can I say?" Lottie says through a choked laugh.

"And most of her limbs work" Zayn continues, gesturing down to his none functioning legs that are stuck in the wheel chair he is sat on "whereas I am stuck in this thing day and night in a house full of ramps. And to add insult to injury, I've totally given up smoking, my favourite thing to do. And the truth is, I, we can't have a baby"

The room stayed silent at that point, just eyes on Liam's hand as it reached over to take Zayn in his.

"Surely that's worth the brownie?" Zayn asks, staring at the brownie like it was gods gift.

"Well, I don't know, look at Louis" Liam says, gaining all eyes on Lou "very unsuccessful professionally. Divorced. Used to be handsome, now kind of squidgy around the edges - and absolutely certain not to hear from Harry again after he finds out his nickname at school was Boo Bear"

The group lifts into laughter, like a private joke and all Harry can do is smile and find it utterly adorable.

"So I get the brownie, right?" Louis asked.

"I think you do, yes" Liam nods as Louis reaches out for the brownie.

"Wait a minute. What about me?" Harry asks, his eyebrows scrunched together.

"I'm sorry? You think you deserve the brownie?" Liam asks in utter disbelief.

"Well... A shot at it?"

"You'll have to prove it" Louis said "this is a great brownie and I'm going to fight for it. State your claim"

"Well, I've been on a diet since I was fourteen which basically means I've been hungry for a decade" He began "I've had a string of not so nice relationships, one of whom hit me; and every time my heart gets broken it gets splashed across the newspapers as entertainment. Meanwhile it cost millions to get me looking like this"

"Really?" Lottie asked, eyes wide.

Harry nods, pointing to his chin with a smile and then his nose before hiding his hand in his lap with a wink.

"Really and one day not long from now" He says as the quiet settles across the table, as he finds the guts to open up to complete strangers "my looks will go, they will find out I can't act and I'll become a middle aged man who looks a bit like someone who was famous for a while"

It silent when he finishes, all of their eyes drifting around at each other hoping that some body would say something and hope that something would be right.

"Ah, nice try gorgeous but you don't fool anyone" Liam says loudly with a laugh.

The mood instantly lightens as everyone laughs along with one another and Louis looks genuinely happy with his friend.

"Pathetic attempt to hog the brownie" Louis says, taking the brownie from the plate.
The evening is short lived, as the clock strikes ten it seems that Louis is ready to leave and he and Harry are putting on their coats and saying good bye.

"That was such a great evening" Harry spoke genuinely.

"I'm delighted" Liam says, chuffed with himself, most likely going to brag about it for the rest of his life.

Liam holds his hand out to shake Harry's however Harry leans over and kisses him gently on the cheek and Liam actually stumbles back with joy, a giddy smile on his face and rosy cheeks which Louis would tease him for tomorrow.

"And may I say, that is a gorgeous tie"

"Now you're lying" Liam called her bluff.

"You're right" Harry forced a sigh as he turned around and walked towards Zayn "I told you I was bad at acting"

"It was lovely to meet you" Zayn said reaching his arms up to hook them around Harry's shoulders.

"And you" Harry nodded, kissing him on the cheek.

"I'll wait till you're gone before I tell Liam you're a vegetarian" Zayn says, pulling away from him. Liam's face was a picture, utter shock and disgust in himself as he looked at him. All Harry could do was shrug an apology.

"Night, night honey" Harry says, embracing Lottie in his arms.

"Listen, ring me if you ever want to go shopping! I know some great cheap places, not that you need cheap... It was lovely to meet you"

"You to - from now on, you're my style guru" Harry says gracefully.

Louis and Harry head out, Louis' arm around Harry's waist as they stand in the door way.

"I love your work" Paddy tries one final time to save some of his dignity.

Harry mutters a thank you and let's Louis lead him out of the door, they both wave until the door is closed behind them. As soon as they do, they hear the array of screaming and laughter beyond the other side of the door. Harry turns around with a giggle, a glorious, carefree giggle.

"Sorry. They always do that when I leave"

Harry nods a 'sure' as he follows Louis back up the street on Notting Hill, walking side by side in the silent streets that earlier would have been jam packed. Louis could smell Harry's expensive aftershave still laying against his designer clothes and his gorgeous neck.

"Boo bear, huh?"

"It's something my mum called me" Louis tried to explain "it's confusing"

"Why is he in a wheelchair?"

"Zayn? He had an accident about eighteen months ago"
"And the baby thing? Is that to do with that as well?"

"You know, I'm not sure. I don't think they had tried for kids before, I mean, they'd have to go through Ivf with another woman so I'm sure they could use Liam but as fate would have it, I think Zayn just wishes for his own child"

Harry nods, not wanting to pressure into the personal talk. He knows better. Instead, they stay in silence, enjoying the cold English air and the clear night sky and the swift sounds of Central London moving around their tiny little village.

"Would you... My house it's just over there?" Louis kind of suggests.

"Too complicated" Harry speaks quickly.

"Yes, that's fine" Louis nods, kicking himself for even asking.

"Busy tomorrow?" Harry asks, turning to face Louis.

"I thought you were leaving?"

"I was" Harry said, biting down on his bottom lip as he skips ahead of Louis.

Louis catches up, skipping by his side as if they were in a scene from Mary Poppins and he had to be envious of Harry's energy.

"What's in there?" Harry asked, coming to a halt outside a large flowered gate.

"Gardens" Louis said simply, standing beside him.

"Let's go in" Harry says with an eager smile.

"Ah no, that's the point of the gate I'm afraid, they're private gardens and only the people who live around around can visit them"

"You abide by the rules?" Harry smirks.

The look on his face makes it clear that he is waiting for a decent answer from Louis and honestly he doesn't know what to say.

"Fuck no, other people do but not me" Louis says proudly, also lying through his teeth "I do what I want"

He rolls the sleeves of his blue sweater up his arms and walks up to the gate, he looks it up and down trying to find a way to climb up the gate and instead of spending more time staring at it, he decides to just - go for it.

His hands reach out and he rattles the gate, hearing how unsteady it was and he knew this was an awful idea. He holds a strong grip on the gate as he lifts his foot and tries to grip it onto the hook but doesn't quite make it and falls back.

"Whoopsie Daisy" He says.

"What did you just say?" Harry asked, covering his mouth with his hand to stop himself from laughing.

"Nothing" Louis says, frozen.
"Yes you did"

"No I didn't"

"You said whoopsie daisy" Harry says, a large squeak of a laugh escaping him.

"No, I don't think so. No one says whoopsie daisy, do they? Unless they're -"

"There's no unless. No one has said whoopsie daisy for fifty years and even then the only people who said it were little girls with blonde pig tails"

"Exactly" Louis says, attempting to climb again "Here we go"

He falls again and unfortunately and once again the words leave his lips "whoopsie daisy"

They look at each other as Harry tries not to cry with laughter.

"It's a disease I've got, it's a clinical thing, I'm taking pills and having injections. It won't last too long" He bluffed.

"Step aside Boo bear" Harry says, standing ahead of Louis and eyeing the gate.

He starts the same as Louis however this time he manages to climb up, his foot on the top of the gate.

"Actually be careful" Louis says warily "it's harder than it actually looks"

But as he ends the sentence, Harry had already jumped onto his feet on the other side.

"Actually it's not hard at all, clearly" Louis says, rolling his eyes.

"Come on, Boo" Harry shouts from the other side of the garden.

Louis does climb over, but he clambers over with great difficult and actually ends up falling on his arse rather than his feet. For the first time in his life, he was thankful for his big arse. He stands to his feet, brushing off the dust and dirt from his knees and arse and heads towards where Harry stood staring at the garden.

"Seriously, what the fuck is so special about this garden that made any of that ordeal worth it?"

And louis was silenced, silenced by Harry's warm lips moulding over his own. His lips fighting with Louis' for dominance but who was Louis to argue with him? He bowed down, letting Harry's tongue find his own as they deepened their kiss into absolute serenity and Louis thought he was floating that was until Harry pulled back, resting his forehead on his for a slight second before pulling back and beginning to walk away.

"Great garden" Louis said, practically tripping over his feet to follow him.

The walked around the large garden, Louis' arm hooked inside Harry's and the garden was like a moonlit dream, the area being lit by the lights around the houses that looked down on them and the fairy lights against the fence that had been left from a garden party of some sort. And it was beautiful.

They stop in front a wooden bench, Harry removes his arm from Louis as he approaches it, running his fingers over the silver plate screwed into it.
"For June, who loved this garden. From Joseph, who always say beside her" Harry read, his voice soft and caring "some people really do spend their whole lives together"

Louis nods, in awe of Harry and his heart that seemed big enough for two people. Harry sits down on the bench, his hands either side of him as if he feels every emotion that went into the bench.

"Will you sit with me?" Harry asks, his voice choked and his eyes pleading. And who was Louis to deny that?

So he did, he sat beside Harry on that bench with their fingers interlinked and sat in silence just admiring one another's company and feeling the warmth from one another.

---

Harry did stay, in fact he stayed for a few days. The day after Louis had been running around all morning looking for glasses, in fact a good hour he had spent. He was left with no more than fifteen minutes to go before he had to leave and meet Harry at the cinema. After Niall not helping in any way at all he had no choice but to wear his prescription goggles, he did look look like a prick, Harry did laugh at him over and over again every time he looked at him during the movie and he also teased him for it right up until they reached the restaurant Louis had chosen.

And there they were, sat at dinner talking about Louis' failed love life.

"So, who left who?" Harry asked, leaning against his hands with his elbows propped onto the table.

"He left me" Louis admitted.

"Why?"

"He saw through me"

"Oh no, that's not good" Harry said, cocking an eyebrow.

"No, no it's not but..." He was interrupted as he heard Harry's name being said from the table behind them.

"No, no, give me Harry Styles any day" One person said, overly loud.

Louis and Harry both look at each other, wide eyes and small smiles on their faces.

"Nah, I didn't like that last movie of his. Fell asleep the moment the lights went down"

Harry rolls his eyes with a silent giggle.

"Don't care what his films are like, any film with him in is good enough for me"

"Drug induced I hear, that Harry Styles, I believe he's probably in rehab as we speak"

"Who cares? He's clearly up for it"

Harry's twinkle in his eye suddenly drifts, his eyes never reach Louis' after that and instead concentrate on the plate on the table in front of him.

"You know, some lads, they're all like 'oh no, stay away from me. But we both know he's a bit on the puff side, most actors are prostitutes anyway, I'd fuck him, I wouldn't pay more than a hundred. Cheap fuck, I'd say"
"And Harry styles is definitely that type of actor and I would definitely behind him over a table and fuck him"

"That's it" Louis said, slamming his napkin onto the table and standing to his feet.

He gets up and goes around the corner to the group of men and woman all sat around in a circular table, laughing and joking.

"Hey chaps, I'm sorry to disturb you guys"

"Can I help you?" The chubbier man asks.

"Well yes, I wish I hadn't heard your conversation but I did and I think, you know, the person you're talking about is actually a real person and I think he deserves a little bit more consideration and respect, rather than you idiots drooling over him"

"Oh sod off mate, what are you, her dad?"

Harry suddenly appears at his side, not showing his face as he grabs Louis' arm and pulls him to follow him.

"I'm sorry" Louis weakly apologises.

"No, that's fine. I appreciate and love that you tried. I should have done it" He says as walks quickly towards the front door but something in him clicks and suddenly he comes to a halt "In fact - hold on"

He turns around, lacing his fingers through his hair to push it off his face as he heads back to their table.

"Hi" he says, slamming both hands on the table.

"Oh my god" The chubby ones speaks again, his fork dropping from his hand.

"I'm sorry about my friend - he's very sensitive" Harry said, tilting his head to the side.

"No, no, look I'm sorry" He begins to apologise.

"Please, let's leave it at that. I'm sure you meant no harm and I'm sure it was just friendly banter and I'm sure your dicks are all the size of peanuts. Perfect match for all of your brains. You should try the steak it's to die for" Harry says with a wink before turning around walking towards Louis who is smiling bewildered.

"I shouldn't have done that" Harry says as they trail towards the Ritz.

"No, you were brilliant"

"I'm rash and I'm stupid. And what am I doing with you?" Harry says, turning to look at him.

"I really don't know" Louis admits.

"No, me neither" Harry says, looking up at the building and then at Louis. "Well, here we are"

"Yeah, here we are"

"Yeah... Do you want to come up?"
"There seems to be a lot of reasons why I shouldn't" Louis babbles.

"There are a lot of reasons" Harry nods, having a second of silence "So, do you want to come up?"

Louis can't speak, scared he'll say the wrong thing and ruin this moment entirely but his look was clearly enough as Harry smiled sweetly.

"Give me five minutes"

Louis nods, unable to reply as he speeds off inside the hotel, his long legs taking him away and okay Louis needs to breathe now. Maybe he had fantasised about this moment a few times, even before meeting him but that doesn't mean he's even even slightly prepared for it - in fact, he was one hundred perfect shitting himself.

It takes five minutes from Louis' spot outside to be standing outside of Harry's door and he probably should have knocked by now but instead he stood there simply breathing in and out as he tried to think of the best way to play this. Of course he's not some desperate late twenties virgin, he had slept with a fair few amount of people and was even married so this wasn't new to him - it was Harry that was new to him, he didn't know what to expect from somebody like him or what he would expect from Louis.

However he braved it, knocking three times on the door and taking a step back.

"Hey" The door pulls open, Harry now stood with a rushed expression and his eyes darting behind him for a second.

Louis couldn't speak. Instead he leans forward and gently kisses his cheek, not really the 'I want to fuck you' motto he was trying to pull off but a gentlemen nonetheless.

"To be able to do that... It's insane"

"You need to go" Harry rushed out, his eyes pleading at Louis.

"What, why?"

"Because... My girlfriend who I thought was in America is in fact in the next room"

"Your girlfriend?" Louis asks, his heart dropping to his stomach and he isn't quite sure what he's more shocked about. Whether it be that he was in a relationship and somehow forgotten to mention that or the fact he actually had a girlfriend.

"Yes, I know it's..."

"Who is it?" A loud American voice calls from the other room and it isn't much long after that she reveals herself.

Gorgeous eyes, gorgeous body, dressed in something that probably cost more than Louis' entire existence and legs for days. Louis recognised her, it was Kendall Jenner.

"It's room service" Harry lies through his teeth, standing back from the door.

"Hey, how are you?" Kendall greets, a smile plastered on her face "I thought all you guys wore those... Penguin jackets?"

"Well, yes, usually I do. But I had just finished when I thought I would take this last call" Louis plays along with the lie.
"Oh great, can you do me a favour and try and get some really cold water up here?"

"I shall see what I can do"

"Still, not sparkling" She continues and Louis tries so hard not to roll his eyes.

"Of course, ice cold still water"

"Unless it's illegal in the UK to store water below room temperature. I wouldn't want you going to prison just to satisfy me"

"No, no, I'm sure it will be fine"

"And maybe just empty those dishes?"

Harry finally intervenes "No, no, really don't do that - I don't think it's his job"

"I'm sorry" Kendall turns to face Louis "is it a problem?"

"No ma'm not a problem" He says as he reaches over to grab the dirty plates from the coffee table.

"What's your name?" She asks, suddenly close to Louis.

"Bernie" Awful Louis, absolutely awful.

Kendall smiles, slipping a ten pound note into his front pocket. She immediately turns to Harry, wrapping her arms around his waist and practically sucking on his face and although Harry seems taken back and genuinely horrified by it, he doesn't pull back and simply allows Louis to watch.

"Nice surprise or nasty surprise?"

"Nice surprise?" Harry almost questions, his arms still by his side as she stays wrapped around him.

"He's lying, he hates surprises" she says more to Louis "what are you ordering?"

"I haven't decided" Harry shrugs, pulling himself from her grip.

"Well don't over do it, I don't want people saying 'there goes that famous super model with the big fat boyfriend'" She says with a roar of a laugh as she walks out of the room, swaying her perfect hips as she did and Louis decided at that moment that he hated her.

"I should go" Louis announced, still holding the dirty plates and all Harry does is nod "This is a fairly strange reality to be faced with. To be honest, I didn't realise..

"I'm sorry Louis, truly sorry. I don't know what to say" Harry mutters a poor apology.

"I think good bye is traditional" Louis says, turning his back from Harry and leaving the room.

And it shouldn't have hurt that bad, Louis should not have been feeling like his whole world had came crashing down on him. He dumps the plates on the floor by another room and takes his exit, he had decided that he would from then on scrap all traces of Harry Styles from his life. Of course, as he sat alone on the bus on his way home it was only necessary that another would drive by with a large print of Harry on the side of it.

But how was he supposed to erase Harry Styles from his life when he was the biggest actor on
earth? He was doomed.

---

It was a movie cliche, Louis was sat on his window ledge with his legs curled to his chest and staring blankly out of the window. He had been doing this for a couple of days now, enjoying the way the world moved on through his window yet he stayed perfectly still and maybe he also hasn't showered since then either but the details weren't necessary.

"Come on" Niall urged "open up, it's me, Nialler, I'm in contact with some quite important spiritual vibrations. What's up?"

Louis looks at Niall for a second, really considering whether he should invest this in the likes of him but at this point he didn't see any other reason not to. Whether it be helpful or not, he was the only one he had to talk to.

"Okay, there's this boy..."

"Ah I'd been getting a male vibe. Speak on, dear friend"

"He is someone that... Well, he's someone that evidently cannot be mine. It's as if I've taken some sort of love heroin and now I can't have it again, I've opened Pandora's box and there's trouble inside"

"Yeah, tricky... Tricky. I knew a girl called Pandora, never quite got inside her box though" He says, choking on his own laughter at his ridiculous joke.

Louis seriously considered hitting his head against brick wall over and over again until this all came to an end.

"Thanks, yes, very helpful"

He finds himself sat around a table with all of his friends that evening.

"You didn't know he had a girlfriend?" Liam asked.

"No, did you?"

And the looks on each of their faces was enough to prove that Louis was the most ridiculous person to grace the earth.

"Bloody hell. My whole life ruined purely because I chose not to read the headlines on heat magazine" Louis mumbles, letting his head drop onto the table with a groan.

"Let's face facts here, this was always a no-go situation. Harry is a god and you know what happens to mortals who get involved with the gods"

"They're fucked?" Louis lifts his head with an unamused look.

"Every time. But don't despair my desperately single friend - I think I have the solution to all your problems"

"Really?" Louis asked, slightly intrigued however wouldn't admit it.

"His name is Troye and he works the morning shift" He says and everyone rolls their eyes at that comment, as always Liam tries to play matchmaker "the hair, I admit, unfashionably frizzy. But
he's as a bright as a button and kisses nymphomanic on death row. Apparently"

So after much convincing and much preparation Louis is dragged back to his best friends house on the following Friday, dressed in a suit that Zayn assured would look perfect on him. He was far more than a little uneasy, he wasn't sure he even wanted to be here, in fact, he didn't. But yet here he was, downing his forth glass of wine in the past twenty minutes.

When the bell rang above them Louis was trying to find his quickest fire exit, finding comfort in the idea of simply jumping out of the kitchen window. But his thoughts were distracted as Liam placed a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Just... Try, okay?"

Louis nods, placing his glass of wine down on the table beside him and straightening his suit jacket.

"I got lost" He hears the screeching sound which would only be discovered as the voice behind the mystery man. "It's mad round here, ain't it? Everything's got Kensington on it, strange place"

Troye is a lush man, easy on the eye but all Louis could really concentrate on was the badly dyed orange frizz that he assumed e called hair. This was a disaster.

"Troye, this is my husband Zayn" Liam said guiding her over.

"Hi" He said, reaching out a hand "you're in a wheelchair"

"That's right" Zayn plastered a fake smile before spinning his wheel chair in Louis' direction and sporting a disgusted look.

"And this... This is Louis"

Louis nearly fled from the scene the moment he started stomping his big feet in his direction, however, he somehow managed to hold a hand out to shake his.

"Hello Louis. Liam has told me a lot about you" He said, his eyes wide and a mischievous look on his face.

"Likewise" Louis nods.

"Wine?" Liam offers, cutting in.

"Oh yes please. Come on Lou Lou, let's get fucked"

That date was a disaster, none surprisingly but the second wasn't any better. Louis found himself again sat around Liam's dining table with him, Zayn and another man, named Keziah. Who was more odd than the first, no matter how impossible it truly seemed.

"Keziah - would you like some melon?" Liam offered, a strange starter for a three course meal.

"Oh, no thank you. I'm a fruitarian"

"I didn't realise that" Liam says, his eyes wide when he turns to look at Zayn.

They are all as baffled as each other and obviously they left it up to Louis to find out what exactly he meant.
"And... What is a fruitarian exactly?"

"We believe that fruit and vegetables have feelings so we feel that cooking them is cruel. We only eat things that have fallen from a tree or a bush, as that would mean that they are dead already"

"What the fuck?" Zayn coughs out, earning a slap to his arm from Liam.

"Right, interesting" Louis said, peering at the food on his plate and deciding on a carrot "And this carrot?"

"Have been murdered, yes"

"Murdered? How sad, poor carrots. How beastly"

The weeks went on, each Friday Liam would force Louis round his house for another failed date. And it was today, after dealing with a man who was certain he could talk to fruit that he decided to never date again.

"Well?" Liam asked as they both fell onto the sofa in sync.

"Disaster"

"Oh"

"I think you have forgotten what an unusual situation we have here. To find someone you actually love, who'll love you - the chances are always... Minuscule. Look at me, other than the curly haired prince, I've only ever loved two boys in my whole life and they were both utter disasters"

"That's not fair" Liam frowned.

"Oh? No really, the first one used me for every penny I ever saved and then ditched me for some sugar daddy and the second, who seriously ought to have known better, casually marries my best friend"

"I still love you though" Zayn spoke up, a soft smile on his lips.

"Yes, in a depressingly asexual way"

"I never fancied you much" Zayn said, both him and Liam turning to laughter as the words left his mouth "I mean, I loved you very much and you were terribly funny but all that kissing my ears..."

"Oh no" Louis protested, scrunching his eyes closed "this is just getting worse. I'm going to find myself, 30 years from now, still on this couch"

"Do you want to stay?" Zayn asked.

"Why not?" He shrugged "all that awaits me at home is a masturbating Irish man"

"I just changed the sheets in the spare room so you'll be comfortable"

"Great"

"Sleep well and dream of sexy business men licking your body" Zayn winked, his imagination proving awful.

"Yes, yes, do go on" He waved them off, slumping down into his seat with a sigh.
He watched the display in front of him, his heart overwhelmed as always by just how much the two of them loved each other. He watched Liam most likely strain his back more than it already was as he reached down and tucked his hands under Zayn's legs and around his back and lift him as though he was as light as a feather. He watched as they giggled beneath their breaths as they moved up the stairs and out of sight. If love could be displayed in one single frame, it would be of Zayn and Liam.

---

It was a quick morning in the Ziam household, in fact, by the time Louis had even dragged his arse down stairs the other two were dressed and ready to go. Both with very important jobs in law and the stock market, making Louis feel incredibly small.

Once dressed, Louis decides to make a sharp exit also deciding to walk home rather than take the bus today. Maybe he was being slightly over dramatic, in fact, he was. He was acting like his whole world was coming to a halt when in reality he still had so much to do.

He found himself taking the long route, clearing his head from his frankly, boring, thoughts. Maybe he could go bungee jumping? Fly a glider? Maybe even jump out of a plane. With that behind him, who wouldn't want to fuck him?

When home, he isn't surprised to find Niall laying on his back in their lounge with a fish bowl on his stomach that homed just one simple goldfish. He wasn't surprised that he had written 'aquarium' on a shaggy piece of cardboard and was displaying it across their lounge door, but what he was surprised about, was that he was dressed in a suit. Maybe it was Louis' but to see him in clothes, clothes that fit him, was more than just a shocking discovery.

He leaves Niall to it, hearing him shout a 'I'm off to make some money' before the door slamming behind him. He wishes to have no part in whatever crazy scheme he had thought of today, knowing fine well it would either get him arrested or murdered.

He finds himself sitting on his kitchen floor, a towel wrapped around his waist and a Cornetto he had found in his freezer. It was certain, at this very moment that Louis had no life.

He was devouring his ice cream when the door bell rung and he actually ignored it, that was until it rang a third time and it was clear that he had no choice but to get his fat arse off the floor and move. Which he does, his ice cream hanging from his mouth as he ruffles around to unlock the door. And usually he wouldn't care that he opened the door in a towel and ice cream round his face but this was different, entirely.

There stood a very tired, drained and ill looking Harry Styles. The first thing he noticed was the missing sparkle from his eyes and he was unable to speak.

"Hi, can I come in?" Harry rushed, his voice near a whisper.

"Yes, sure, come in" Louis says bewildered as he takes a step back and allows him to walk in "I... Do you want to go and sit down in the lounge? I just need to... Well I just need to get changed and wipe my face”

"Thank you" Harry nods, dropping his expensive looking duffle bag by the door and walking towards the lounge.

"Shit" Louis muttered under his breath as he practically sprinted up the stairs, his towel falling from his hips in the process.
He stood facing his wardrobe and hating everything he owned, he had no time to sort his hair or even moisturise his face so if his face had to look shit, so did his outfit.

He decided on a charcoal grey sweater, completely plain but enough to keep him warm. And a pair of black skinny jeans, they were ripped but not intentionally, he had actually fell over in them about a week ago after failing to see a puppy and inevitably falling on his face.

He looked once over in the mirror, moving his fringe to the side before he was once again running back down the stairs. He could only have been five minutes, if that, Harry was stood by the fire place with his arms crossed over his chest and one hand playing with his lips. He looked nervous.

"Hey, sorry about that" Louis apologised "I wasn't exactly expecting anyone"

"No, I'm sorry" Harry shook his head, looking pained in his eyes and it broke Louis' heart. "I just... I need to"

"What's the matter?" Louis asked, dropping down onto his couch.

"They were taken years ago - I know it was, well, I was poor and it happens a lot and I know that's not an excuse but now to make things worse it appears that someone had been filming me a well" Harry explained, running his fingers through his hair as he paced back and forth "So now, what was a photo shoot now looks like a porno film. The pictures have been sold and now my naked body is all over every newspaper you could think of"

"I..." But Louis cannot function a sentence, the young man was becoming so vulnerable in front of someone that, frankly, he didn't know that well.

"I don't know where to go, the hotel is surrounded and I..."

"This is the place" Louis nodded, any argument against would be invalid at the point. The determination in Louis' eyes was enough to confirm that he would protect Harry.

"Thank you" Harry sighed, dropping to his knees "I'm just in London for two days but with the papers, it's the worst place to be"

"Don't worry about it. We'll sort this out" Louis offered with a smile "now, what would you like? Tea? Maybe a bath?"

"A bath would be lovely"

"Then a bath it will be"

Louis leaves Harry to run upstairs and run himself a bath, leaving Louis to sit on the sofa in his lounge with a confused feeling in the pit of his stomach. It all happened in a matter of mere minutes, one minute he was shaving and wondering how he could drown his sorrows for the rest of the day and the next he had a naked Harry Styles in the bath upstairs. Life had a strange way of working things out. And there was only one thing to do, make a tea.

Niall pushed through the front door, after spending the day tracing around London trying to find some girl to love him. Desperate naturally. Louis doesn't hear him when he comes in, Niall doesn't even acknowledge that he's home. Instead, he walks upstairs with a magazine in his hands and his eyes practically bulging from their sockets as he looked at the pictures of no one other than a naked Harry Styles.

Niall wasn't gay, no, he had a feminine side but he was into the ladies. Okay, maybe he did like to
hear about Louis' sex life but it was only because he was fascinated but of course he wouldn't admit that.

He walks up the second flight of stairs and heads straight into the bathroom, so caught up on the pictures in front of him that he doesn't spot Harry behind him soaking in the bath. Instead, he undoes his zip.

"Wow" He says under his breath as he stares at the naked frame of Harry in the magazine "incredible"

"You must be Niall" Harry's husky voice appeared from behind him and Niall froze.

His eyes were wide as he turned his torso round to look behind him, his mouth gapes as his eyes wander across Harry's long limbs spread out in the bath. His curly hair pulled back into a bun and his long legs practically hanging over the edge, luckily for Harry, the bubbles covered his indecent areas. But still, Niall was aware that this was a naked Harry styles.

He turned back, doing his zip back up quickly before scattering out of the room in a panic. He slams the door behind him and his head falls back onto it as he tries to understand whether or not this was real life or a dream. So, naturally, he opens the door once more and peeks his head through. Harry's eyes flicker up to meet Niall's again, this time lighting up with his goofy smile.

"Hi" Harry said, naturally.

"Sorry, just checking" Niall apologises, closing the door once again.

He stands in the hall way, his hands in a prayer stand and his eyes looking up at the ceiling.

"Thank you God"

---

Harry is dressed a satin pink dressing gown and hair pinned back into a bun still from when he had been in the bath. A cup of tea placed in the palm of his hands as he listened to the music playing on the radio.

"I'm sorry about last time" Harry begins an apology "She just kind of flew in and I had no idea she was going to and..."

"No, that's fine. It's not often that one has the opportunity adios the plates of a major Hollywood star, it was a thrill for me"

Harry laughed at that, in fact, he snorted and Louis couldn't stop the smile that spread across his own lips.

"How is she?"

"I don't know" Harry answered with a shrug, a certain kind of smile tracing his lips as he spoke "it got to the point where I couldn't remember the reasons I loved him. And you? And... Well love?"

"Well, there's a question without an interesting answer"

"I have a thought about you" Harry spoke honestly.

"Oh, no, please don't-" He attempts to stop him, not really certain he wants to have this conversation.
"It's just anytime I've tried to keep things normal with anyone normal it's been, well, it's been a nightmare"

"I understand that" And Louis does, he understands that Harry's life is not normal and his is, the idea of the two actually finding some sort of relationship would be bizarre. He tactically changes the subject as he finds the script placed on top of Harry's bag beside his feet "is that the film you're doing?"

"Oh yeah" Harry said, placing his cup down and reaching for the script "start in L.A on Tuesday"

"Would you like me to take you through your lines?" Louis asked, not entirely sure why.

"Would you? It's all talk, talk, talk"

"Hand it over" Louis says, making grabby hands at Harry "What's the plot?"

"I'm a difficult but brilliant junior officer who in about twenty minutes will save the world from a nuclear disaster"

"Well done you" Louis smirked.

And Louis does help him, in fact, he helps him all day long, running the same lines over and over again and listening to Harry make the same mistakes over and over and they have finally decided to reside to the terrace, with a pot of tea, of course.

"Message from command. Would you like them to send in the HK's?" Louis speaks, currently in the thick of the script.

"No, turn over 4 KR's. And tell them we need feedback and then tell the star cover that we'll be needing cover from ten thousand through" Harry said, his eyes scrunched as he tries to remember the words "and don't you dare say one word about how many mistakes I made or I'll pelt you with olives"

"Very well captain, I'll pass that on"

"Thank you" Harry ends the speech "Okay, how many mistakes?"

"Eleven"

"Damn it" Harry practically growls, running his fingers through his hair before taking a deep breath and starting again "wainwright"

"Cartwright"

"Cartwright, Wainwright, whatever your name is, I promised little Jimmy that I would be home for his birthday - could you get a message through saying I may be a little late?"

"Certainly" Louis says, eyeing up the script and then looking back up at Harry cautiously "and Little Johnny?"

"My sons names Johnny?" Harry asks.

"Yep"

"Well, get a message through to him too"
"Brilliant" Louis says with a smile, dropping the script down onto the table. "Word perfect, I'd say"

"What do you think?" Harry asks, sitting down opposite him.

"Gripping. It's not Jane Austin and it's not Henry James, but it's gripping"

"You think I should do Henry James instead?"

"I'm sure you'd be wonderful in a Henry James film but this writer is equally great"

"Well, that is very true"

"Indeed it is Harold, stick with me, I'll help you through this. Even if I do not know how to act nor do I now how to function a normal sentence without a script, but I will still help"

Harry smiles at that.

They find themselves sat down at the dining room table, a very well needed rest after practically losing their voices all day and Louis actually feels sorry for Harry. How he managed to speak at the end of the day was a mystery for sure.

"I can't believe you have that picture on your wall" Harry says, his head resting in the palm of his hands as he gazes at the large picture on the wall above the dining room table.

"You like Chagall?" Louis asks, he remembers buying that off Niall before he even moved in with him. He had always enjoyed his art but he always found comfort in the picture of the married couple drifting off into the sea in utter happiness.

"I do" Harry nodded with his floppy smile "it looks like how falling in love should be. Floating through a dark blue sky"

"With a goat playing violin?" Louis challenges, stifling in a smile.

"Well yes, of course, happiness would not be happiness without a violin playing goat"

They move to the living room, each on different sofas. Louis is indulged in a new book of his and Harry is silently watching the TV, his eyes flicking between Louis and the screen. Harry finds himself staring at Louis a little longer than planned, he hides his smile behind the cushion that he had previously been bugging against his chest.

"You've got big feet" Harry stated.

"Yes. Always have had" Louis nods, his eyes still hooked in his book.

"You know what they say about men with big feet?"

"No, can't say I do" Louis says, finally placing his book back onto his lap "what's that?"

"Big feet" Harry begins, biting down on his bottom lip "big shoes"

"Well, your feet are also rather big" Louis challenges, going along with the silly conversation.

"Well, my shoes are rather big as well"

The short chats continue until later on in the evening when they're two glasses through the whisky bottle in the middle of the table and Harry is talking openly.
"The thing that's so irritating is that I'm now totally fierce when it comes to nudity clauses"

"You actually have clauses in your contract about nudity?" Louis asked, half spitting the whisky that he had just sipped.

"Definitely. You may show the dent at the top of the artists buttocks but neither cheek. In the event of a stunt person being used, the artists must have full consultation"

"You have a stunt arse?"

"I mean, I don't have one right now, but I could have" Harry said with a light smirk, hiding behind his drink.

"Would you be tempted to go for a slightly better arse than your own?"

"Definitely. This is important stuff, but, are you trying to say there is an arse better than my own?"

"I mean, mine is a close contender" Louis said, a smile sneaking upon his lips "but I mean, it's one hell of a job. What do you put as your occupation on your passport? David Beckham's bottom?"

"Actually David does his own work, why wouldn't he? It's delicious" Harry says, taking another large gulp of his drink before placing it down on the table.

"The whisky or Beckham's arse?"

"Both" Harry shrugs, before peering up at the clock and realising how long they had been speaking

"Today has been a good day considering the circumstances"

"Well, thank you" Louis hides behind his smile as he stands up to show Harry the way towards his own bed room.

He walks and feels Harry's body close to his as he follows each step he takes through the kitchen and towards the stairs, with each step he feels Harry's right behind and he was certain he couldn't breathe.

"Time for bed, I suppose" Louis croaks out, stepping back towards the wall giving Harry space to step towards the door.

"Right" Harry said, Louis watches the way he bites down on his bottom lip as he looks between their feet.

As Louis considers turning around and leaving Harry, he takes him by surprise as he ever so gently leans forward and attaches his lips to his cheek. It was so primary school, your crush kissing your cheek and leaving you blushed but with Harry it seemed just enough.

"Right" Louis nods "thank you"

"Good night Lou" Harry says softly, turning around opening the bed room door and with in seconds the door was closed and Louis was unsure what to do.

Like any sane person, he decided to walk down the stairs rather than stand outside the door like a stalker. And he found his feet pulling him towards the make shift bed on the sofa, the ratty bed cover already turned over for his small frame to slide into and that's exactly what he did.

He lay under the feathered duvet, it pulled to his neck as he lay with his eyes open and just stared at the dark room around him. His mind wandered with different scenarios that could have played
out, like how he could have swept Harry off his feet outside of that door and threw him on his bed and absolutely wrecked him but then again he also pictured Harry's rough lips against his own and honestly, Louis was just making himself suffer with possibilities.

He finds himself waiting, hoping that maybe Harry will come downstairs and find him and bring one of these scenarios to life but then again he was considering going up himself.

He sits up, throwing the cover off him as he sat up on the edge of the sofa. His head falls into his hands as he tries to fight a reason why he should go upstairs right now. But he can't, so instead he lies back down and pulls the cover back to his shoulders and mentally slaps himself for being such a pussy.

But then, just as Louis was calling himself a dickhead in his head over and over he heard the footsteps on the stairs and he had to stop himself from practically jumping from his make shift bed and running into Harry's arms so all he could do was lift his head up and listen to the muffled foot steps.

"Hello?" He bravely whispered out.

"Hello" False alarm as Niall's head popped around the corner "I wonder if I could have a word?"

He soon drifted into sight, his practically naked body sneaking inside the room.

"Niall" Louis sighed, his hands rubbing over his face.

"Okay, I don't want to interfere or anything. But, the movie star, Harry... He's broken up with his girlfriend right?"

"Maybe"

"And he's in your house?"

"Yes"

"And you get on very well?"

"What do you want, Niall?"

"Well, isn't this the perfect time... To, you know, stick it in him?"

"Jesus fucking Christ Niall" Louis' eyes widened "he's here because he's in trouble - get a grip"

"Right, right. Wrong time, I understand" Niall nods, turning around and heading out of the room but just as he is about to leave out of sight, he pops his head back in "Do you mind if I have a go?"

"You're not even gay, fuck off Niall"

"Right, noted" Niall nods, moving out of view and walking back up the stairs.

Louis' head falls back onto his pillow with a sigh, definitely considering throwing Niall out of his third story window by the end of the night. But he then considers doing it within the next five minutes as he hears the steps again.

"Oh for fuck sake, will you piss off?" Louis near shouts as he sits up, ready to slap the Irish boy silly.
"Okay" He hears the husky voice speak slowly.  

He shoots up "oh no, no. I'm sorry, I thought you were Niall. I'm thoroughly glad that you're not"

"It's me" Harry says through a whisper and Louis stands up, looking up at the tall frame standing in the middle of his living room. And he admires the smell, the way Harry smelt was always so delightful and he was certain he was in a state of euphoria.  

Of course, Louis didn't know what exactly it meant now that Harry was stood in front of him in a silk dressing gown. But he was not going to pass up on any opportunity.  

He pulled his t shirt straight, his boxer briefs still on show as he walked towards Harry who's breathing was loud and unsteady. He didn't know how to approach this, but somehow he found himself stood in front of Harry with his arms snaking around him and his face a mere few inches away from his. He knew this was going well the money Harry moved his head to the side, his whole neck in Louis' eye line and he couldn't stop his lips from attaching to it with in seconds.  

He planted slow kisses along his neck, soft and lingering as he moved his way to just below his ear and that's when his lips turned to teeth and he bit down so gently against the skin before sucking on it. He heard the gasp escape Harry's lips before his head flew back and Louis nearly moaned from that.  

He moved away with a pop, letting Harry lift his head so their eyes were in line with one another and that's when Louis realised exactly who it was he was doing this to.  

"Wow" The words escaped his lips in a whisper as he eyed up the boy.  

"What?" Harry asked through a giggle.  

"Nothing" Louis quickly answers, taking no time in smashing his lips onto Harry's with a sweet moan of utter serenity.  

"Upstairs?" Harry mumbled under Louis' lips and all he could do was nod.  

Louis found it hard to pull his lips from Harry's but Harry was the one who managed to pull away by a swift bite onto Louis' bottom lip. Harry's hands laced through Louis' as he guided him out of the room and towards the stair case, as they began to walk Louis' wrapped his arms around Harry's waist and followed him up the stairs as he planted kisses along his shoulder.  

They near enough stumbled into Louis' bed room, Harry only being able to open the door slightly before Louis was practically pushing him in.  

They stood beside the edge of Louis' bed as Louis' lips continued to trace ever lasting marks across Harry's body. His hands soon found the top of his dressing gown and it took no more than a mere few seconds before it had dropped to the floor by Harry's feet.  

Louis reaches up and drags his lips from the corner of Harry's lips to his ear, taking in every taste that Harry has.  

Harry pulls away from Louis' touch with a shiver as he reaches the the hem of his top to pull it from him. His hands soon find Louis' boxers and without hesitation he pulls them from him until they hit the floor by his feet.  

Harry's eyes drink up Louis as he stands there naked in front of him and anybody would think that Louis was the famous one with the hungry look Harry had in his eyes.
"God, you're so fucking hot" Louis hisses, planting his mouth onto Harry's. He pushes them back until Harry's legs hit the edge of the bed and he falls back just enough for Louis to straddle his hips.

He traces kisses everywhere, from his cheek, neck and down his chest whilst Harry unravels beneath him in a mess of whimpering "Please, Louis"

Louis doesn't exactly know what Harry is asking from him but all he knows is he wants to give Harry everything he has ever fucking wanted, everything and more. He practically cums at the sound of Harry's voice and the way his hands gently grazed over Louis' thighs. Louis' hands wander over Harry's body, feeling every lump and bump like it was a new found world. His fingers grazed over his nipples, feeling them tighten beneath his touch and he can feel Harry's shiver between his legs.

Louis wonders if he can make Harry beg, if he can make the most wanted and loved movie star beg for him to fuck him and of course he would love nothing more to hear his famous voice call for Louis. He grinds down onto Harry, feeling himself rub against Harry's growing dick and he nearly loses it himself.

"Jesus. You're just so... Fucking hot" Louis pants out, his body swearing over his.

"Shut up and fuck me" Harry practically shouts and Louis couldn't believe those words had left his mouth "please... Lou"

"I don't know" Louis teases, sitting up with one hand placed on Harry's lips as grinds into the younger boy with a smirk on his lips as if he ruled the world "You look so hot when you're like this"

"I... Please Louis, please, please" Harry actually begged, his eyes had glazed over and his lips were trembling and Louis couldn't think of anything better to do than to wreck this boy for everything he's worth.

"Okay baby" Louis said, reaching down to place a gentle kiss against the boys mouth "I'll fuck you, I'll give you what you want"

Harry nodded, holding Louis hips as he moved him off him like he was as a light as a feather and Louis wasn't sure what was happening. That was until Harry moved towards the top of the bed, his hands gripping onto the frame as he scrambled to his knees for Louis.

"Jesus" Louis gritted through his teeth, his hands found his cock as he pumped it a few times as he admired the way Harry lay so ready for him to fuck. "Harry I can't just fuck you raw... We need to... I mean"

"Please Louis... I - I need you." Harry says panting.

"I know Harry, but it's going to hurt if I don't." Louis says looking at Harry sympathetically.

"Okay... Just hurry up, please" Harry whines.

Soon Louis brings two fingers up to Harry's mouth. Harry eagerly puts them into his mouth, his tongue swirling around them like a sympathy. Louis groans at how eager Harry's being, he would never have imagined him to be like this in bed. Soon enough Louis takes his fingers out and slowly slides back down to Harry's beautiful pink hole. Louis starts circling Harry's hole, admiring how it fluttered under his touch. The noises Harry makes are obscene, he didn't think he could come from noises before but it's certain that from Harry's whining and his short groans that it had a huge
possibility of happening soon. Louis lines up behind Harry, his hands gripping either side of his hips, he reaches one hand up to stroke Harry's neck, watching as he leans his head into his touch. He slowly lines his fingers up to Harry's hole, edging in slowly in attempt not to hurt him.

The whine that leaves Harry's mouth is orgasmic, Louis is certain this was what heaven sounded like. He worked slowly, gradually adding another finger and then another until he had three working. Harry practically unraveled beneath him, like a glowing sympathy.

"Louis, please" Harry begged, not sure what he was begging for.

"Okay baby." Louis said through a deep breath.

Harry whines from the loss of contact, but soon gasps from the full feeling, they both moan in sync. Louis soon slides all the way in, feeling every inch of him. They stay there still and silent, not quite ready to move. Harry's nod can be seen as his unruly hair waves around slightly. Louis takes a deep breath as he thrusts slowly, gripping at Harry's hips. He watches as Harry's hands grip tightly along the bed frame and his back arched, Louis loses it.

"Faster... Please." Harry whined.

And Louis completely loses it, he picks up his speed and thrusts deeper, hitting the spot that was enough to make Harry scream.

"I love you, I love you, I love you" Harry panted with each of Louis' thrusts and Louis was sure he was feeling nothing but utter serenity from Harry's words.

"I love you too" Louis struggles.

Louis lays there in the middle of the night just staring at the ceiling but instead of his usual state of loneliness he can only find himself feeling insanely intent with his life. And it's when Harry rolls over in his sleep, his arm draping across Louis' shoulder and his body, tenderly, taking over Louis that he believes that this is what happiness is.

---

Louis and Harry are laying either side of the bed, top and tail with one another as they just smile and giggle like a pair of naughty school kids and Louis still can't seem to wipe the smug look off his face.

"It's still strikes me as, well, surreal that I am allowed to see you naked" Louis reveals, resting his head on his hand as he admires Harry who is mainly covered by his thick duvet.

"You and every person in this country"

"Oh god, well yes - I'm sorry" Louis realises, lifting his body up slightly.

"What is it about men and women about nudity? Particularly dicks? Why is my dick so fascinating to the world?"

"Well..."

"No, seriously. I mean, it's just a dick. Every second person in the world has one"

"I mean, I guess so"

"Plus, they are odd looking. They really are very ugly when you think about it, I mean, why would
you be attracted to them? I mean, your dads got one. Must have seen a thousand of them, what's the fuss?"

Louis tilts his head, attempting not to laugh "actually, I can't think really. Let me just..." He shuffles up from his spot on the bed so he can lift the cover and look at what Harry was on about and he makes a joking hum as he wiggles his head about and he hears Harry's gorgeous laugh.

"Nope, beats me" He says, lifting his head from the covers with a smile.

"Rita Hayworth used to say that you go to bed with Gilda and wake up with me, is that how you feel?" Harry asks, his eyes concerned and biting his lip with nerves.

"Who was Gilda?"

"Her most famous part. Men went to bed with the dream and they didn't like it when they woke up with the reality, do you feel that way with me?"

Louis frowns at that, he shuffles across the bed until he is able to lay beside him with his face not far from his.

"You're lovelier this morning than you have ever been’ He states truthfully.

"Oh" Harry says, trying to hide the smile that forced its way to his lips. He looks at Louis for a few seconds before tapping his nose gently "I'll be back in a minute"

Louis nods, watching a beautiful naked Harry push the covers from his perfect body and stand beside the bed. He watches as he pulls the boxers onto his body and then search the floor for what was Louis' shirt that he had been wearing the day before. He found it adorable that it was big enough to cover only a slight bit of skin, even the buttons being up couldn't hide his flawless tattoos from show or his grammy worthy thighs. He tip toed out of the room and Louis was certain that he had died and gone to heaven.

It was around ten minutes later, not exactly the minute he promised, that Harry walked back into the room and Louis' eyes lit up as he walked in with a tray in his hands. He walked to the bed where Louis had been sat waiting and placed the tray on his lap.

"Breakfast in bed" Harry smiles proudly "Or lunch or brunch"

"Thank you" Louis says genuinely, watching him take a slice of toast from the plate.

"Can I stay longer?" Harry asks, biting into his toast looking extremely shy with the question.

"Stay forever"

Harry smiled at that, crumbs falling from his mouth as the goofy look spread across his face and Louis wasn't sure if he could love him any more than he did right now.

"Damn" Harry said, frowning at the tray as he jumped to his feet "I forgot the jam"

Just as he was leaving the room again the door bell was heard through the house, he quickly poked his head through the door with the toast still hanging from his mouth.

"You get the door, I'll get the jam"

Louis nods, watching Harry leave again. He sighs as he moves the tray off his lap and stands up, grabbing a random t shirt from the floor, knowing fine well it's Harry's. He walks out of his room
and towards the stairs, throwing it over him as he jogged down them. He turned to see Harry walking towards the fridge and smiled before walking along the corridor towards the door.

He sighed as he unlocked it and swung it open, instantly being blinded by what was believed as thousands of lights in his face. He stood in shock horror for a second as he tried to take it all in, all of them shouting for Harry. He panicked, running back inside the door and slamming it behind him. He leans up against the door and looks up at Harry who is in the door way with a jar of jam in his hands.

"What?" Harry asks, looking at Louis fondly.

"Don't ask" Louis quickly retorts, walking away from the door as Harry begins to head his way.

"You're up to something" Harry says, giddy and excited and he really had no reason to be happy.

He laughs as he walks past Louis and Louis tries to grab a hold of Harry's arm as he goes for the front door but he cannot stop him as he swings it open and is faced with it. The jam drops from his hand before he slams the door once again.

Harry instantly turns around with wide eyes looking at Louis and then at himself.

"Oh my god" Harry breathes out "They got a photo of you dressed like that?"

"Yes" Louis nods.

"And me, like this"

"I'm afraid so"

"Jesus fucking Christ"

He watches Harry practically sprint past him and up the stairs, he goes to follow but hangs at the bottom as he watches him grab the phone from the holder. He sighs as he takes a few steps back and lingers in the corridor, not wanting to invade his privacy. It was only inevitable that Niall awakes at that very moment, his heavy foot steps and annoying singing loud enough to be heard through all of Notting Hill.

"Good Morning darlings" Niall says, winking at Louis as he walks past him.

Louis manages to hear as Harry begins his conversation.

"It's Harry. The press are here. No, there are hundreds of them. My brilliant plan wasn't so brilliant after all. Yes, I know. I know for fuck sake. Just get me out"

And that was the shortest conversation he had heard, yet the most angry he had heard Harry also.

"Fuck sake" He hears Harry spit as he heads into Louis' room and slams the door.

Louis sighs as he heads for the stairs again, he quickly turns to Niall who is looking clueless about everything.

"I wouldn't go outside"

"Why?"

"Just take my word"
But, the moment Louis makes his way upstairs it's inevitable that Niall head for the door almost immediately. He opens it wide, taking a step out into the frenzy on their door step and Niall finds it no better of a reason to show himself off as he stands there posing for the cameras in nothing but a dirty pair of white briefs. He poses frantically, showing his none existent muscles and wiggling his arse about for a bit until he re opens the door and goes inside, slamming it behind him. He heads straight for the mirror, eyeing himself up like he was a god.

"How did I look?" He asks himself "not bad. Well chosen briefs, I would say, chicks love white. Nice firm buttocks"

---

Louis enters the room as Harry is throwing his stuff into his duffle bag, now dressed in his signature all black outfit and looking a little more annoyed than before. Louis feels his heart breaking for him, he can see how upset he is and that hurts him.

"How are you doing?" Louis asks, closing the door slightly behind him.

"How do you think I'm doing?" Harry snaps back.

"I don't know what happened"

"I do. Your furry friend thought he could make some money telling the papers where I was"

"I'm sure that's not true"

"Really? The entire British press just woke up today and thought I know here Harry Styles is, he's in that house in Notting Hill with the blue door" Harry spits, throwing another top in his bag "and then you go out in your fucking under wear"

"I went out in my fucking underwear too" Niall drops in, a goofy smile on his face. It only takes a second before Louis is pushing him out of the room and slamming the door behind him.

"I'm so sorry" Louis attempts an apology.

"This is such a mess. I came to you to protect myself against more crappy gossip and now I'm landed in it all over again" Harry sighs, sitting down as he zips his bag up "I mean, for fuck sake, I have a girlfriend"

"You do?" Louis asks, his eyes wide.

"As far as they're concerned I do. And now tomorrow there will be pictures from here to Timbuktu"

"I know, I know. But let's stay calm"

"You can stay calm. It's the perfect situation for you, minimum input, maximum publicity. Anyone you ever bump into will know. Well done you, you slept with the actor - we've seen the pictures"

"That's spectacularly unfair" Louis attempts to defend himself, completely taken back by his anger.

"Who knows" Harry scoffs, throwing the bag over his shoulder as he heads for the door "maybe it'll help business. Buy a boring book from the guy who fucked Harry Styles"

Louis stands in momentarily shock as Harry waltz out of the room and towards the stairs it takes a few seconds for him to get over it before he is running down after him.
"Now stop. Stop. I beg you, calm down, have a cup of tea?" Louis suggested as he ran down the stairs to catch up with Harry who is now in the kitchen.

"I don't want a god damn cup of tea" Harry sighs "I want to go home"

The door bell is heard once more and Louis sighs again, he has never been in such an awkward situation in his life.

"Niall, check the door" He calls "and put some bloody clothes on"

Harry slides past Louis and into the corridor as he places the beanie over his unruly curls.

"And remember, Niall owes you an expensive dinner. Or holiday, depending if he has the brains to get the going rate on betrayal"

"That is not true. And wait a minute, this crazy behaviour" Louis speaks more firmly, standing opposite him in the corridor "can we not just laugh about this? Seriously, in the whole sweep of things, this stuff really doesn't matter"

"What he's going to say next is that there is people starving in the Sudan" Niall pokes in, once again not coming at the right time.

"Well, there are" Louis nods before continuing "and we don't need to go anywhere near that far. My best friend slipped - he slipped down the stairs and cracked his back and he's now in a wheelchair for the rest of his life. All I'm asking for is a normal amount of perspective"

"You're right, of course, you're right. It's just that I've dealt with this garbage for ten years now - you've had it for ten minutes, our perspectives are different"

"I mean, today's newspapers will be lining tomorrow's bins"

"Excuse me?" Harry says, his eyes furrowed as he looks at Louis like he may be the most stupid person to grace the earth.

"Well, you know, it's just one day. There will be something new tomorrow"

"You really don't get it, do you? This story gets filed. Every time anyone writes anything about me they will dig up these photos. Newspapers last forever" Harry states, his words hurting Louis "I will regret this forever"

Louis takes that in, he knows what that means he just hoped that this little dream would last a little longer than one day and one morning. But he knew that eventually he would have to wake up from it, he just didn't expect it to be this way.

"Right, fine" Louis nods, his hands on his hips as he accepts it "I will do the opposite if that's alright with you? And I will always be glad you came. But you're right, you should probably go"

Harry looks at him like he's spoke a foreign language but soon the door bell strikes again and neither of them say another word, instead Louis takes a few steps back from Harry and watches him place the sunglasses over his eyes and pull the bag up his shoulder. He turns to the door opening it and Louis can see the two body guards in view and hear the array of shouting and camera flashing before the door is shut behind him and he is left with nothin but a memory of what once was.

Louis sighs, rubbing his eyes with his fingers before leaning his head back against the wall. He turns it slightly to look at Niall who is stood in the kitchen door way.
"Was it you?" Louis asks calmly.

"I suppose I might have told a few people at the pub, only one or two" He explains.

"Right" Louis says, dropping his head to his hands. It's over now.

---

It feels like his life is moving rapidly from then, it's like he is walking in slow motion whilst the world carries on around him like a movie. Everyone is moving on with their lives whilst Louis finds it near impossible. And he doesn't even realise the days passing or time changing, in fact, it took him a whole year to pull himself from his miserable self loathing bubble to remember the people who were in his life.

And as his life is getting back to normal, boring, but normal he finds himself standing in his awful little book shop reading an awful book when his sister flies through the door with Niall at her side.

"Have we got something for you. Something that will make you love me so much you'll want to hug me for the rest of your life" Lottie pours through excitement as she bounces from one foot to the other in front of her brother.

"Blimey. What's that?" Louis asks.

"The phone number of Harry Styles agent in London and in L.A. You think about him all the time and now you can ring him"

"Well, thanks, that's great" Louis says, the excitement his sister probably expected coming out more as a mumble rather than a joyless moment.

"It's great, isn't it? Look I'll see you tonight" She says, already making her exit before turning to James with a smirk "Sexy Cardi James"

She rushes out, Louis looks at the piece of paper in his hands, he folds it and let's it fall into the bin. He didn't want to ruin his life all over again just for him.

He carries on with his day, ignoring the urge to surge the bin and taking the number back out and calling him. But he manages to go all day, even locking up the shop after him and not having any regrets from leaving it in there.

He decides to enjoy his time with his friends and family, sitting around a table in Bens restaurant with glasses in hand and smiles on their faces.

"I have a speech to make" Zayn announces, holding his glass up "I won't stand up, well, because I can't. Exactly a year ago today, this man, Ben, started the finest restaurant in London"

"Thank you very much" Ben smiled.

"Unfortunately nobody came to eat here" Zayn said, stifling in a laugh "and so we must now face the fact that from next week we will have to find somewhere else to eat. I just want to say to Ben, don't take it personally. The more I think about things the more I see no rhyme or reason in life. No one knows why things work out or why some things don't, why some of us get lucky and why..."

"Some of us get fired" Paddy chimed in.

"No" Zayn gasped.
"Turns out, well, I'm pretty shit at the job"

All of them, including Louis stay silent, not really sure what the right thing to say would be. It would seem like this was more of a disappointing dinner than celebratory.

"So, we go down together" Ben smiles, holding his glass up high "A toast to Paddy, the worst stockbroker in the world"

"To paddy" they all chime in together.

"Since it's an evening of announcements. I'd like to announce that... Well, I'm engaged" Lottie announced, all of a sudden. "I've found myself a nice, slightly odd looking bloke who I know is going to make me very happy"

"Hang on a bloody minute" Louis inches forward in his chair, completely bewildered "I'm your brother and I knew nothing about this"

"Is it someone we know?" Liam asked.

"Yes, I shall keep you informed"

She leaves them suffer as they discuss the extremely bewildering announcement, she simply shuffles her chair closer to Niall and leans only an inch closer.

"By the way, it's you" She whispers.

"Me?" Niall asked, pointing at himself.

"Yes. What do you think?"

"Yes, groovy baby"

"Anymore announcements?" Liam asks.

Louis sighs, nodding his head as he raised his arm in the air to get their attention.

"Yes... I suppose I best apologise for my behaviour for the last twelve months. I have, as you know, been slightly down"

"That's an under statement. There are dead people on better form" Liam fires back with a laugh.

"But I wish to make it clear that I have turned a corner and henceforward intend to be incredibly happy"

It only takes an hour, maybe an hour and a half before they are all terribly drunk from the left over wine. Ben and Paddy are drunk by the piano crying over their failed success in career paths. Zayn, Niall and Lottie are sitting in the corner expressing how much they love each other. And it's Louis and Liam who are sat at the bar together finishing a bottle of Jack Daniels.

"So, that's it. You've laid the ghost?" Liam asked, looking at Louis hopefully.

"I believe I have" Louis nods, playing with his glass between his hands.

"Don't give a shit about the famous lad?"

"No, don't think I do"
"Which means you won't care for the fact that he is back in London, grasping his Oscar and to be
found most days filming most days in Mayfair?" Liam asked, throwing the paper in front of Louis.

Louis grabs it in his hands, staring at the headline it was a pain in his chest.

"Oh fuck"

"So, it's not over?"

--

Louis is dressed in his best black t-shirt (one without holes in it), a pair of skinny jeans and his
cleanest pair of vans also with a beautiful bouquet of flowers in his hands as he appears over the
large field. He looks down below at the huge and wide filming set, a huge castle and trailers for
miles. He admires the hundreds of people standing outside of the glamorous Kenwood house as he
walks down towards it.

If he wasn't here for Harry he would enjoy just sitting there on that hill, watching the beauty of
London's finest building and enjoying one of Britain's nicer days. Instead, he walked towards the
barriers that were guarded what were by far the largest men he had ever seen.

"Can I help you mate?" One of the large security men asks.

"Yes - I was looking for Harry Styles"

"Does he know you're coming?"

"Well, no, she doesn't"

"I'm afraid I can't let you in then, sir"

"Oh right. You see, I'm a friend, I'm not some raging lunatic or..."

"Still can't let you in"

It was at that moment, thirty yards away that Louis sees the trailer door open. Out of it, comes
Harry dressed extraordinary in a pure velvet suit; full, beautiful make up, rich extravagant hair. He
has a necessary cluster of people around him, all hovering over him like he is the Crown Jewels.
He walks a few yards and then casually turns his head and sees him. His face registers not only a
surprise, certainly not a simple smile but clearly his presence being a complicated thing. Louis lifts
his hand to wave at him shortly and Harry walks instantly towards him, his crew of people
following suit. The security notices and takes a pace back to let him through.

Harry stands on the other side of the barrier, his lips opening and closing as he looks between
Louis and the set behind.

"This is certainly a surprise..."

"I only found out you were here yesterday"

"I was going to ring but I didn't think..."

"Harry, we really have too" The assistant behind him rushed.

"Right" Harry nods, turning to look directly at Louis "it's not going very well and it's our last day
today"
"Absolutely - you're clearly very busy" Louis nods, taking a step back.

"But, wait" Harry begins "there are things to say"

"Right"

"Drink tea" Harry says with a giddy smile "there's lots of tea"

It was only a second before he is swept away by his crowd of people who were hovering around him, making sure he looked absolutely perfect. And he looks a vision as he walks away from him.

"Come on, come have a look" One of the assistants says with a smile as she opens the barrier for him.

He steps in and follows him through the beautiful set, taking in every vintage building and car around him and he's absolutely bewildered.

"Are you a fan of Henry James?" She asks.

"Wait, this is a Henry James film?"

They walk through a flurry of famous names and extras until they reach a small sound desk where only one man stood listening to what was going on.

"This is Michael, he'll give you a pair of headphones so you can hear the dialogue"

Michael, the sound guy seemed a pleasant enough man. He simply passed him a pair of headphones and ushered him to have a seat, he was amazed by all the high tech gear in front of him and even more amazed that he was trusted near him. It was only a few minutes after that the voices started coming through his ears matching the video on the small screen.

"We are living in cuckoo land, there is no way we can get this done tonight" Harry's co star spoke, looking more arrogant and uptight than a lot of the other cast.

"We have to. I've got to be in New York on Thursday" Harry retaliated.

"Oh, stop showing off" He says and Louis watches the way he follows one of the female actresses as they walk past "God, that's an enormous arse"

"I'm not listening" Harry quickly responds. "Any way, we should be rehearsing. So I ask you when you're going to tell everyone and you say?"

"Tomorrow will be soon enough"

"And then I... Right, got it"

"So, who was that rather difficult chap you were talking to on your way up?"

"Oh, no one" Harry quickly responds, a bit too quickly for Louis' liking. "Just someone from the past. I don't know what he's doing here, bit of an awkward situation"

"Of course" Louis mumbles to himself, understanding exactly how stupid he was for doing this, for even coming here.

He simply takes off the headphones and leans forward to give them back to Michael.
"Thank you" Louis said, giving a small smile as he turns to give Harry one last look before turning away from the set and out of sight.

He feels strange as he leaves. Almost like he could finally walk away and know that he didn't have to wait around anymore for Harry to magically come back into his life, he knew fine well that Harry wanted nothing to do with him and somehow that was okay.

--

How was there so many travel books? Why did so many people find excitement in writing such god awful books that nobody even wanted to read. However he couldn't say much, he did in fact own a book shop that only sold travel books.

He found himself sat inside the small, dark office trying to work out how much money they had lost in the last six months and how much they needed to make. And it was clear already that they would need to do a little more than they were doing right now.

"I hate to disturb you when you're busy but there's a delivery" James poked his head inside the office.

"James, can you not deal with this yourself?"

"It's not for the shop, it's for you"

"Okay. Tell me, would I have to pay a wet rag as much as I pay you?"

They head out, James behind him as they walk out onto the book floor. Louis is still complaining under his breath when he sees exactly what James meant.

There stands Harry in a simple white shirt and a pair of light blue jeans. Looking much simpler than normal. But yet, still managing to look like a superstar.

"Hi" Harry says, his hands in front of him as he plays with his fingers nervously.

"Hello" Louis chokes out.

"You disappeared" Harry states.

"Yes, I'm sorry. I had to leave and well, I didn't want to disturb you" He lies.

"Oh, well. How have you been?"

"Fine. Everything the same. Whereas you, I've watched in wonder. Awards, glory..."

"Oh no, it's all nonsense, really. Well, yesterday was our last day filming and I'm just off but I bought you this from home"

Louis eyes trace over the large parcel sitting against one of the book shelves, it's insanely huge, wrapped in brown paper.

"I thought I'd give it you"

"Thank you. Shall I..."

"Oh no, don't open it yet. I'll be embarrassed" Harry says with a short laugh, his whole body language proving how nervous he was right now.
"Well thank you. I don't know what it's for, but thank you"

"I actually had it in my apartment in New York and thought of you, but when it came to, you know, calling you after behaving so badly, twice. But it's just been sitting in my hotel room since. But then, you came and I figured...the thing is, well, the thing"

"What's the thing?" Louis urged.

Then the door chimes, in walks the annoying customer who would always ask about novels rather than anything else.

"Absolutely not. Don't even think about it, get out immediately" Louis shouted.

"Right sorry" He said, eyes wide as he left out the door once again.

"You were saying?" Louis urged.

"Yes. The thing is, I have to go away today but I wondered, if I didn't, whether you may let me see you a little bit.. Or, a lot. Maybe see if you could like me again"

"But yesterday that actor asked you who I was and you completely dismissed me, I heard, I had the headphones on"

"You expect me to tell the biggest gossip I'm England about my personal life?"

"Excuse me" James cuts in, once again none of his friends or family ever coming in to a conversation at the right time. "Louis, your mother is on the phone"

"Tell her I'll call her back"

"Well, yes, I said that but she insisted you said that last time and it's three months later and you still haven't called"

"Perfect" Louis says through an annoyed groan, turning to James "hold the fort"

Louis drifts off out of sight, moving into the office where his mother awaits on the phone.

"By the way, I thought 'Ghost' was a wonderful film"

"Is that right?" Harry asks.

"Yes, I've always wandered what Patrick Swayze was like" James says.

"Can't say I know Patrick that well"

"Was he not very friendly during filming?"

"I'm sure he was, to Demi Moore who acted with him in Ghost" Harry tried to explain lightly.

"Oh right, sorry, sorry. I've always been a bit of an arse"

"Well, you know, Demi is a girl and I am in fact a boy" Harry frowned.

Louis returns, just at the perfect time so James cannot embarrass himself further.

"Sorry about that" Louis mumbles as he eyes James to take his leave, which he gracefully does.
"That's fine" Harry smiles politely "There's always a pause when the jury goes out to consider its verdict"

Louis nods, eyeing up the glamorous boy who stands in front of him. He looked incredibly small standing there despite his tall frame, the look on his eyes showed no more than wishful thinking and a trace of fear. And his lips part for just a second as he tries to get the words out that were running through his mind. But he finds the words difficult as the taller boy's eyes hook onto his.

"Can I..." He starts and stops, gulping as he prepares for the words that needed to leave his mouth "just say no to your kind request and leave it at that?"

"Oh" Harry mouths, his eyes losing their light as takes in the words that hurt so much to leave Louis' mouth "yes, that's fine. Of course. I, you know, of course, I'll just be getting along then... Nice to see you"

"The truth is" Louis says, feeling as though he should explain "...with you, I'm in real danger. It took like a perfect situation, a part from the foul temper of yours. But my relatively inexperienced heart would, I fear, not recover if I was once again cast aside. Which I would absolutely expect to be. There are too many pictures of you every where, too many films. You'd go and I'd be, well, bugged, basically"

"I see" Harry nods, lifting his hand to wipe his eyes "that reality is a real no, then?"

"I live in Notting Hill. You live in Beverly Hills. Everyone in the world knows who you are, my mother has trouble remembering my name"

"Okay. Fine. Fine. Good decision" Harry says through what is a fake smile, failing at keeping his composure "the fame thing, it isn't real, you know? Don't forget - I'm just a boy standing in front of another boy asking him to love him"

Louis' heart drops as the words leave Harry's lips and he feels as though his world had crashed down right there in front of him, his lips tremble as he tries to think of anything that could make this situation less horrid than it truly was. But he was stumped, instead, he watched Harry move slowly to him, placing a hand on his shoulder as he kissed his cheek so tenderly and so gentle and all Louis could do was close his eyes and accept it.

He steps back, wiping his nose with the back of his hand before giving Louis a very false but meaningful smile.

"Good bye" He whispers, turning around and giving Louis nothing but the look of his back as he walks out of the shop and walks out his life forever.

"Shit" Louis says under his breath as the door closes and he's left in an empty book shop with nothing but the sound of James singing drifts through the shop.

Back to reality.

--

Louis finds himself sat in Ben's awful restaurant with his friends and family around him once again, sitting on the chairs that were left and not packed up and them all looking at him like he was absolutely truly mental.

"What do you think?" Louis asks, jumping up onto the counter so his legs swung in the air "Good move?"
"Good move" Lottie nods, although her expression says different "when all is said and done, he's nothing special. I saw him taking his pants off when going for a wee and I definitely glimpsed some cellulite down there"

Louis nods, shifting his eyes to Zayn.

"Yes, good decision. All actors are snakes” He says, nodding gently.

"Ben? What do you think?"

"Never met him, never want too"

"Great, excellent, thanks" Louis nods, his breathing still heavy as he tries to believe even one of their answers.

It's silent for a few minutes as they stare at him like he's absolutely mad, it's short lived as Niall bursts through the door. His eyes scan over everyone as they stay silent and he frowns.

"I was called and here I am. What's going on?" He asks, to anyone who's listening.

"Louis has just turned down Harry Styles" Lottie chimes in, folding her arms over her chest.

"You daft prick" Niall near shouts.

Louis' eyes fall as he realises that his stupid room mate may in fact be in some ways correct. He catches Zayn staring at the painting that Harry had bought him.

"This painting..." Zayn begins "it isn't the original is it?"

"Yes, I think it is"

"So, he said he wanted to go out with you?" Paddy finally asked, looking at Louis and tilting his head slightly.

"Well yes, he kind of did"

"That's nice"

"What?" Louis asked, frowning vigorously.

"Well, you know..." Paddy begins, letting out a sigh as he straightened up in his seat "anyone saying they want to go out with you is pretty great... Isn't it?"

"It was sort of sweet really..." Louis starts and stops, remembering Harry's figure standing there in his shop with that look on his face "I mean, I know he's an actor and all that, so he can deliver a line. But he said that he might be as famous as can be - but also, he was just a boy standing in front of another boy asking him to love him"

They all sit in front of Louis taking in Harry's heart wrenching line, their facial expressions leaving from fake approval to absolute distraught. Louis can see it on their faces and that's when he realises.

"Oh fuck. I've made a wrong bloody decision, haven't I?" Louis states and they all nod, especially Niall who looks like he is disgusted in him. "Oh shit, shit, Liam how fast does your car go?"
Speeding in London is never acceptable, but yet, Louis was absolutely fine with it. Liam sped to park outside of the restaurant and it took all of five minutes for them all clamber inside.

"If anyone gets in our way, remember, we have small nuclear devices" Liam chimes as he buckles his seat belt in the drivers seat.

"And we intend to use them"

"Where's Zayn?" Liam asked as he gazed inside the car.

"He's not coming"

"Fuck that. Louis in the back"

Liam shoots out of the car and runs around the car where Zayn is sat, looking extremely confused if anything. He picks Zayn up from his chair with a dashing smile and heads to the passenger door.

"Come on babe" Liam winked, looking the most attractive he ever had done as he pulled the door open and sat him down.

Liam quickly slams the door and heads back for the drivers seat, he looks behind him, seeing Niall in the boot leaning against the chairs with a floppy smile.

"Let's go" Liam shouts, buckling his seat belt and driving off insanely and extremely recklessly.

"Where are you going?" Zayn asks as they nearly crash into the building on Stanley crescent as Liam flies round the corner.

"Down Kensington Church then Knightsbridge, then Hyde Park Corner"

"Crazy. Go along Bayswater..."

"That's right... Then Park Lane" Lottie adds in.

"Or you could go right down to Cromwell Road and left" Paddy suddenly speaks.

"No" Louis shouts, looking at his friends like they are stupid as well as feeling extremely squashed between the amount of people in this car.

Suddenly the car slams to a halt and Liam is gripping onto the steering wheel like he's ready to yank it off.

"Stop right there. I will decide the route, all right?" Liam shouted.

"Alright" They all chime together.

"James bond never had to put up with this shit" Liam mumbles as he starts the car once again.

Liam turns the car, illegally, right across Piccadilly, the wrong way down a one way street and end up outside of the Ritz.

Louis waits until the cars slowed down slightly before he pushes the door open and skips out of the car, Paddy following him as he goes. They run through the crowd and in the hotel door, looking mental as they fall into the hotel desk.

"Hi, hi" Louis breathes out as he held onto the desk "is Harry Styles staying here?"
"No sir" Louis recognises the man as the person he had previously spoke to on the phone.

"How about Mr flintstone?"

"No sir" He shakes his head.

"Or bambi? Or beavis or butthead?"

"Right, right, fair enough" Louis nods, his eyes closing shut feeling this as nothing but his final chance.

"There was a Mr Lightyear here, but he left around half an hour ago and I believe he's holding a press conference at the savoy before flying back to America"

Louis turns with a bright smile as he faces the man who really shouldn't be giving out information, he practically loved him. He can't do anything but jump across the desk and kiss the man on the cheek.

"We have lift off" Paddy shouts as he runs after Louis who is already out of the door.

The car speeds through London, all of them anxious and feeling Louis' fear. It was only natural that they drive straight into the traffic, natural traffic London.

"Oh fuck this" Niall shouts, turning around in his cramped boot as he lifts it up and jumps out of the car.

They all look at him like he's insane, but yet the idea he had makes sense. He runs through the halted traffic and right into the intersection. Louis laughs with shock as he watches Niall stand in front of the cars, holding his hands out to stop them from going, creating a crooked line as a path for them to follow through.

"Go, go, go" Niall screams at the top of his lungs, attempting not to be completely ran over by the honking cars.

"You're my hero" Lottie shouted, popping her head out of the window and waving at Niall as they drove through.

They drive widely, all of them believing it was their final moments up until they reached the savoy and as ever Liam's bad driving parked them right over the path.

"Go" Liam shouted, urging Louis to get out "get the boy of your dreams"

Louis smiles and rushes out of the car, he skips through the doors and up to the main desk.

"Hi, excuse me, where the press conference?"

"Are you a member of the press?" The man asks from behind the desk.

"Yes... I am" Louis lied, grabbing his wallet from his pocket and holding up the first card he could find.

"That's a Nandos card, sir"

"That's right, I work for their in house magazine... It's called chicken is our business" Louis stutters out, mentally slapping himself for saying something that ridiculous.
"I'm sorry, sir..."

"He's with me" Louis' head snaps round as Lottie walks in pushing Zayn along with her, Zayn looking extremely professional.

"And you are?" The man asked.

"Writing an article about how London hotels treat men in wheelchairs"

"Of course, sir" The man panicked suddenly "it's in the Lancaster room sir, it's already started though"

"Run, you daft prick, run" Lottie shouted.

Louis nods, running side to side frantically until the man behind the desk points him in the correct way. He searches between what seemed like hundreds of doors, running into a few walls and tripping over his feet until he found the room.

As he opens the doors he is faced with a huge room, full of cameras and journalists and he has never felt more over crowded. There were cameras at the front and cameras at the back, then there at the front, surrounded by lights and glowing the room, there he was.

Louis moved across the room slowly until he blended into the journalists near the front.

"How much longer are you staying in the UK?" A journalist asked.

"No time at all, I leave tonight" Harry speaks through the microphone.

"Which is why we have to wrap this up quickly. Final questions. You sir..." The man who sat beside Harry points to one of the journalists near Louis.

"Is your year off anything to do with Kendall Jenner and her new boo?"

"Absolutely not" Harry near laughs.

"Do you believe the rumours?"

"It's not any of business, really. However, usually, from experience the rumours about Kendall do all seem to be true"

Louis smiles at that, seeing his attitude flurry without a second thought and the journalists around him agree, their light chuckles heard through the room.

"Last time you were here there were some fairly graphic pictures of you and a going English guy, so what happened there?"

"We were just friends" Harry begins, a sad smile playing on his lips "I think we are still friends" Louis' confidence seems to flurry at that moment, his arm reaches up in the air as he tries to grab their attention.

"Yes, you, the gentleman in the black t shirt" He says, pointing directly at Louis.

"Yes, Mr Styles, I was just wondering if there would be any circumstances that you two may be more than friends?" He asks, watching as Harry's eyes flicker to his own.
"I hope there might be, but no, I was assured there was not” He said, his eyes watery and his expression confused.

"And what would you say..."

"One question per person please"

"No” Harry protests, waving at Louis to continue "you were saying?"

"Yes I just wondered whether if it turned out this... This person..."

"Tomlinson, his name is Tomlinson” a journalist chimed in.

"Yes, I just wondered that if this Mr Tomlinson realised that he was a daft prick and got down on his knees and begged you to reconsider, would you, reconsider?"

There's a short silence, everyone is looking at Harry who is staring at Louis completely bewildered and confused, Louis turns around to see his friends all gathered around in the crowd all awaiting the answer.

"Yes, I'm pretty sure I would" Harry said, grabbing Louis' attention once more and Louis' face lit up.

"That's very good news. The readers of Of Horse and Hound will be delighted" Louis says, the smile unable to fade as he talks like a fool in front of so many people.

He watches Harry lean over to the man by his side, whispering something into his ear and all of the journalists are watching with confusion and anticipation.

"Right... You sir" He says, pointing to the man who had asked a question previously "would you ask your question again?"

"Yes, so, Harry how long are you intending on staying in the UK?"

There’s a pause, Harry looks up at Louis tilting his head with a small questioning smile. Louis nods repeatedly.

"Indefinitely" Harry says with a soul crushing grin, one big and loud enough to light and entire room and Louis is sure he is floating at that moment.

He can't focus on all of the flashes now blinding his eyes or the journalists all shouting for his attention, instead, he focuses on nothing more than Harry's glistening eyes and the dimples that curved so beautifully against his cheeks.

This was heaven, this was what Louis believed was a happy ending and he was absolutely certain that Harry was the start of the rest of his life.

---

Louis' life was never boring or dull after that, he didn't spend every day in his tiny little book shop wasting away money that he didn't have.

He didn't expect to attend Harry's premier of his movie, his lead role in a highly sex induced movie but he also didn't expect to be on a red carpet with the most beautiful and loved man in the world to date.
He didn't expect to be front page on every newspaper for months on end, he also didn't expect to have no private life.

But he wouldn't change a thing, a year on from the brightest part of his life he could not help but find himself in sweet serenity.

"Maybe he'll be a movie star as well, maybe not the movies I do but like some big name young actor" Harry spoke vividly from where he sat cross legged on the grass.

"Please Harry, he's a week old, please do give him time to become a child before you start signing him up for hollywoods biggest baby role" Louis scoffed, staring admiringly at the beautiful soul inside the Moses basket at his feet.

"He'll be a star, he'll either be a world wide name or he'll own a little book shop in Notting hill" Harry continued.

"I don't think he has to take over any of our jobs Harold dear, he can be a fucking Vet or a fireman, whatever he wants"

"Louis, do not swear in front of the baby"

"He's a year old" Louis said, rolling his eyes as he crawled along the grass to sit beside Harry. "He won't copy babe"

"Knowing you, his first word will be dick head"

"Or his first words will be Louis stop" He challenged, smirking at Harry who was pouting like a child. "Or his first word will be one of our names, he'll be the smartest boy in his classes or more, he'll be the best he can ever be Haz and that's all he needs in life"

"What if he doesn't like it?"

"Like what?" Louis asked with a frown, shuffling around until his head lay against Harry's lap.

"Like our life? I mean, we have such a public life and my names so well known. I don't want him to have a life that makes him feel uncomfortable or makes him think he's any better than anyone else just because we have money and fame"

"He'll be who he is Harry" Louis starts and stops, taking a deep breath and living the worry that Harry always has "Your name will not change who he is as a child. You are more than just a name Harry Styles, you are a beautiful, kind, caring soul and to have you as his father is a gift. He will grow to be a beautiful soul just like you and that's all that matters"

"I love you" Harry states randomly. "I don't think there was anyone on this planet that could have been made more perfect for me. I think... Even if you didn't walk into me in Notting Hill I would have found you some how, it's like fate, isn't it?"

"Of course Harry, you're the person who was made for me. It's mutual, we've discussed it"

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!