Love&Footie

by HashtagNiall

Summary

Love and Basketball AU.

Harry and Louis are neighbors who met when they were 12. Love and Footie occur.

Notes

This is my first Larry story please tell me what you think, what I can work on. Be brutally honest, I promise I can take it.

I don't know shit about soccer, footie, football, whatever you wanna call it and I literally just winged all of those parts so I'm sorry about that same thing with the college I chose, I literally know nothing about it.

I edited it to the best of my ability and I'm sorry if there are things I missed.

Also, I totally recommend you watch the actual movie Love and Basketball cause its fucking amazing.

Please enjoy and tell me what you think.

First Quarter.
"Louis. Look." Louis paused and looked towards the boy approaching. He was a small little thing, his hair curly and wild, he sported a David Beckham jersey and some torn up converse.

"Hi!" he yelled. Louis put the ball down and nodded at him. "Can I play?" the boy asked. Louis sighed and looked at Oli and Calvin.

"I don't know. Do you know how to play?" Louis asked while looking him up and down.

"Yes. I do."

"Okay, Oli, you take him." Oli nodded and he and the boy went to the other side of the field.

"Okay, first to 21. No rules." Louis yelled and the boy nodded and went to the middle where Louis stood with the soccer ball.

He threw the ball up in the air. Once it hit the floor, the boy kicked it in his favor and took off down the field. Louis was shocked for a moment and he took off, trying to catch the boy. Calvin was at the goal post ready to block. The boy kept going and got within two feet of Calvin before kicking the ball into the net.

"Goal. 1 point." The boy announced, throwing a thumbs up towards Oli.

Louis, felt angry, and kind of jealous.

"Lucky shot."

Now its game time.

"Let's go." he said bitterly. Kicking the ball.

The boy, easily took the ball and started back towards his goalpost, leaving Louis fuming. He chased him, but didn't get to him in time, resulting in another point.

The score was 5-1 and Louis was pissed.

As they stood in the middle of the field, the boy smiled.

"This is fun." he said before taking off with the ball again.

Louis wasn't going to have it. He grabbed for the boy and succeeded, but the boy fell face first and then curled into a ball, covering his face.

"Oh my god." Louis gasped. They all ran to his side and he got up, tears in his eyes.

There was blood running down his chin. He touched it and looked at Louis

"I- Umm." He whispered, trying to hold back his tears, before running away.

Louis stood there, feeling horrible.

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"Louis William Tomlinson. We are going there and you are apologizing. Now finish that letter and do it quickly."

"Mom. I didn't do it on purpose."

"It doesn't matter. These are our new neighbors and the first impression you made was scarring their son. We are going once I finish icing this cake."
"Fine. Is dad going?"

"Dad, is going to a meeting. You guys can go though." Louis' father, said as he kissed Johanna's cheek. She smiled at him and took some icing off of the cake, feeding it him.

"That is so lovely." he smiled at her and looked at his son.

"Be nice, listen to your mother." he said and Louis nodded. He walked out of the house and Johanna looked at Louis.

"Lets go."

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"Fix your hair." Johanna said.

"Mom."

The door flew open and a woman who looked way too young for her age smiled at the pair.

"Hi, how can I help you?" she asked.

"Hi, we live next door. I'm Johanna, you can call me Jay, and this is my son Louis." the woman smiled warmly at the two and gestured for them to come in.

"I'm Anne."

"Mom! I need another bandage!" a voice yelled. Then, the boy from earlier came around the corner.

"Harry, sweetie come and say hi to our new neighbors."

The boy, Harry, came over and smiled.

"We brought a cake, and Louis wanted to say something to you."

"I'm sorry, for earlier." Louis said quickly.

Anne smiled at Louis and took the cake from Jay.

"Take this into the kitchen and share." she said, handing it off to Harry. "Jay, would you like some tea?" Anne asked.

The boys walked into the kitchen.

"I really am sorry." Louis said once they were in there. "Does it hurt?"

"Its huge. You can fit your finger in it."

"Gross." Louis paused for a moment, thinking of what to say next. "How do you know how to play soccer so well?" he asked.

"I just can. I'm going to play for Manchester."

"It is all about Donny."

"Look, we can fight about this all day." Louis adds and Harry nods.
“What else can you do?” he asked. Louis shrugged and smiled.

“I can box.” He said, jabbing at the air.

“I know Karate.” Harry countered, kicking into the air.

They both started play fighting, and laughing not realizing how close they were to the counter.

“Lou! Watch out!” Harry yelled, but not soon enough, Louis hit the cake, and the entire thing fell to the floor. The moms ran into the kitchen and looked at the mess.

“Oh no. What happened here?” Anne asked.

“We were playing. I am so sorry.” Louis said. Anne smiled at him and turned to Harry.

“Its time for dinner. Go clean up and Ill clean this up.” Harry nodded and ran off.

“I’ll help you, Louis, go home and call Mona, tell her we’re coming to get Lottie soon.” Louis nodded and looked toward the door Harry ran through.

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“Gem. I don’t want to.” Harry pleaded.

“Please little brother? I need to practice for my class!” Harry sighed and nodded.

“Fine.” he huffed and sat on the pillow at her feet.

She grabbed the brush, and started pulling it through his hair.

“Ouch Gem!” he yelled. Elbowing her leg.

“I’m not hurting you. Shut it.” she said as Anne walked into the room, a blue and white button up shirt and a matching tie in her hand.

“First day of school tomorrow. Are you both excited?” she asked setting it on the desk.

“No.”

“Yes.” the siblings answered at the same time. Harry’s answer first.

“What if the kids don’t like me, cause you know.” he said quietly.

Anne knealed in front of him.

“It doesn’t matter what they think. As long as you are content with yourself. Are you content?” she asked and Harry nodded sheepishly.

“There you go. Now, Gem, hurry. Bed time soon.” she said, kissing both kids on their cheeks.

“Sweetie, which one?” Robin asked, entering the room holding a blue tie and a green one.

“Blue.”

“Okay, I’m so nervous to start this new job.” he turned to the kids. "Are you both okay? settled in?"

They nodded and Robin smiled
"Good." he turned back to Anne. "Come help me?" he asked and she nodded, before getting up and smiling at her kids once more.

"Okay, back to work." Gemma said as she pulled the brush through his hair and earning another groan of pain.

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Louis laid there, staring at the ceiling. His parents sounds of angry yelling and thumping from stuff being thrown coming from the other room.

He got up and went over to his window. The light still on in his new neighbors room.

He and a girl that looked a few years older than him were sitting on the bed. Harry's knees were pulled up to his chest and the girl was brushing his curls away.

He is pretty. Louis thought.

He sighed and flopped back onto the bed.

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"Go on! Louis is waiting!" Anne called.

Harry got his bike and his soccer ball, stuffing it between the handle bars. Louis sat there, on his own bike, looking at Harry expectantly.

"Hi." Louis said and Harry's bike fell down.

"Oops." he said, picking it up, and looking back at Louis. His heart pounding.

"Umm, so... Wanna head to school now?" Louis asked.

Harry nodded and they started on their way.

"Okay. I have to say it." Louis stopped and Harry looked at him, his green eyes wide. "I think you're cute." he said quickly.

Harry turned red and looked down.

"I hope that's not weird. I don't know. I mean, I've never done this."

"I think you're cute too." Harry whispered.

Louis looked at him and smiled.

"Well, can we be boyfriends? I mean, only if you want." Harry smiled.

"What do I have to do?" he asked. Louis shrugged.

"I guess, you know, we play soccer and we ride to school together. And if you get mad at me, I have to give you flowers."

"I don't like flowers." Harry said.
"We'll come back to that." Louis amended.
"Okay."
"Okay."

Both boys stood there for a few moments, looking ahead.

"I think we have to kiss now." Louis said. Harry turned to him, his cheeks heating again.

"Okay. How long?"

"We can go for five seconds."

"Okay. Where at?" Louis glanced around and pointed to some bushes.

"Over there." They both walked towards them, nervous and giddy.

They faced each other and took deep breaths.

"Ready?" Louis asked. Harry nodded timidly and leaned in, inching, until their lips met in the middle.

They held that position while Louis counted to five on his hand.

Once the countdown was up, they pulled away and blushed, going back to their respective bikes.

"Now that we are dating, you have to ride my bike with me." Louis said to Harry.

He looked up and at Louis' bike then back to Louis.

"I don't want to ride your bike. I have my own." Harry said.

"That's what couples do. So that means you have to ride with me." Harry stared at Louis for a moment.

"Come on." Louis pleads. Harry shakes his head.

"I don't have to do what you say." Harry says, narrowing his eyes at Louis.

"Forget it then, stupid!"

"You're stupid! And you can't play footie!" Harry said. Louis' eyes widened

"What?" he asked menacingly and Harry shrugged

"You heard me."

They watched each other for a few more moments before Louis hurled himself at Harry, knocking him into the grass,

"I don't want to be your boyfriend you wanker!" Louis yelled, Harry was gripping his shirt, as they rolled around in the grass, effectively ruining their first day of school clothes.

"I don't want to be your boyfriend either, stupid!" Harry yelled back, and they continued to shove
each other into the grass.

Second Quarter.

The crowds were cheering at the top of their lungs, people stood by the bleachers, crowded around the concession stand, and were watching intently. Every Friday night, it gets this way.

The school so proud of their boys' soccer team, lead by co-Captains Harry Styles, and Louis Tomlinson, both seniors, looking to be scouted.

"Okay, we need to get back out there and win this! We need two more goals, Red, block with your life!" Louis yelled. He looked over at Harry, who was quietly listening by the door.

"Bring it in and lets win this game!" Louis cheered, and riled up the team, waiting for Harry to join, when he didn't Louis knew he was going to have to go over to him and talk, but the team ushered Harry out the door first.

"Styles! Field!" the coach yelled, Louis watched as Harry ran to the field while tying up his hair.

The ref blew the whistle and dropped the ball, Harry immediately took it and ran, dodging and kicking, he got the goalpost and a player from the other team came out of nowhere and took the ball, Harry stood there for a second before chasing him. He knew what was coming, he felt his anger getting the best of him. He ran and finally caught the guy, pushing him out of the way and getting the ball, he barely kicked it before he heard the whistle.

He paused and blood rushed through his ears as he watched the ref call the foul.

"What?" he yelled at the ref "What did I do?"

"Let it go Styles!" Coach yelled.

Harry watched the ref with a scowl as the opposing team kicked the ball into play. Harry ran and right as the other team was about to make a shot, he kicked the ball and his shoulder hit the other persons, he couldn't even take off running before the whistle blew.

"FUCK!" He yelled as he heard the ref calls out the reason for the whistle

"Styles! Sit! Tomlinson." Harry stood there, anger filling his veins.

The coach grabbed his arm and pulled him to the sidelines.

Harry wanted to run, he wanted to cuss everyone out.

He kicked the bench and threw himself onto it. Anger radiating off of him. Louis shakes his head and runs out onto the field as Harry buries his face in his hands.

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"Dad, can you please talk to the coach for me?" Harry begged.

"You weren't being professional at the last game, that's why he did what he did." Robin countered.

"I was showing emotion." he countered and Robin laughed. "Come on. Scouts are going to be there tonight and he'll have me benched the whole game."

"Sweetie. What happened?" Anne asked. Harry groaned and told her.

"Well, maybe, you should start thinking about other things, other than soccer." Robin said.

"What?" Harry asked slightly offended.

"Haz, after tonight, you only have one more game and no one has recruited you. I go to every single game, and I may be the only one who wants this as bad as you, but you have to start thinking in long term."

"The coach from Manchester is gonna be at the Championship." Harry said

"I know, but Haz,"

"No. There is still a chance." he said. Anne rubbed his hand soothingly, and all he could do was look out the window.

Louis was stood there, with someone pressed between him and his car. Harry rolled his eyes but didn't look away.

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"I have a game to get to." Louis complained to the boy that was standing in front of him.
Nick leaned up and kissed him once more. "And my mom is gonna be home soon."
"I can't meet her?" he asked and Louis laughed. "She would kill me, if she knew you were here."
"Wouldn't want that now." Nick said, while blowing him a kiss and sliding into his car.
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The crowd went crazy as Louis made yet another goal. He made eye contact with Dan, his step-dad, who smiled and gave him a thumbs up.
When the next play starts Harry hears whispers behind him. He turns and sees two people standing there, he knows them as Luke, the second most coveted boy in the school Louis being first, and Kenny, his best friend.
"Hi." he says in a too sweet voice.
Harry smiles and turns back to the game.
"I like your kit." Luke says, tapping on Harry’s shoulder. He knows he’s full of shit.
"So, do you know if Louis is going to the Spring Dance?" he asked Harry.
"Nope." he said simply.
"Come on mate, you live right next to him." he pauses "Who has he been with?"
Harry scoffed.
"There are so many, I can’t keep track." Luke rolls his eyes playfully and pulls a note out of his pocket.
"Can you give this to him for me?" he asked, handing it to Harry.
"Give it to him yourself, he’ll be off the field in a second."
"I don’t want to be obvious." Harry rolled his eyes at him and looked away. Luke picked up Harry’s hand and pressed the note into it. "Thanks mate, I owe you one." he said, before going back to his friend.
Harry refocuses on the game just as Louis makes another goal and the crowd screams.
"Mate, look at him. He’s so fucking fit." he heard Luke sigh as Louis headed to the middle of the field.
Harry watched him, the way the shorts cling to his ass, so beautifully. The way he has his headband pushing back his soft fringe. He caught himself staring so he ran a hand over his face and hung his head, keeping his eyes low for the rest of the game.
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"So, Tomlinson, its no secret that you are this teams most coveted player. What offers are you thinking of taking?" a reporter asked Louis.
He smiled and looked over at Dan.
"Its a surprise." he gleamed before posing for a few more photos, with the team and alone.
Dan came up to Louis after the commotion died down.
"Alright. The coach from Princeton keeps calling. So, lets make a lunch date with him. Get people talking." Dan started.
"Princeton?" Louis paused and looked around the room. "There is no way that Ivy league team is gonna make it to the pros."
"I dont really care about the team. Its the school I care about." Louis sighed.
"We had this conversation before," Louis added.
Dan just smiled, shaking his head at the boy who he became so close to.
Jay and Louis’ father divorced soon after Harry moved in, and after a year or so, Dan came along and fell in love with Louis, Lottie, and Fizzy and they all love him just as much.
"You played good son." he said. Louis nodded, trying not to smile.
"Yeah? I mean, I thought I messed up a few times." Louis paused, letting his smile spread. "How about a game right now?" he asked and Dan let out a laugh.
"I don't want to hurt your feelings." he said.
"Oh no, you just don't want to hurt your back." Louis joked back.
"Go home. Your mother and the girls are making pizzas," Dan said, patting Louis on the shoulder. As he was walking away, Harry was walking towards them.
"Good evening Mr. Deakin." Harry said politely.
"Hi Harry. How are you?" They exchanged words and then Dan left. Leaving Louis and Harry face to face.
"That was a good game." Harry told him.
"And you know this!" Louis said playfully. "What do you want though?" he added.
"A ride home."
"Your legs don't look broken to me?"
"Shut up you wanker. I'll be at your car." Harry said
"A simple 'please' would be lovely." Louis called out. Harry rolled his eyes.
"Boy, please." he said dryly.

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As Louis drove, Harry sat in the passenger seat, staring out the window and playing with his soccer ball. Suddenly, Harry remembered the note.
He pulled it out of his pocket and turned it over a couple of times.
"Whats that?" Louis asked breaking the silence.
"Some note Luke Wright asked me to give you."
"The fit one with the muscles?"
Harry pretends to gag as Louis reached for the note.
"Give it to me!" Louis called.
Harry opened the note, holding it far from Louis, and cleared his throat.
"Lou, You're so fine, and I've been wanting to talk to you. Let's go to the Spring Dance and I promise, Ill leave you satisfied." Harry ends the note with a laugh "Wow." he breathed out.
"What?"
"He's kind of..." Harry paused "A Hoe?"
"Why? Because he wants to get with me?" Louis countered.
"No, because he's basically sending his dick through the mail."
"And?"
"And? He didn't say "I think you're a nice guy, and I want to get to know you better." he is saying "I want to have sex with you.""
"So, he's honest." Louis said
"Yeah, an honest ho. But I guess you'll stick your dick in anything."
"I didn't know you cared so much" Louis countered.
"I don't." Harry said a little too quickly while looking away from Louis. There were a few beats of silence then Louis spoke again.
"Who are you going to the dance with? Spalding?"
"Who's Spalding?" Harry asked, confused.
Louis looked at the ball in Harry's lap and started laughing. Finally, Harry looked and seen the big letters across the ball 'SPALDING'
"Oi, fuck you Louis." Harry said, hitting Louis.
"See, that's why you're not getting recruited."
"Who said that?" Harry asked
"Your hot temper."
"Umm, excuse me." Harry pointed the scar under his chin. "I sure as hell didn't put this scar here."
"Oh, here we go." Louis groaned
"When we were 10 years old, and someone was about to lose."
"Alright fine." Louis stopped at the light and faced Harry. "Hit me. Give it your best shot."
"The light is green, can you go."
"No, I mean it. I'm tired of you holding it over my head."
"Don't tempt me. I'm warning you." Harry said
"I'm warning you. Stop the attitude. No one is going to recruit you."
"It's called aggressive playing. I play soccer. I don't do ballet for a reason. If they want someone who is a pretty little ball player who picks fucking flowers all day then that's on them. I'm a SOCCER player."
"With a fucked up attitude."
"I didn't know you cared so much." Harry said smartly.
"I don't."
"Good." Harry said getting out of the car and slamming the door.

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Louis walked into the house, and once he closed the door, Jay came up to him. Jay rolled her eyes fondly and kissed his cheek.
"Guess what." she said with a smirk on her face. Louis started towards the kitchen, Jay following. "I was cleaning up, collecting laundry and sheets, and when I pulled the sheets off of my son's bed, guess what fell onto the floor."
Louis cringed and looked at his mother
"What did I tell you?!" she yelled. Louis looked down
"I'm sorry mum." he said
"Well, I just." she paused "I want you to do good in school, it's fine. I'm not mad. I just don't want you to lose focus and end up in an unhappy marriage just because you think you are high school sweethearts. Baby, please don't do what I did. Please be careful." she explained.
Louis kissed her cheek.
"I understand, and I am sorry. I know you have my back." Jay laughed
"How was the game sweetheart?" she asked. Louis smiled.
"We won, of course eighty to thirteen, still undefeated."
"Still the man."
"Of course." he bragged, high-fiving his ever so supportive mother.
"Louis! I want to do your makeup. Fiz won't let me do hers." Lottie came into the room.
"Oh no. It's bed time young lady." Louis went and picked her up, throwing her over his shoulder.
He took her into her room and threw her onto the bed and started tickling her.
"Go to sleep!" he yelled as she laughed.
"Okay stop Lou!" she breathed out.
He stopped and kissed her forehead before leaving her room throwing a good night over his shoulder.
Once Louis was settled and ready for bed, he stared at the ceiling, trying to get comfortable.
He listened for the sounds of his mother singing to Fizzy, or the sound of Lottie's music playing lowly, maybe even the sounds of his mother and Dan quietly talking and laughing.
Nothing. Deafening silence. Which meant no sleep.

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Two hours later, Louis, couldn't take it.
Sleep not crossing his mind once, he got out of bed and slipped on a t-shirt. He opened his window quietly and climbed out, crossing into Harry's yard, he tapped on the window, hoping it was loud enough

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Harry could hear it. It started in his dream, but then he realized someone, namely Louis, was tapping on the window.
It's not a new occurrence between them and Harry knows how Louis just can't sleep, so he got out of bed, and stumbled to the window, pushing it open.
Louis let himself in, and went to the floor, where Harry had thrown a blanket and pillow.

"Gem, I don't know why I still let you do this." Harry complained. Gemma laughed and pulled his hair. "Ow!"
"Shut it. I know I don't hurt you anymore, we've been doing this too long." they laughed together
and Gemma nudged him with her knee. "So, are you going to the Spring Dance? Do you have a date?" she asked him.

"Yes Gem. Boys are just lining up at my locker." he said, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Well, I found you someone."

"Found? I don't need charity Gemma."

"I know that H."

"Did mom put you up to this?"

"No." she scoffed.

"Gemma." he sighed. He shook his head and looked at her. "Who is he?" he asked, his curiosity getting the better of him.

"This guy from my college."

"A college guy?!" harry whisper yelled.

"Oh my god, he is beautiful. If he weren't gay, I'd be getting at him." she told Harry with a dreamy sigh.

"How did you get him to say yes?" Harry questioned

"I told him, you look like a guy version of me and I may or may not have shown him a picture of you."

"Oh, great."

"Harry." she sighed, not quite knowing what she waned to say.

She started the other french braid and he cleared his throat.

"Have you ever been in love?" he asked her.

"Too many times."

"Do they ever love you back?"

"Once I stop calling them they do. Why?"

Harry shrugged and wanted to cry, but he ignored the feeling and started singing.

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"Game day. You got this Harry." he told himself, splashing water onto his face.

After a few more deep breaths, he went and joined the team in the locker room as coach was finishing their pep talk.

"Styles, you're starting. And I want two laps at practice on Monday for missing the our pre-talk."

coach yelled. He nodded and went to walk past the team.

"Harry." he felt someone grab his arm, and turned to see Louis, who was smiling gently.

Harry looked down at his arm and back to Louis, making him drop the younger boys arm immediately.

The buzzer rang and the team filed out.

"I don't have to tell you guys how big this game is. We worked too damn hard all season to leave without this championship. So let's play smart..." coach paused and looked at Harry. "...let's play in control, and let's kick some butt. " they cheered and ran out onto the field.

As they were running out, Harry couldn't help but to look at Anne, Robin, and Gemma all sitting proudly, waving. He smiled and then saw Louis, he was watching Harry from the sidelines.

Harry quickly looked away and saw a scout sitting front row. He took a deep breath, and took his position as a player from the other team hit his shoulder.

"Don't." he told himself repeatedly, waiting for the ball to be tossed.

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Its fourth quarter. One more minute left in the game and they're down by two goals. Harry has the ball, heading towards his teams goalpost.

He kicks it off to Oli, who kicks it straight into the goal.

"Hell yeah!" Louis yells from the sideline, hitting another players arm.

Standing, waiting for the ball to be passed with twenty seconds left, he runs towards the other player and... Whistle.

The crowd erupts in boos as the ref calls out for interference, number Twenty-two.

"No!" harry yells, anger filling him up as he runs towards the ref "That's bullsh-" coach grabs his
arm and he lets out an angry grunt.
Penalty kick. He stands there, waiting for the ball the go into the goal, back down by two.
Ten seconds left in the game, He starts to kick the ball to the end of the field, he kicks, and it hits the side of the net.
Anger taking over, he reaches out to the player who took the ball and. Foul.
He walks to the bench and buries his hands in his face and cries as the buzzer goes off.
Louis sits there, staring at Harry, feeling as bad as he does.

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Harry is sitting on his bed, tight black jeans clinging to his toned legs. A loose sheer black shirt hanging off of his shoulders, the first four buttons not done.
Gemma convinced him to put on a coat of mascara and as she stood there applying it carefully, she sighed.
"This might help, if you didn't look so evil." she said to him. She messed with his curls, adjusting them to lay on his shoulder.
"I don't even want to go." he frowned. Gemma shook her head and smiled.
"Mom!" she called.
Anne walks in moments later, her step faltering as she takes in her son.
"Oh, my baby." she whispers, clutching a cloth to her chest. "Gem, go get the necklace." she adds.
Gemma nods and leaves the room.
"Are you okay?" Anne asks, taking in Harry's miserable expression. He simply shrugs and Anne nods.
"Well, can you promise me one thing?" she asks
"What?"
"Tonight, I don't want you to worry about the game, the recruiters or anything. Enjoy looking handsome. Can you do that?"
Harry stares at her, and Gemma returns, a delicate silver necklace in hand.
"Turn around."
He complies and Anne places the silver chain around his neck, a small cross pendant hanging from it.
"You really think I look okay?" he asks.
Anne smiles at her son and nods. Harry places his hand on the necklace and blinks back tears.

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In the gym, a Beyonce song is flooding through the speakers, and people are crowding the dance floor.
In the middle, is Louis and his date Luke. Dancing dirtily to the song, obviously knowing where they want the night to end.
Harry walks in, feeling self conscious as he looks around the room. His eyes land on his date, Xander, a twenty one year old biology major.
"Can I take your coat?" he asks Harry.
"You're cold?" he asks, pulling it off.
"No, I mean can I check it in for you." he reiterates.
Harry feels his face flush as Xander pulls it off of his shoulders and looks at his frame.
"Your sister wasn't lying." he says, and Harry smiles shyly, looking to the ground.
Xander heads towards coat check as Louis finally looks up and sees Harry standing there, still smiling.
He stops dancing and stares in shock.
"Oh shit." he whispers. The song ends and he heads off of the dance floor.
Harry notices Louis coming towards him, dressed in tight black jeans that show off everything, and a fitting black button up. His hair done in a quiff.
He brushes his curls back and then replaces it.
"Look who made it." Louis said as he stood in front of Harry.
"Yep."
"You don't look half bad." Louis commented. Harry felt his face flush.
"You either." he said lamely.
Xander returns to Harry's side and wraps an arm around Harry's waist.
"Oh, hi. I'm Xander." he said, reaching out to shake Louis' hand.
"Louis." he said, shaking his hand firmly. Luke joins them just then and looks at Harry.
"Damn, I didn't know Nike had a formal line." he said with a giggle.
Harry stares at Luke as he wraps himself around Louis.
"Err, I guess we'll be going." Harry says, pulling Xander towards the dance floor, and nobody but Louis will know he watched him walk away.
Harry and Xander are sitting at a table near the dance floor. Harry looking around awkwardly.
After a few more beats of silence, Xander moves his arm to rest on the back of Harry's chair and clears his throat.
"So, Harry, do you like school?" he asks. Harry smiles nervously and gives a small nod.
"Yeah, high school was alright I guess. I don't remember there being anyone as cute as you though."
Harry giggled and leaned in a centimeter closer.
"So, what do you like to study?"
"Gym." Harry says simply. Xander waits, expecting him to add on.
"I'm an English major. Do you like English?" he asks.
"Kind of."
"Be careful." Xander smiles at him.
"What?"
"That was two words." Xander laughs. Harry ducks his head to hide the flame of his cheeks.
"Are you okay?"
"Yeah, Sorry. I- I'm sorry."
"I mean, I'm having a good time with you..." He leans back to get a better look at Harry. "Tell me what I have to do to make you have a good time with me."
Harry watches him for a moment.
"My mouth is kind of dry." Harry finally says.
"I'll get you some punch." Xander stands and looks at Harry. "Just don't disappear and leave a glass slipper."
Harry's face breaks into a smile and Xander leaves the table with a matching grin on his face.
Harry is still smiling, and he leans back into his chair, relaxing a bit. A few guys from some of Harry's classes pass by, checking him out, his ego inflating a bit more.
"Hey." He hears a voice which also makes him jump.
He turns and sees Louis standing there with two cups in his hands.
"Oh. Hey." he replies.
"Are you having fun?" Louis asks, his eyebrows furrowed as he watches Harry.
"Yeah." Harry says, smiling a bit as he looks towards the table where Xander is.
"The DJ kind of sucks though." Louis laughs out. There's an awkward moment of silence before Louis speaks again. "So, who is this guy?"
Harry looks at him, kind of shocked, then he smirks.
"Well, he's not Spalding." He says. Louis nods, a humorless laugh leaving his lips.
"I suppose not."
"So, you came with Luke?" Harry asks as Always Be My Baby by Mariah Carey came on.
Louis scratched the back of his neck and looked down.
"You know, it was late, and he asked..."
"You want to dance?" Xander asked, making Harry and Louis look up at him. Harry smiled shyly and nodded.
"Sure." Xander sets the cups down and takes Harry's hand leading him to the dance floor.
Louis watches for a moment, a feeling of jealousy rolling through him. He shakes his head and goes over to Luke and takes his hand, leading him to the dance floor.
Harry is nervous to say the least. He's moving awkwardly as Xander guides him in a circle. His hands travel down to the dip in Harry's back and he pulls him a bit closer.

At that moment Harry looks up and locks eyes with none other than Louis Tomlinson.

Harry being held by Xander and Louis holding Luke. They stared at each other, watching each other.

Both of them try to look away from the other but can't. Like they're stuck in a bubble. It's almost as if they're the ones holding each other.

Finally, Xander turns Harry a little, missing his and Louis stare down but effectively breaking them out of it.

Harry rests his head on Xander's chest as Louis slides his hands down Luke's back.

[---]

Harry sits in the front seat of Xander's car, one of his arms wrapped around Harry.

"Freshman year, my penalty percentage was fifty one percent cause I was kicking too high." Xander leans in and kisses his shoulder.

"Err, umm Sophomore year I went up to seventy five percent."

Xander looks up at Harry a smile on his face as he listens to his ranting.

"I went up because I learned how to keep the ball low." Xander goes for it. He kisses Harry softly, effectively giving Harry his first kiss. They pull away and smile at each other.

"That was nice." he said to Harry.

"Yeah..."

"Your sister told me not to touch, but you're just so beautiful." Xander said, leaning in to capture his lips again.

"Wait.." Harry breathes as he feels Xander's hand roaming around his thigh.

"Shh, its okay." Xander coos.

Inexperienced, Harry just shuts his eyes and kisses him back.

[---]

Harry gets out of Xander's car and walks up to the house. Through the window he can see his mother's sleeping figure on the couch.

He creeps around the back and opens his window, climbing in and peeling off his boots. He takes a wipe and starts wiping off the smudged mascara. He flops onto his bed, not removing any other clothes.

As soon as he lays he hears a crumple of paper. Getting up he snatches the letter and reads 'KINGS COLLEGE LONDON ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT'

His heart starts pounding and he looks around the room scared to open the letter.

Something catches his eye and when he turns around he sees Louis pulling his jacket off. He goes to the window and opens it.

"Psst!" he tries.

Louis looks over and watches Harry for a moment before climbing out of the window.

"Early night for you isn't it?" He asked sarcastically.

"I was about to ask you the same thing, I mean with the college guy and all." Louis retorted. Harry looked down "So where'd you go after?" Louis added.

"The point." Harry says in almost a whisper.

"Figures." Louis says and Harry straightens up.

"What about you and Luke, what make out spot did you go to?" Harry asked, a bit of edge to his voice.

"None of your business," Louis said harshly.

"Well, I'm sure he left you satisfied." harry said, sniffing.

"Is that what you think?" Louis asked, his voice softening. Harry shrugged.

"After you left, I took Luke home after he told me I was the dumbest guy in the world, I left." Louis explained.

"Why?"

"Cause, I don't just stick my dick in anything." Louis retorts with a scoff. Harry stares at Louis for a
moment before snorting.  
"I was with Xander and he was kissing me and feeling on me, but I couldn’t remember how many penalty shots I had last season and it was bothering me. He also probably got tired of me kneeing him in the balls." Harry finishes and Louis nods and then starts laughing.  
Harry watches, the way his face scrunches, and how loud it is between the two of them. He joins him in laughing.  
"Four." Louis suddenly stops.  
"What?"  
"You took four penalty shots last season." Harry's eyes widen.  
"Hold on." he says, leaving Louis standing there. He goes and grabs the letter and holds it out to Louis.  
"When did you get this?" he asks.  
"It was on my bed when I got home..." he pauses and runs a hand through his hair. "Can you just.." Harry motions for Louis to open it.  
"Are you sure?" he asks.  
Harry nods quickly. So Louis grabs the envelope and sits on the grass. Harry paces for a few moments before sitting next to him.  
Louis slowly opens the letter.  
Harry watches him closely, looking for a change in his expression. Nothing. He reads through it and looks up at Harry.  
"Damn..." he says and Harry's heart falls into his stomach. A smile slowly spreads across Louis face.  
"They want you." he says with a full blown smile.  
Harry snatches the letter from Louis as relief and happiness flood through him.  
"Congratulations." Louis says with a smile on his face. Harry is soaring as Louis clears his throat.  
"I'm gonna be there too. I'm announcing it tomorrow."  
"I knew it." Harry says a sly smile on his face.  
Harry is bouncing his feet, staring at the letter. He squeals delightedly and looks at Louis. Without hesitation, he leans in and kisses Louis, no tongue, just lips against lips.  
They break apart and laugh nervously.  
"What was that about?" Louis asks.  
"I know, right?" Harry says, still watching Louis.  
A few seconds pass and they lean in and kiss deeply, soft, and sweet until Louis leans back and Harry falls to the side of him, and they kiss. tongues fighting, licking into each other.  
Harry pulls away and sits up. Louis follows and they sit there, catching their breaths and staring into each others eyes. Green meeting blue.  
After a few moments of thinking Harry didn't want this, Louis looked down and seen Harry's index finger pulling at his shirt. Slightly shocked, Louis sees what hes doing, so he starts to unbutton his shirt.  
Harry undoes his shirt and pulls it down, suddenly self conscious . Louis' mouth drops and his breathing increases as he takes in Harry's flushed face and embarrassed expression. He stands and pulls his pants off, leaving him in tight black boxers. Harry pulls off his pants and they face each other.  
Harry would never admit it out loud, but he was scared. Just then, Louis looked into his eyes and smiled softly, making Harry's heart flutter and relaxing him. Louis takes Harry's hand and leads him through the window and onto the younger boys bed.  
Louis looks for his pants and takes out the lube and condom he had in his pocket and sets it down next to Harry.  
"Are you sure about this Harry?" he asks. Harry nods slowly and Louis snaps open the lube and spreads it around three of his fingers. He pushes Harry's legs apart and kneels between his legs. Slowly, and gently he fingers Harry open, until the pain turns to pleasure, and Harry is whimpering as quietly as he can.  
"Are you okay?" Louis asks again.
Harry nods and Louis lines himself up with Harry's hole. He pushes in slightly and tears form in Harry's eyes. "Haz, breath." Louis says, leaning in and kissing his tear stained cheeks. Harry takes deep breaths as he adjusts to the full feeling. What feels like years later Harry nods. "Okay. I'm okay."

Louis nods and reaches between them, taking Harry's cock into his hand, trying to distract him from the pain. "Please, Louis more." Harry moans, trying to contain his whisper. "Okay I got you baby." Louis says, moving into the green eyed boy. He picks up a rhythm, in and out, faster and faster as they feel themselves building. "Fuck, Louis. I'm gonna" One thrust into Harry's prostate immediately shut him up, and made him bite his hand as to not make a loud noise as he came all over his and Louis' tummies. Louis groaned and bit down on Harry's shoulder as he followed. They lay there, catching there breath and smiling at each other.

Third Quarter
-Kings College London.
Twelve people were sat on the bleachers. Eight upperclassmen and the three freshman including Harry. He couldn't stop bouncing his leg, nervousness filling him. Also, slight irritation. He was supposed to be on the Varsity team, not the JV team. He sighed and picked at his gym bag. At least its not the freshman team he compromised. The doors opened and a woman walked in. "I don't know some you yet and you don't know me, I'm still being nice to you." she said, earning a laugh from the upperclassmen.
"Hardwork and sacrifice is my motto. Just putting on our school colors doesn't make you a great player. Hard work and sacrifice do. For the first time in your life, you aren't gonna be the best. You're gonna be going against players that are bigger, better, stronger than you can imagine. My question is how will you respond?" she looked at Harry. "You're answer is hard work and sacrifice." Harry looked around at his teammates then back to the coach. "I have a few rules if you want to play on my team. Twenty three hundred is your curfew, no exceptions. Always be on time, no exceptions. Attend EVERY class, no exceptions. No drugs, alcohol, and finally, respect yourselves, respect your coaches, and teammates. Right Niall?" Niall, a senior, nodded. "That's right coach." he said with a Irish accent. "By the end of the year, some of you will hate me, and some will want to go home but I guarantee if you follow my motto, you'll all be better players." Harry nodded and coach dismissed the team.

**Next morning**

Its six a.m. and the team is walking to the track. Harry is still half asleep and dragging behind. "TWO MILES! START!" Coach yelled and everyone took off running. Harry startled, started running. After a few laps Harry and some other freshman he was with were dragging behind at the end of the group. "Lets go freshman! Catch up!" coach yelled. Harry took a deep breath and took off, catching up to the middle of the group then losing his momentum and falling back again, the team watching as he did this. "Styles! I'm gonna put you on team Oz! No Heart, no brains, and no courage!~

 They moved onto drills and each player was doing crouches, moving back and forth down the sidelines. One person just finished and Harry was next. He squatted and started. "Lower Styles!" he went a little lower. "Move your feet!" she groans and comes over to him,
squatting next to him "This is low! Got it? Offense sells tickets, defense wins games!"
Harry starts moving again, lower this time.
"Practice is over." coach yelled at the team. They grabbed the ball bag and ran out.

Harry was sore, practice was every day, early as fuck and he was tired.
They were on the field today, running around, and Harry was right in front of the penalty line.
Marshall, a senior who was twice his size was rushing him, and Harry went to kick the ball, but
Marshall crashed into him, slamming him to the grass.
He lay there, in shock, laughter coming from the sidelines.
"Damn, you took him out M." Niall said, his cohorts, Deo and Ike started laughing.
"I think he called for his mommy." Deo added.
"Nah, he said mammary." they all laughed and coach came over.
"Styles, you cant take a hit?" she asked. Harry got up and shook his head.
"I can take it." he said, coach nodded.
"Plant your feet and try again."
Harry moved back to his position and braces himself. Marshall does the same and he charges him,
taking Harry out again.
He falls to the floor and pushed back the pain as he jumps up
"Next." coach yelled, Harry moves to the sideline, ignoring the pain in his back and ass.

**later that day.
The team is in the weight room and Harry is on one of the weight benches, his arms are shaking as
he struggles with the one hundred fifty pounds of weight.
"You got it." Niall says, standing behind him. He lifts it with Niall's help. "There you go."
"Coach hates me doesn't she?" Harry asks and Niall laughs.
"Coach hates all freshman," Harry frowns
"Why?"
"Don't take it personal." Niall starts. "Don't think cause we're the same position we have to compete.
We're teammates. Okay?"
"Thanks Niall." Harry says, his spirit lifted.
"Besides, I've been in that spot for two years. There's no way I'm gonna let some dumbass freshman
take my spot." Niall let go of the bar and it falls onto Harry's chest, knocking the breath out of him.
Harry has to drop the weight to the floor, breathing hard as he sits up, watching Niall walk away.

Harry and Louis are walking to class, Louis arm around Harry's waist.
Both men and woman, looking at Louis, and Louis returns the looks with smiles. Harry just looks
exhausted.
"Have you finished you're economics work?" Harry asked.
"Yep."
"What's it about?"
"Basically, it said I'm gonna be making bank as a pro soccer player, ya know, since I'm such a hot
commodity.
"Whatever, wanker." Harry says, smiling at his boyfriend. Louis laughs and two girls come over and
stop in front of Louis.
"Hey, Lou. Are you gonna take varsity to the finals?" she asked. Louis shrugged.
"We'll see." he says with a smirk.
"We'll be watching." One says and they walk away.
Harry looked at Louis.
"What?" Louis asked cluelessly.
"You do see me here right?" he asked
"I cant be nice to my fans?" Louis asked cockily.
"Fine, Louis."
"I cant help people coming up to me." Louis retorted.
"I said its fine." Harry snapped back. Louis watches as Harry starts to walk, sulking. Without warning he grabs him by the waist and they fall to the grass, he pulls Harry to him and wraps his arms around his waist.

"Its okay, little baby." Louis coos in Harry's ear.
"Quit it." Harry says sternly, struggling to get out of Louis's arms. Louis grips him tighter and starts to rock him in his arms. Other students walking by laugh at the scene. "Shh, its okay, daddy's here." he says playfully and Harry can't hold in the laugh that escapes his lips. "You're such a punk." Harry giggles, Louis looks at him adoringly and kisses him. "All these people... You're the only one I know is real." he says against Harry's lips. Harry smiles and kisses him again. "Always."

Harry's team is scrimmaging. Harry on the red side, Niall on blue. Niall is all over Harry, throwing cheap shots, Harry finally starts to play and does a cross-over, losing Niall, he kicks the ball to Ike and he scores. "Niall! You feel like playing defense today?" coach yells from the side. Niall glares and runs back towards Harry. Niall goes to kick the ball to his teammate, but Harry swoops in and takes off with the ball, he makes it to his side of the field and kicks the ball into the goal, and Harry stays there, a smile on his face. *Whistle*
"Styles. Here." he looks over at the coach, his smile dropping. He goes over to him. "While your busy gloating, the other team scored" she said and Harry looked at the scoreboard. "Show me again." coach said.
"What?" he asked
"You love that smile so much. Lets see it again." Harry smiles again and his team laughs. "Stand there and smile like that for the rest of practice." she says, turning back to the team. "Coach."
"I want you to stand like that until you're sick of it, cause I never want to see that again. Do you hear me?" Harry nods "Lorenzo, take his spot."
Lorenzo, a freshman runs in and coach blows the whistle, practice resuming. Harry stands there, smiling, feeling like an asshole as he watches. When practice is over Harry and the team are in the locker room, his teammates bantering and talking loudly. He sits there, changing his shoes and listening when two of them walk past, a fake smile on their faces. He shakes his head and looks back to his shoes. "That's what you get for trying to show off, freshman." Niall says from the bench in front of him. Harry rolls his eyes. "I was just playing ball." he responds.
"You were trying to make me look bad." Niall said.
"Didn't have to try very hard." Harry responded, and everyone in the locker room stopped and stared as Niall stood up.
"Don't you know, you're just sloppy seconds?" he asked Harry. Harry stood
"What?" he asked
Liam stepped between them. "Niall, let it go." he said. "The only reason you're here is cause Tony Anderson tore his ACL and couldn't come. They were done recruiting." Niall said menacingly. Keenan, a senior, shook his head. "That's fucked up Niall." he said
"Just thought the kid should know." he said with a shrug. Harry stood there in shock, and Niall headed towards the showers.
"Don't even trip. He's just mad cause hes ugly." one team mate said.  
Harry turned back to his stuff and grabbed it, leaving the locker room without another word.  
He went straight to Louis' frat house and knocked on the door.  
Louis opened it, a smile on his face, it dropped as soon as he saw Harry and he pulled him into the room and laid him on the bed.  
Louis left the room and grabbed an ice pack and laid down. Harry laid with his feet by Louis head and groaned as Louis put the ice on his ankle.  
"I took a hard hit on my hip today." Louis said, as he set his own ice pack on his hip. Harry held it in place and sighed, telling Louis was happened in the locker room.  
"Fuck Tony Anderson." Louis said once Harry was finished.  
"I'm telling you, coach wishes he was here instead of me." Harry pouted.  
"Then prove her wrong." Louis tried. Harry rolled his eyes.  
"I don't have it easy like you. Alright? There's no red carpet laid out for me." Harry sighed referring to Louis' offers from pro football teams.  
"So, you're gonna be salty all night?" he asked and Harry opened his mouth to say something but the door opened and Zayn, Louis' frat mate, popped his head in.  
"Oi, we're going to order food."  
"We're good." Louis said, Zayn nodded and left the room.  
Louis looked back towards his boyfriend who was still pouting.  
"Fine, don't worry about proving everyone wrong. If you can't handle the pressure, I'll understand." Louis said, and Harry looked at him, a frown on his face.  
"That was horrid advice." Harry said and Louis continued.  
"Who cares if you're never known as the greatest footie player. You'll look better as a mascot anyways." Louis adds. Harry sits up and shoves the ice pack from Louis hip into his shorts.  
Louis jumps up and yells.  
"Damn!" he tries shaking the bag of loose ice out  
"That's what you get." Harry smiles. Louis grins and pulls the bag out and looks Harry up and down.  
"So, how about a little one on one?" he asks Harry.  
"What are we playing for?"  
"Clothes." Louis says.  
"What?" Harry asks with a blush covering his face.  
Louis locks the door and goes over to his mini goal post that's at one end of the room. He picks up his little soccer ball and looks to Harry.  
"I score, you strip something. You score, I strip something." Harry looks at him and laughs.  
"Give me the ball."  
"Home field advantage" Louis retorts. He puts the ball on the floor and takes off towards the goal, Harry moves and chases him, Louis moves back and Harry watches carefully, Louis starts to move right and as Harry lunges, Louis fakes him out and kicks the ball under him, then into the net.  
"Where's your defense?" Louis asked as Harry glared.  
"Kiss my ass."  
"Oh, I plan to." Louis said with a wicked smirk.  
Harry smiled through his glare and pulled off his shirt, leaving him in his shorts.  
Louis goes to kick another goal, but Harry reaches out and grabs his dick, Louis stops midair and Harry kicks it into the goal.  
"That wasn't fair!" Louis yelled. and Harry giggled  
"All is fair in love and footie." Harry tells him, Louis smirks and pulls his shirt off as Harry moves back into position.  
Louis has the ball and Harry lunges, faking out Louis' fake out, he kicks the ball, and scores again, he laughs and motions for Louis to take off his shorts, Louis complies and he's left in tight black briefs. Harry stares, enjoying the view as he moves back to his spot.  
Harry pretends to kick the ball and Louis reaches forward, grabbing Harry's dick.  
"Oh my bad." he said. Harry keeps moving and Louis steps out of the way letting him score again.
Harry smiles excitedly and goes to get the ball.
"Where's your defense?" Harry asks, picking the ball up
"Right here." Harry looks and sees Louis standing there, naked. Louis moves towards Harry and presses him to the wall, kissing him. Harry drops the ball and wraps his arms around his neck, he couldn't help the smile and he pulled back slightly, looking into Louis's bright blue eyes.
"I won." he said and Louis smiled softly.
"I wanted you to." Louis says softly. Harry's heart fills with love and pride as he goes back into the kiss.
Louis moves them over to the bed and lays over Harry, kissing down his torso, towards his clothed cock.
He mouths over it and pulls off Harry's basketball shorts.
Harry is squirming around on the bed and Louis smirks, looking up at him, his eyes shut and his hands gripping the sheet.
"So needy and I haven't even started." he said and harry opened his eyes, begging silently.
"Lou, please." he whined and Louis couldn't deny him anything. So he pulled off his boxers as well and took Harry's hardness in his mouth.
A loud moan left Harry's lips as Louis worked him, moving one hand covering what his mouth couldn't, and the other hand cradling his balls.
Harry arched his back up off the bed, already so close, Louis just knowing how to work him exactly how he liked. Louis was so hard, already ready to come just because of the sounds Harry was making, Louis moaned deeply around Harry's cock and reached down, gripping himself and moving to the same beat he was bobbing on Harry.
"Oh fuck, Im gonna, Louis" he groaned and Louis moaned again, this time causing Harry to explode in his mouth. Louis swallowed every drop and came on his own hand.
He stood up and grabbed a shirt from the floor, wiping his hand and his mouth as harry lay there, still in ecstasy. Louis laid behind Harry and cuddled his little spoon.
~~~~~
"There was a schedule mix up and the fuckheads in the office scheduled our games the same night as the varsity games." Coach told Harry and the team.
Harry looked down and frowned, that means he wont be at Louis' game and Louis wont be here.
"We're not gonna let that bring us down though are we?!" coach asked.
The team responded with a loud 'NO'
"Lets get out there and win this!

"Tonight, we have the great pleasure of hosting the Kings College Knights. And of course that means we get to see the amazing, most coveted footie player they have to offer, Louis Tomlinson."
the announcer yelled into his mic.
Louis ran out with the rest of his team behind him.
"And there he is! The man of the hour! Mr. Louis Tomlinson!" Louis smiled wildly as the cameras flashed around him, he soaked up the calls of his name and the feeling of pride.

Harry is benched, again, watching the game closely. Niall has the ball and hes running across the field...

Louis runs the to the goal line, he sizes up the goalie and kicks it in, swish, he double pumps the number twenty eight on his chest and nods to Dan who is in the front row, right behind the benches...

Coach points to Harry and he takes his cue, pulling off his sweater and running onto the field...

Louis takes aim for another goal, a player from the opposing team running at him, he smirks and takes off running, and just before he gets too close to the goalie, he kicks the ball in and...
Harry blocks the ball from going to the opposing team and takes off down field with it, he can see he isn't gonna go far, and from the corner of his eye, he sees one of his teammates is open. He kicks it to him smoothly and Deo scores a goal, Harry smiles and moves back to his position...

Dan is standing proudly behind his stepson, smiling for cameras and signing things for fans. The game is over and of course, they won.

Harry is watching intently, after his last play, coach called him back so another player could go in, Niall got the ball and took off quickly, a player from the other team charged him and kicked the ball, but missed just as Niall twisted himself to run, the other guys foot connected with Niall's ankle and he fell to the ground gripping it, pain flashing across his face. Harry stood up in shock as medics ran to Niall

Louis and Dan are sat in a pub, talking about the game Louis just played.
"What can I get you gentlemen?" the bartender asked. Dan ordered for them, then looked back to his son.
"You know, how well I've been playing, I'm better than any freshman. Some people are saying I could go pro soon."
Dan looks at Louis.
"What people?"
"Just... People." Louis looks down.
"Well, you need your education first." Dan said "You're smart enough to get a degree."
"I'm good enough to go pro." Louis retorted.
"Pros aren't going anywhere, get an education and then we can talk about it." Dan said and Louis scowled at his drink
"Yo, Tommo, great game!" some passerby-er calls out. Louis nods.
"Thanks!"
"Can I get an autograph?" he asks and Louis smirks at Dan as he signs. Dan smiles proudly at his son, the rising star.
Louis phone rings and its his mother. He shows Dan and gets up, walking towards the door.
"Hi mummy." he answers.
"Hello my star." she replies sadly. "I have some news and I hate to ruin a good night for you," Louis heart drops as he thinks of so many scenarios.
"Just tell me." he says quickly.
"Your father called and he says hes gonna take the girls from me if you don't acknowledge him in, give him a part in your career." she says, he can hear the tears in her voice and Louis grips his hair.
"What?"
"Louis, he knows how good you are, he sees what you have coming for you and he wants to sponge off of that and I hate him so much for doing this and putting you in this position." she says and Louis sighs.
"Don't worry about it mum, he has nothing, no one in their right mind would let him take the girls for an hour let alone have custody."
He comforts his mom for a little while longer and then says good night to her and then Dan, who heads home to continue to comfort Jay.

Harry is sat in the bleachers with a pissed off Louis. Just then his phone beeps, notifying him that he has ten minutes before eleven.
"I used to look up the prick." Louis groaned. Harry rubbed soothing circles into his back
"I know babe, but you have Dan now, and the girls aren't going anywhere." Harry tried.
"Well duh, its the fucking point though. This fucking wanker is trying to use my success and what me and my mum built for himself."
"I know."
"He brought them into it, how fucking low can you be?" Louis yelled rhetorically.
"He's pretty low," Harry said.
"I know he's a dog, but I never thought he'd do some shit like this."

Harry wrapped an arm around Louis and they sit there quietly. Harry's phone beeps again, but he ignores it.
"What is that?" Louis asks,
"Nothing." Harry pauses. "Can you walk me to my dorm?"
"I don't want to see anyone. Let's just stay here, yeah?"

Harry glances around, and back to Louis.
"I- I can't."
"Why?"
"I'm on an eleven o'clock curfew. If I miss it, I can't play." Harry says and Louis looks at him, shock written on his face.
"I didn't know you were watching the clock."
"I can stay for a few more minutes." Harry tries to compromise.
"No, don't worry about it." Louis says, looking down
"Louis..."
"Really, go. I want to be alone anyway."

Harry stands reluctantly, watching Louis.
"Call me when you get to your room." Harry says, leaning in and kissing Louis.

He nods and Harry walks away.

Later that night, after he's showered and wearing one of Louis' jerseys, his roommate, Liam, is on his bed, trying to sleep.
"Fuck, I shouldn't have left." he says, guilt ripping through his chest.
"Go to sleep."
"You should have seen him though" he pouted.
"H, Niall's out for the next game and coach gave you start. If you got caught breaking curfew you would've been benched instead. You can see Louis tomorrow,"

Harry nods and lets Liam's words sink in, finally, he lays down.

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Louis is still sat in the bleachers.
A text message from Harry comes in and he looks at it.
12:30
I love you.
He locks his phone and drops it to his side, his head hanging low as angry tears fall at their own accord.
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Game night. In the locker room, Harry and the team are in the tunnel ready to run out. Niall and some other players are standing across from them and Niall is on crutches, his ankle wrapped in white bandages.
"Starting tonight's game we have Deo, Ike, Marshall and Harry!" the announcer yells. The boys run out onto the field, cheers erupting from all around.

Harry looks up into the stands, never seeing a turnout like this.

They announce the rest of the team and Deo looks to the starters.
"Alright guys, we got this, this team looks weak, coach prepared us for this and we aren't gonna back down. Take everything out there and let's show these punks that this is our field!" he yelled.
"One, two, three, TEAM" he yelled and they all screamed it back, getting into their positions...

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The schedule is still fucked. Louis and Harry's games overlapping, and Louis is playing like shit. Two of the reasons are his boy isn't watching, cheering him on, and the other, he didn't get back to his frat house until two a.m.
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"Louis!" he heard Zayn yell. He looked up as the ball came hurling at him, he missed the pass and the opposite team stole it, running it downfield and scoring a goal.
"Fuck." he said to himself. He looked around and they started the next play, the ball going immediately towards Louis. He got it and took off downfield and went to kick it into the net, but missed. The crowd booed and he got angry.
The other team took the ball and started towards Louis, he ran at him and pushed him down and took the ball.
*whistle*
"Tomlinson, Twenty-eight!" the ref called and Louis balled his fists, receiving glares from his team as he other team kicked some penalty shots...

They're in the second half of the game and Harry is flying down the field, dodging and blocking the players. He gets to a few feet from the goal and kicks the ball to Deo, who scores. The crowd screams, Harry looks at coach who's clapping
"Yes! That's it Styles! Devine!" shes yelling.
They start off again, ten seconds left and Harry has the ball, he races to his side of the field and passes to Ike but the pass is intercepted and is started to be taken to the other side of the field. Harry races to catch the guy and once in front of him, they crash into each other and fall to the ground as the ball hits the opposing teams net.
The buzzer goes off and Harry's heart falls, a whistle is blown and he wants to cry.
"Black! Number thirteen, no goal!" the ref yells and Harry shoots up from the grass and cheers, grabbing his closest teammate and hugging him. The rest of the team comes over and lifts Harry, cheering...

"Tomlinson! Sit the hell down!" his coach yells. He drags himself to the bench and slumps down as the opposing teams cheers their victory...

Harry is in the locker room, the team still buzzing from their win.
Harry stands there in his shorts, smiling at his teams banter.
"Damn, Styles, he took your ass out with that charge."
"Kiss it!" Harry laughed back.
"Nah, there's nothing left." the team laughed
"Oh please, last time you got charged they took your manhood." Everyone laughed harder and he looked over at Deo.
"What's wrong D?" he asked.
"They want me overseas. But, I don't know. Its never gonna be like this." he gestured to his team and around the locker room. He glanced down "There's probably not even a McDonalds." he said and they patted his shoulder.
"There's always McDonalds." Ike said with a slight laugh.
"At least you got an offer. My agent is still looking." Niall added in.
"What about you Marshall?" He asked
"I don't know. If it was a concrete career sure, but right now. Its law school."
"Styles!" the coach called from her office.
Harry looked over and seen her in the doorway, motioning for him to come over. Niall watches as Harry walks into her office.
"You could've stopped and pouted after you biffed that pass. But you showed heart and kept playing." she started and Harry nodded, not sure how to answer to that.
"Thanks?" he asked. She sat down behind her desk and looked at him.
"We got our final games coming up and I want you as starter."
Harry stares, eyes wide.
"I thought Niall was okay for the next game?"
"Do you want it or not?" coach asked and Harry stares, shocked.
"Yeah, umm. Yes." he says and he looked down then back at her.
"What?" she asks.
"I just thought you never liked me, cause you're always yelling at me." he said she leaned forward, resting her arms on the desk.
"You think I'd yell at a player with no potential?" she asked. He tried to hold back his smile and she continued. "When I ignore you, that's when you worry." Harry's face split into a grin as he stood.
"Go get dressed." she said to him and he walked out with a smile on his face.
"Niall!" coach called and the small dropped as Niall went into the office, Harry avoiding eye contact with him.
He sat at the bench and Liam sat next to him.
"What happened?" he asked and Harry smiled again.

"We have to celebrate. There's a party at some frat house. Come with us Harry." Liam told Harry as they were dropping some people off. Harry agreed with no argument and they pulled up.
"Yo, good game." some guy said, grabbing Harry's arm and holding him. He smiled politely and thanked him. He let go of his arm, winking at him and another girl came over to him.
"Damn, you can play." she said and Harry's smile widened.

He sees Zayn in the crowd and goes over to him.
"Have you seen Louis?" he asked him.
"What?"
"Derek said Louis was here." Harry added and Zayn kind of grimaced.
Before he could say anything else, Liam and Ike pull him to the dance floor and they start doing the dance they made up, Harry laughs and tries to fight it, but instead starts moving along with them.

Louis walks into the party, a half empty bottle of Hennessy in his hands. Girls and guys alike immediately give him attention, trying to dance on him, or talk to him.
His face is impassive as he walks towards the middle of the party, he finally sees Harry dancing in the middle of his team, and he watches, not trying to go over.
Harry is laughing and enjoying himself, while Louis stands there, after playing his worst game ever. His whole world a shambles.
Finally, Harry glances up and sees Louis standing there, drinking out of the bottle and watching him.
"Hey." Harry says, a smile on his face.
"What's up?" Louis asks nonchalantly. Harry can feel something is wrong but he tries to stay upbeat.
"I've been looking for you since our games ended." he said. And Louis looks around the party, not making eye contact with Harry.
"Well, here I am." he says and Harry looks at the bottle in his hand and sighs, stepping closer to Louis.
"I'm sorry about your game." he tries again, reaching out for him, Louis shrugs and sniffles.
"It happens, right?"
Out of nowhere, Liam comes from behind Harry and grips his shoulders.
"Yo, superstar." he starts but then he sees Louis. "Your boy was on fire tonight. Did he tell you?" he asks and Louis stares for a second.
"I heard." he finally answers, Harry feels immediately shut down, the way Louis is acting finally tolling on him, and he feels responsible.
Liam, unphased by Louis's attitude continues.
"Did he tell you he made start?" he asked excitedly. Harry watches him, trying to look for some type of reaction.
"Nope." Louis says, popping the 'p'. He polishes off the rest of the bottle and looks around. "Wheres the keg?" he asks.
"Balcony." Liam says, and he wraps an arm around Harry, looking at him, asking silently if he was okay.
They follow Louis to the balcony and Zayn spots them, coming over and whistling at Liam after he

and Louis do their handshake.
"What's up dude." he says to Louis who ignores him. He looks over at Liam "'Sup cutie." he says and Liam rolls his eyes.
"Back up Zayn. You're a ho." Zayn just laughs and turns back to Louis.
"Coach is gonna ride us hard after the game you played tonight. He might even pull his lips off your dick, as limp as your game was tonight" he said and Louis doesn't even crack a smile, the same impassive face on.
"That's funny." he says with a cough.
Harry can feel the sadness and anger seeping into his bones, so he stands next to Louis and rests his head on his shoulder, and wraps an arm around his waist.
"Can we talk about anything else but soccer?" Louis asked.
"Yea." Liam answers and Zayn agrees.
There's silence and then Liam and Zayn burst into laughter. Louis just shakes his head and moves up in the keg line.
"Quit it." Harry scolds moving back over to Louis. Liam and Zayn go to the dance floor.
"Harry." Niall says from behind him. He turns around and sees Niall standing in the doorway. Fuck. Harry thinks to himself. There's no escaping this, he looks at Louis then goes over to Niall. Louis turns to Harry but sees him going into the other room behind Niall.
"What's up?" Harry asked Niall once they were in the other room
"Just wanted to say good game." Niall says,
"And?" he asks, waiting for Niall to add something rude.
"No ands, took a lot of heart to take that charge." Niall says.
"Thanks."
"But that pass to Ike was dumb as fuck. When you have ten seconds left you run out the clock." Harry nods, and there was an awkward silence.
"Id be lying if I said I wasn't pissed." Niall added, finally addressing Harry taking his spot.
"I know." Harry says, sorrrily.
"Can I give you some advice for next season?" Niall asks. Harry's nods.
"Never let a freshman take your spot." he says and walks away.

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Finally Louis gets to the front of the line and fills his cup up.
He moves to the side and Briana Jungwirth, the ho of the freshmen females goes next, dressed as skimpily as they come.
"Excuse me." she says.
"Excuse me." Louis retorts back. She goes to fill her cup but nothing comes out. She looks back at Louis and nods at his cup smiling.
"If that the last beer, you and I are sharing." she says flirtatiously. Liam hears her and watches them.
Louis takes her cup and moves the keg and beer starts pouring out.
"I like watching you play, number twenty-eight." she says and Louis scoffs.
"Guess you didn't see tonight's game." he hands her the cup and she smiles gratefully. Part of him knows he should walk away from her but he likes the attention shes giving him, that he cant deny.
"What's your name?" he asks and she smiles wider.
"Briana." she says slowly.
"I'm Louis." he says and she bats her eyelashes at him.
"I know who you are." 
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Harry emerges from the room he and Niall were talking in and immediately he sees Louis talking to the girl. He cant help but notice how comfortable they look together, he heads back to them as she walks away.
"Ill see you around Tommo." she smirks, swinging her hips past Harry. Liam moves into her path and she trips over his shoe.
"Who was that?" Harry asked Louis.
"Nobody." Louis says nonchalantly and by now, Harry is tired of Louis' attitude. "Who's nobody?" Harry asks again and Louis sighs, rolling his eyes. "Look, this party sucks. Are you ready to go?" he asks. Harry softens and leans towards Louis. "You want to go talk?"

"No, not really." Louis slurs. He leans further into Harry and presses his lips to Harry's. He pushes him back and rests his forehead against Louis. "We can finish our talk from last night." he adds. Louis just kisses him again. "Lou" he pushes him back more but Louis tries again. "Louis, Stop. You're drunk." Louis stands back and looks down, then back to Harry. "You know what, I'm just gonna go to sleep." he says. "Okay, Ill come by later." Harry says. Louis shakes his head and looks into Harry's eyes. "Nah, I have a curfew." he says and Harry's heart drops. Louis walks away and stops, turning around. "Oh, by the way. Congratulations." he says and turns back, disappearing into the crowd. Harry watches as he walks away, his heart breaking and blinking back tears.

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When Louis gets back to his frat house. His father is sitting on the steps. Anger fills his veins as he looks at the man, "What the fuck are you doing here?" he asks and Troy jumps up. "Louis, look, I just want to talk." he says and Louis shakes his head. "Get the fuck out of here. Just who do you think you are?! You're not shit, you're never gonna be shit. And if you think for one second you're gonna get anything from me or my mom you're dead wrong. You're not gonna get my sisters and you're sure as fuck not gonna be apart of my life." Louis yells and Troy stands there, a smirk on his face. "Louis, don't make the wrong choice boy." "Do not fucking threaten me. In case you forgot, I'm the most coveted footie player, I can get anything I want and if that means getting rid of you, so be it." Louis says menacingly. Troys smirk drops and Louis pushes him against the wall. "I've decided to drop out of school and go pro. Lot of lawyers and shit coming my way, If I ever hear from you or see you around again, I will make that statement come true." He drops him and Troy can see the pure hatred in his eyes. Without another word he walks away.

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Later that night, Harry still hasn't showed up at Louis' frat house so Louis decides to go to his dorm. He's walking past the party and just so happens to look at the balcony and there he is. He watches the boy, his beautiful smile on display as he smiles at something his teammates are saying. The smile turns into a laugh, the laugh where he throws his head back and grabs his stomach. Louis feels tears prick his eyes and turns around, going back to his frathouse.

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The game schedules are back on track and Harry just finished his game. Louis wasn't in the stands so he went to the frat house. He walks right into the house without knocking. "Hi guys!" he calls to the men sitting on the couch playing video games. They throw him a weak greeting and he goes straight to Louis room. "Hey." he sees Louis in the corner, ironing a shirt. "Hey, whats up?" he asks. Harry sits on the bed and picks up the soccer ball. "Why weren't you at my game?" he asked and Louis looked back at the iron. "Sorry. I had this meeting with this guy." he pulled the shirt over his head and turned to look at Harry. "Did you win?" he asked with a smile on his face. "Yeah, I made the last goal at the last second." he said and Louis smiled. "The man again?" he asked and Harry smiled back.
“Yep” there was a knock at the door and Louis left the room not looking at Harry. Harry followed and stops once he sees Briana, the ho from the party, at the doorway. "Hey you." Louis smiles at her.
"Hi." Louis hugs her and Zayn looks from Harry to Louis and back to Harry. "Oh shit." he says, feeling bad for Harry. "Oh, Briana, this is Harry. Harry, this is Briana." Louis introduced. Harry felt anger sweep over him as he looked at Louis and Briana. "What the fuck?” he asked.
"We're gonna get some food." Louis says as if this is completely normal.
"Are you fucking serious?" Harry asks and Louis looks down.
"Should I come back?" Briana asks and Harry looks at her, disgusted. "No. You stay, I'll leave." he says and walks out, trying not to punch Louis in the face.

Harry gets out of his car and slams the door, he decided he needed to see his family. When he looked up, his mom was leaving the house, her car keys in hand. "Harry, baby, what are you doing here?" she asks. He shrugs, his anger and confusion still at a high. "I didn't know I needed a reason to come home." he said a bit too harshly. He realized what he said and his face softened. "I'm sorry. I just had a bad day." she motions for him to come over to her. "What happened?" she asked. He wrapped his arms around her and shook his head. "I just wanted to see you. I don't want to talk about it." Anne nodded understandingly and put her keys in her pocket.
"Where were you going?" he asked.
"I was gonna go grocery shopping. I can stay here and we can have a cuppa and cuddle up with a movie?" Harry smiled and shook his head.
"Can I go shopping with you?" he asked and she nodded, smiling at him. He climbed into his moms car and they took off.

After having dinner with his mom and stepdad, Harry heads back to his dorm. He's walking, dragging his feet, not wanting to be there, or see Louis. A text message from Gemma comes in and he opens it.
I'm gonna be at moms next week, be there.
He replies with an agreement and shoves the phone back into his pocket, looking up.
Right then he sees Louis sitting on the wall outside of the doorway. He stops and Louis clears his throat.
"Can we talk?" he asks and anger fills Harry's veins. "Talk to your new girlfriend." He replies harshly. Louis rolls his eyes and sighs. "I just took the ho to Burger King." Harry scoffs. "Cheap date." "At least she had time for me." Louis says softly. Harry laughed humorlessly. "So you fucked around to prove a point?" he yelled. "I just said I didn't fuck around." He got off the wall and stood in front of Harry. "But you have your head so far up your ass, it took that 'cheap date' for you to notice me." Harry stared at him in disbelief. "What, 'Tommo', did I forget to kiss your ass like everyone else?!" Louis' face softened and he looked at Harry. "You forgot to be there." he said and Harry felt it, his features unscrewing. "That night you wanted to talk about your dad, I had curfew. What was I supposed to do?" he asked softly. This time Louis got angry. "Stay!" he yelled. "If I stayed, I wouldn't be starting." Harry defended. "Well, at least you have your priorities straight." Louis said and Harry blinked back tears.
"I never asked you to choose."
"You never had to."
"I'm a footie player. If anyone knows what that means, it should be you." Harry said, tears threatening to spill over at any second
"If all you care about is soccer, then why are you fucking me? Go fuck David Beckham!" Louis yells and Harry's eyes widen as his fists ball up.

He steps closer to Louis and punches him in the mouth. Louis stumbles back and grips his jaw, blood falling from his busted lip. Harry pushes past him but Louis grabs his arm, stopping him.
"Hold on. I'm sorry Harry." he says quietly.

Harry takes a deep breath as they stand there, trying to calm down.
"How do I know next time you're feeling neglected or whatever, you're not gonna run around on me? If we're gonna be together, I have to be able to trust you." Harry breaths out. Louis sighs
"I'm not asking for us to be together." he says and Harry pulls back, looking at him, shock and hurt flooding his face.
"What?" he asked and Louis ran a hand through his hair.
"I'm going through a lot of shit right now, more than you have time for."
"How are you going to tell me what I have time for?" he took a breath and sighed "I mean, whatever I did... We can fix it." he tried but Louis shook his head.
"I don't think so."
"You don't think so..." Harry asks, panic rising in his voice.
"Look, I'm entering the draft." "What?"
"I decided to go pro. Who knows where Ill end up, you know?" he asked and Harry could feel his heart shattering. Louis holding the hammer.
"When did you decide all this?" Harry asked and Louis shrugged.
"A few days ago."
"So that's then?" He takes another deep breath, swallowing the tears. "You're just gonna forget about us?"
"Fuck, Harry! This is about us anymore! Its about me." Louis yells, trying to stay cold-hearted. He can see the pain on Harry's face, the way he's crushing his heart like a child smashing ants. "But, I still want us to be friends." he adds.
"Friends." Harry repeats, a small laugh leaving his lips as he struggles harder to hold back his tears. Louis has to look away, knowing if he watches his boy crumble he'd change his mind.
Harry has nothing to say, matter of fact, he cant say anything.
"I'll see you around." Louis says and Harry nods.
"Yeah." he whispers, shutting his eyes.

Louis walks away and Harry stands there, everything he felt in that moment overpowering him and the tears came, his heart stepped on and left on the sidewalk.

Fourth Quarter
-Mexico *Six years later*

Harry is jogging, on his way to practice before his big game tonight.

As he's running he glances up and comes to a halt, above he sees his first billboard of him in his uniform drinking a Spanish sports drinks.

He smiles at the poster and takes his headphones out of his pocket, pushing them over his braids that stop halfway on his head, the rest of his hair down and curly.

He starts running again, passing stores, street vendors and passing all the people of the city.

He sees the sports complex coming into view and he turns, heading to the back entrance, once he hits the corner, a group of fans holding his posters run up to him yelling in Spanish.
They hand him pens and their pictures and Harry signs all of them, taking pictures with some of them. As hes finishing one of his teammates comes up behind him and pats his back.
"Big game?" Ben asks. Harry nods, barely understanding his thick accent.
"Si," Harry smiles.
They go into the arena and find their way into the locker room.

Harry sits on one side of the locker room, his teammates all laughing and yelling in Spanish. He starts to tape his ankle, giving up on trying to understand them. He feels like such a loner, sitting here alone, watching them.

He never thought what Deo said all those years ago would come true. He misses his team in London. He misses the fun they would have in the locker room before their games, or even going to parties after their games.

"Silencio!" Coach Lopez walks in and the team quiets down instantly.

He goes into an animated speech, and Harry sits there not understanding anything, continuing to tape his ankles.

Coach Lopez finishes his speech and then Harry turned to Ben, who sat next to him during the speech.

"What did he say?" he asked and Ben smiled at him.

"He say, to give ball to you."

The team is walking out of the locker rooms, Harry tucking his shirt into his shorts. From here he can hear the crowd yelling. He glances down and reads his jersey.

Something in Spanish. He shakes his head and looks up just as the rival team, a team from Italy, is leaving their locker room.

The next person that walks out is none other than Niall Horan.

He looks over and sees Harry, a smile breaking out on his face.

"Well, look who we have here." Niall says.

"Whats up Niall?" Harry asks, kind of excited to see a familiar face.

"I'm gonna love winning this championship in your house." he says and Harry smirks.

"How do you say 'You're dreaming' in Italian?" Harry asks, laughing along with Niall.

They nod at each other and go out onto the field getting in position.

The whistle blows and Niall gets to the ball before Harry.

He takes off downfield and Harry is on him, trying to get in front of the ball, Niall pushes him down, no whistle, and Niall scores.

Harry lays there in shock and finally pushes himself up, going to do his penalty kicks.

"Can you take that thing off the fucking table?" Niall asks, taking a sip of his beer.

"You mean my championship trophy?" Harry asks smiling at Niall. "My bad."

After the game, that Harry and his team won, Niall and him decided to go to dinner.

Harry set the trophy on the chair and put his arm around it. Niall rolled his eyes, a smile creeping on his lips.

"Still a cocky asshole, huh?" Harry just laughs and motions for the waiter as he finishes his drink.

"Uno mas, por favor?" The waiter nods and he looks back to Niall "Last I heard, you were in Sweden." Niall nodded

"Four years ago. They had me in this tiny town that had like fifty people. There were more goats than people, and it got dark at four o clock." he pauses, "The stupid club I'm in loses three games in a row and they blamed me, so they fired me."

"Just like that?" Harry asked. Niall nodded.

"Yup. I've been with the Italian club for three years now."

"How is this one?"

"Its better. The whole first season, my teammates wouldn't pass to me cause they were mad that the newbie was making more money than them." He pauses and smiles "I led the team in rebounds cause that's the only way I got the ball."

Harry laughs and the waiter brings his drink back.
"Most of us don't win championships our first year overseas." Niall says and Harry scoffs. "Oh please. I went through the same thing. The first four months the only person I could talk to was Ben and he only knew like ten words." Harry paused. "Guess how he learned them?"

"How?" Niall asked, amused. "He watched Jersey Shore reruns and I swear to god, I had to tell him if he yelled any more of the catchphrases, I was gonna slap him" Niall burst into laughter and someone on the dance floor cheered loudly.

They both looked over at the people moving their bodies to some Spanish song. "So, what's the Mexican booty like?" he asked and Harry shrugged. "I wouldn't know."

"What?! You've been here for more than seven months and you haven't had sex once?"

"Just not my type I guess." he replies.

"Fuck that, Italians love this Irishness. They can't get enough of me" he says and Harry smiles. "Do you ever think of going back?"

"Sometimes." he says, getting serious again. "But what's the other option, not playing? Do you remember Marshall?" Harry nods. "He quit and now he works in a fucking bookstore. They treat us like Stars here and we just played a championship game. It doesn't get better than this."

Harry nods, taking in Niall's words. He definitely doesn't feel like a star, and he knows it shows. He drinks the rest of his beverage and looks down at the trophy.

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Later that night, Harry is sat in his apartment. A tiny one bedroom that was cramped even for just himself.

He is sitting on the floor, the TV playing something in Spanish, braiding his hair.

He looks down at Louis' old jersey that after five years is definitely worn.

The feeling of loneliness is creeping over him, he shakes his head and drops his hands to his side and looks out the window, his billboard barely visible in the distance.

He stares at it, tears filling his eyes but not falling.

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The crowd screams as the last player on the Doncaster Rovers take their last practice shot. "And here come the subs" the announcer said. Louis and four other men run out and take off their sweats.

"Its good to see them get some playing time and the fans love it as well. The ball gets kicked over to Louis and he does a quick kick from halfway across the field and misses. "The kick was off from the kid from Kings College. He came out his freshman year and is now in his fifth year with the club."

"He's a pretty good player, he jumped from club to club but hopefully he has a home here with the Rovers."

Louis steals the ball and has open field, he takes off downfield, he has a clear shot and he goes to kick the ball, someone comes up from behind him and trips, falling on Louis and pushing his knee down. Louis, falls and twists at the same time, his knee popping and twisting because of the other player who is still laying on him.

He lands on the grass and screams in pain as he realizes what just happened.

The man gets up and Louis lays there unable to do anything but scream.

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A nurse enters Louis room just as he comes hopping out of the bathroom. She sets some more flowers where she finds room, the hospital room already flooding with them. She leaves and the door opens again.

Louis goes and stands by the window, not caring his ass is hanging out of the gown. He scratches his beard that has finally grown in the way he liked.

"And I thought this was gonna be awkward."

Louis turns around almost too quickly and he sees him, for the first time in six years.
Harry, standing there, a small cactus in his hands, his hair is longer than ever and he has on some tight jeans and a plain sheer black shirt. You can see all of his tattoos through the shirt, tattoos that weren't there the last time Louis saw him. 

"Harry?" he asks, shocked. He goes to move but stumbles forward and Harry runs over, gripping his arm before he face planted.  

"I'm sorry." Harry says, Louis just stares at him, its been six fucking years. Harry clears his throat and looks into Louis eyes. "So, how are you?" he asks.

"Alright. I heard you were in Mexico?" Harry nods and shakes his hair out, then pushes it back. "I was." he smiled and looked down at Louis' jaw "I see your peach fuzz finally grew in," Louis rubs his face self consciously.

"Trying new things." he said and Harry cleared his throat.  

"No, I mean, it looks good. Err, I mean, cool"  

"Thanks." Louis says, adjusting himself to stand correctly, he flinches in pain and Harry's eyebrows furrow.

"Shouldn't you be lying down or something?" Harry asks,  

"I'm good. You can sit though"

"I'm fine. So, you tore your ACL."

"Yup."

"What are the doctors saying?"

"A lot of things." Louis shrugs. "All I know is, I'll be back in six months." Harry squints at him.  

"I thought a torn ACL was ten to twelve months?"

"Not for Louis Tomlinson." Harry laughs.

"I forgot, Tommo.

They both laugh and then it gets silent.

"So how's ball, Mexico?" Louis asks, breaking the awkward silence.

"We won the championship." Harry says and Louis smiles.

"They didn't mistake you for playing women's soccer?" Louis joked, gesturing to Harry's long hair. "I tried to sneak in but they found my dick during the physical." he replied.

"Funny. I never did." Louis said and Harry gasped.

"Kiss my ass, wanker." He replied as Louis burst into laughter. Harry joined him in laughter.

"I can't believe it's been six years." Harry adds and Louis nods.

"I tried calling you a few times." Louis said and Harry turned red.

"Yeah?" he asked.

"I wanted to congratulate you for making your team, and when your favorite footie player retired I tried again." Louis explained and Harry felt bad.

"My phone is always mess ing up." Harry lies, he knew Louis called, but he was always so hurt from the way Louis ended things he couldn't answer.

"I figured it was something like that." Louis answered sadly, knowing he was lying.

They both look up at the same time. The air around them getting thicker, blue watching green.

"When do you go back?"

Harry finally looked down, fiddling with his hands.

"I don't..." he answers sadly.

"What do you mean?" Louis asks

"I'm tired of playing overseas. I'm thinking about giving it a rest."  

"A rest?" Louis asks, completely thrown and kind of offended.

"Yeah, soccer just isn't fun to me anymore. You know?"

"No..." Louis replies. Harry looks up and they stare at each other, Louis peering into Harry's soul in a way that only he can.

"LOUIS!" a female voice yells from the door.

Louis and Harry break eye contact and look towards the door. A woman dressed in a black dress and huge sunhat, runs over to Louis and kisses him.

Harry's eyes widen and he looks down, not wanting to watch.
"I'm sorry, no one would switch flights with me." she said and Louis nodded.
"Its okay." she smiled at him and then frowned.
"Why aren't you in bed? Lay down" she scolded, helping him into the bed. Harry stands there, watching, jealousy overpowering him slowly.
"Are you gonna be okay?" she asks, and Louis nods.
"I'm gonna be fine." She visibly relaxes and looks over at Harry. "Hello." she smiles widely, "Danielle, this is Harry. He's uh,
"Harry, you two grew up together, right?" she smiled warmly "Louis has told me about you." Harry smiles awkwardly, unsure of what to say.
"This is Danielle. My fiance." Louis says and Harry's heart drops and he gapes, unable to hide his shock. He quickly fixes it and gives them a strained smile.
"Fiance. Wow, Congratulations." he choked out.
"Thank you." Danielle says, too cheerfully.
"I didn't know you were. Wow, that's great," he looks down and clears his throat. "I'm gonna, umm, I should go." he got out without crying.
"It means a lot that you came by." Louis said, just looking at Harry, they stared at each other
"Yeah, we appreciate it." Danielle added, breaking the staring contest.
"Yeah, Louis. Good luck with your knee and everything," he says Louis nods
"Thanks"
Harry forces one more smile and leaves the room. As soon as he's in the hall, his bends over, catching his breath, the feeling in his chest was horrible and he couldn't do anything about it.

Harry pulled up to his mom and Robins house
"Hey mama." he said, coming in and kissing her cheek.
"Hi baby."
"Do you need help?" he asked and she shook her head no.
"Your sister is bringing the baby over, Are you gonna be here?"
"Yeah, I can't wait to meet my nephew," he says and looks down, picking at something on the counter. "I just went to see Louis." he adds quietly.
"How is he?" she asked. Harry frowned.
"Engaged."
"To that stewardess?" he asked. Harry looked up in shock.
"You've met her?" he asked
"Yeah, Jay had a cookout a few weeks ago," she paused and looked at Harry. "He can do a lot better if you ask me."
"Maybe she is..." Anne watches her son, sadness in his eyes.
"I thought you were over him."
Harry shrugs and rests his head on the counter.
"What do I do?" he asks hopelessly.
"Find out where they're registered and send them a gift." Harry rolls his eyes at her and stands up, irritation filling his mind.
"Whatever." he says, annoyed by the fact she doesn't understand him, that she's not helping him to get over this.
"If you didn't want my opinion, why'd you ask?" she said and he looked down.
"I just want you to give a damn."
"Don't curse in front of me." she sets the pie dough and looks at him. "What do you want me to tell you? Go beat the girl up Harry. Or, go have sex with him. I'm not gonna do that. I'm gonna tell you what's real." she said and Harry sighed and nodded to his mom.
"Sorry." he says quietly. She shakes her head and starts pinching the dough.
"I don't know what to tell you baby boy. I just want you to do what makes you happy." she comes and stands in front of him. "Are you content?" she asks and Harry shakes his head no.
"Then go do what makes you content."
He nods and she kisses his cheek. He leaves the room, and goes into his childhood bedroom. It looks the exact same, medals, plagues, trophies, and posters all in the same place. He sits on the bed, and glances up his eyes landing on a picture of him and Louis wrestling over a soccer ball. He gets up, tears in his eyes and starts to take down the photos and posters.

Louis is sat at the leg extension machine in rehab, his leg tucked under the bar, his trainer pushing him to do more. Sweat and pain coat Louis face as he moves his scarred knee, lifting the weight again, and again and again...

"Hi, welcome to First International Bank. My name is Harry Styles, how can I help you today?" Harry asked his first ever customer, a tired, sad smile on his face. The customer sits down in front of him and smiles back.

When he gets home from work that night he goes straight to his room, a dark cloud looming over him, a feeling in his chest that makes him feel so small and so sad. He sits on his bed, peeling his shoes and socks off, a laugh pulls him out of his thoughts and he looks up, his eyes landing on Louis and Danielle in his room. Harry watches as they laugh at the stuff they're finding, Louis lifts up a light up lamp of his number '28' "Hell no." Danielle says, putting the lamp in a back onto the shelf. Harry gets up and shuts the blinds, tears trying to escape.

"Harry, baby, get up. Gemma is on the way." Anne cooed, coming into his room. She looks down and sees the full garbage can and picks it up, going over to his bed and shaking him awake. He groans and rolls over. "Five more minutes mom." he rasps. Anne glances down and sees the picture on the top of the trashcan, the picture of Louis and Harry with the soccer. She sees the life in his eyes, the same light that she is now noticing hasn't been there for years. "Mom?" he asks, looking at her, she blinks away her tears and smiles at him. "Breakfast is downstairs, and Gem is gonna be here with the baby" Harry nods, looking at his mother trying to figure out what just happened.

"Focus Tommo." Louis encourages himself. He takes off running, his face the example of determination. He shakes his head, something on his mind as he slowly comes to a stop. He glances around the empty field and tries to shake off the empty feeling. "Fuck it." he picks up his gym bag and go to his childhood home. When he pulls up, its nighttime and his mother isn't home. He goes into the dark house and straight into his room. He looks around at whats left in his room. Danielle came looking for some stuff they can put in their future home, but they took none of it cause it didn't 'fit her plans' Louis rolled his eyes and looked out at Harry's dark room. He wishes for a moment that he would come to the window and acknowledge him in some way. He wishes he could climb out of the window and go lay in Harry's room like old times.

Louis hears the bathroom door open, he ignores it and shuts off the shower. When he gets out, he wraps a towel and around himself and looks over, jumping slightly at the sight of Danielle sitting on the toilet bowl.
"What are you doing?" he asks, slightly grossed out.
"What?" she asks.
"I don't wanna see that." She rolls her eyes at him and smiles.
"You better get used to it babe." she says with fake sweetness in her voice.
He rolls his eyes and looks down at the scar on his knee.
"It looks as though I'm gonna have to start locking the door." Danielle laughs and pulls on her suit jacket and he goes into the bedroom.
"So, how long is this trip?" he asks her as she comes out of the bathroom.
"Four days." she throws a few more things into her suitcase and zips it up. "Are you gonna be the kind of husband that doesn't like his wife to work?" she asks
"No..." he says slowly and she comes over to stand in front of him.
"Why not?" she asks playfully.
"You might be the only one with a job."
"Don't talk like that sweetie. You're doing well in rehab, and you'll be back before you know it." she encourages. He sighs and hangs his head.
"To do what you love." she says, running a hand down his face.
"I don't know."
"I know its hard right now, and I know you're worried about whether or not you'll be good as you were but I want you to know that I believe in you. You just have to get back out onto the field like you would get back onto a horse." Louis takes this in and smiles.
"A horse?" he asks and she playfully glares at him.
"Don't make fun of me when I'm being supportive." she looks at him expectantly. "You belong on the field, just like I belong in the stands, looking cute and cheering you on."
She smiles and kisses him, they sit there, Louis looking slightly pained as she continues to kiss him.

"Hey sport." Harry looks up from his computer and sees Robin sitting in front of him
"Dad, what are you doing here?" he asks, Robin looks up at the picture of him on the wall behind Harry.
Harry turns and sees it, laughing at himself.
"I was upstairs, big meeting." He smiles widely at his son. "I've been hearing good things about you."
"That happens when you're the boss's kid." Harry tells him, trying to be funny.
"How is it going though?" Robin asks.
"I think I know what the problem is." he stands up and picks up the plastic bag from the floor, in it was a small goal that attached to a trashcan. He fixed it in the corner of his small office
"There we go." Robin says and he pretends to kick a ball into the net.
"You play like a noob." Harry laughs. Robin smiles
"I'll take that as a compliment." he taps the desk twice before leaving the room.
Once Robin is gone, Harry stands up and crumples up a sheet of paper, dropping it to the floor. "And he gets the steal, Styles goes one on one with Beckham, he stops, and goes for the goal." he kicks it into the basket and whisper cheers. "Its good! Its good!" a huge grin is on his face and he looks up at the door where Robin and a few of his other co-workers are standing there watching, amused.
A small laugh leaves his mouth as he turns red and goes back to his desk.

Finally home, Harry gets out of his car, his back hurting from sitting in that dreaded desk chair. He stumbles a bit in his boots, his feet hurting.
"Fuck" he groans and there's a laugh, he looks up to see Louis sitting on the small hill that separates their houses.
"I remember when your mom bought you your first pair of shoes like that." Louis says, a smile
gracing his face. Harry smiles back
"You visiting?" he asks. Louis nods and ducks his head.
"Danielle is out of town for a few days so I decided to come spend time with the twins." he tells
Harry.
"How are they?"
"Growing like weeds." Louis smiles fondly.
"So... Hows your knee?" Harry glances at it, the scar visible from where he's standing.
"Getting there."
"Strong enough to get you down the aisle?" Harry asks and Louis nods
"Yep. In two weeks." Louis sighs and awkwardness seeps into the air. "I didn't get a chance to send
you an invitation but if-"
"No, that's okay. I'm gonna be busy anyways." Harry interrupts. Louis nods sadly and takes a deep
breath before looking back at Harry.
"Can I ask you something?" he asks slowly. Harry nods "You never told me why ball isn't fun
anymore."
"It just isn't" Harry says quickly.
"I'm starting to feel the same way." Harry becomes more alert at this point and steps closer to Louis.
"You had a few rough years. That's all"
"Is that a nice way of saying I rode the bench?" he asked and Harry laughed humorlessly
"And you messed up your knee."
"I haven't kicked a ball in months. Maybe, I miss the attention, or maybe I just need to try something
else."
"Like?"
"Maybe school?" he says and Harry is stunned into silence, staring at the boy he grew up with, seeing the child that grew into the man before him.
Louis looks away, self consciousness flooding him.
"Wow." Harry whispers and Louis stands.
"I mean," he clears his throat. "I haven't told Danielle about the school thing." he laughs "She'll
probably say its the painkillers talking."
"Its funny. When you're a kid, you plan your life the way you want it to go and it never once crosses
your mind that, that plan won't turn out the same." Harry says and Louis stares into Harry's green
eyes.
"So why did you give up ball?"
"Why do you keep asking me that?" Harry asks defensively.
"Cause I don't fucking get it. It was your life, it was all you ever talked about and now your telling
me it just 'isn't fun' anymore."
"Something was missing." Harry whispers, looking away from Louis, his chest filling with the
emptiness.
"What was missing?"
Harry looks at Louis, and he is scared again, torn, memories of the night Louis broke his heart
flashing before him, the recent memory of meeting Danielle, the feeling in his chest, the nagging that
was telling him to tell Louis the truth. He watched Louis, his face waiting for the answer and Harry
shook his head, his defenses going back up.
"It doesn't matter, okay?" he stepped back "Just leave it alone."
"Fine." Louis say, raising his arms.
"Fine." Harry says the last word and turns around and stumbles again, frustrated, he pulls the boots
off and goes inside the house. Anne is standing at the window, and he sees that she was obviously
watching that exchange.

"Are you still breast feeding?" Anne asked Gemma.
They were all say outside watching little baby Dustin as he bubbled and cooed to his mom.
"The doctor said its okay. Plus, I'm trying to lose some more weight. Baby fat is no joke." Gemma
glares at Harry who was opening his mouth to say something. "Shut up." Harry smiles and Anne
looks at the baby.
"Go get a jacket for him, its getting cold"
"He'll be fine." she says but Anne gives her a warning look. Gemma rolls her eyes and picks him up.
"Come on Dustin, Grandma says its too cold." She goes into the house and Anne scrunches her face
at Harry.
"Oh my god. I'm a grandma"
Harry just smiles and Anne stares at her son.
"You want to know something I've always admired about you.. The fight you have in you."
"What are you talking about?"
"When I said Louis could do better, I was talking about you."
Harry stares at his mother, who leaves like she didn't just confuse him more.

Harry can't sleep. His mind racing a mile a minute as he stares at the ceiling.
So many things crossing his minds, his life, his past, his choices, his future.
Future...
"That's it." he whispers and he crawls out of bed, going to the window in his boxers and t-shirt.
He climbs out and goes over to Louis' window, knocking quietly.
After a few moments, Louis appears, sleepy and shirtless. He stares at Harry for a few seconds
before opening the window.
"Are you okay?" he asks, sleepy.
"We need to talk." Harry says sternly.
Louis stares at him, and Harry's face softens.
"Please." he adds quietly.
"Hold on." Louis moves away from the window and comes back, pulling a shirt on. He climbs out
the window and they're face to face.
"You asked me what was missing..." Harry starts
"What?" Louis asks, confused.
"From soccer."
"You woke me up to tell me that?" Louis asked and Harry looked down. 
Its now or never. He told himself.
"You. Its not fun anymore because you're missing." he says, not looking at Louis. Not able to look at
Louis Although he stares at him. "What I'm trying to say--"
"I heard enough..." Louis says and Harry shakes his head.
"I've loved you since I was eleven and it wont fucking go away."
"We haven't talked since college and now you wait two weeks before my wedding to tell me this?"
he asks
"I know, I probably should have said it two weeks ago." he tries to joke. Louis just glares at him
"You haven't changed at all. You still think the sun rises and sets for you. It in fact doesn't." Louis
says angrily.
"Then why are you so upset?"
"Because you don't fucking do this to someone whose about to get married."
"Better late than never..."
"Wrong." Louis turns around and Harry panics a bit.
"I'll play you." Louis pauses but doesn't turn around.
"What?"
"One game. One on one." Harry says quickly.
"For what?"
"Your heart." Harry whispers, his heart hurting
Louis looks at him as if he grew another head, then laughs.
"You're out of your mind!"
"Are you gonna bitch out then?"
"Is that supposed to be reverse psychology?" Harry sighs
"I know why you did what you did in college. Not that it wasn't completely fucked, what I did was pretty fucked too. So, if you forgive me for what I did, then I forgive you for what you did."
"Harry, after everything that happened with Troy, I couldn't trust anyone, okay. I was lost. You're forgiven, but that was six years ago. I moved on."
Harry moves past him and goes into his room. He drops back down with a soccer ball in his hands.
"Prove it." he throws that ball at Louis and he glances at it, then back to Harry.
"What will it prove?"
"You once said, the reason I beat you was because you wanted me to."
"And?"
"Okay," he sighs, running out of options and feeling like an idiot "If I win, its because deep down, you know you're about to make the biggest mistake of your life and deep down, you want me to stop you."
"And what happens when you lose?" Louis asks. Harry looks down
"If I lose... I'll buy you a wedding present." harry says. Louis stares at him, so many things running through his mind as he ponders Harry's offer.

Harry stands in front of Louis, both decked out in their gear. The ball on the ground in front of them. They're staring into each others eyes, ready to fight, and Harry nudges the ball towards Louis who kicks it back.
Harry takes off down the field and Louis is struggling to keep up because of his knee.
He easily scores and looks at Louis, throwing the ball to him.
"One. Zero." he says and Louis rubs his knee.
The game goes on and Harry easily scores the first five points, playing Louis' injury to his advantage.
Harry takes off downfield and Louis forgets his knee and charges Harry, taking the ball and kicking it into the goal from mid field.
"One. Five." Louis says.
They play on and Louis makes a huge comeback.
Their scores are close as they battle each other for the upper-hand, the air filled with tension, both sexual and angry.
The ball stopped in the middle of the field and they both charged for it, their bodies colliding and falling to the floor, they wrestled to get to the ball and in anger, Louis pulled Harry's shirt, tearing it, he pulled it off and got the ball, Louis was guarding him, and Harry's hands were trying to block, but they ended up running across Louis' chest, his heart fluttering.
He snapped out of it, crossed over and took off, scoring.
"Nine. Nine. Game point"
Harry takes the ball and takes off downfield, Louis on his tail. He kicks it to the net and it hits the bar, bouncing back to him. His heart shatters as Louis gets the ball and runs, Harry refocuses and stays on Louis, desperately trying to block.
Louis elbows back and Harry falls to the ground. He kicks the ball into the goal and scores.
Silence falls over them as Harry realizes what happened.
"All is fair in love and footie. Right?" Louis asked. Harry struggled to hold back his tears, he stands up and nods at Louis, he felt so hurt and so stupid, thinking he could play Louis for his heart.
Thinking he was gonna win. He ducks his head, tears filling his eyes as he starts towards his house, embarrassed enough.
"Harry." Louis calls. Harry almost doesn't stop, but something about the way Louis called him, made him pause. He feels his heartbeat pick up as he turns to look at the only person he has ever loved.
"Double or nothing." Louis adds so softly Harry has to stare, unsure if he heard him right.
Louis picks up the ball and holds it out to Harry who slowly walks over to him, the tears long past falling.
They cant look away from each other, no more ego, no more bullshit, no Danielle, nothing but love as they stare into each others eyes, green meeting blue just like the first time so many years ago.
Louis drops the ball and closes the space between him and Harry, pulling his boy as close to him as possible, and finally kissing him.

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*One year later.*
"Mr. Beckham, how are you feeling tonight?" the announcer asks. David shrugs and looks around
"Its lovely watching and enjoying rather than being on the pitch." he says with a laugh.
"So, are you thinking about making a comeback?" he asks and Beckham shrugs.
"Maybe someday, right now I'm enjoying my kids." The announcer seems satisfied with his answer and walks away.
He turns around and comes face to face with a small girl, sporting a Manchester jersey, her small body being bounced.
Louis leans down and kisses his daughter, then looks out onto the field.
The teams line up for the final play
"Lets go Tomlinson!" Louis yells.
Harry, wearing his well known Styles-Tomlinson jersey, number twenty-two, looks over at them and smiles a huge dimpled smile as he watches Louis lift their daughters hand and wave it.
"Go daddy!" Louis says as he waves her hand. She sees her daddy out on the pitch and starts to giggle at him.
Harry cant contain his smile and the ref blows his whistle, he immediately gets the ball in his possession, and takes off down court.
He passes it to his teammate, he takes off and at the end of line, passes it back to Harry who, kicks it into the goal as the buzzer goes off.
"AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP GOES TO MANCHESTER UNITED, LED BY THEIR CAPTAIN HARRY STYLES-TOMLINSON!"

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