We'll get it right in the end.

by louiswillian

Summary

Harry Styles is what the media is currently revolving around. He's young, he's attractive and apparently good at everything. A singer song-writer and the new face of Captain America soon encounters himself amidst a problem when he finds himself falling for the person he's not supposed to, an elite professional escort, Louis Tomlinson.

Notes

First of all: I want to make a public apology for taking so, so, so long to finish this fic and actually turn it in. There are so many things that went on in the background of the making of this fic and so many things that deterred me from actually getting any writing done and there were a couple of days where I would write entire pages and then delete them after re-reading them. Anyways, that's just making an excuse and that's the last thing I want. I'm so sorry, again. Can't stress that enough. I hope you enjoy the fic (this is actually the first fic i've ever written for a fic exchange and i'm quite nervous over it, haha). I pretty much took the prompt and ran away with it and added in all the classic Larry clichés I could think of.

And second and most importantly: I want to thank Bree (louiie) for helping me through this whole process and being the best beta I could ever ask for! Without her, I doubt this fic would have happened in the first place, even as late as i'm turning it in, haha. She's the whole
reason I managed to write it and stayed motivated enough to finish it. I lost around 4 betas along the way during the making of this fic haha which makes me a bit anxious over the fic because I don't know how bad (or good) it might be.

Anyways, I should probably stop rambling right about now and let you get to reading the fic! I hope it's of your enjoyment, and again, I'm so sorry for turning it in around two months later than the deadline. I'm a horrible person, I know.

See the end of the work for more notes.

"Aside from being young and extremely talented, he also finds the time to go to children’s hospitals and host charity events. Recently, he’s been given the role of his lifetime to star in a new movie. Our first guest today is none other than the new face of Captain America. That’s right, ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Harry Styles!"

There’s loud music and clapping when Harry walks onto the stage, grinning as he waves towards the public and the camera.

“It’s lovely to see you again,” he says to Ellen once he's close enough, voice smooth as he leans in to kiss her cheek and give her a one-armed hug, sitting down on the couch across from her.

He's buzzing with nerves, even if this isn't the first time he's been on the show. Harry’s just not used to people knowing who he is yet. Isn't used to the attention that comes with starring in one of the most awaited films of the year.

“Nice to have you back! It’s been a while.” Ellen chuckles, sitting down as well and turning to smile at the crowd, building up the excitement of having him on her show. “So, Harry. You’re a very busy man to get ahold of! We tried to get you on the show last week but you were off in England.” She smiles, pictures popping up on the screen behind them. It’s Harry arriving at the airport and a couple others from his charity gala. The photos consisted of him carrying children or sitting with them. “I think it’s amazing, what you do for the kids. Truly. Isn’t that right?” She asks to the public, the crowd clapping and cheering once again. Harry immediately feels more at ease.

“Thank you,” Harry’s beaming as he says it. He can’t help it. He loves talking about the charities he supports and also adores raising awareness for them. “Yeah, I got to host one of the galas this year for children who don’t have the chance to get an education. It was amazing.”

“I bet it was. Sadly, Portia and I couldn’t make it, but we’ll surely be at the next one. I think our invitation might have gotten lost in the mail this time.” She teases, playing with the cards in her hands. “Speaking of your current whereabouts, you’ve also been seen on set for Civil War! Care to tell us about that, Cap?” Again, the crowd goes wild.

“Very nice crowd you’ve got, Ellen,” Harry can’t help but mention. “It’s still something I’ve not wrapped my head around. Getting to be Captain America is something I could only dream of. I mean,” he pauses, trying to collect his thoughts. He purses his lips, eyebrows furrowing. “I never considered myself to be good at acting. I went to the casting on a whim, to get a laugh with some of my mates. Never expected to get a call back,” he admits.

The crowd has seemingly gone quiet.

“Well, you’re a man of many talents! Because we’ve all heard the songs you’ve written for Liam
Payne and Ed Sheeran, amongst several other singers. I think you don’t give yourself enough credit,” Ellen says, lifting her mug to her mouth and taking a sip.

“I’ve always wondered what you’ve got in these,” Harry murmurs instead of replying to the compliments, cheeks having turned a shade of pink. Carefully taking a mug, he turns to the crowd with a raised eyebrow, sipping and truly making a show of it. “It’s vodka!” He cheers, dimples on full display as he grins, the crowd laughing.

“How do you think I get through this show?” Ellen jokes right along, egging on the crowd. It’s nice and it’s definitely a refreshing kind of interview. Harry’s always preferred the fun ones over the serious, boring ones. “I’ve got somewhat of a random question. Do you think Captain America get’s scared easily?” she asks, an amused tilt to her voice.

Harry considers her question for a moment before shaking his head. “I reckon he doesn’t. He’s Captain America, I mean. He was made to keep everyone safe. Don’t think he could get scared-,” He gets cut off by someone quite literally popping up from the table that separates him from Ellen.

His eyes widen as he quickly moves to his feet, not even realizing the fact that he had let out a very high-pitched scream. It takes him a moment to realize what’s happening, but when he sees a flash of silver, he takes a second to look over at whoever it was that had seemingly popped out of thin air, shaking his head with a grin once he takes in the details.

The man has got a black mask covering half of his face, his hair’s a mess and it’s obvious that he’s wearing a costume, all tied together by black combat boots and the signature metal arm with a red star. It’s all suddenly very clear. “Bucky.” He’s laughing along with Ellen and the crowd a second later. “Crafty. Making me scared of the person I’d die protecting.” He smirks, observing the table the man popped out from, which, okay. It was more like a box, now that Harry gets a good look at it. He slowly sits down again; looking around this time to make sure no one else is around to scare him.

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“Suppose Captain America does get scared quite easily.” He smirks, and that’s that.

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It’s been a busy day for Harry. A good portion of it is spent between Ellen and shooting a scene with Sebastian. A scene which they’ve been stuck on for hours.

Neither Joe or Anthony Russo like the way it’s playing out, and that ends with them having to repeat it multiple times. He feels like crying, somewhat.

The crew’s worn out, Robert and Scarlet look the smallest bit annoyed and fucking Tom Holland is messing with his suit.

It’s a relief when they finally hear the distinctive “Cut!” from Joe, the crew erupting in loud clapping. It’s easily been more than a couple of hours, between them not getting the movements synchronized correctly or one of them breaking out into a laugh mid-scene. So all in all, it feels fucking amazing to finally be done with it.

“I think this calls for drinks!” Matt - their makeup artist, calls out, not having a problem with getting everyone on board with the idea.

It definitely sounds tempting, and Harry supposes they all deserve it after such a long day. Plus, he doesn’t particularly have anything planned out for the next day -not in the early hours anyway- which means he can get shit-faced with his mates and sleep in. It’s a win-win situation, and besides, they lost their professionalism a while back anyways.
“Back at the studio, you said you’d go!” Niall whines from where he’s staring at Harry, trying to style his hair.

“I didn’t feel so tired back then. I’ve not gotten much sleep in days and I don’t want to do anything stupid when I get drunk,” Harry murmurs, because they both know that if he goes, he will indeed be getting shit-faced along with the rest of them.

“C’mon! The whole crew’s going! Only proper for the Cap to show up.” Niall smirks, more or less ignoring every word that has just come out of Harry’s mouth. “It’s going to be fun,” he continues. “Plus, like you mentioned earlier, you need some unwinding, as does everyone else.”

Harry looks up at that, Niall’s last words seemingly catching his interest. “I can’t.” He shakes his head, biting on his lip. “We’re going clubbing. People could see, Niall. I’m not even sure the whole crew knows!”

Niall rolls his eyes, letting out an exasperated breath. “H, mate. Would I ever put you at risk? I know how to get the best of the best, plus, this club is like exclusive exclusive.”

“Exclusive exclusive?” Harry parrots back, worry laced in his tone. This is his image on the line. His whole career, even. And okay, maybe Harry’s being a bit more dramatic than usual, but he’s an actor now. He has the right to be dramatic, doesn’t he?

“H, this is the most exclusive club in Los Angeles. Plus, I know some lads. They’re complete professionals and very discreet,” Niall promises.

Harry nods slowly, still thinking it over. It takes a good minute before he gives in. “Alright. Give me twenty minutes, yeah?”

“Fuck yeah!” Niall cheers, grinning as he claps Harry on the shoulder. “I’ll text the crew, confirm that we’re going. I invited Liam, by the way!” He says, walking out the door, popping his head back in not even a second later. “And don’t worry, I’ll take care of the… Party favors,” he says with a sly smirk before heading downstairs.

Harry grins at Niall while he’s leaving, but it fades as soon as he’s left alone in his room. He feels jittery and nervous, looking through his clothes before settling on somewhat of a casual ensemble. He doesn’t want to wear anything over the top since it’s just a casual night out with the crew, but he also wants to maintain the good impression his co-workers have of him.

Once he’s changed and styled his hair, Niall’s tugging him out of his loft. “You took an hour. We’re already late!” And with that, they’re off.

“I promised exclusivity, didn’t I?” Niall chirps, grinning at a sour looking Harry whilst they head into the club through the back door. “Loosen up, H! No one will ever know you were here,” he promises, immediately immersing himself between the bodies and maneuvering his way through the crowd, leaving Harry alone. Which honestly, was just great. Not.

Scanning the club, Harry can’t really make out the face of anyone, which on one hand, is a good thing. There’s not a lot of people yet and Harry can see a set of stairs on the far right. He also briefly remembers what Niall told him about the upstairs being the crew’s private area.

He decides to head to the bar, sitting down on one of the stools. He’s mildly startled when someone
pats his back but relaxes when he sees it’s only Liam, offering him a seat.

“Heard your album’s doing amazing.”

“Thanks to you, mate. Honestly, I’ve seen the lyrics everywhere.” Liam chuckles. “Best songwriter ever, you are.” He grins, proceeding to wave in order to get the attention of the bartender, ordering shots for the both of them. “To our new success.” He lifts the shot glass towards Harry.

“Cheers to that,” Harry says, mirroring Liam’s actions before tipping it back, swallowing it down quickly. The slight burn it brings to his throat is a welcomed one.

He stops counting how many shots they take after three.

As far as Harry’s aware, everything’s going a lot smoother than he ever expected it to. No one has recognized him yet and the music isn’t too loud; plus, the drinks are good and they’re all having a good time.

Harry’s currently dancing with Sebastian, Liam, Scarlett and a couple others, all of them decently smashed. He only stops his uncoordinated movements when he feels a tug to his elbow, turning to find that it’s Niall.

“Go on up!” He says, giving Harry two thumbs up.

Harry instantly makes a face, being able to smell the alcohol on Niall’s breath and briefly wondering if that’s what his smells like. Nonetheless, he nods, walking towards the stairs.

He manages to make it without too much trouble, only tripping over his feet twice, which is definitely a win because he’s drunk and tripping is something Harry does quite often whilst being completely sober, so.

His heart’s thumping as he walks up the stairs, since he’s aware of what’s awaiting him once he reaches the top. The thought of being caught is enough to make him want to throw up, but he decides not to focus on that; instead, aiming all of his attention in making it to the top of the stairs.

Right foot, left foot. Right foot, left foot. This train of thought continues until Harry finds himself atop of the stairs, looking around.

It’s dark and you can barely hear the music; tables and couches decorating the floor. There are lamps scattered around, illuminating specific areas. It definitely looks classy and expensive. There are a few people hanging out in the lounge already, but Harry recognizes all of them, has seen them on set at one point or another.

Not knowing where he should go, he starts walking in the direction of a couch, belatedly realizing that someone’s already seated there.

“Hi,” Harry finds himself speaking, plopping down beside him, realizing that this, this is someone he doesn’t know.

“Hey. M’ Zayn,” he introduces himself, an easy smile appearing on his lips.

Harry takes the chance to take in his features, not helping but to think that this guy is truly something else. There’s an olive tone to his skin, his jawline’s sharp and he’s just beautiful. It’s the best he can come up with at the moment.
He’s broken out of his trance by three soft spoken words. “Are you Liam?” And fuck. Nope. That’s definitely not him. His brain comes up with the theory that Niall must’ve gotten Liam an escort as well.

Shaking his head, he lets out a small laugh. “No, sorry. Er, I’m Harry. Nice to meet you,” he settles for saying, moving to stand up. “And I’ve actually got to use the loo, so,” he says, thumb pointing behind him as he uselessly takes a few steps back.

He doesn’t miss the amused look on Zayn’s face.

Thinking about it, he actually does have to go to the bathroom, so he supposes he wasn’t really lying. He looks around, squinting his eyes and walking towards what appears to be the bathroom, pushing the door open.

“Oops,” Harry says when the door collides with someone on the other side.

“Hi. Uh, this bathroom’s kind of in use.” The boy says.

It takes everything in Harry not to crumble to his feet right then and there, because this boy, this boy is gorgeous and breathtaking. If he thought Zayn was beautiful, the concept Harry had of that word just changed.

“Hello?” Tiny asks, making Harry realize he hasn’t quite moved or closed the door again. “Are you okay?” Tiny demands.

“Sorry, I-Yeah,” Harry says, voice syrupy slow, swallowing when his eyes rake the boy up and down. “M’ Harry,” he informs, maybe a bit uselessly.

Recognition flashes before Tiny’s eyes, Harry can see it. “Oh! You’re Harry! I’m Louis. Your friend Niall invited me.”

And honestly, Harry is going to suck Niall’s cock. He fucking deserves it.

After another long minute of silence, Louis looks a little distraught. “Did Niall not tell you? I can just.” He moves to get past Harry, but Harry immediately shakes his head, puts his hand up against the door’s frame, blocking Louis’ way.

“No, no. Sorry. Just. You’re so pretty,” Harry blurts out, not looking all that phased over what he’d just said. So, Harry had had worst moments. He grins triumphantly when Louis ducks his head, fairly sure he can see a blush on the boy’s cheeks.

“Thank you,” Louis murmurs in reply, cheeks still tinged a light pink color.

Harry only continues to grin at him, completely unabashed. “So.” He clears his throat. “Wanna go back to mine?” Harry asks, having done this a handful of times to know how the routine went. “More privacy and such,” he explains, somewhat lamely.

He watches Louis nod, not wasting much time from then on. Gently pressing his hand into the boy’s lower back, he starts guiding him out of the club, flipping Niall off with a grin on their way out.

The way they have to duck out through the back door, making sure they’re not spotted and no one is following them feels a bit exhilarating, if Harry’s being honest.

Harry is more or less clinging off of Louis when they get to his car, his security guard already there and waiting for them. Truthfully, he doesn’t know where he’d be without Paul to take care of him.
Or protect him, whatever. It’s basically the same thing.

He’s not sure how he does it, but he’s seated in the car soon enough, slumped against the door, wishing he was slumped against Louis instead.

He takes a moment to briefly think back to the first time he had gotten an escort. He’d been nervous and hesitant, not sure as to what to say or do. Harry lets out a laugh then, because now, it had become almost a second nature.

Opening his eyes, he smiles at Louis, pushing himself off the door and moving closer with languid movements. “Sorry. Just remembered that I have a very important question to ask you.” He pauses before continuing, “Can I kiss you?” Another pause. “You have very kissable-looking lips,” Harry informs Louis very seriously.

“All real asking if you can kiss me?” Louis is actually pleasantly surprised. “You’re so proper, aren’t you?” Louis can’t help but tease, already coaxing one of his hands into Harry’s curls, near the baby ones that had formed at the nape of his neck.

Harry doesn’t waste much more time after that, closing the short distance between them and pressing their lips together, a hand coming up to cup Louis’ jaw, keeping him in place.

It feels like something bubbles inside his chest, something Harry can’t quite place. Not when he’s this drunk, anyways. He decides to ignore it, continuing to kiss Louis until he’s breathless and absolutely has to pull away in order to get another lungful of air.

It’s only at that moment that Harry notices they’re already pulling into his driveway, a quiet chuckle leaving his mouth. “Paul, how long we’ve been here?” His words slur together only a little bit.

“Just pulled up.” Paul replies, simultaneously turning up the volume of the radio.

Harry grins, because Paul has always been a man with a big sense of humor, and right now, Harry thinks Paul somehow planned this out.

“We’re up all night to get lucky.” Harry sings along to the chorus, waggling his eyebrows in a ridiculous fashion at Louis, feeling quite accomplished when he hears Louis laugh. He’s always been a bit of a people pleaser. “Thanks, Paul. Catch you in the morning,” Harry says, reaching over and patting him twice on his shoulder as best he can before nudging Louis out of the car, stumbling out behind him. “I’m getting lucky tonight.” He grins, showing off his dimples; as if he still has to persuade Louis into sleeping with him.

“You’re—Stop that!” Louis chuckles, carefully wrapping an arm around Harry’s waist in order to help him walk up the steps towards his front door.

“Stop what?” Harry asks in an innocent tone, trying not to stumble over his own feet, which is proving to be a lot more difficult than he initially thought. “I—need to…” He trails off, reaching up and punching in the code for the alarm system, proceeding to open the front door. “After you.” He grins again, motioning for Louis to go inside, standing up as straight as he can manage.

All Harry knows at this point is how badly he wants Louis’ lips back on his.

He walks in after Louis does, barely registering that Louis is actually talking to him, focusing all of his attention on the way Louis’ lips move around each syllable that leaves his mouth. It’s hypnotic, really. And it truly isn’t fair for Harry to be this attracted to Louis when he just met him an hour ago.

“You look like Bambi.” Louis giggles, but Harry can’t quite focus anymore, doesn’t care that Louis
is still mocking him, can only think about how pretty Louis looks and how he would look much prettier pressed up against him, or perhaps even under him.

Harry’s not registering his movements, but it takes him all of two seconds to press Louis up against the front door, also serving as a way to close it. “You’re so pretty.” Harry breathes out, feels like he’s already told Louis but also can’t bring himself to care if he has.

He doesn’t give Louis a chance to reply, swallowing down the boy’s words and kissing him with intent, his hands settling on Louis’ waist, marveled by how small he feels, the shirt Louis’ wearing definitely not doing justice to the curves Louis’ body has.

It’s something Harry has been craving for a long time now, to kiss a man. It’s an itch he hadn’t been able to scratch in a long time and now that he’s finally getting to scratch it, he suddenly feels overwhelmed.

He kisses his way to Louis’ jawline and down his neck, deliberately nipping right under his earlobe, hands circling his waist to pull him in closer, breathing him in.

Louis’ skin feels soft under his fingertips and it takes everything in Harry not to absolutely wreck Louis right then and there. “Bedroom,” he instructs, and if he wasn’t as drunk as he was, he would have carried Louis upstairs, but at the moment, he doesn’t feel like he can pull it off.

He’s not sure why, but he was waiting for Louis to guide them upstairs. It takes him a solid three seconds to remember Louis hasn’t actually been to his house before and that he’s the one that needs to do the guiding. “Right.” He chuckles to himself, knowing he’s not making sense but still not caring.

“You’re really drunk,” Louis comments. Harry’s sure it’s not the first time Louis has talked since they arrived, but it’s definitely the first time Harry properly registers his voice. It’s high pitched and lovely, and it makes Harry feel some type of way.

Louis’ hands start working on the buttons on Harry’s shirt as soon as they’re in his room, sliding it off his shoulders with ease. He takes the time to let his eyes roam up and down Harry’s body, wondering how the hell he has a toned chest yet still has a small pudge and love handles. Harry fucking Styles has love handles and Louis doesn’t understand why he feels as endeared as he does.

Harry stands back, popping open the button of his jeans and shimmying them off as quickly as he can manage, forgetting to take off his boots beforehand. “Shit,” he curses, because if he hasn’t tripped over tonight, he’s pretty sure he’s going to now.

Louis somehow manages to catch him just in time, but Harry’s weight brings them both down, miraculously landing on the bed.

Harry laughs, arms wound tight around Louis. It makes his chest warm when Louis laughs along with him and although it may be a bit early, Harry is already sure he wants to continue to make Louis laugh for the rest of his life. Or the rest of the night, at least.

He somehow kicks off his boots, not caring all that much that he probably scuffed a bit of the silver glitter off in the process, too focused on the boy that’s currently straddling his waist now.

Louis leans down to kiss him, simultaneously grinding his hips down against Harry’s.

A moan escapes Harry’s mouth, his hands instantly coming up to settle on Louis’ waist, watching intensely as Louis slips off his shirt. The thing is, the grinding feels good, incredible, even, but Harry’s confused as to why he doesn’t feel the usual heat in his lower stomach that usually starts to
appear when he’s this far in. He ignores it and instead puts his whole focus into grinding up against Louis.

Louis raises an eyebrow as he carefully grinds down against Harry once again, finding something odd. “Are you…” He trails off, not sure how to phrase what he wants to say before sitting up on his knees, reaching down to feel Harry through his briefs. “You’re not hard.” Louis states then, confused as to why. This is definitely a first.

Harry’s cheeks immediately flush, shaking his head and fumbling for an excuse. “This-This has never, it’s never happened before,” he assures Louis, and it’s true. This had never happened and it was an issue Harry didn’t think he’d ever have to face. “Just let me, uh. Give it a second, yeah? Kiss me.”

Louis nods once, trying his best not to laugh at the situation although it’s quite funny when he thinks about it. Attempting to fix Harry’s problem, Louis simply leans down to kiss him again, continuing the movements of his hips. It’s somewhat embarrassing for himself as well, because he’s already half hard in his own pants and he’d thought Harry had been right there with him.

After what feels like a small eternity, Louis finally rolls off of Harry, trying -and failing- not to laugh. “I-I think you’re too drunk for this, Harold. Tonight’s not your lucky night.” He chuckles then, patting his chest twice.

Harry feels mortified. He wants to sink into the bed and disappear. “I’m so sorry, I really-I don’t fucking know what’s happened.” He pouts. Actually pouts. “I want you. Like, I know I really want you and I’ve got no idea why my cock isn’t cooperating with me.”

It’s enough to make Louis laugh again, and soon enough, Harry’s laughing as well, truly not believing this had happened to him. It was just his luck.

“It’s alright, mate. I guess I’m not as attractive as I thought. Small blow to my ego, but I’ll be okay.” Louis jokes, hoping to somehow ease the embarrassment he’s sure Harry’s feeling.

“No, no. You are. You’re very attractive. Like, out of this world attractive. I’m just stupid and drunk,” Harry babbles, moving closer to him. He starts to gently kiss Louis’ neck as soon as he’s close enough, nuzzling into it.

Louis laughs again, because it’s true. Harry’s piss drunk and that’s probably the reason why he can’t get it up. “Don’t worry. It happens to the best of us.” Louis comforts, reaching up to pet at his curls.

Silence fills the room after a couple of seconds. It’s only after a while that Louis realizes Harry’s not kissing his neck anymore and he’s positive that the wetness he feels on his neck is most likely drool. He somehow manages to move Harry’s head the slightest bit, rolling his eyes when he notices. “Goodnight, then.” He chuckles. Carefully, Louis lays him back down, thinking about how it’s definitely been one hell of a night.

Louis isn’t much of a bad person to just leave him lying half across the bed, so he slips off Harry’s socks, tucking him carefully into his bed. Taking one more look at Harry, Louis isn’t surprised he didn’t notice Harry wasn’t hard, since the boy was blessed in ways Louis could only wish to have been blessed himself.
When Harry wakes up the following morning, it’s to a pounding headache and an empty bed. There’s direct sunlight in his face, which just makes him want to bury himself further into the sheets.

He has little to no recollection of how he got into his bed and a solid minute passes by before it all comes back to Harry, hitting him like a train. He groans when he remembers not being able to get it up, and he lets out a pitiful whine when he recalls how pretty and small the boy was. Sitting up on his bed, he smiles when he sees two aspirins and a glass of water; and although it doesn’t compare to waking up with Louis tucked into his side, it definitely makes his chest feel warm again.

The last thought that floats through Harry’s mind as he swallows down the aspirins is that one way or another, he’s finding Louis again.

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Louis can’t hold in his giggle when he tells Zayn all about his night with the Harry Styles, going into very great detail about it. “And just when we finally made it to the bed, I fucking noticed he wasn’t hard!” Louis whines, laughing again when Zayn’s laugh echoes around the room. It seems that laughter is a really contagious thing.

“You’re kidding.” Zayn smirks, shaking his head, absolutely enjoying Louis’ anecdote. “Can’t believe that I was jealous for a second that you got the Cap.” He hums. “Payne was amazing.” Zayn sighs dreamily, purely to tease Louis further over his failure.

“Oh, shush you,” Louis says, batting at him until he manages to get Zayn to stop laughing. “I’ll tell you one thing. I only think it took me that long to notice because even when he isn’t hard, that boy is big.” He tuts. “Shame. Would’ve loved to spend the night with him.”

“You’re dirty.” Zayn comments off-handedly, nudging Louis’ side.

Louis only shrugs with a smirk plastered onto his face before burying himself further into Zayn’s side, letting his attention drift back to the movie that’s currently playing on the TV, getting comfortable again.

“Liam asked for my number.” Zayn pipes up after a while of silence, causing Louis to sit up immediately.

“Liam Payne?” Louis asks, knowing it’s a little stupid but wanting to double-check. Zayn’s a bit of a trickster, so there’s no doubt in his head that Zayn would try and pull some kind of prank on him. “As in Liam Payne the singer and Hawkeye? A co-worker of Harry? My Harry Styles?” He inquires, wanting to make sure that there are no loopholes or space for Zayn to twist around the story.

“Liam Payne, the co-worker of the Harry Styles, who plays Hawkeye in the Avenger movies and the singer, yes.” Zayn confirms, half a smirk on his face.

Louis doesn’t know what to say, let alone how to react to the new information. “You lucky piece of shit bastard!” He exclaims finally, shoving Zayn’s side gently. “I don’t even get fucked and you get that plus his phone number.” He shakes his head, not believing Zayn’s luck.

“I didn’t give it to him.” Zayn shrugs.
Louis wants to slap him. And scream. He wants to slap his best friend in the face and scream at him for being so stupid. Just as he’s about to give Zayn a piece of his mind, Zayn speaks up again.

“He gave me his, in case I changed my mind about him, he said.” Zayn murmurs.

“You did not.” Louis groans, because Zayn is stupid. Stupid, stupid, stupid. “Tell me you did not give him your speech about how you don’t date guys who get escorts.” He whines.

He watches as Zayn rolls his eyes and Louis really is going to slap him. “Liam Payne isn’t just anyone. He’s not-He’s not some kind of twisted old man! He’s Hawkeye! He’s a damn good singer and he’s fucking fit!” Louis sighs exasperatedly. “If you don’t text him, I’ll text him for you.” He decides, making a quick movement to try and take Zayn’s phone from his pocket.

“Louis!” Zayn yells, immediately darting after him when he steals his phone.

Louis runs out of the room, trying to unlock Zayn’s phone while avoiding to crash into any piece of furniture. “’M’ doing this because I love you, Z!” Louis yells back at him, running out of space to run towards.

They live in a decently sized flat, but between the furniture and Louis’ panic to not get caught, he ends up tripping over the leg of their coffee table, landing on the floor with a small thud. He hides the phone under his stomach, whining when he feels Zayn’s weight on top of him.

“While I do enjoy being pinned down, I’m not really in the mood right now, Z,” Louis says, wriggling underneath him.

“Give me my phone, Louis,” Zayn demands in a warning tone.

“Or what?” Louis hums, still trying to wiggle his way out from underneath Zayn, waiting for the perfect moment to flip them over. It’s kind of hard since he’s on his stomach, but he somehow manages to knock Zayn off of him, running from him again a second later.


Louis eyes Zayn suspiciously from where he stands, squinting his eyes at him. “Promise?” He asks, tilting his chin upwards.

“Promise,” Zayn confirms, reaching out his hand towards Louis.

“Alright, then. It was good doing business with you.” Louis grins as he walks closer and hands it over.

As soon as Zayn has pocketed his phone and is absolutely sure Louis can’t get it, he smirks. “I never said when.”

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It’s been nearly a week since Harry’s encounter with Louis and he still can’t seem to get the boy off his mind. He vividly thinks about how his hands fit perfectly in Louis’ and how his eyes weren’t the typical blue and how soft his lips were. He’s fairly sure he’s losing his mind.
“Niall, please. Why the fuck can’t I have his phone?” He asks, glaring over at him from where he’s sat getting his makeup done, since he’s supposed to look battered and bruised.

“I don’t have it! How many more times have I got to tell you?” Niall says exasperatedly, gaze steady on his phone, trying to figure out Harry’s schedule. It’s particularly hard being both Harry’s best friend and his manager.

“Then how did you contact him?” Harry asks, huffing quietly when Matt gives him a look; one that’s clearly asking him to stop moving so much.

“Through an agency, H. They asked if I was looking for someone in particular and I asked for Louis and Zayn because another mate had already worked with them. He told me how professional and hot they were, so.” He shrugs. “Okay, you have an interview tomorrow at nine and at noon you’ve got brunch with Simon to work out some details about the single you want to release. It’s possible he’ll want you to sign a contract. Bring it to me and I’ll go over it with your lawyer, Andy.” He nods. Harry doesn’t really pay attention to what Niall’s saying, focusing on the fact that he could simply request Louis from the company and he’d get to see him again. “Will you give me the number of the company?”

Niall groans. “Repeat your schedule to me and I will.” He says, raising an expectant eyebrow at Harry.

“Meeting at nine, brunch with Simon at noon. I don’t sign the contract and I bring it back to you.” Harry grins, saying it in a sing-song voice, proud of himself for actually making it rhyme.

“Harry, you have to be really careful, okay? You know the risks.” Niall sighs, shaking his head once. Harry is his top priority, and it worries him a bit to know that Harry’s already a bit infatuated with the boy. “Don’t make me regret this,” he says pointedly, texting Harry the number.

Harry beams as soon as his phone chimes, settling back against his chair happily and letting Matt finish his makeup.

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Harry’s on his break when he plops down beside Liam, trying to seem nonchalant as he speaks to him. “Do you think I should do it?”

Liam looks up with furrowed eyebrows, speaking through a mouthful of sushi. “Do what?” He questions, not sure what Harry’s referring to.

“Call the company Louis works for and ask for him again,” he says quickly, looking around the table to make sure he hasn’t turned any heads in their direction, relaxing when he sees he didn’t.

Harry’s own eyebrows furrow when Liam seems to perk up at his words, observing how the boy’s body is now turned towards him.

“You have the company’s number?” He asks, eyes wide. He looks like a puppy who has just seen a squirrel. It’s ridiculous and endearing at the same time.

“Yeah. Niall gave it to me.” Harry shrugs. He doesn’t understand why Liam’s so enthused all of a
“Can I have the number?” Liam interrupts, not really caring how he got it or where he got it from.

Now it’s Harry’s turn to eye Liam suspiciously. “What do you want it for? Louis is mine,” he murmurs a bit defensively.

“You’re an idiot.” Liam rolls his eyes. “Zayn works for that company too. I gave him my number and it’s been a week and he hasn’t texted or called. M’ losing it.” Liam replies, jaw clenching.

And oh. Oh. Of course. Harry’s hard stare fades immediately, breaking out into a dimpled grin. “I reckon this is the first time you’ve been rejected, mate. But I also don’t know if it’s a good idea for you to call and ask for him. It might be weird since he didn’t text. Give it another week,” Harry advises, not wanting for Liam to come off as some kind of stalker. “Plus, you’re Hawkeye! If you can’t get Zayn, you’ll get someone.” Harry squeezes the back of his neck gently.

Liam frowns at him. “He looks like he was hand-carved, Harry. You don’t understand. I’ve been thinking about him non-stop.” He sighs.

Harry feels a little bad for him, but he completely understands how Liam’s feeling because he feels the exact same way about Louis. “Give it a week,” he repeats instead, patting his back twice before standing up and leaving again.

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Louis squeals when he gets the call from Sophia, calling Zayn as soon as he hangs up. “Guess what.” Are the first words that come out of his mouth when he hears Zayn pick up.

“What?” Zayn asks, tone bored.

“You have to guess, Zayn.” Louis prompts.

“Louis, you do realize that there are a million of possibilities as to what you could be talking about, right?” Zayn presses, already beginning to sound annoyed.

Zayn’s tone is enough to make Louis give in and tell him. “Sophia just called me.” He grins to himself, letting the suspense build up for a couple of seconds before finally speaking again. “And guess who asked to have dinner with me.”

Zayn simply groans in response.

“Don’t sound so excited, Z.” Louis sighs. “At least try and sound cheerful for me, yeah?”

Zayn doesn’t speak until he notices that Louis is actually waiting for him to reply. “Who asked for you, Lou?” He asks, tone a lot more cheerful.

It makes Louis smile. “Harry!” He squeals again. “Harry Styles actually wants to take me out for dinner,” Louis says. “Maybe I’ll finally get to see his boner.” He grins.

“You’re awful and disgusting, but m’ happy for you, bro,” Zayn says honestly. “I was thinking about texting Liam, actually. Think I’ll wait a couple more days. Just keep him on edge.”
“And I'm the awful one?” Louis retorts. “Put him out of his misery and text him, you asshole.”

“Maybe.”

“Don’t forget to buy a box of cinnamon toast crunch,” Louis reminds. “Love you.” He hums, hanging up right after and actually squealing one more time. Harry Styles wants to see him again.

He feels a bit ridiculous for being so excited about it, since Harry isn’t the first famous person he’s gone out with, but lately, he hasn’t gotten a single person that qualifies under his ‘type’, so to finally get someone who does is refreshing.

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It’s easily the best and worst couple of days Harry’s had. It’s been hectic between the interviews and filming, not to mention the couple of meetings he’s had with Simon. On top of all that, he’s not been able to go a single day without thinking about Louis. It’s all driving him a bit insane.

He’s lost in his thoughts, mind spinning as he attempts to remember everything he has to do in order to free his Saturday night. Harry’s just about to figure it out, having mapped out everything in his head perfectly, but Niall’s loud voice interrupts his thoughts, effectively bringing him out of them.

“Harry, mate, you there?” Niall asks, waving a hand in front of his face.

“Sorry,” Harry tilts his head, voice slower than it normally is since he was a bit distracted.

“I was asking if you ever did get around to booking Louis,” Niall repeats, raising his eyebrows at him.

“He’s not-,” Harry shakes his head, a little upset over Niall’s phrasing but honestly being more excited over the fact that he’s going to get to see Louis. He decides he’ll educate Niall on that later.

“I’m going out with him tomorrow night. Taking him to Melted and we’ll see where it goes from there.”

Niall’s grinning so widely at him that it makes Harry shift in his chair. “You’re treating this like a proper date. You’re such a hopeless romantic,” he teases.

“Well, he is a person, Niall. His profession has got nothing to do with the way he deserves to be treated.” Harry informs him.

“I know that. I was just hinting that you don’t have to wine and dine him in order to bed him, s’ all.” Niall explains.

“I want to wine and dine him. Don’t care if I don’t bed him tomorrow.” Harry shrugs easily. “He’s quite attractive, Niall. I really do want to keep him around.”

Niall nods, making a bored face at Harry. “Okay, okay. Whatever you say, Harry. I just want to remind you to be careful, yeah? Do you need help getting a private place? I can help with that. You know what’s at risk here,” he reminds, not meaning to ruin the mood, but knowing he has to keep Harry grounded somehow.

Harry lets out a small sigh at the reminder, nodding once with pursed lips. “Could you take care of
that? Want to have a nice dinner with him,” he murmurs, tone not as cheerful as it had been a couple of seconds earlier.

“Sure thing, mate. Will make sure it’s the nicest dinner you’ve both ever had,” Niall promises, clasping him once on the back. “I’ve gotta go, yeah? But I’ll text you the details later.”

“Thanks.” Harry says, tone still sour.

The thing is, he can’t even bring himself to be upset at Niall for reminding him of his situation. He had read every single line of his contract before agreeing to sign it, so it wasn’t like he had been tricked into being closeted. At the time, Harry hadn’t been sure of his sexual orientation yet, so he hadn’t had much problem agreeing to sign it. He thought that it would buy him time to figure his sexuality out whilst also boosting his image and helping him gain fame.

It hadn’t been hard at first, but as time continued to pass, it was getting progressively harder for him to hide his attraction towards men. It was something that was definitely eating away at him, but at the same time, he was scared to come out, afraid of how it could affect his career; not to mention that his contract still wasn’t over.

Harry blinks himself out of his thoughts, swallowing harshly and trying to ignore the bitter taste in his mouth. It takes him a couple of seconds to relax and forget about the mess in his head before deciding to call up Sebastian.

Drinks suddenly sound like a brilliant idea.

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“You okay?” Are the first words that leave Sebastian’s mouth. During the whole filming of the movie, he’s never seen Harry look so distressed before. It’s honestly worrying him.

“Why wouldn’t I be?” Comes Harry’s reply. In his mind, it’s the perfect one. He’s not lying about how he’s feeling and instead he’s re-directing the attention back to Sebastian. It seems like a good enough plan.

“You just seem… Off,” Sebastian murmurs, tone laced with concern.

“I’m alright. Just, some personal stuff, yeah? Nothing a couple of drinks can’t fix.” Harry smirks. He’s an actor now. This is what he does on a daily basis. Nothing says he can’t put on an act every once in awhile when he’s not at work.

He raises his glass, ice cubes sloshing around and a bit of whisky pouring down the sides of it, although not enough to catch Harry’s attention. As soon as he toasts with Sebastian, it’s an onslaught of several different concoctions and shots. Everything’s a blur after that and he can hardly remember how he got home.

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When Harry finally wakes up the following morning, it’s to a shrill ring that fills the silence of the room. “Fuck,” he whispers to himself, blindly reaching his hand out and patting it against his nightstand until he finally curls his fingers around the device that’s producing the sound, answering the call and putting it to his ear without checking who the caller was. “Hi.”

“Hello? Is this Harry?” The soft voice asks. It’s as if it wants to ring a bell in Harry’s head, but at the same time, it’s not. His main concern at the moment is that this might be a fan calling, which means that his number has been leaked, once again.

“Who’s speaking?” Harry asks instead, having done this a couple of times in the past already.

“Louis. Er-Louis Tomlinson.”

The name is enough to make Harry sit up on his bed instantly. He runs a hand through his hair, fixing his curls, as if Louis can somehow see him. “Louis, what a lovely surprise.” He finds himself saying, clearing his throat to get rid of some of the raspiness.

There’s a giggle on the other side of the line and it makes Harry’s heart skip a beat.

“I was informed that we’re going out for dinner?”

Right. Yes. Dinner. That’s how Louis had gotten his number. Of course. “That is correct. I can pick you up at eight, if you’d like,” he offers, licking over his lips nervously.

“Actually, I can meet you there. I was calling because you haven’t settled the details with Sophia, so I was wondering if you could text me the time and place,” Louis says, keeping everything completely professional.

It disappoints Harry a tiny bit that he won’t be able to pick Louis up, but he’s hopeful that maybe he gets to drop him off, so the whole thing gets more of the date vibe. “That’s perfectly fine. I’ll text you everything in a little bit, yeah?” He still has to talk to Niall and sort that out.

Awesome, thanks. I’ll see you later, then.” Louis says and then the line goes dead.

Harry stays on the line for a couple more seconds with a stupid smile on his face. Louis’ voice is soft yet loud at the same time and Harry doesn’t understand how that’s even possible. It’s absolutely endearing, though.

The smile stays on Harry’s face for the rest of the morning, only growing once he talks to Niall and realizes that Niall actually reserved the whole deck of a restaurant just for them. It guarantees one-hundred percent privacy and Harry couldn’t have been any more pleased with the arrangement.

He saves Louis under ‘Tiny’ because it only seems proper. Plus, if anyone hacks into his iPhone or iCloud, Louis’ information isn’t leaked to anyone. He’ll just be the person with heart emojis. For all they know, it could be his mum. Except, he probably wouldn’t send dirty texts to his mum. Not that he’s thinking about sending a couple to Louis in the future, hopefully near future. Definitely not.

To: Tiny

1:32 PM

Meet you at Urasawa at eight. Say the word ‘babynanas’ to the hostess. See you tonight x.’
Harry sends it before getting the chance to overthink the ‘x’ at the end, deciding that he’s being polite and it’s a nice touch. He stares at the text and watches as it turns blue, ‘delivered’ appearing right underneath it. It makes him relax, knowing that Louis is actually getting his texts and he won’t get stood up; although that last thought is still a possibility.

His first instinct when he sees ‘delivered’ change to ‘read at 1:35 PM’ is to uselessly drop his phone, grumbling under his breath as he quickly reaches for it again, hearing the chime before he can click out of their conversation. Great. Now Louis will think he’s desperate. Which, for the record, he probably already thought that about him anyways, seeing as he’s requesting his… Services. He takes a deep breath before reading over Louis’ reply. He’s not sure he read it right the first time, heart hammering in his chest as he reads it for the second time.

Looking forward to it. See u soon. Xx

Harry most definitely doesn’t fist pump the air. Except he does. Louis didn’t send one ‘x’, he sent two. They’re definitely a thing now. Or, getting there, anyways.

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“I don’t know what to wear,” Harry whines, staring at the different outfits he has set out on his bed, rolling his eyes once he notices that Niall is too busy typing away on his laptop to actually give him a bit of his attention. “Niall,” he grumbles. It works.

“Hm?” Is all Niall says -no, hums - in response.

Harry wants to throw something at him. “Niall, first and foremost, you’re supposed to be my friend, not my manager.” He crosses his arms over his chest. Harry doesn’t really care if he looks like a petulant child at the moment.

“Sorry, sorry, just-,” Niall cuts himself off, holding up one finger as he quickly types something with one hand, closing his laptop right after. “There. What’s up?”

Harry truly hates the fact that he can’t stay mad at Niall due to how much he truly needs his help at the moment. “I need help choosing my outfit for tonight,” he admits, a bit disappointed in himself. If there’s something Harry takes pride in, it’s definitely in his fashion sense. He knows he has a good one and putting his outfits together has always come easy to him, but he hasn’t been on a date in a while, so he’s a little rusty as to what the appropriate attire is. He bites down on his lip, observing Niall as the boy cautiously eyes each outfit. He looks over them himself one more time, feeling absolutely torn.

“I think you should go with the middle one. It’s not casual and it’s not over-the-top fancy,” Niall speaks up.

Harry stares at the outfit for a solid minute, mentally deciding that Niall is right. “I’ll be able to show
off my abs.” He grins, left dimple popping. He carefully holds up the black, sheer, floral print dress shirt, noticing the wrinkles in it. He’s going to have to iron it. “Thank you, Ni. You’re the absolute best,” Harry tells him, grin still set in place.

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever.” Niall waves him off albeit the smile on his own face. “Harry, I really need you to remember at all times what’s at stake here, okay? I know it’s not easy for you, believe me. But your career is more important than a night with an escort,” he states, tone unwavering and dead serious.

The grin on Harry’s face falters for just a second, nodding at Niall’s words. “I know, I know. I just want to do this right, yeah? If it all runs smooth tonight, I could possibly get my own private escort, or, friends with benefits out of this, yeah? That’s better than being with just any guy,” he reasons, attempting to get Niall to relax.

It seems to work, because the serious look on Niall’s face eases considerably. “Such a smart kid, aren’t you?” Niall says, tone fond. “Thinking a step ahead. I like it.”

Harry simply rolls at him with a smile, shaking out his curls. “Alright then, off you go. Thanks again for setting up the date,” he says whilst carefully guiding Niall towards the door.

He only has a couple of hours before he has to go, and he really wants to get arrive a little early to make sure everything looks perfect, which means he doesn’t have much time to get ready. Harry starts to work on the last thing mentioned as soon as Niall is out of his room.

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"For the fifteenth time, you look amazing," Zayn groans, trying his best not to get annoyed at his best friend. He’s being a pain, which is usual when it comes to Louis, but tonight, he’s being a bit extra.

“It’s normal for you to get hot clients, Z. It’s not normal for me, okay? I always get stuck with the grandpas, so forgive me for trying to hold onto this one.” He sighs, checking himself in the mirror again. “I feel like it’s too casual. He didn’t say if it was casual or formal. Or semi-formal,” Louis murmurs, starting to panic all over again.

"Lou, you look fine.”


It makes Zayn rolls his eyes. “You know what I mean. Just get your ass in the car and over there before you’re late. God knows you have a bad habit of never arriving on time,” he murmurs, clearly having been on the other end of Louis’ tardiness.

“That helps build the suspense, dear Zayn,” Louis tells him, messing with his hair for the last time before taking a deep breath. He knows he looks good, and most importantly, his ass looks amazing, which is all that truly matters. “Okay. Wish me luck.” He breathes out nervously, standing in front of Zayn and successfully blocking his view of the television.

“Good luck. I hope you get fucked tonight, babes.” Zayn grins. “If he can get it up, anyway.”

Louis fake gasps. “Too far,” he admonishes, trying to sound upset at the very least as he walks past Zayn, taking his chance to whack him on the head and twist his nipple before quickly heading towards the door, afraid Zayn might try and retaliate. He pockets his keys and wallet, and just as he’s
halfway out the door, he stops in his tracks and turns back to Zayn, saluting with two fingers, a smirk on his face.

“Gonna make sure to bring Harry back here tonight so you can hear how much I’ll enjoy his hard cock.”

“You’re disgusting!”

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Louis’ hands are clammy when he arrives at the restaurant, immediately picking up on the fact that it looks expensive. He’s no stranger to being indulged this way, is quite used to it actually, but somehow, he still feels nervous this time around.

“You got this,” he whispers to himself, wiping his hands down against his pants and sucking in a deep breath. He had to remind himself that this was like any other set-up he’d been on; except he actually had a hot date, but that was besides the point. The only thing he needed to do was sustain a conversation and then accompany him home. It was something he’d done at least a hundred times and he knew he should treat tonight no different.

When he enters the restaurant, he can feel the eyes of the people waiting to be seated settle on him. He walks straight up to the hostess, offering her a kind smile. “I’m supposed to be meeting someone here. Er, give me a second,” he says, reaching for his phone and opening Harry’s text, feeling his cheeks flush. “Babynanas.”

The hostess, Mona, according to her name-tag, immediately looks flustered. “Mr. Tomlinson. He’s been expecting you for a while now,” she says, giving him a quick once over, one that Louis would have definitely missed had he not been paying extra attention to her. He has always been very detail oriented.

He only chuckles in response, falling silent after that and following her towards the back of the restaurant, confused when they get to a staircase. He follows her despite the fear in his chest, feeling like this could easily be a set-up. And not the kind he’s under the impression he has.

Louis feels like he can breathe again when they reach the top of the stairs, except that the next second, he feels like he can’t. He gives himself a moment to look around, taking in every single detail. He’s on a deck and it’s decorated intricately with fairy lights, candles and even flowers. Fucking flowers. He shuts down the voice in his head that tells him how cliché this whole thing is and lets himself appreciate what Harry’s done for their date.

“Thank you,” He says to the hostess, not looking at her anymore and instead paying his attention to the figure that’s standing over the railing, observing the broad shoulders and long body.

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Harry sucks in a sharp breath as soon as he hears the soft gasp that leaves Louis’ mouth, feeling quite pleased with himself for already managing to take the boy’s breath away.
He doesn’t turn around until he can hear the hostess’ retreating footsteps, an easy grin decorating his face, hoping he doesn’t look as nervous as he feels. “Louis.” He says, the name rolling off his tongue easily. “I’m glad you could make it. It’s a pleasure having you here tonight.” He says, walking closer to the table that’s fixed on the center of the deck, pulling a chair out for Louis and gesturing to it. “You can come and sit down whenever you feel ready.” He smiles.

Louis can’t seem to take his eyes off of Harry, his feet beginning to move towards the chair on their own accord. “Thanks for having me.” He replies, keeping his tone light and only a little cheeky. Louis side-steps the chair, setting a small hand on Harry’s shoulder and gently kissing his cheek, removing himself from the boy as quick as he’d come, taking Harry’s offer and sitting down on the chair.

Harry blinks his eyes a couple of times, not having expected that at all. He can feel his cheeks burning up and he instantly tries to calm himself down. Get your shit together, Styles he thinks to himself, somehow managing to push in the chair just as Louis is sitting down. He walks around to the other side of the table, taking a seat as well. “Have you been here before?” He decides on asking, truly hoping that he hadn’t.

“I haven’t, no.” Louis tells him, a smile on his face. “To be quite honest, can’t believe I haven’t been here before. Seems like a place everyone has to visit at least once in their lives.”

“Well, I did reserve the whole deck for us. It’s usually to the brim with people.” Harry grins, not trying to show off but also wanting Louis to know that he had really tried to do something special for him.

Louis doesn’t look all that impressed.

Harry doesn’t frown.

“Men do all sorts of things to get laid, don’t they?” Comes Louis’ response. Harry’s about to reply, feels the need to, but Louis’ chuckle cuts him off. “I’m only joking, babe. Lighten up.” Louis says next. “I appreciate the sentiment. It’s definitely one of the most over-the-top things anyone has ever done for me.” He assures Harry, not having any intentions to bruise his ego. Perhaps just a little bit.

“Well, I did try my best.” Harry says, an unabashed tone to his voice. “I ordered us a bottle of Domaine de la Romanée-Conti.” He immediately notices the confused look on Louis’ face. “It’s a type of red wine.” He elaborates. “If you like red wine, you’re going to love this one. It’s quite literally the best one there is out there. It’s grown in France with Pinot Noir grapes,” Harry explains.

Louis can’t help but feel a little endeared by how much Harry seems passionate over wine, out of all things. He’s quirky, Louis can tell right off the bat. He stays silent, wanting to hear more of what Harry has to say.

“It has a really lovely taste. Not overly powerful but also not too faint. It lingers on your tongue just the right amount of time and it doesn’t leave a bad aftertaste. I don’t know how you’ve never tried this wine before, Lou.” The nickname is out of his mouth before Harry can swallow it down. He decides not to panic over his mistake and simply acts as if he had done it intentionally, not showing any signs of regretting his choice of words.

Louis’ lips quirk up at the sound of ‘Lou’. “I’m not really one who knows much about wine. I pretty much have the one that’s served to me, no questions asked. Haven’t ever been on a date with a wince concierge.” There’s a teasing tone to his voice.

“The whole wine culture is very…” Harry trails off, waving his hand around for a second as he tries
to think of the right word. When he fails to think of one, he goes to the one that came to his mind in the first place. “Interesting.”

That seems to earn a laugh out of Louis and Harry’s grinning immediately. Louis’ laugh is a sound that Harry could hear for the rest of his life, he’s sure of it. The second it fills his ears, it makes him feel warm inside. Harry can already tell that he’s going to be gone for this boy in no time. He doesn’t ever want Louis to stop laughing.

“I bet it is. Looking forward to have you pass on a bit of your knowledge to me.” Louis smiles, nothing behind his words but pure sincerity. It makes him smile, how much Harry seems to enjoy talking about wine and how it obviously enthuses Harry enough to get him to learn random facts about it.

“If you play your cards right, you might get just that. Perhaps you’ll end up knowing more about wine than I do.” Harry says, conversation flowing easily after that.

They talk about everything and nothing. Harry’s certain he can’t get enough of Louis’ snarky remarks or fast comments. It’s the date Harry’s always wanted, and it’s definitely the right person to have it with. Louis doesn’t seem at all phased by who he is, treats him like he’s actually a normal person. It’s refreshing and new and Harry doesn’t ever want to let Louis go.

There’s also the fact that he’s mesmerized by the way Louis laughs. Sometimes it’s quiet, just the hint of his laugh hidden in a giggle. Other times it’s brash and loud and his whole face lights up. His eyes crinkle by the corners when he laughs wholeheartedly, and some other couple times Louis laughs so hard he has to cover his mouth with one of his beautiful, small hands. Harry loves every version of Louis’ laugh already, has engraved the images into his brain in the sad case he never gets to experience them again.

Harry’s only a little bummed out when he pays for the check, his nerves really kicking in then. He’s opened his mouth to speak, but again, Louis beats him to it, as he’s done at least a couple dozen times during the entirety of their date. Harry can’t say he’s annoyed. He’s actually more endeared and he feels pathetic for it.

“Should we continue our lovely conversation at your place or call it a night?”

Louis is so blunt with it that it actually makes Harry’s heart ache a little. He’s caught off guard by the question, not knowing how to react to it or what to respond. “If-Only if you want.” He stutters out, licking over his lips.

Louis seems to actually ponder what he wants to do. “I’d be glad to continue this at your place, Harry.” He says, not helping but to feel happy over the fact that Harry was actually giving him a choice.

Harry nods, the envelope hidden inside of the pocket on his blazer suddenly feeling very heavy. He had brought the money in case Louis didn’t want to go to his place, planning on paying his full price anyways. “Perfect. Did you enjoy dinner, then?”

“Don’t get your hopes up, Styles.” Louis says, enjoying the way Harry’s face falls the slightest bit. “But, if you must know, I did enjoy it. Quite a bit, actually.” He tells him sincerely, standing up from the table as Harry does it.

“You’re a bit of an asshole, you know that?” Harry smirks, walking towards Louis and very gently placing his hand on Louis’ lower back to guide him back downstairs. He immediately notices just how small Louis’ waist is, marvelled by it. His hand looks quite big pressed against him. Harry’s
sure he’s in love.

They go out through the back door, Harry’s car already parked and waiting for them. Harry’s thankful that they leave completely unseen, without running into any fans or paparazzi.

Harry drives them back to his place, letting Louis choose the radio station and enjoying the way he hums along to the songs whilst drumming his fingers on the tops of his thighs. Louis is all too distracting and Harry fears that he’s an actual haphazard when it comes to driving. He can’t seem to keep his eyes off of Louis long enough in order to pay his full attention to the road. It’s a risk Harry’s willing to take.

They talk a bit more on the way and Harry’s both surprised and relieved with how well they get on. Louis is the whole package, in all honesty. He’s unbelievably fit, has got a great sense of humor and he’s quite smart, Harry’s come to realize. Not that he thought otherwise.

Harry raises an eyebrow when Louis suddenly goes quiet, looking over at him curiously. “What?”

He asks, chuckling a bit as he presses a button on his controller, which he has on his keychain, the gates to his driveway opening.

“Nothing.” Louis is quick to reply. “Your house just looks so snobby.” He snorts, grinning over at him, not looking the tiniest bit sorry over the fact that he just offended Harry’s way of living.

“Hey.” He drawls out the ‘e’ in the word, jutting his bottom lip out into what can only be described as a horrible attempt of a pout. “I put a lot of effort into this house. Took awhile for it to come together.” He says, driving until they reach the entrance, parking the car there. “You’re going to take back your words once you see the inside. If you don’t like the interior, then m’ afraid i’m going to have to drive you back home.” Harry states in a very serious tone. Deep down he knows he won’t actually drive Louis home, but the sentiment behind his words still stands.

Again, once Harry has rounded the car and is back by Louis’ side, he settles his hand on the small of his lower back, the action just seeming natural to Harry. He opens the door after punching in a four-digit code, immediately looking over at Louis in the hopes of finding a positive reaction.

All Louis does for a second is look around, taking his time before finally facing Harry again. “I must say, you do have impeccable taste in interior decorating.” He says, smirk in place. “Posh, but not over the top. Very elegant too.” Louis adds as a second thought.

“Exactly what I was going for.” Harry grins, removing his hand from Louis’ back and clasping his hands behind his own, feeling lost as to where to go from there.

Louis seems to pick up on the fact that Harry’s not sure what to do, because the next second, Louis’ mouth is on his and Harry feels like he can’t breathe. It’s electric and hot all at once, causing his heart to jackrabbit inside of his chest. His hands belatedly move to settle on Louis’ waist, holding him gingerly as they kiss, keeping it fairly innocent.

“I’m not going to break if you touch me, H. Don’t be afraid.” Louis whispers against Harry’s lips as he pulls away, licking over his lips before grinning at Harry.

Harry just nods before dipping back down to capture Louis’ lips with his own once again, not having remembered just how good of a kisser Louis was. He feels intoxicated by the feeling already, knows he doesn’t want to ever stop kissing Louis.

They’re both a little buzzed over having shared a bottle of wine, but it’s not enough to cloud Harry’s judgement, only enough to heighten his senses. He stumble backwards with Louis, sucking the
boy’s bottom lip into his mouth as soon as Louis parts his lips under Harry’s incessant ones. It draws a moan out of Louis and Harry doesn’t know which sound is more heavenly. Louis’ laugh or his moans.

“Come on.” Harry says as he pulls away, feeling a lot more confident after noticing how Louis looks flustered, taking his hand and guiding him up the steps.

He can feel himself start to get hard at the mere thought of being able to fuck Louis, the idea driving him absolutely wild.

It feels like an eternity before Harry reaches his room, and he barely restrains himself from pushing Louis up against every available space of wall on their way there, but somehow he manages to get them both inside, his hands immediately slipping under Louis’ shirt, breath hitching. Louis’ skin is so soft and warm and Harry actually wouldn’t be at all surprised if it turned out that Louis was the actual sun.

He’s kissing Louis again, hands going anywhere they can, trying to touch, touch, touch. He wants to get his hands on every single inch of Louis’ body, get to know every little piece of him. There’s something standing in his way at the moment, and that’s their clothes. Louis beats him to it, though.

“Off,” Louis whines quietly, slipping the blazer off of Harry’s shoulders with practiced ease, his fingers going to work on Harry’s shirt right after, unbuttoning it.

“Eager, aren’t we?” Harry asks, smirk back in place, his left dimple making an appearance once again. His own hands are moving to remove every piece of clothing off of Louis that he can, and the more skin Louis reveals, the more Harry feels like he’s losing himself. He’s getting so turned on he can barely see straight, his main focus now being to get them both off in the quickest way possible. He feels like he might explode otherwise.

“Look who’s speaking.” Louis says, emphasizing his words by delivering a squeeze to Harry’s crotch, bringing Harry’s attention to the fact that he’s really hard. Like, really hard.

“The things you do to me, baby.” Harry whispers, kissing Louis again, his hands popping open the button on Louis’ pants.

While Louis takes off the rest of his clothes while Harry mirrors his actions, taking off his socks and ignoring the fact that Louis isn’t wearing any, deciding to put that bit of information away for the moment, making a mental note to bring it up some other time. Right now, all he can think about is how hot Louis looks and how badly he wants him.

“Are you going to just stand there or are you actually going to do something?” Louis speaks up, voice having dropped a few octaves as he walks back towards the bed, completely naked now. He carefully crawls onto the bed, laying down and proceeding to prop himself up on his elbows, giving Harry an expectant look when he doesn’t move. “Well?” He questions.

The thing is, Harry seems to be glued to where he’s currently standing. Louis is actually laying on his bed. Naked and hard. Yeah, Harry’s not sure this is actually happening. He’s broken out of his trance when his cock twitches against his thigh, reminding him of how hard he currently is and how real the situation is.

He’s on top of Louis in a second, mouth fervently working over Louis’ as his hands start to roam over his body once again, feeling his sides. Now that he has Louis under him and can properly feel him, he notices how Louis is all soft curves.
It’s the understatement of the year to say Harry’s glad he’s sober enough to enjoy this particular moment in time.

“You’re actually hard this time.” Louis remarks, using his foot as leverage to roll them over, straddling Harry’s hips.

Harry’s hands immediately go to his ass, kneading the soft flesh with his fingers. He seriously can’t believe this is his life right now. Every part of Louis seems to fit in his hands, and it’s honestly driving Harry a bit mad. He doesn’t have the right mindset to reply to Louis’ comment, so he chooses to let it slide, instead, deciding that he’s going to show Louis exactly what he can do with his cock.

Louis grinds down against Harry’s hips, their cocks moving together with little to no effort, Harry’s own already leaking precome.

“Shit, Lou,” Harry breathes, letting his head rest back against one of the pillows, squeezing his eyes shut. He’s afraid he’ll come on the spot otherwise.

“You like this position, then?” Louis questions.

It makes Harry wonder how Louis can sound so calm and put together during a time like this. He sort of wants to wreck Louis’ voice, wants to fuck up his calm demeanor.

“Condom?” Louis interrupts Harry’s thoughts, leaning down to kiss him.

Harry reciprocates the kiss if only for a second, breaking it when he shakes his head, having a better plan in mind.

“We’re not going to need one tonight.” Harry informs him.

It causes Louis’ eyebrows to furrow and Harry feels like doing a victory dance. It seems like he finally threw Louis off his game. He takes a moment to mentally pat himself on the back.

Rolling them over again, Harry reaches for one of the pillows next to Louis, taking some of the precome off Louis’ head and spreading it down his cock, jerking Louis off for a couple of seconds, wanting to give the boy some friction. “Up.” He instructs after a heartbeat of silence, tapping Louis’ hip gently once he releases the boy’s cock.

Louis lifts his hips off the bed obediently, settling back down once Harry had propped a pillow under him, breathing heavily through his nose.

“You’re gorgeous, Louis. Did you know that?” Harry asks him, tone undeniably sincere as he positions himself over Louis’ body again, pretty sure that Louis could tell where it was all leading to.

He looks down at Louis, calculating each of the movements he’s going to make. He waits for Louis to open his mouth, taking that exact moment to shut him up with his cock, smirking softly to himself when Louis moans instead. “You like that, baby? Like having a cock in your mouth?” Harry speaks, tone hard, his pupils completely blown.

All Louis can do is hum in response, moving his head slightly and trying not to strain his neck while attempting to take more of Harry’s cock into his mouth, gagging a tiny bit on his first try.

“Don’t worry, I’ll do the fucking, love. Just lay back against the pillows, yeah?” Harry tells him, tone just a smidge gentler before he starts a slow rhythm, almost lazily fucking his hips into Louis’ mouth. He leans down then, the awkward angle at which he was looking at Louis starting to strain his back
muscles.

Once he’s close enough, Harry licks a stripe down Louis’ cock, smirking as it twitches against Louis’ stomach. “Shame that I’m not going to suck your cock tonight, though.” He teases, leaning forward the tiniest bit before using his hands to spread Louis’ cheeks.

Harry has to stop himself to take a second and admire the sight. Louis’ hole is easily the prettiest one he’s seen. Not wanting to overwhelm himself, he delves right into it, licking Louis’ hole, often pressing his tongue against it, just enough for Louis to feel a jolt of pleasure.

Louis can’t seem to think straight anymore. There are tears in his eyes from having Harry’s cock nudge the back of his throat, and although there’s an ache blooming in his jaw, he doesn’t want to ever stop sucking Harry’s cock.

Harry nuzzles closer, pressing a soft kiss to Louis’ hole and smirking as he watches the way it flutters with the smallest of touches. “You enjoying yourself, baby? So lucky, aren’t you? Mouth full of cock and got someone eating you out, sweetheart.” Harry whispers, mostly to himself but also loud enough for Louis to hear, nibbling gently on the rim of Louis’ hole, testing out for a reaction.

What he gets in return is a mix of a sharp cry and a moan, which sends vibrations up his cock, causing him to thrust particularly hard into Louis’ mouth. He pulls himself out right after in order to give Louis a chance to breathe, not stopping his current lapping at Louis’ hole.

The angle probably isn’t the best, but when Harry presses the tip of his finger against Louis’ hole, the boy whines, high pitched and airy and absolutely lovely. Harry wants to keep coaxing those sounds out of Louis, so he gently presses his finger inside, making sure not to hurt him and feeding Louis his cock once again to serve as a distraction, sweat already collecting on his forehead.

He continues licking around his finger, wiggling it inside of Louis until he finds his prostate, smirking against Louis’ skin before curling his finger against it, feeling a rush of pride run through him when Louis pulls himself away from his cock just to moan.

“H-Harry, that feels so fucking good. Please ,” Louis whimpers, spreading his legs further for Harry, as if that served as more of an invitation to continue eating him out.

Harry’s not sure he could stop at this point, even if he wanted to. He slowly adds a second finger, feeling the stretch and gently scissoring them, being slow and careful with his movements, not wanting to hurt Louis. Never wanting to hurt Louis. Once both of his fingers are in knuckle deep, he gently presses them against Louis’ prostate, his mouth still working around his fingers to give Louis that extra bit of pleasure.

Harry’s quite amused when he feels Louis suck his cock back into his mouth on his own accord, his actions boosting Harry to want to be even better for Louis. He reaches his free hand between them, relying all of his weight on his forearm as he circles his hand around Louis’ cock, pumping it quickly.

Louis’ orgasm hits a couple of minutes later and it’s single-handedly the hottest thing Harry has ever experienced. Louis had clenched around his fingers, his thighs had quivered the tiniest bit and the sounds that had left Louis’ mouth along with his profanities had been the holiest sounds Harry had ever heard.

“Shit, fuck . I’m going to come too,” Harry warns, removing his cock from Louis’ mouth and his fingers from his ass, shifting until his head is aligned with Louis’ again, kissing him until they’re both breathless, working his fist over his cock. “Going to come.” He repeats.
“Wait,” Louis says hurriedly, slapping Harry’s thigh twice to get him to move, scooting down until he’s eye level with Harry’s cock, opening his mouth.

The sight is all it takes for Harry to come, shooting right into Louis’ mouth, his eyes slipping shut. “Jesus Christ, Louis,” Harry gasps, jerking himself until he’s sure there’s nothing left, looking back down at Louis just in time to watch him swallow. Yeah, Harry’s sure he could cry due to how perfect Louis is.

“Fuck.” He whispers, collapsing beside Louis and wrapping an arm around his waist. Pulling him closer into his side, Harry kisses him several times, their kisses a lot more languid now. “Spend the night.” Harry requests in a soft tone between kisses, really wanting Louis to stay.

“That’s not how this works, Harry.” Louis admonishes softly, because Harry must know better, right? Escorts don’t spend the night. They get paid and they leave. It’s the way it works.

“Sorry.” Harry murmurs. It had at least been worth a shot to try and get Louis to stay with him. Perhaps sometime in the future he could make it happen. He rolls off the bed, gathering some tissues and wiping them both clean before retreating to look for his blazer, pulling out the envelope.

“Thanks for tonight,” Harry says as he hands the envelope to Louis, who takes it with an easy smile, already getting re-dressed.

Harry watches Louis intently as he gets dressed, not meaning to be creepy but not being able to wrap his head around how gorgeous and delicate yet rugged Louis is. It baffles him.

“Cheers, mate.” Louis says, flashing Harry a grin before disappearing through Harry’s door, cradling his phone between his shoulder and ear, already calling himself a cab.

Harry merely nods in response, flopping back against the bed and staring up at his ceiling helplessly, replaying the moments in his head again. He’s definitely, utterly fucked.

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Louis texts Zayn as soon as he’s in the cab.

To: BroZ

2:47 A.M.

he got hard!!!

Louis counts it as one of his best and most eventful nights.
When Harry wakes up the next morning, there’s a longing in his chest to see Louis again. He stretches his arms above his head before reaching for his phone, calling Niall before nuzzling half of his face back into his pillow, already smiling to himself.

“It was amazing.” He blurts as soon as Niall picks up.

“What was?” Niall murmurs into the phone, his tone heavy with sleep, which means Harry had most likely just woken him up.

“The date I had with Louis yesterday. I’m fucking in love with him, Niall.” Harry sighs. Definitely not dreamily.

“Harry…” Niall trails off, his tone already sounding weary.

“I know, okay? I know. He’s just so fucking fit and witty and fucking amazing at sucking cock.” Harry whines, as if those are reasons enough to risk his whole career over his current love interest.

“H, it’s his job to make you feel like he’s interested.” Niall reminds.

It makes Harry want to hang up the phone. “Will you let me enjoy this? He’s the first guy I’ve gotten a chance to be with in a year.”

“I just don’t want this to blow up in your face, Harry. You know I only want what’s best for you.” Niall reminds him quietly, knowing how difficult speaking about this subject is.

“I know.” Harry murmurs. And really, he does. He knows how much Niall cares for him and how much Niall has fought and pushed to get him to where he is now. He’s infinitely grateful, but at the same time, he doesn’t know if everything he’s sacrificed is worth it.

Niall immediately picks up on the fact that he might’ve ruined Harry’s mood and he takes a minute to remind himself that he’s also Harry’s best mate. “But it’s sick that you’ve clicked with him.” He tells him.

“I know, right?” Harry’s smiling as he says it, his excitement building back up again. “The conversation flowed so easily over dinner, Niall. And he was so real about everything, you know? Wasn’t afraid to go against something I’d said. It was refreshing.”

“I’m happy for you, Harry. Honestly. Think he’ll be the perfect guy for job?” Niall asks, being supportive while also reminding Harry of his original plan.

And oh, Harry had mostly forgotten about that. “He’s perfect.” He settles for saying, figuring that’s enough of an answer.

“ Heard Liam’s still suffering over the guy he got. What did they do to you two? You both seem like you’ve gone head over heels.” Niall laughs. “I’m never going out with an escort. M’ afraid i’ll end up lovesick like you lot.”

“Hey,” Harry whines. “Don’t knock it ‘till you try it.” He laughs. “I’ll see you on set later, yeah? Gonna shower and all that, text Louis for a bit. See what he’s up to.”

“Sounds like a solid plan. See you later!” Niall says cheerfully, ending the call then.

Harry doesn’t waste any time after that, searching for Louis’ name through his texts, quickly typing the first thing that pops into his mind when he finds it. He doesn’t even read it over before he hits ‘send’, just wanting to talk to his boy.
To: Tiny

9:22 A.M.

Did you know that dogs bark when you say “SQUIRREL”? 

He silences his phone and hops into the shower, not wanting to have to worry over if Louis has answered or not, instead, focusing on getting himself clean. He somehow ends up focusing on getting himself off; and if it’s to images of coming over Louis’ tummy and face, that’s nobody’s business but his own.

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“No one has ever eaten me out on the job before,” Louis says, a dreamy tone to his voice as he happily stretches out on his bed, glancing over at Zayn. There’s a small bloom of something in his stomach but Louis pushes it to the back of his head, absolutely ignoring it.

“That’s sick.” Zayn agrees. “Not everyone takes the time to actually pleasure you as well, you know? They’re mostly selfish dicks.”

A laugh bubbles out of Louis’ lips at Zayn’s words, nodding in agreement. “I know. And he even asked me to the spend the night. I don’t think he has much experience dealing with escorts, if m’ honest.”

“Probably doesn’t, since he hasn’t got much free time, starring in a movie and writing songs and all that.” Zayn waves his hand around.

“Well you’re definitely caught up with Harry’s life.” Louis muses, raising an eyebrow. “Which, speaking of Liam,” He grins, observing the way Zayn’s face changes. “Have you texted him yet or are you still trying to act like you don’t like him?”

“When were we talking about Liam?” Zayn groans, burying his face further into the pillow in a lame attempt to smother himself. Hey, at least he tried.

“Right now, you idiot. So? Are you going to text him?” Louis prompts, and almost as if on cue, his own phone chimes. He makes no move to reach for it, but soon, curiosity gets the best of him. He searches the bed for his phone, grasping it in his hand as soon as he finds it. A grin immediately blooms on his face, but it’s wiped clean when he feels a pillow collide with the side of his head. “Oi!”

“You look like a love-sick twat. Cut that out.” Zayn says, shaking his head. “Harry’s a client, remember that. He’s paying you for your company and sex.”

There’s a sour taste in Louis’ mouth, but he ignores it. “Believe me, I know. I just want to milk this cow for all it’s worth.” It’s a lie, but it seems to get Zayn off his case.

Zayn had become terribly defensive over Louis falling for a client after he’d committed that mistake
himself. “That’s why I don’t want to text Liam. Yeah, he’s fit and rich and famous, but at the end of the day, he’s just another client that wants sex.”

Just as Louis opens his mouth to speak, Zayn’s interrupting him again. “And I know Harry may seem different, but he’s not, yeah? Just don’t want you getting hurt like I did.” Zayn tells him, honest.

“You’re such a fucking sap.” Louis murmurs, voice quieter before moving to hug Zayn. “Thanks for having my back, bro.” He says, squeezing him gently. “Will keep it professional, I promise. But only if you text Liam.” He grins again.

“If it’ll keep you from falling for that idiot...” Zayn takes out his phone reluctantly, peeling himself away from Louis’ arms.

To: LP
9:25 A.M.

hey, it’s Zayn.

He lifts his phone so Louis can see it, an unimpressed expression on his face. “Happy?”

“Very.” Louis grins, patting his thigh. “This is only the start of it.” He sing-songs, exiting Zayn’s room, his stomach grumbling.

Louis waits a couple of hours before opening Harry’s text, a smile appearing as he reads it.

to: curly
2:37 P.M.

did u know that ur mouth is a sin?

So what if Louis is flirting? It’s his job anyways, isn’t it?

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Harry grins at Scarlet as they read over their lines, feeling his phone vibrate in his pocket. Despite wanting to check it immediately, he knows that it’d be better to focus on perfecting his lines; so he continues practicing with Scarlet and then proceeds to rehearse a scene with Robert. Before he knows it, he’s changed into his Captain America uniform, filming the scenes he’d just rehearsed.

Once they call it a day, he’s practically stumbling towards the car from how tired he is, eyes already droopy. He somehow manages to climb into the back seat, although he suspects he only manages
due to Paul half carrying him.

Harry can’t see straight anymore, much less keep his eyes open for more than five seconds at a time. It’s really no surprise that he ends up falling asleep while Paul drives him home; and it’s even much less of a surprise when Paul gives him a piggy-back ride all the way up to his room.

He checks his phone once he’s settled in his bed, scrolling through his notifications with half closed eyes. He’s a second away from passing out when his eyes catch on a specific notification. A text from Louis. Louis had replied to his text and the idea of him thinking he’d ignored it absolutely mortifies Harry, so he quickly types a response, attempting to make it as coherent as possible since his brain has decided to shut down on him.

**to: Tiny**

2:38 A.M.

*Had a long day at work, sorry for not replying sooner. Hope you had a good day.*

*P.S: Your ass was made for my hands and mouth ;)*

He falls asleep before he can even lock his screen.

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Louis isn’t asleep when he receives Harry’s text. He was actually on his way home from having spent his late evening with a client. During the day, he hadn’t tried to look too much into the fact that Harry hadn’t replied to his text, and at some point during the day, he had even considered texting him again, perhaps even apologize for being too straightforward. Now though, reading Harry’s texts, there’s a blush creeping up on his cheeks. He bites down on his lip before typing out a reply.

**to: curly**

2:39 A.M.

*you wish my ass was made for you*

He’s smiling as he sends it, the happy feeling creeping back into his chest. He hasn’t flirted with someone he’s actually attracted to in ages, and it’s definitely making him feel things that he shouldn’t be feeling.

When he finally arrives at his flat, he showers and heads straight to bed, wanting to slap himself for feeling giddy over Harry replying to him. He calmly reminds himself that this is his life and most importantly, his job; not his love life.
Sleep doesn’t come easy for Louis that night.

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Harry honestly can’t seem to remember the last time he had felt this giddy. A part of him knows he shouldn’t let himself get this excited over some bloke, let alone over someone who’s meant to give Harry the attention and passion he so badly craves, but it’s like he can’t help it. Louis is everything he’s ever dreamed of, and lately, he’s all Harry can think about. There are no words to explain how happy he feels everytime he talks to Louis, isn’t sure Liam or Niall would understand him even if he tried explaining it. He’s actually positive they’d think he’s lost it, although they most certainly think that already.

With Harry’s busy schedule, it’s kind of hard to keep in contact with Louis or see him as often as he’d like and there’s only so much he can do before fans start suspecting he’s up to something or seeing someone. It still baffles Harry how clever his fans can be. And don’t get him wrong, it’s not that he thinks they’re stupid by any means, but sometimes it feels like they should join the F.B.I or the C.I.A or something of the sort.

He’s watching Scarlet, Sebastian and Robert shoot a scene together, a smile blooming on his face when his phone buzzes in his pocket, already knowing who it’s from. At this point, Harry doesn’t care if he looks desperate by replying too quickly, figures he already comes across that way by hiring an escort.

His smile widens when he unlocks his phone to find a picture instead of a text. It’s Louis, holding a bowl of what appears to be macaroni and cheese. Harry observes it for a second, grimacing. It looks way too watery to be deemed edible and he has a gut feeling that it’s probably undercooked.

01:28 P.M.

Louis, I can clearly see that you tried… But I think that’s not cooked properly.

01:29 P.M.

oi! don’t u dare insult me cooking skills mate! i’ll have u know i’m the best mac n cheese chef in town

He rolls his eyes as he reads Louis’ text, and there’s definitely not a fond smile on his face. Absolutely not.

01:29 P.M.
I’m ordering you take-out. Can’t have my boy getting a stomach flu.

He locks his screen as soon as he sends it, not over-thinking his text as he stuffs his phone back into his pocket, knowing it’s almost his turn to film a scene.

He doesn’t get a chance to check his phone until several scenes later, and he’s only a bit sad when he notices that Louis hasn’t replied. He briefly opens their conversation, reading it over and faltering at his own last message. My boy. Fuck. Way to screw it up, Styles; he thinks to himself. Closing his eyes momentarily, he lets himself drown in self-loathing.

While Harry’s too busy hating himself, his phone vibrates and chimes simultaneously, earning him a glare from the crew for having interrupted a scene.

06:02 P.M.

your boy was busy having a long lunch :p how’s ur acting going? presumably bad i reckon

It makes Harry freeze all together, because this always happens to him. Somehow, by the power of something unexplainable, Louis always seems to reply when he’s dwelling on the fact he screwed up. He takes his time reading over the text, grinning almost manically wide at the fact that Louis called himself his boy.

06:03 P.M.

Extremely bad acting going on today, I must agree. If only there was something to look forward to tonight… Like maybe seeing you… I’d be much more enthused to wrap this up.

Okay, so maybe Harry’s flirting isn’t the best, but could you give him a break? He hasn’t done this in forever and he’s barely getting the hang of it again.

06:03 P.M.

u can always set up a date xx

He’s in the middle of typing a reply when Mark calls for him, telling him how he has to get his bruises re-touched for the final scene of the day. He puts his phone away and bounds over quickly, excited for the day to be over. It’s definitely been a long one and all he wants to do is fall face first into his bed. Or Louis’ ass. Either works.
There’s a frown on Louis’ face as he reads over the schedule Sophia sent him, scanning over the names of the people he’s going to be meeting up with during the week, upset at the fact that Harry’s name isn’t on it. They’ve been texting for a solid month and they haven’t seen each other since their last date. To say it’s driving Louis nuts and turning him into an anxious mess is the understatement of the year. Perhaps Harry hadn’t liked him after all and was just texting him to be polite.

“Zayn,” He whines, closing his laptop lid a little harder than intended before bounding out of his room to find him. “Zayn!” He calls louder, walking down the hallway.

He can make out a hushed tone, which he immediately recognizes as Zayn’s voice. He slowly leans closer, trying to listen to what he’s saying.

“I’ll call you later, Liam. Lou’s looking for me.”

Louis’ eyes widen and he moves to push the door open immediately. “Is that your lover?” He calls out quite loudly, grin on his face.

Zayn hangs up and shoves his phone under his pillow as soon as Louis steps foot into his room, sending a glare his way. “Fuck off.”

“Oh, no. You can’t keep this from me!” Louis whines, moving to sit on Zayn’s bed, crawling closer. “I know you were talking to Liam, so the faster you own up to it, the faster I’ll be out of your hair.” He hums.

Zayn seems to think about it for a second before giving in with a roll of his eyes. “Fine, so what? I was talking to Liam. Big deal.” He deadpans.

“You don’t talk to anyone. It is a big deal.” Louis insists. “Do you like him?” He grins, excited over it. If Zayn likes Liam, then it means that he actually has a chance at letting himself feel something for Harry.

“I don’t. He’s a good lad, yeah. But we were only working out the details for our next set-up. It’s my job to flirt. It’s our job.” Zayn says pointedly, as if he can read Louis’ mind and train of thought.

Louis huffs, indignant. “I know it’s our job. You don’t have to remind me of our profession every five seconds, you know. Despite our work, we still happen to be human beings and we have these interesting things called feelings.” He emphasizes. “How many times have you and Liam been out?” He asks then, curious.

"Like, five times, i’d say.” He shrugs. “I don’t really keep count.”

“Five times?!” Louis echoes, his eyes wide. Harry definitely doesn’t like him. His chest feels a little tighter, and while he’s absolutely delighted for his idiot of a best friend, he feels a bit crushed. “Harry and I have only been out twice. And they’re working on the same movie! How does Liam have more time than Harry?” He questions.

Zayn buries his face into his pillows, wishing he’d never said anything in the first place. Now he’s never going to get Louis to shut up. “Sometimes we really only see each other for like, an hour. Nothing big.” His words are muffled by the pillow.

“Zayn, he finds time to see you. That’s not normal. He’s obviously into you.” Louis murmurs, laying down beside Zayn and poking his side until he looks at him again. “Harry and I have only been texting.” He says sadly.
“And this is exactly why I always tell you to not get feelings for anyone. For all we know, he’s out there getting it on with some other person, Lou. He’s a client, just like Liam. Maybe he likes me, maybe he’s just in it for the sex. That’s the thing with our job, all we have to do is make sure they have a good time and that by the end of it, they want to keep coming back for more.” Zayn repeats.

It feels like the millionth time Louis has heard this speech, and frankly, he wants to smack Zayn across the face. “I just don’t understand why he keeps texting me, yet doesn’t book me.”

“Should start charging for texting.” Zayn smirks. “God only knows how many times you’ve gotten him off via text-messaging.”

“Oi! Shut up, you filthy little shit.” Louis grins, cheeks flushing a shade of pink. “It’s just been like, three times.”

“You obviously don’t know how to keep ‘em interested.” Zayn grins, still teasing Louis for it. “You have to leave them on edge, Lou. Make them want it.”

“Shut the fuck up.” Louis tells him with a swat to his arm, shaking his head again. “I’ll leave you to talk to your lover boy. Have to get ready to see the lovely Mr. Hennigan tonight.” He pulls a face.

“Good luck!” Zayn calls as Louis closes his door, reaching for his phone right after. He only feels a little guilty when he returns Liam’s call.

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Harry reaches his hand up to bite at his fingernails while he calls Sophia, catching himself at the last second before giving into the horrible habit and instead moving to tap his fingers nervously over his knee.

“Hi!” He chirps as soon as he hears her pick up, mentally telling himself to calm down. “Sorry, er- It’s Harry. Harry Styles.”

“Ah, yes. Hello, Mr. Styles. How can I be of help today?” She asks, tone polite.

“Actually, I was hoping I could set up a date with Louis Tomlinson.”

“Oh, love. I’m sorry but he’s completely booked for this week. Would next week work for you?” Sophia asks, checking Louis’ schedule.

Harry’s stomach churns at the new information, not liking the new feeling in his gut. He doesn’t know if it’s jealousy or anger, maybe a mix of both. He feels horrible that Louis has to be an escort for a living. “I—I’m not looking for a full night. I have an afternoon off and I was hoping to set up a short coffee date.” He explains. It’s not the complete truth, but he’s hoping that he’ll at least get to see Louis this way.

“It’s up to Louis if he’d like to take on the extra commitment. You can contact him yourself and he’ll get back to me in case he does choose to attend a date with you.” She explains then.

“Right, thank you so much. Hopefully Louis will get back to you.” Harry chuckles, hanging up the phone afterwards.
His hands are a bit shaky as he sets down his phone, attempting to get his thoughts in order. The logical part of him knows he shouldn’t feel this way, since Louis’ job has never been a secret, but the more emotional part of him wants Louis to only go out with him, only be his. He’s being possessive and he knows it, but he truly doesn’t seem to have control over his feelings at the moment.

After managing to collect himself, he puts the phone to his ear, having already dialed Louis’ number.

“Hello?”

It’s an unfamiliar voice and Harry’s stomach churns immediately. “Hi. Sorry, I was looking for Louis?”

“Oh! Right, yeah. Sorry, thought this was my phone.” The man chuckles. “I’ll put him right on.”

There are a couple of noises and shuffling in the background as Harry waits, a soft voice soon filling his ears.

“Louis speaking.”

“Hey, it’s Harry.” He says a little dumbly.

“Harry, hey. Sorry, Zayn’s a bit daft and picked up my phone.” He chuckles.

The statement definitely makes Harry feel more at ease, but it also makes him feel stupid for having felt jealous in the first place. For a second he’d thought it had been some client picking up Louis’ calls. “That’s alright. So… Just to get to the point.” He begins, tone a little nervous. “I talked to Sophia and she told me you had a full schedule, but I was hoping we could just chat over coffee? Before any of your… Commitments.” He settles for saying.

There’s silence on the other side of the line, but Harry’s pretty sure he hears something that resembles some sort of squeal and a distinct sound of a high-five. “Lou?”

“Sorry, yeah. Of course. Today?” Louis chirps, his tone sounding a lot more happy.

“Was hoping, yeah. Wanted to take you out tonight, but turns out you’re quite popular.” He smirks. He doesn’t mean it in a bad way and he’s definitely not surprised by how many people enjoy and want Louis’ company.

“Alright. I have to be at a dinner thing at eight-thirty, so I have to start getting ready at around seven, so if we meet at four, we have a solid three hours, yeah?” Louis offers.

“Sounds perfect. Text me your address and I’ll pick you up.”

Louis thinks about it for a second before giving in. “Alright, seems like you got what you wanted. See you soon.” He grins. He hardly doubts Harry’s going to abduct him or something, so as soon as they hang up, he sends Harry his location.

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Harry’s hands are clammy as they grip the steering wheel, his GPS talking idly in the background, directing him towards Louis’ flat. He doesn’t understand why he feels so nervous, but he guesses it has something to do with the fact that he hasn’t seen Louis in a little over a month and also because
in that time, his crush on him has been steadily growing.

He has to admit that he’s a bit surprised when he find himself in quite a posh side of town, glancing up at the apartment building his GPS has led him to. Louis definitely does well, then.

After parking the car and giving himself a pep talk, Harry finds himself standing in the lobby, smiling at the doorman while the man calls up to Louis’ flat.

It feels like an eternity passed before he’s let up onto Louis’ floor, but in reality, it’s barely been a couple of minutes. “Thanks, mate.” He smiles at the doorman, Carl, his nametag read. After nodding once in his direction, he heads into the elevator, anxiously starting to tap his fingers against the top of his thigh once again, managing to distract himself by arranging the roses he had bought for Louis.

He doesn’t register the fact that he’s walking towards Louis’ door and knocking on it until his eyes actually settle on Louis, causing him to fish-mouth for a second. “Hey.” He manages, his brain slowly starting to catch up with what was currently going on, forcing himself to get his shit together and not look like a massive idiot.

“You look a bit pale…” Are the words Louis decides on saying, ushering Harry inside quickly. “Let me get you a glass of water, yeah? Sit down,” Louis instructs, gesturing towards the living room before disappearing into what Harry assumed was the kitchen.

While Louis is gone, Harry takes the opportunity to look around, and his suspicions are confirmed that Louis indeed does really well in his profession. He wonders if at this point Louis has to keep doing it to get by or if he just does it because he likes it.

He doesn’t sit down, instead, he waits for Louis to come back, licking over his lips and smiling when he sees him round the corner. “These are for you.” He says, extending the bouquet towards him.

Louis tries not to smile too hard, but it’s proving to be a difficult task as he reaches out to take them. “They’re lovely, H. Thanks.” He says, handing him the glass of water next. “You still look a bit pale, though, love. You feeling alright?” Louis asks again, padding closer and moving his hand to rest on Harry’s forehead for a second. “You don’t feel warm.” He observes, instructing Harry to bend down a little as he presses his cheek right against the underside of Harry’s jaw. “I think you might have a slight fever, actually.” Louis tells him, padding away again to put the roses in a vase.

Harry immediately reaches up to touch his forehead when Louis disappears again, frowning a little. He does have a very small headache, but he never considered the possibility that he could be sick. Actually, scratch that. Right now, he doesn’t have the time to be sick.

“I don’t think i’m sick.” Harry calls, nibbling on his bottom lip and watching as Louis walks back. “I can’t be sick.” He pouts.

“I didn’t think I’d live to see the day where Captain America pouts .” Louis grins, gently poking Harry’s side. “But, I do think you might be catching a flu or something. You’re a little warm and you’re paler than usual.” He chuckles.

“Hey!” Harry whines at Louis’ jab of him being pale. “S’ not my fault I don’t look like a tan goddess who radiates warmth.” He huffs. It makes Louis blush and in turn makes Harry grin widely, pleased with himself. Making Louis blush is on his top priorities list as of now.

“That’s true.” Louis shrugs. “Do you actually… Want to stay in? We don’t risk the paps and if you do end up feeling sick, at least you’re here.” He offers.
The idea doesn’t sound half as bad and Harry is actually a bit embarrassed to admit that he hadn’t thought about the fact that they were most likely going to run into fans and paparazzi. “That’s cool with you?” He asks, raising his eyebrows.

“D’you think i’d be offering it if wasn’t?” Louis retorts, raising an eyebrow at Harry as well.

“Good point. We can order some food and watch a movie. Just chill,” Harry shrugs.

“Oi, are we at your place or mine?” Louis questions with a smirk on his face. “Since this is my place, I’m the one that calls the shots, so. I say we order in some food and watch a movie. Just chill.” He echoes Harry’s words, his smirk more prominent now.

“You’re such a little shit.” Harry laughs, shaking his head. “Don’t know why I even bother with you, honestly.” He teases.

“Don’t know why anyone bothers with me.” Louis agrees, the smirk still in place. “Must be the ass.” He grins, a mischievous glint to his eyes.

“Must be.” Harry agrees, plopping down on the couch when Louis does, immediately noticing how comfortable it is. “This might actually be comfier than my bed.” He notes out loud.

“That’s why I end up crashing here more often than in my room.” Louis snorts, reaching for the take-out menus that are scattered all over the coffee table in front of them. While his flat isn’t messy, it isn’t spot free either. Louis likes to keep it balanced, just the right amount of chaos. “You can choose, I don’t mind.” Louis tells Harry, handing him the flyers.

Harry takes his time looking through the menus, eventually settling on one that looks absolutely delicious. “Can we order Mexican?” He asks.


“So you’re a Mexican food expert?” Harry asks with an amused tone to his voice.

“Oh, quite. I have a soft spot for Mexican food in my heart.” He tells Harry very seriously. “So, what will we be having? The tacos are absolutely to die for, by the way.”

“You’re making this fucking hard.” Harry whines.

“That’s what she said.” Louis interrupts with a smirk before Harry can continue with his sentence. A hand swats at him and he barely manages to dodge it. “We’re getting violent now, are we? After I let you into my home?” He acts offended. He really isn’t.

“Okay. I know what we can do. Order all of your favorites and we can try each one.” Harry decides.

“I like the way you think.” Louis grins, not questioning Harry’s decision before making the call. “Hi! Yeah, it’s Louis.” He chuckles into the phone. “Can I have some chilaquiles with the red sauce, carne enchiladas and pork tacos?” He requests. “Oh! Also add some churros please.” He grins over at Harry.

Harry lets himself think of how nice it would be to live with Louis, do something like this every day. Simply order a bunch of food and have a bit of everything. His eyes trail over Louis’ figure, taking in the little details and swallowing thickly when he sees a small patch of skin between Louis’ t-shirt and jeans. It looks just as soft and tan as the rest of him and Harry truly has to suppress the urge to lean
over and kiss it, suck a mark onto it.

He’s pulled out of his thoughts when Louis hangs up, smiling at him easily again. “So which movie do you want to watch?” He asks.

Louis seems to think about it for a second. “This is a make it or break it kind of movie, Harold. If you don’t know the words to it, m’ afraid i’m never going out on a date with you again.” He tells him seriously.

It makes Harry feel more than a bit nervous, but he nods anyways. “Alright. Let’s have it.” He chuckles, hoping that if he doesn’t like the movie Louis is about to play, he can somehow still charm his way into Louis’ heart.

Harry doesn’t know how he didn’t think of that movie or why it never crossed his mind. He grins over at Louis, licking over his lips before standing from the couch, ready to put on a performance for him. He’s going to make Louis fall in love with him, even if it’s the last thing he does.

“Summer lovin’ had me a blast.” He starts, reaching a hand out towards Louis.

Louis grins immediately, standing up and accepting the invitation. “Summer loving happened so fast,” Louis sings along.

“I met a girl crazy for me,” Harry sings, eyeing Louis up and down with a smirk, shimmying his shoulders the slightest bit.

“Met a boy cute as can be.” Louis beams, biting on his lip as his cheeks gradually grow a deep shade of red, not wanting Harry to notice it. Instead of letting Harry continue with his -lovely- singing, he leans up to seal their mouths together, finally doing what he’d wanted to do ever since Harry stepped foot into his flat.

Harry melts into it pretty easily, not minding the fact that a cute boy had just shut him up with a kiss. His hands immediately settle on Louis’ hips, using the kiss as an excuse to get his hands back on him. He breaks away after a couple of seconds, grinning down at him. “If I had known that this movie got you in the mood, I would have played it for you a thousand times already.” He beams.

“Shut up.” Louis rolls his eyes, swatting Harry on the chest. “Totally killed the moment.” Louis tells him with a shake of his head, although there’s still a grin on his face.

“Did not.” Harry tells him, dipping back down to kiss Louis one more time, his stomach flipping happily. He’d miss Louis’ lips more than he’d like to admit, and now that he’s kissing him again, Harry doesn’t ever want to stop.

Louis lets Harry kiss him, carefully guiding them to sit back down on his couch. Once Harry’s seated, Louis cups his jawline carefully before straddling Harry’s hips, movie completely forgotten at that point.

Harry squeezes Louis’ hips before moving one hand around to Louis’ lower back, pressing on it gently to move him closer.

He’s not sure how long their make-out session lasts, but it’s cut short by the sound of a doorbell, followed by one of Louis’ groans.

“Our food is here.” Louis murmurs, not sounding all that excited over it.

Harry doesn’t miss the sight of Louis’ semi.
Standing up, he follows after Louis, taking out his wallet and looking for a few bills before paying for their food, absolutely ignoring Louis’ protests. “I’m feeding you, alright? So quit complaining.” He tells him, pressing a quick kiss to Louis’ mouth. “If you behave I might just help you with your problem down there.” He grins, cheeky.

“You’re going to act like you don’t need help yourself?” Louis huffs, reaching down to close his hand around Harry’s crotch for a second, the touch gone way too fast.

Harry hadn’t realized he was starting to get hard himself, and having Louis point it out to him definitely made Harry’s cheeks burn up. “Shut up and eat.” He grumbles, embarrassed as he follows Louis back to the couch, carefully pulling out each box. “Guide me through the food.” He requests with a smile.

“Alright.” Louis agrees easily, reaching for the first box. “So these are carne enchiladas. It’s basically like a taco, except it’s rolled up and it has tomato sauce all over it.” He explains, taking one and holding it up to Harry’s mouth. “Open.” He instructs.

Harry opens his mouth hesitantly, not sure if he’s going to like the taste of it. He closes his mouth once Louis feeds it to him, taking a bite and barely suppressing a moan due to how good it is. “Holy fuck. Where has this been all my life?” He wonders out loud.

“You’re welcome.” Louis gloats, a grin on his face. “Told you Mexican food is the best.” He says, having an enchilada himself and patting over his stomach for a second.

They go through the rest of their food while they watch the movie, and it’s all actually quite lovely.

Everything is going brilliant and Harry is actually surprised that nothing has happened to ruin it for them. He’s still a bit hard himself, and by what he can see, so is Louis. Now, he’s just waiting for the right moment to make a move.

Just when he’s about to lean in to kiss Louis again, he feels his stomach churn, and it’s definitely not in a good way. “Shit.” He whispers, a shiver going down his spine as he actually starts to feel a bit sick.

“You alright?” Louis asks, his tone laced with concern as he gives Harry a once-over.

Harry shakes his head, afraid he’ll puke the second he opens his mouth. “Bathroom?” He asks in a rush, already standing up.

“Oh.” Louis says, eyes wide. “Down the hall, first door to your right.” He instructs, pointing towards the hallway and watching as Harry practically run towards it, following after him.

He closes his eyes as he hears Harry gag, busying himself by going to the kitchen and fetching Harry a glass of water, feeling absolutely awful. He takes a moment to text Sophia, requesting for her to cancel the date he had that night. He wasn’t about to leave Harry all alone and sick; not when it was possibly his fault for overfeeding Harry with delicious Mexican food.

He gives Harry a minute before he heads back, cautiously opening the door after he realizes Harry hadn’t locked it. He finds Harry doubled over the toilet, observing the vice grip he has on the edges of it. “Oh, Harry.” He frowns.

If Harry wasn’t in the situation he was currently in, Louis would most likely rub in the fact that he told Harry he looked a bit sick since he got there. “Here.” He offers quietly, handing Harry the glass of water and using a piece of toilet paper to wipe around Harry’s mouth. He doesn’t mention that Harry looks a lot paler now.
“This is so embarrassing.” Harry murmurs, turning away from Louis. Frankly, all he wants to do is disappear and never see Louis again. Never see anyone again.

“Hey,” Louis frowns. “You’re sick, mate. It happens, yeah?” Louis reassures in a soft tone, gently rubbing a hand up and down Harry’s back. “Is there anything else in there that needs to come out?” He asks, figuring it’s best if Harry gets it all out in one go.

“I don’t think so.” Harry replies with a sour tone, frowning at Louis. “Mexican food and I aren’t good friends.” He says pitifully.

“M’ afraid not.” Louis tells him, letting Harry stay crouched over the toilet for another minute or so before urging him up to his feet. “Okay, so. You should wash your teeth, and while you do that, I’m gonna go make my bed real quick so you can go lay down.” He tells Harry, not really giving him much of a choice before disappearing.

Harry is honestly a second away from bashing his head against the wall until he passes out, not thinking he had ever felt this mortified in his life. First, he can’t get it up with Louis, and then, he pukes in his bathroom. What was wrong with him? He was going to have Louis running for the hills by the end of the month.

Once he manages to get over his self-hatred, Harry rummages through the bathroom, looking for a toothbrush. He’s pleasantly surprised when he finds that Louis keeps several new toothbrushes and proceeds to brush his teeth thoroughly, wanting to get rid of the disgusting taste that lingered on his tongue.

He goes searching for Louis once he’s done, his steps more wobbly than usual. “Lou?” He calls, nearly letting out a scream when Louis pops out of a door.

“Oi, you look like you’ve just seen a ghost.” Louis chuckles, taking his hand and pulling him into the room, smiling. “Got the bed all comfy and already set the telly so we can watch more movies.” He explains. “I didn’t know if you’d get hungry so I set some chicken noodle on the stove.”

“Proper domestic, aren’t you?” Harry teases, not wanting Louis to worry over him too much, even though he is quite enjoying the attention he’s getting. “Don’t you have a date tonight?” Harry asks then, biting down on his lip. As much as he hates the idea, he doesn’t want Louis to miss an appointment just because of him.

“I cancelled it. Couldn’t very well leave you all sick, could I?” Louis retorts, taking off Harry’s shoes for him once he’s sat on the bed, setting them next to the bed.

“Aww,” Harry coos, making grabby hands at Louis, wanting him to come closer. Once he’s close enough, Harry pulls him into a kiss, grinning when they pull away. “Thank you.” He tells him sincerely.

“Shush. Don’t need to thank me.” Louis brushes it off quickly. “Glad you took my advice on washing your teeth. Actually, I’m quite happy your body decided to puke. Didn’t know how to tell you that your breath stank.” He beams, trying to get Harry into a better mood.

“You’re such an idiot.” Harry rolls his eyes, the action absolutely fond. “Feel very sleepy.” He comments then, not wanting to just pass out without an explanation.

“People tend to feel sleepy when they’re sick. Don’t worry, you can sleep, okay? Maybe it’ll help you feel better.” Louis reasons, tucking Harry in gently and pressing a kiss to his forehead. “D’you want me to text Niall? I’ll just let him know you’re here.”
Harry merely nods, making a mental note to ask Louis about how he has Niall’s number later. His head’s still pounding and he still has chills while he starts to drift off.

“Sleep with me.” He demands in a soft tone, only falling asleep once Louis is buried into his chest. It’s one of the most heavenly feelings Harry’s ever had the pleasure of experiencing.

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When he wakes up, it’s due to soft kisses being peppered all over his face and Harry knows he doesn’t ever want to wake up to anything that isn’t this. “Hey,” He murmurs, voice groggy and heavy with sleep.

“Morning, sleeping beauty.” Louis chuckles, voice soft as he gently cards his fingers through Harry’s hair.

Harry pushes up into the touch, enjoying it a lot more than he’d ever admit. “How long have I been out? What time s’ it?” He questions, looking around the room, noticing it’s still dark outside.

“Just about like, eleven at night. Wanted to wake you to get something into your stomach, babe. Isn’t the best to keep it empty after puking out your guts.” He giggles, almost nonchalant over the whole situation.

Harry really wants to kiss him. He finds Louis absolutely adorable and he doesn’t know how anyone can ever keep themselves away from him. “You’re so caring.” He observes. “Who would’ve thought.” He’s grinning as he says it.

“Shut up.” Louis rolls his eyes, but Harry can still see the smile on his face. He watches as Louis reaches for something, taking his time to sit up on the bed and stretch his arms above his head, yawning quietly. “Throat aches.” He complains to Louis.

“I have some cough medicine, if you want some.” Louis offers. “Although i’m not sure how much that’s going to help you, considering you don’t really have a cough…” He trails off. “It gets rid of sore throats, though.” He waggles his eyebrows.

Harry scowls at the unspoken message behind Louis’ words, not too fond over the idea of Louis sucking someone off and getting a sore throat because of it. “M’ alright.” He tells him instead, smiling gratefully when Louis hands him a bowl of warm soup. “Did you make this yourself?” He asks.

Louis lets out a giggle at that, shaking his head. “Poured the can into a pot, but that was about it.” He tells him. “M’ a bit shit at cooking, s’ why I have all those take-out menus lying around.” Louis explains. “My fridge is empty besides all the leftover containers.”

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Harry gets the sudden urge to tell Louis that he’d be happy to cook for him on the daily, make sure he’s well fed and getting all the portions of his protein and vegetables. “Well your skills of pouring a can of soup into a pot are remarkable.” He says instead, smirking at him. “Thanks. You really didn’t have to.” He tells him.

“Well, you are paying me, love. The less I can do is take care of you.” Louis smiles.

For a second, Harry had completely forgotten about that, had just been enjoying Louis’ company and...
attention. It feels like someone’s just dropped a bucket of ice cold water over his head. “Right.” He murmurs.

Louis immediately picks up on Harry’s change of behavior, biting down on his lip. “I meant, like.” He sighs. “I didn’t do this to keep you here with me more hours or anything, I was just,” Louis shrugs, not sure as to where he was going with that. “I was simply stating the facts.” He says in the end.

Harry only nods in response, busying himself by eating the soup, the next couple of minutes passing by in absolute silence, except for the television playing in the background and Louis’ phone going off with notifications every once in awhile.

“I should probably get going.” He speaks up, putting his bowl down on the nightstand. “Thank you so much for this,” He says sincerely. He also tries to ignore the slight hurt that’s reflected on Louis’ face.

“No problem, really. Can’t have Captain America fall ill, can we?” He smiles, and just like that, he’s seemingly fine again. “Sure you’re good to go? You can just leave in the morning.” Louis offers.

“It’s alright. I have to wake up pretty early to be on set and I don’t want to be a bother tomorrow.” Harry smiles, moving off the bed and reaching for his shoes, slipping them on and tying his laces carefully. He’s tripped over them one too many times now.

“Alright.” Louis agrees, not having much space to argue anyways.

“Uh, how much do I owe you?” Harry asks, not knowing how else to phrase it to make it less awkward.

“It’s one-fifty an hour, but since you’ve been here for more than five, I’ll just count it as a night, yeah? S’ less expensive that way.” Louis explains. “Seven hundred,” He tells him after a heartbeat, standing up then as well and messing lightly with his hair, sort of hating himself for charging Harry. “Actually, you don’t have to pay me. We didn’t have sex or anything and like, I really enjoyed this-”, He’s cut off when Harry simply thrusts some bills into his hand.

“Don’t worry about it, Lou. It’s your job.” Harry tells him, tone understanding. “Plus, I made you blow off a date, so like, I do owe you.” He says, moving closer and pressing a soft kiss to Louis’ forehead. “I’ll see you soon, hopefully.” He tells him with a smile before finding his way out of Louis’ flat.

Louis doesn’t get a chance to tell him how much he enjoyed spending time with him.

Everything’s okay, except it’s not.

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to: curly

11:59 P.M.

i didn’t mind taking care of u today. hope ur feeling better xx
Harry must have read the text over ten times now and he still can’t seem to wipe the smile off his face. He had felt awfully guilty after leaving Louis’ flat like that, but somehow, Louis’ text is making him feel better over it.

He’s still trying to figure out his feelings, but the more he thinks about them, the more he realizes that he really is truly, madly, deeply falling in love with Louis. The only thing he can think of doing is calling up Sebastian.

“Sorry to wake you.” Harry apologizes immediately.

“Wasn’t asleep, Harry. What’s up?” Sebastian asks, curious as to why Harry’s calling at this hour anyways.

“I just really need to unload on someone, so can you hear me out for a second?” Harry asks, closing his eyes.

“Go right ahead.”

“So, I met this person.” Harry begins. “And ever since, I can’t seem to get them out of my head, you know? It’s like they’ve made a little hole in my heart and nestled themselves in there. We’ve only been on like, one proper date, but I’ve seen him three times in total.” He explains, the pronoun slipping by accident.

“Oh, I see where this is going.” Sebastian hums, smirking from where he’s laying on his bed. “Is our Harry in love?” He asks, not seeming at all phased by the fact that Harry likes a guy.

“I-I think I might be.” Harry admits. “But, like. M’ in the closet, you know? And Niall is going to kill me because he’s not on board with this at all,” He sighs.

“Sorry to hear that. Been in a similar situation.” Sebastian admits.

That completely catches Harry off guard, not having expecting that answer from Sebastian. “You’re… In the closet?” He asks.

“I wouldn’t particularly say that. I think I’m bisexual, you know? And, don’t repeat this to anyone, but like, Chris and I are kind of hooking up.” He chuckles down the line.

“You’re kidding me.” Harry grins, breaking out into a laugh. “Chris Evans?” He asks. “Holy shit!”

“Yeah, Chris Evans.” Sebastian chuckles. “But anyways, my point is that if it’s going to make you happy, you should do it, regardless of the repercussions it could bring.” Sebastian tells him. “Who knows? Maybe it’ll bring even more publicity to the movie. Captain America has a boyfriend!”

“Shut up.” Harry laughs, grinning as he thinks about it. “He has a… Different profession. One that perhaps wouldn’t allow him to have a boyfriend either. There’s a lot to think about.” Harry tells him. “Thanks for letting me spill my heart out to you. I’ll let you sleep now.”

“I’m always here if you need to talk. See you on set tomorrow, you curly haired loser.” Sebastian grins, ending the call then.

Sebastian’s words get stuck in Harry’s head, causing him to actually think about all of the different possibilities and outcomes that dating Louis could have. He thinks about how lovely it’d be to have someone join him on the red carpets, have someone to sleep in with, have someone to cuddle at any
time of the day.

It makes his chest ache with how much he wants everything, with how much he wants Louis.

All he can think about as he tries to fall asleep, is how easier if he had Louis cuddled into his chest. He thinks about how maybe someday he’ll get to do that, and for now, that’s enough to get a smile on his face as he finally falls asleep, already feeling a tad better over their situation.

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The first thing he does when he wakes up, is reply to Louis’ text.

to: Tiny

6:00 A.M.

I’m feeling a lot better, thank you. Think it’s because of your magical soup-pouring skills if I’m honest.

It’s not a lie. He is feeling a lot better and he suspects that his little stomach ache from the prior day had something to do with the chilli-cheese fries Niall got him for breakfast, plus the unloading of a bunch of Mexican food into his stomach. To say it hadn’t been the brightest of ideas to mix the two, is an understatement.

Whatever the case had been, Harry’s grateful that things turned out the way they did, because he got to spend more time with Louis and he also got him out of a date, which all in all, Harry definitely counts as a win in his book.

He isn’t expecting a reply from Louis, so when his phone chimes, he doesn’t bother looking at it, getting into the shower instead. Harry really doesn’t need Niall riding him for being late to the studio again.

As much as Harry tries to fight it, his thoughts inevitably lead back to Louis. Louis and his stupidly long lashes, Louis and his soft lips, Louis and his warm skin. He releases a shaky breath as he reaches down to grip his cock, already half-hard. “The things you do to me, Lou.” He whispers to himself, tipping his head back and letting it rest against the tile.

Harry works his hand over himself expertly now, knowing exactly how he likes to jerk off, rubbing his thumb against the head of his cock, his breath catching slightly in his throat. There’s nothing in his head but images of Louis and he can clearly picture Louis underneath him, can practically smell the boy if he thinks about it hard enough.

He bucks up into his hand as he lets himself remember how good Louis had tasted, also remembering the noises he’d made. He only feels a little guilty jerking off to thoughts of Louis, but he really can’t seem to help himself.

Louis makes him feel like a horny teenager all over again, like all he wants to do is kiss and fuck all
day long. Of course there are other things he wants to do to Louis, but right now, that’s all he can focus on.

It doesn’t take long for Harry to finish himself off, twisting his wrist just right and forcing himself not to moan Louis’ name as he does so, despite how much he wants to, biting his bottom lip to keep himself quiet. However, as much as he tries to, he ends up letting out a particularly loud moan, hissing out a quiet “Fuck” as he jerks himself through his orgasm, practically milking himself.

It’s sort of becoming a thing to jerk himself off in the shower to thoughts of Louis. He’s learning to deal with it.

He’s a lot more relaxed afterwards and calmly finishes his shower, already feeling a lot more antsy to see Louis again. He wonders if Louis has wanked off whilst thinking of him and the majority of Harry hopes he has.

He stumbles out of the shower when his phone starts to ring, hurrying over to it. “Hello?” Harry asks as he picks up, not having checked the caller ID.

“Harry?”

He stays quiet, trying to listen intently and frowning when he hears a squeal, letting out a sigh. “Sorry, you’ve got the wrong number.” He tells whoever is on the other end.

“Wait! Please don’t hang up. I love you so much, Harry! You’re such a great actor!” They babble on.

“Er, thanks. Really,” Harry says, because he does appreciate his fans, knows he wouldn’t be anywhere without them, but at the same time, it gets tiring to change his phone every time someone leaks it.

“Could you follow me on twitter, please? I love you so much and I can’t wait to see your movie.” They continue.

“Love, I’m sorry, but if I do that, then everyone will think it’s okay to get my number. I’m sure you wouldn’t like it if your phone number got leaked to thousands of strangers, yeah?” He tries. “Please don’t leak it. Have a lovely day.” He says, knowing it’s just a matter of time before his phone starts to blow up with calls and text messages. Things like these sometimes make him rethink his choices in life, but deep down, he knows he wouldn’t want to be doing anything else.

He clicks on his messages next, planning on telling Niall to get him a new phone number. Only then does he realize that Louis had replied and it makes his sour mood disappear.

*my soup pouring skills truly are fantastic then! wait until u try my instant microwave pasta!! xx*

The fact that Louis actually wants to see him again and is actually willing to do a bit of cooking gets his heart racing. Technically, making that soup requires somewhat of a skill, so Harry’s going to take what he can get. He can’t help but think of how adorable and cute Louis is, which is quite the contrast of how he’d been picturing him mere minutes ago.
His heart’s still racing as he sends it, since he knows it’s more than a little risky, but he also knows he needs to spend more time with Louis and spending a weekend by his side sounds exactly like the perfect idea.

Harry stares at his phone until the three dots pop up, biting down a grin.

got nothing planned yet!! i’m a free man, styles. why? u planning on kidnapping me?

Louis is an idiot. Louis is an absolute idiot and Harry likes him very, very much. Perhaps he’s the idiot. (They both are).

Maybe. Will keep it a surprise. Have to head to work now, have a good day, baby xx.

He waits for a couple of minutes for a response, but when it doesn’t come, he’s not all that bothered by it, figuring Louis is busy getting ready himself. Harry’s also not very surprised by the fact that a minute later, his phone starts blowing up with facetime calls and text messages. Right. His number got leaked. He bumps his forehead against the wall with a groan, turning off his cellphone. He figures he’ll deal with it afterwards.

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Louis grins as he reads Harry’s texts out-loud to a still pretty asleep Zayn. “What if he takes me away for the weekend?” He gushes, poking Zayn’s side to get a reaction out of him. Louis needs someone to freak out with right now.

“For fucks sake, let me sleep .” Zayn grumbles, burying himself further into the sheets.

“But, Zayn ! Harry wants to be with me for a whole weekend.” Louis whines, laying beside him and pouting at the back of Zayn’s head uselessly.

“I swear if you don’t fuck off right now…” Zayn trails off, hoping that the tone of his voice will at least intimidate Louis into letting him sleep for a little more.

“I hope you choke on Liam’s dick.” Louis huffs before rolling out of Zayn’s bed and leaving his room, slamming the door on his way out. Honestly, fuck Zayn. He doesn’t need him.

He scrolls through his contacts, biting down on his lip as he tries to think of someone he can call. Since his job is something he tends to keep to himself, he eventually decides to not call anyone, instead, he busies himself by making some toaster waffles, waiting for Zayn to wake up.
As it turns out, Zayn doesn’t come out of his room until several hours later, and by then, Louis has even started cleaning their flat.

“You see what you’ve done to me? You made me clean, Zayn. All because you couldn’t chat with me for five minutes.” He tells him, throwing a dirty sock at the general direction of his face. He grins when it hits Zayn successfully.

“You are such a prick.” Zayn groans, making a disgusted noise when the sock slaps him in the face. “Your socks fucking stink.” He tells him, balling it up in one of his hands.

“No, you’re the prick.” Louis replies childishly. “Anyways,” He continues, too excited to stay mad at Zayn. “Harry sort of asked me to spend the weekend with him.” He finally spills.

Zayn raises his eyebrows. “Oh? That’s going to be a very generous donation towards your bank account.” He muses.

Louis’ lips curl a bit downward. “I-I was thinking of maybe just going with him for the sake of it, you know? Not as…” He trails off.

“An escort?” Zayn finishes for him. “Because that’s what you are, Lou. That’s what we are.” He reminds Louis. It honestly feels like they’ve had this talk at least ten times in the past month.

Not letting Louis talk, Zayn continues. “Plus, what makes you think that Harry doesn’t want you to accompany him to some events during the weekend? Why are you so sure it’s a getaway?” He asks.

Louis tries not to frown the more Zayn speaks. Deep down, he knows Zayn is doing and saying all these things for his own good, but the majority of him wants to hate Zayn for being a complete asshole.

He swallows thickly, thinking over his response. “I’m trying really hard not to like him.”

“Well you’re obviously not trying hard enough.” Zayn fires back.

“Zayn, he’s the only one that treats me like I’m an actual person.” Louis explains, trying to get Zayn to understand where he’s coming from. “He texts me, asks how my day was, worries over if I’ve eaten or not.” He’s smiling as he speaks. “No one has ever done that besides my mum.”

“Look, Lou. He sounds nice, he truly does. I’d like to believe the best of him, trust me, but I’ve learned the hard way that sometimes people’s intentions are well hidden.” Zayn tells him in a soft tone, moving closer to Louis. “I don’t want you getting hurt. You know that.”

“Yeah.” Louis nods. “I’ll just… Go with the flow. Whatever happens, happens.” He says, offering Zayn a small grin.

Zayn hates making Louis feel bad, but he also feels like it’s his job to ground him. “Open your mouth and close your eyes.” Zayn instructs, wanting to completely change the subject.

“Those are definitely words I’ve never heard before.” Louis says sarcastically before obeying Zayn’s command trustingly.


He waits until Louis follows his instruction, stuffing the dirty sock in his mouth, running away quickly.
Louis immediately spits it out, running after Zayn. “You bastard!” He yells.

He’s pretty sure their neighbors hate them.

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It’s been three days and Louis hasn’t heard once from Harry. He’s texted him twice and he’s considering texting him again, but he really doesn’t want to come off as clingy or obsessed. He knows he’s alive, and no, he hasn’t been checking the ‘Harry Styles’ tag on tumblr. He really hasn’t. Maybe just a little bit. But he only did it to calm the part of himself that thought that perhaps something had happened to him.

He’s slowly beginning to think that Zayn was right all along, that all Harry wants from him is his company and sex, just like every other paying customer he has. He feels a bit stupid for ever thinking Harry would want him as something more, but at the same time, it all just seemed logical to him.

“Still hasn’t texted you?”

Louis looks up to find Zayn leaning against the doorway, somewhat jealous of how perfect Zayn looks despite having putting zero effort into it. “No.” He grumbles quietly.

“Hey, it’s fine, yeah? You and I can take the weekend off, do something fun.” Zayn offers, not wanting Louis to stay inside and sulk, since he knew that’s what Louis would do.

“Like what?” Louis asks, not wanting to sound ungrateful for Zayn’s idea but also not sure if he even wants to go out anymore.

“Whatever you want to do, Lou. We can stay here and have a movie marathon, if that’s what you want. I don’t care, to be honest. As long as you’re not moping, I’m okay.” He shrugs.

Louis loves him. He truly does love Zayn because despite him always wanting to come off as a ‘bad boy’ or someone who doesn’t give a fuck about anything, he’s the most sensitive and down to earth guy he knows, and he’s truly lucky to have a best mate like him. “Thank you. Will you cuddle me for now?” He asks, locking his phone screen and reaching his arms out towards Zayn.

“Nope. Get your ass out of bed.” Zayn grins, blowing a kiss in his direction before disappearing down the hallway.

Louis throws a pillow at him, but it sadly only hits the door.

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“Niall, what the fuck!” Harry exclaims, actually starting to get mad, which is a rare occurrence.

“I’m not giving it to you, Harry. Look what it’s doing to you! You’ve never acted like this over anyone!” Niall raises his voice, flailing his arms around as if that’s helping him prove his point.

“So I like someone, big deal! I had to get a new phone and I lost his number! We haven’t talked in
days, he probably thinks I hate him or something!” Harry yells at him, growing steadily annoyed.

“You’ve been showing up late to the rehearsals and fans are starting to suspect you’re seeing someone, Harry. Is this how you want your career to end? Your contract explicitly states that you cannot have a relationship. Not a heterosexual one, not a homosexual one, not to mention the fact that it also states that you cannot reveal your sexuality.” He reminds him.

“Fuck the contract! I didn’t feel this way back then about anyone!” Harry flares his nose, balling his hands into fists.

“You always knew there was a possibility that you would, yet you still signed it because you were thinking about your future.” Niall states. As much as he loves his best friend, he has to act like what he is sometimes. Harry’s manager.

“All I see when I think about my future is Louis.” Harry murmurs. It may sound a bit dramatic, but Harry doesn’t care. It’s how he feels at the moment.

“That’s a really serious thing to say, considering he’s an escort. You’re worse than Liam. At least he understands the arrangement they have.” Niall shakes his head.

“You say that as if he’s deprived from developing feelings for anyone just because he’s an escort.” Harry replies defensively.

“Actually, I’m pretty sure they’re not allowed to get emotionally involved with a client.” Niall tells him. “That’s the beauty of escorts! You’re with them for one night or one event and you spend the night with them and it’s magical and lovely and the next morning they’re gone and you don’t have to ever worry about them again!” Niall says exasperatedly, hoping to get through to Harry. “I don’t think you’re in love with Louis.” He tells him in a very serious tone. “I think you’re in love with the idea of having someone like Louis. More specifically, with the idea of having a boy friend.” Niall clarifies.

Harry glares at him, putting his head in his hands as he attempts to collect his thoughts. What if Niall’s right? What if all that Louis is to him is the representation of what he so badly wants? The last thing he wants to do is get someone’s feelings hurt. He sucks in a deep breath before speaking. “I still need some kind of release, and right now, I trust Louis for that. He hasn’t blabbed to the media once.”

“We still don’t know who leaked your phone number.” Niall points out.

“I doubt that was him. He could lose his job if he leaks a client’s personal information. He knows that.” Harry tells him, getting upset again over the fact that Niall even has the nerve to say it might’ve been Louis.

“I have a gut feeling this is all going to blow up in your face, Harry.” Niall warns.

“If it does, then it’s my career that’s on the line, yeah? I’ll have to be the one to fix it and face the consequences.” Harry says, being able to tell that Niall’s close to giving into him. Maybe he doesn’t hate him that much.

“Don’t fuck this up for yourself.” Niall tells him solemnly as he hands over his phone to Harry, Sophia’s contact open.

“The only thing I intend on fucking, is Louis.” Harry grins, hugging Niall. “Not that Louis is a thing. He’s a person that deserves respect and definitely has a choice when it comes to sex,”
“I know what you meant.” Niall interrupts with a chuckle as he steps back from the hug. “He’s an escort and you’re an actor, okay? That’s basically the same thing.” Niall reminds him. “You’re paying him for his company. I’ll believe he’s being genuine with you until you’re not.” Niall says.

For now, that’s good enough for Harry, so he only nods. “Was thinking about taking the weekend off and spend it with him. Get everything out of my system and then I can come back fresh and focused to finish the rest of the movie.” He tells him, figuring now is the best time to attempt to get Niall on board with the idea.

“And where the fuck are you two going to go without being spotted?” Niall asks, rubbing his temples. “You’re going to give me a permanent headache, you know that?”

“I know just the place, Ni. Super private and super romantic.” Harry beams, dimples popping.

“Walk me through your weekend, then.” Niall sighs, walking towards the mini-fridge and grabbing a beer, cracking it open. “Go on.” He says, taking a couple of sips and sitting down.

And so Harry does, going into great detail as to what he wants to do with Louis.

Niall regrets ever asking for details.

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“So you’re telling me that someone leaked your number and you had to get a new phone and somehow you lost my contact in the process and Niall didn’t want to give you Sophia’s number?” Louis asks, tone completely skeptical. “I honestly don’t have time to deal with this right now. I’m on a date and I came to the bathroom to pick up the call. Thought it might be something important.” Louis huffs.

Harry grumbles something into the phone that Louis can’t quite understand. “Will you call me once you’re done with your date?” Harry murmurs, the words bitter on his tongue.

“I’ll try to.” Louis says before hanging up and shoving his phone into his pocket. “Had to change my phone because a fan leaked it.” He grumbles to himself, feeling a bit proud of his impression of Harry.

After fixing up his suit in the mirror, he walks back out, smiling easily at Tom. “Sorry about that.” He apologizes, taking a seat once again.

“Don’t worry. Was the perfect excuse to watch your ass.” Tom grins.

Louis knows that the man is trying to flirt, perhaps even compliment him, but all it does is unsettle his stomach. He smiles anyways, having experience with these kinds of situations. “Yeah? How about we take this party back to your place, then?” He smirks.

“You have the best ideas.” Tom says, looking absolutely delighted as he asks for the check.

All Louis can seem to think about now, is how nice and respectful Harry’s always been towards him. As much as he wants to give in and call him right away, Louis wants to make Harry suffer a little, work for it, even. He left Louis in the dark for four days. There has to be some kind of repercussion.
He doesn’t think Tom notices the change in his attitude, but he also finds himself thinking that he doesn’t mind if he does. At times like these, is when he really does dread his job. He takes a second to calmly remind himself of why he’s doing it and gets his head back in the game.

What he truly wants is for the night to be over so he can sleep under his soft sheets.

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“He hates me.” Harry states to Sebastian and Liam the next morning. “I lose his number and when I get in contact again, he hates me.”

“Well, it was four days…” Liam trails off, a guilty look on his face.

“I’m sure he doesn’t hate you.” Sebastian cuts in, elbowing Liam’s side and giving him a hard look.

“He was on a date when I called him.” Harry sighs. “I hate the idea of him being with other men.”

“That tends to happen when you like someone. It’s this thing called jealousy.” Sebastian explains with a sarcastic tone. “It’s normal to feel that way.” He reassures.

“Although you two aren’t dating so perhaps it isn’t healthy that you’re feeling jealous.” Liam points out.

“Okay, you are literally being of no help here, Liam.” Sebastian shoves his side, shaking his head.

“I’m just being honest!” Liam defends himself.

“Both of you, just, be quiet.” Harry frowns. “Help me get Louis back!”

“Well aren’t you taking him away for the weekend?” Sebastian asks. “Invite him. There’s a good chance he’ll still say yes and you’re going to have two full days to win him back.”

“What if he doesn’t want to go anymore? What if he says no?” Harry frowns.

“Then book him. Go over his head.” Liam buds in.

“Now you say something helpful.” Sebastian rolls his eyes. “There’s a chance he might not like you going over his head… But, it just may work.” He encourages.

Harry looks between the two, worrying his bottom lip between his teeth. He’s not sure if he should listen to them, but ultimately, he decides to. “M’ calling Sophia.” He nods, looking a lot more confident than he had a second ago.

He staring at Liam and Sebastian as he holds his phone up to his ear, giving himself a mental pep talk. “Hi, Sophia?” He greets dumbly.

“Speaking.”

Harry figures he might as well put her on speaker to let Sebastian and Liam in on what’s going on. “It’s Harry Styles. I was wondering if I could book Louis for the upcoming weekend.” He speaks into the phone as confident as he can.
“Let me check his schedule, love. Give me a mo’,” She says, the sound of paper ruffling going on in the background.

Sebastian gives him a thumbs up while Liam grins at him.

“He’s available, yes. Please text me the details of the arrangement and I’ll pass them along to him.” She tells him. “Helps me keep a better record of everything.”

“Of course, yeah. Will be right on that. Thank you.” Harry says, ending the call. He immediately high-fives both Liam and Sebastian. “I’m so going to win him over this weekend.” He grins. “Going to make it the best weekend he’s ever had.”

He says it as if it’s a promise. It is.

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“He what?” Louis sputters, nearly choking on his sip of tea.

“He’s requested you for the weekend. Of course you can still say no.” Sophia tells him.

Louis thinks about that option, licking over his lips. “I’ll go.” He says eventually, hearing Sophia let out a breath of relief. “Where are we going?”

“Harry asked me to keep it a surprise, but I’ve checked every last detail, and I can guarantee you’ll be safe. Safer than in your flat.” She chuckles. “All you need is your passport and some casual clothing for a warm climate.”

“My passport?” Louis echoes. Nothing is making much sense to him at the moment. First, Harry books him without so much as consulting the idea with him first and now he has to take his passport with him? “Are you sure he’s not going to kidnap me?”


Louis knows she’d never do anything to put him in any kind of danger and he does have to admit that his curiosity is flaring up inside of him. He definitely wants to go.

“Alright. Well, thanks for letting me go.” He chuckles.

“Oh, you’ll be thanking him, not me. He just put a hefty amount into both of our bank accounts.” Sophia sounds absolutely delighted. Louis can’t really blame her for it.

“So when are we leaving?” Louis cradles his phone between his cheek and his shoulder, folding a pile of clothes that was on top of his bed.

“You have to meet him at the airport, terminal three on Friday, ten in the morning.” She explains. “And you should be back by Monday morning. Any over-time will be charged.”

“Sounds perfect. Thanks again.” Louis says and hangs up, tossing his phone onto his pillow. He decides then that he’s not going to call or text Harry. He wants to wait until Friday to talk to him, make Harry worry a little bit and have him think that he’s not that fond of him anymore.
He jumps a little bit when Zayn’s voice suddenly cuts through the silence of his room. “So you’re spending the weekend with him?” He questions.


“Wow. Sounds like you’re going to have fun.” Zayn chuckles. “Liam told me how sorry Harry was…” He trails off. “Like, for losing your number and making you wait four days and all that.”

Louis is somewhat shocked that Zayn out of all people is actually on Harry’s side. “Is Harry getting on your good side?” Louis raises an eyebrow.

“No!” Zayn says, the speed of his reply making it sound a little fishy.

“Liam’s on your good side.” Louis states, tilting his head with a smirk.

Zayn simply lowers his head as his cheeks start to burn up. “Shut up,” He murmurs, tone sour.


At the lack of a reply from Zayn’s part, Louis immediately forgets all about the clothes he was folding, gripping the sides of Zayn’s arms and shaking him for a second. “Are you feeling alright? Have aliens abducted you? Have they told you in a dream that you should like Liam?” He asks, putting his hand to Zayn’s forehead in an attempt to check for a fever.

Zayn swats at him until he’s freed from Louis’ hold, rolling his eyes. “Shut the fuck up, okay? Just because I like him doesn’t mean you should like Harry. This might be the second time I make this mistake.”

“Or the first time you find true love.” Louis sighs dreamily. He quiets down when he sees the look in Zayn’s eyes, not wanting to get punched in the face.

“I decided to tell you this because they’re both friends and if Liam’s nice, then Harry’s bound to be nice as well.” He sighs. “This isn’t a free pass to go liking him, alright? Still keep in mind that he has to book a date in order to go out with you. And pay for it as well.”

“Yeah, yeah. I know, Zayn. You don’t ever let me forget about that.” Louis tells him. “M’ glad for you, though. Like, you really deserve someone who makes you happy. Good for Liam for managing to break down that wall you’ve built.”

“He hasn’t broken it down completely. Not until we properly go out.” Zayn tells him. “Just like you shouldn’t let Harry in until you’re positive he likes you.”

“Sound just like a mum, Zayn.” Louis says with an annoyed tone. “But thank you. Who would’ve thought? You’re banging Hawkeye and i’m banging Captain America. I’d say we’re currently doing pretty well in life, wouldn’t you?” Louis grins.

“We’re almost there.” Zayn smiles.

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As it turns out, packing for an unknown destination is a lot harder than Louis anticipated. All he knows is that he’s going somewhere with a warm climate, but that really doesn’t tell him much. What
if it’s warm during the day but chilly in the mornings and evenings? What if it rains while he’s there? The uncertainty makes Louis over-pack, but at least he feels prepared.

His suitcase is filled to the brim, having picked out a good windbreaker, a couple of jackets, shorts, jeans, an assortment of t-shirts and lots of jumpers. Something for every occasion Louis can think of. He knows it’s a bit much for a weekend, but Louis wants to have an outfit for everything.

“M’ all packed.” He tells Zayn, smiling nervously.

“Did you pack your passport?” Zayn asks, raising an eyebrow as he turns to Louis from his spot on the couch.

“Shit.” Louis curses, quickly going back into his room to grab it. He calmly walks back out a minute later. “Okay, now I’m all packed.” He tells him.

“Shoes? Underwear? Toothbrush?” Zayn lists off the top of his head.

“Yes, yes and yes.” Louis says proudly.

“Sunblock?”

“Oh, that’s shit. You can buy that there.” Louis groans, really not wanting to have to go back and grab anything. He doubts it’ll fit in his suitcase anyways.

“How do you know there’ll be stores there?” Zayn asks with a raised eyebrow, chuckling at Louis’ unimpressed look. “Alright, alright. I think you are really ready to go; assuming Harry’s going to provide the lube and condoms.” Zayn waggles his eyebrows.

“I have both of those items with me.” Louis tells him. “I practice safe sex, mum. I swear.” He giggles, walking closer and dragging his suitcase behind him, bending down to kiss Zayn’s forehead.

“See you on Monday. That is if Harry doesn’t kidnap me and cut me up into bits and pieces.” Louis grins.

“You’re an idiot. Shut up and get your ass out the door.” Zayn shakes his head, smile fond. “Have a good time!” He calls as Louis heads towards the door.

“Oh, I will.” Louis grins, blowing Zayn a kiss. “Say hello to your loverboy for me!”

Zayn flips him off just as Louis shuts the door.

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Harry patiently waits in his car, glancing every once in awhile out his window. His knee is bouncing relentlessly and he can’t seem to get himself to calm down, despite his biggest efforts to do so. He jumps at the sudden knock on his window, a grin forming when he spots Louis standing there.

He moves to open the door, stepping out carefully. “You made it.” He says, dimples properly showing now.

“Obviously.” Louis rolls his eyes. He’s still trying to look annoyed, but it’s kind of hard when
they’re both standing in the middle of a runway, besides a jet. A very awesome looking jet.

Harry frowns at him. “Lou, i’m really sorry.” He tells him sincerely. “Those four days were the longest and loneliest days ever. Missed you lots. Begged Niall for your number, nearly got into a fight with him.”

That causes Louis to raise his eyebrows, because he knows that Harry’s not much of a violent person. “You were going to fight your best mate for me?” He asks skeptically, raising his chin.

“Almost did, yeah.” Harry confirms, eyes a little wider than usual as they scan over Louis’ face, searching for anything that could be taken as forgiveness.

“I suppose I can let it go, then.”

Harry instantly wraps his arms around Louis, pulling him close into his chest, like he’s wanted to since the last time he saw him. “You’re impossible.” Harry murmurs into his hair, closing his eyes and letting himself take all of Louis in. His hair smells like bananas and strawberries and he’s never loved that scent more in his life.

Louis hates the fact that he relaxes in Harry’s arms, burying his face into Harry’s chest for a brief second. “Thought you’d found a hotter escort or something.”

Harry pulls away abruptly after listening to Louis’ words, shaking his head. “What?” He asks, cupping Louis’ face in order to get the boy to look up at him. “Lou, you’re not just an escort to me, yeah? I reckon that it wouldn’t be possible to replace you.” He chuckles. “There wasn’t a day where I didn’t think of you. I promise.”

It’s enough to warm Louis’ heart and in the next second he’s pushing up onto his tiptoes, pressing their lips together in a gentle kiss.

It feels like Harry’s stomach is erupting with butterflies once again, and he wonders if this is how it’s going to feel everytime he kisses Louis, because up until now, that’s the way it’s felt. It’s kind of addicting, if he’s being honest. He lets one of his hands settle on Louis’ hip while the other fits itself in the small of Louis’ back, pressing Louis closer.

The kiss lasts all of a couple of minutes, Harry being the one to pull away with a shit-eating grin. “Are we good, then?” He asks.

Louis simply kisses Harry in response, just a quick peck on the lips. “It’s hard to stay mad at a face like yours.” He tells him.

“Good.” Harry grins, dimples taking their place on his cheeks. “Remember I told you I really enjoy wine?” He asks then.

“I do.” Louis confirms, wondering why the sudden change in their conversation.

“Well, I thought it’d be a nice escape if we went to Napa Valley for the weekend.” Harry hums, sounding quite proud as he says it.

Louis doesn’t seem to react for a second, isn’t sure that he can. “What?” Is all he can manage, looking shocked but excited at the same time.

“I have a vineyard down there and I thought it’d be a nice and romantic place to stay. Spend some quality time together,” He elaborates at the lack of reaction from Louis’ part. “We can go somewhere else, if you’d like.” Harry quickly offers up, just wanting his boy to be happy.
Louis quickly shakes his head, looking at Harry with the fondest eyes. “That sounds amazing. I’ve never been there before.” He tells him, a grin starting to form on his face, trying to control the giddy feeling that’s so badly trying to take over him.

“I was hoping you hadn’t. Wanted to be the one to give you a small tour of the place. Give you a rundown on how everything works.” Harry states proudly. Yeah, this couldn’t have turned out any better if he’d tried.

“And we’re taking… Your jet?” Louis asks, nodding towards it.

“Yes.” Harry nods once. “Also, I specifically asked for some baby carrots, since Sophia mentioned you were fond of those.” He grins again. His face is somewhat starting to hurt from doing that so much.

“Oh God. She didn’t,” Louis whines, face starting to turn a red color. “I-That was a joke. I made one joke about carrots ages ago and I swear it’s going to follow me to my grave,” Louis continues, looking absolutely mortified.

Harry stares at him, looking a little lost. He’s not sure he understands what Louis is going on about. “So you don’t like carrots?” He asks then, trying to make sense of it all.

Louis whines again in response before elaborating. “So, like. A long time ago, when I first started working as an escort, I needed a line, yeah? The cheesiest thing that came to mind was saying I loved carrots. Long, big carrots.” He says, still looking very much mortified.

Harry finally understands, letting out a cackle, head thrown back. “Oh no,” He continues to cackle, shaking his head, as if he can’t really believe what he just heard. He’s still not entirely sure if Louis is being serious or not.

“Shut up!” Louis begs, reaching up to clasp a hand over Harry’s mouth, his cheeks still a bright red.

Harry eventually calms down, looking at Louis with a mischievous glint in his eyes. “Alright, alright,” He murmurs behind Louis’ small hands, pressing several kisses to them before reaching up and gently removing his hands from his mouth. “So I reckon you like my carrot then.” He beams.

“You’re a fucking idiot.” Louis whines, shaking his head and petulantly walking off in the direction of the jet, taking the steps one at a time, not wanting to trip in front of Harry.

“It’s long and big!” Harry calls from behind him, following Louis into the jet.

Louis looks around, really trying his hardest not to gape at anything. It looks so luxurious, is the thing, and while Louis is used to seeing things like this, he’s never been on a private jet before and it certainly looks a lot more different than the planes he’s been on. “Sick.” He comments, not wanting to seem starstruck.

“You like it?” Harry smiles, walking up behind Louis and settling a hand on his waist, bending down the slightest bit to rest his chin on Louis’ shoulder, kissing his cheek.

Louis feels warm all over, leaning back into his chest. “How could anyone not like this?” He asks instead, turning his head to the side to kiss Harry for a brief second before pulling away. “You promise we’re not going to crash into a mountain?”

Harry chuckles, shaking his head. “We’re definitely not going to crash into a mountain.” He tells him seriously. “At least I hope not.” He grins, pulling away from Louis.
“Do you want anything to drink?” He asks, opening the mini-fridge. “I have just about every drink in here. Something has to suit your needs.” Harry smiles, relaxed. He honestly can’t believe that he’s going to spend a whole weekend with Louis. He hasn’t been this excited since he found out he was going to be playing the role of Captain America.

Louis raises an eyebrow. “Do you have tea?”

“Iced tea, yeah. I have some lemon flavored ones, raspberries…” Harry trails off.

“I meant like, real tea.” Louis says. “Yorkshire tea bags?” He raises an eyebrow in Harry’s direction.

“Oh!” Harry nods. “I think I do. Mum likes those, so I keep them in stock.” He flashes Louis a quick smile before walking towards a cabinet, rummaging through it. “Ah, here we are.” He grins, showing the packet to Louis. He proceeds to walk towards the small kitchen, grabbing a mug and filling it with water, setting it in the microwave to heat it up. “How do you take it?” He calls out.

Louis looks amused as he leans against the counter. “This thing even has a kitchen. You could live in here.” He muses. “Just travel all around the world.”

“That’d be nice, actually.” Harry comments, the microwave beeping behind him.

Louis takes one look at the mug, scrunching up his nose. “I’m more of a miffy.” He admits.

“Miffy?” Harry asks, his eyebrows furrowing.

Louis can’t help but think how adorable Harry looks when he’s confused. “Milk in first.” He elaborates. “And no sugar. That’s the only way to take tea, m’ afraid.”

“You don’t put any sugar into your tea?” Harry asks, sounding a bit shocked. “Doesn’t it taste like, really bitter?” He scrunches his nose up as he says it.

“I grew up drinking it that way. I’m a very fine tea drinker, I’ll have you know.” Louis grins. He’s mostly teasing, but the look on Harry’s face makes him want to continue with his act.

“I personally drink it with water and a dash of milk.” Harry informs Louis, despite him not asking. “Then I add in a little bit of sugar, just so it’s not like, bitter or flavorless.” He elaborates.

“Maybe I’m so bitter that I just like my tea the same way.” Louis giggles.

Harry wants to die a little bit at the sound of Louis’ giggle, finding it completely adorable. “You’re adorable.” He blurts, because of course he’s voicing his thoughts.

Louis looks partially offended. “Adorable?” He asks. “I’m sorry, but I’ll have you know that I’m quite manly and sexy.” He huffs.

Harry doesn’t tell him how he thinks he’s a mix of all three. “Of course you are.” He says instead, saving the warm water for himself and pouring some milk into a clean mug for Louis, putting it in the microwave.

They stay in a comfortable silence as Louis’ milk warms up, Harry preparing Louis’ tea just like he was instructed to do so. “Hope it’s okay.” He murmurs as he hands the mug to Louis, worrying his bottom lip between his teeth.

“Cheers.” Louis grins, taking the mug from Harry and blowing on it for a couple of seconds before
bringing the mug closer to his lips and taking a small sip, eyes fluttering shut. He stays quiet for a couple of seconds opening them to look at Harry. “It’s spot on, mate. Cheers.” He grins, setting the tea down in order to kiss Harry again. He just can’t seem to help himself.

Harry isn’t opposed to all the kissing, he’s actually quite enjoying it. His arms go around Louis’ waist, holding him close as he molds his lips against Louis’, not feeling like he wants to let go anytime soon.

Carl suddenly clears his throat from where he’s standing behind them. “Good evening.” He smiles politely. “I’m Carl and I’ll have the pleasure of flying you two to Napa Valley today. The flight shouldn’t be longer than two hours and it’s usually just around an hour and forty-five minutes.” He explains. “The sky is somewhat cloudy today, so light turbulence is to be expected, but other than that, everything is should go smoothly.”

“Great. Thank you so much, Carl. That sounds very good.” Harry grins, eyes sincere as he reaches his hand out to shake Carl’s, Louis copying Harry’s movements.

“Get us there safely.” Louis chirps from behind Harry with a small smile.

“I’ll try my darn best.” Carl grins before disappearing into the cockpit, talking to them through the speakers then. “If you two would be so kind as to take a seat and buckle up during take off, that would be quite nice.”

Harry smiles at Louis, taking his hand and cradling his mug in the other, walking them back to their seats.

Louis pouts at the realization that their seats aren’t together and instead are across from one another, but stays quiet, putting down his mug on the table that separates them and letting go of Harry’s hand in order to buckle himself up.

“Don’t get too lonely.” Harry teases, noticing the look on Louis’ face as he mirrors the boy’s actions.

“I’ll try not to.” Louis smirks, looking out the window once they start to move. “Here’s to hoping we don’t die today.” He grins, trying to play off his nerves.

“Cheers.” Harry grins.

The rest of the flight is mostly spent in silence due to Louis falling asleep and Harry just observing him. He’s fucking gorgeous, is what Louis is, and Harry is still having a hard time believing that Louis is real. There’s a part of him that thinks that Louis must have been hand made, because there’s no way someone could ever be this perfect. There’s another part of him that reminds himself of what Louis does, and for a brief moment, he wonders if all Louis has done is act. He brushes the last thought off quite quickly, since it’s putting him in a sour mood and instead focuses all of his attention in the way Louis’ eyelashes rest so delicately on the tops of his cheekbones.

Harry doesn’t seem to realize that they’ve been flying for around an hour and a half when Tom voice comes through the speakers again, informing them both that they’ll be landing soon. He gently reaches over to nudge Louis, not wanting to wake his beautiful boy but knowing he has to.

Louis slowly begins to stir awake, blinking his eyes a couple of times before opening them completely, looking disoriented for a handful of seconds.

“Hey,” Harry says, voice quiet. “We’re almost there. I think you should buckle yourself up before landing, yeah?” He says, reaching over to do it for Louis, since the boy looks like he’s a lot more
asleep than he is awake.

Louis nods sleepily, not saying a word. He settles back into his seat, knees still tucked beneath himself as he lets eyes drift shut once again, letting Harry buckle him up. “Thank you.” He murmurs softly, opening one of his eyes to look at him, smiling a tiny bit.

Harry nods in response, buckling himself up and staring at Louis as the boy seemingly falls back asleep without a problem, Harry’s chest aching with how much he wishes Louis was cuddled into his side instead of into the stupid seat. And wow, Harry’s actually jealous of a seat. Yeah, this is what his life has come to.

The landing isn’t as bad as Harry had thought it would be, but it’s definitely enough to stir Louis awake. “Did I sleep through the whole flight?” He asks, voice laced with sleep.

“You did.” Harry confirms, a fond smile on his face. “And you looked quite cute while doing it, so I can’t really say I’m upset.” He grins.

“Flattery will get you nowhere, Styles.” Louis grins right back, stretching his arms over his head and letting out a small mewl, back cracking the straighter he sat.

“Hopefully wine will.” Harry retorts, standing up once the jet had come to a complete stop.

“I hope you two enjoyed your flight.” Carl says as he pops out from the cabin, smiling easily. “It was a very smooth flight. Hardly any turbulence.” He comments.

“Thank you so much.” Harry smiles, shaking his hand once again. “This one slept like a baby, so I’d say it was quite a calm one. I’ve been in a couple scares.” He chuckles.

“Well I hope you two have a lovely stay. Checked the weather and it seems you two are going to get a weekend spent in the sun.” He smiles.

“Oh joy, we’re going to scorch.” Louis pouts from where he’s fitting himself under Harry’s arm.

“We’re going to scorch and you’re going to love it.” Harry delivers a kiss to the top of Louis’ head.

Carl simply smiles as he watches them. “How long have you two been together?” He asks. “You two make an awfully good-looking couple.”

Harry’s face starts to heat up, and he’s pretty sure he’s flushing from his toes all the way up to the tips of his ears.

“We’re not together.” They both reply in unison.

Carl simply clears his throat. “Sorry.” He apologizes immediately. “Well, anyways. There’s plenty to do here. I’m sure neither of you will get bored. I look forward to flying you two back.” He smiles before heading into the cockpit once again.

All Harry can manage to do at the moment is nod in response, helping Louis off the jet. “Sorry about that.” He murmurs, treading the water lightly.

“S’ alright. Not your fault he thought I was your boyfriend.” Louis chuckles, brushing it off quickly.

It makes Harry consider the possibility that Louis wouldn’t be opposed to the idea.
The car is already waiting for them once they go through the airport and Harry can’t seem to wipe the grin off his face. He’s in his favorite place with his favorite boy. He can’t think of something he’d rather be doing.

“S’ hotter than Los Angeles. I was so not expecting that,” Louis whines, moving away from Harry’s side. “You’re like, some kind of a furnace, I swear.”

Harry only pouts a tiny bit. “You’re going to miss my warmth later. Gets quite cold during the nights.”

“Then maybe i’ll consider going back to you.” Louis smirks up at him.

Harry exaggerates his pout then. “So you’re only going to use me for warmth?” He asks, attempting to sound very sad.

“Precisely. I’m glad you’re finally catching up.” Louis grins.

Harry doesn’t think he can be any more fond of Louis if he tried. “Come on, this way.” He says as Louis starts heading in the opposite direction, taking his hand.

Louis blushes a bit as he lets Harry lead the way, lacing their fingers together with a small smile.

They walk in comfortable silence to the car, hands swaying between them. Harry isn’t sure if its his hand or Louis’ the one that’s sweating, but he doesn’t find that he minds all that much. He also doesn’t feel like letting go of Louis’ hand to wipe off his own.

He’s not all that surprised when Louis is the one to let go first. “I thought you promised you’d never let go!” He says dramatically.

Louis seems to catch on pretty quickly, smirking at him. “It was too sweaty. Our hands needed the space.” His smirk turns into a pout.

“I guess you could say they were drowning in sweat.” Harry waggles his eyebrows, grin on his face as he waits for Louis’ reaction.

“Too soon. Definitely too soon.” Louis shakes his head, finally letting the laugh bubble out of him. “You’re such an idiot. I swear,” He shakes his head, still laughing. “I can’t believe I like an idiot.” The words are out of his mouth before he can stop them.

Harry raises an eyebrow at that, a satisfied smirk taking the place of his grin. “You like me.” He states, simultaneously opening the door to the car before the driver can do it for them.

“I do like you.” Louis confirms, trying to make it seem like it’s not really a big deal. “I also happen to like pepperoni pizza. And dogs. I really like dogs,” He continues, nonchalant over it.

“But amongst the things you like, you also like me.” Harry presses.

“It’s only because of the dimples and the curls.” Louis shrugs. “How do you expect anyone to not
like you?” He stares at Harry for a second before slipping into the car, scooching to the side to make some room for Harry.

“Fair point.” Harry relents, getting into the car as well.

“Where’re our suitcases?” Louis asks, swiftly and effectively changing the subject.

“They’re already in the trunk.” Harry tells him. “Do you also like suitcases?” He’s grinning as he asks the question.

Louis slaps him on the stomach.

Harry’s not quite expecting it, so he lets out an indignant huff, playfully glaring at Louis. “I see you also like slapping people.” He says as he leans in for a kiss, barely having his lips touch Louis’ before he gets slapped on the stomach once more.

Since Harry’s not one to give up, he tries to lean in to kiss Louis once more, moving at the last second so he’s leaning over Louis when their lips meet, attempting to somehow hold him down, hopefully preventing Louis from slapping him again.

In the time they’d spent apart, Harry had more or less forgotten just how good it felt to have Louis under him. He’s not sure he ever wants Louis to be anywhere else. He’s slowly working his tongue into Louis’ mouth when he suddenly feels Louis’ hand collide with his side once more. He decides right then and there that it’s the last time Louis does that.

“That hurts, you know.” Harry informs him with narrowed eyes, carefully closing his fingers around Louis’ wrists before smashing their lips together, simply wanting Louis’ lips back on his own.

He tightens his grip on Louis’ wrists when he feels him struggle against the hold, kissing him harder as a distraction. Harry can’t help but smirk against Louis’ lips when he feels the boy go lax under him, moving to hold Louis’ wrists above his head instead, their arms not feeling as comfortable between them.

As Louis is kissing Harry back, he’s also trying to collect his thoughts as best he can. He feels fuzzy all over with the way Harry is gripping his wrists, not quite knowing how to feel about it. A part of him wants to break free from the grip, but mostly, he just wants to lay under Harry and let him do as he pleases. The thought scares him a little bit and he distracts himself by swirling his tongue around Harry’s.

Harry doesn’t miss the way Louis squirms the tiniest bit again before going completely still under him, kissing him until he’s sure Louis has relaxed, making a mental note to try holding his wrists another time to see Louis’ reaction properly. For now, though, he gently lets go of them, grinning down at Louis as he pulls away from the kiss. “Who knew you could be so calm?”

Harry isn’t all that surprised when he gets slapped on the back of his head.

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Louis’ eyes are glued to the car’s window when they arrive, positive he looks completely starstruck. The house is absolutely amazing and beautiful and every other good adjective Louis can think of.
“Do you like it?” Harry asks, already pushing open the door to get out of the car.

“No.” Louis replies sarcastically, because seriously, Harry asks stupid questions sometimes. Who wouldn’t like this house? It was a big, gorgeous house surrounded by a large vineyard, which Louis couldn’t see the end of. He wants to walk the entirety of it.

Harry doesn’t seem to catch onto his sarcasm, because a second later, he’s turning around to face him, all wide eyes and worried expression. “No?” He asks. “I just thought since we bonded over wine on our first date, this would be the perfect way to bond again,” Harry explains himself, tripping over his words slightly. Not enough for it to be painfully obvious.

Louis sort of feels bad for Harry. “I was joking.” He says immediately, somewhat regretting using his sarcasm with Harry in the first place. He gets out of the car after him and squeezes his bicep gently; partly because he wants to reassure him and also because it’s a really nice looking bicep and Louis just wants to feel it. Sue him.

“Why do I even bother at this point?” Harry shakes his head, smirk on his face as he pops open the trunk, starting to take out their suitcases.

“Because you’re head over heels in love with my ass.” Louis supplies. “It is quite fantastic, I must admit.” He grins, taking his suitcase from Harry. “Thanks.”

“You’re completely right. Speaking of your ass, I was thinking you should get it insured. Wouldn’t want something happening to it. That would be the end of this, definitely.” Harry nods. He’s half expecting it when Louis slaps his arm.

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It feels like it takes them ages to settle in, but once they do, Harry’s eager to start with some of the things he has planned for them.

The sun’s about to set and Harry really needs to get this show on the road. “Come on,” He urges, taking Louis’ hand in order to tug him out of their room. Their room. Harry likes the sound of it.

“Hold on,” Louis whines, trying to free himself of Harry’s grip. “The bed is so comfy and I want to sleep.” He huffs.

“I guarantee you that what we’re doing is going to be so much better than sleeping.” He promises as they walk back downstairs.

“I don’t think anything’s better than sleeping, Harold, so this is going to have to be really fucking epic.”

Harry simply smiles smugly at him, grabbing the pre-arranged picnic basket from the table as they pass the kitchen. “I already know you’re going to complain on the whole way there, but really, it’s worth it.” He assures him.

The fact that Harry is warning him is already a sign to Louis that he’s probably going to dread whatever it is they’re doing. He nods in response, offering a smile anyways.
Once they’re outside, Louis’ behavior changes completely as he looks around the vineyard, a smile plastered on his face. “I can’t believe this is real.” Louis tells him, sounding awed. Truly, Louis is always in awe when he’s out with Harry. He can’t help it.

“This isn’t even the best part.” Harry tells him, grinning back at Louis.

“I don’t see how it could get any better than this, Harold. Again, really building up my expectations.” He squeezes Harry’s hand.

“Like Drake?” Harry muses.

“Oh god, just. Just shut up and never speak again.” Louis groans.

“Last night, I got high as your expectations,” Harry sings.

“Last night, I came to a realization.” Louis continues, attempting to sound annoyed as he does so. He doesn’t pull it off.

Harry doesn’t know why he feels so proud over the fact that Louis knows the lyrics. He’s definitely a keeper. His boy likes Drake and Harry’s pretty sure he just finished falling in love with him. Truly.

“What?” Louis asks after a couple of seconds.

“Sorry.” Harry apologizes instantly, ripping his gaze away from Louis, not having noticed that he was staring. He really had to start keeping himself in check, Louis had caught him staring one too many times already. “You’re just too fucking pretty, okay? You can’t blame me for staring every once in awhile.” He pouts.

He can see the blush on Louis’ cheeks and he immediately counts it as a win. Perhaps he’ll keep staring at him.

“We’ve been over this. M’ not pretty. I’m manly.” Louis says, gaze stuck on his feet, not wanting Harry to notice his blush.

“Why can’t you be both?” Harry questions, tilting his head to the side and raising an eyebrow at him.

“Fair point.” Louis concedes. “So are you going to continue staring at me or are we actually going to continue walking?” He asks then, clearing his throat and looking away once his eyes meet Harry’s for a brief second, still trying to hide his blush, although he’s quite sure Harry’s already seen it, judging by how pleased he looks with himself.

“Nope. M’ done admiring the prettiest view,” He sighs happily. “C’mon.” Harry encourages once again, heading towards the hill.

The hike up the hill is definitely not as bad as it looks and Harry manages to ignore most of Louis’ complaints about how he’s getting sweaty and how his thighs are starting to hurt or the idea Louis gets of how he’ll suck Harry off if they turn around and head back that instant. The last one is particularly harder to ignore, no pun intended, but somehow he manages, only squeezing Louis’ hand tighter. It works as a way to ground himself.

At one point, Louis lets go of his hand entirely and sits down on the ground. “I can’t anymore,” He whines dramatically. Only a second has passed before Louis hisses, moving one of his hands off the ground and frowning as he stares at it. “Motherfucker,”
Concern flashes through Harry’s eyes immediately, kneeling close to Louis and observing his hand, setting down the basket in order to hold it, giving it a proper inspection. “Looks like a small spine.” Harry informs him, expertly taking it out and proceeding to give the palm of Louis’ hand a small kiss. “All better.”

“It still hurts.” Louis huffs, trying not to be endeared by Harry’s antics. Honestly, where has this boy even come from?

Harry presses another kiss to his palm before standing up and recollecting the picnic basket, looking down at Louis pointedly. “Louis, we’re literally almost there. I promise it’s worth it!” He tries to sound as convincing as he can, looking up to see the sun has almost started to settle.


Harry looks down at the picnic basket he’s holding and then to Louis, looking between them a couple more times. Putting down the picnic basket, he bends down and picks Louis up. It’s not as effortless as he’d thought it’d be, but he manages, and he silently thanks his personal trainer in his mind.

“Oh! You giant! Put me down right now!” Louis demands when Harry throws him over his shoulder. “M’ going to fall off and you’re going to pay for it, Harold. I’m warning you.” Louis says, his hands fisting the back of Harry’s shirt anyways, truly afraid of falling. He’s not sure that would even help, but it’s somehow reassuring.

“If you think i’d drop you, then you clearly don’t know me yet.” Harry tells him, holding the picnic basket in one hand and holding onto the back of Louis’ knees with the other, walking up the rest of the hill with little difficulty.

He hasn’t even set Louis down yet when Louis’ threats go quiet, and Harry instantly frowns, since he didn’t get to see Louis’ reaction to the view.

As soon as he’s set down, Louis simply stares at the sky, observing the way the colors seem to blend into one another, the yellow mixing in with the orange, the lightest of pink hues decorating the soft looking clouds beautifully. It makes them look somewhat like cotton candy and Louis is suddenly hungry.

Harry stays quiet as he watches Louis intently, slowly coming up behind him. “Worth it?” He asks quietly, a smug tone to his voice as he moves to wrap his arms around Louis’ waist, carefully pressing himself to his back.

Harry had always thought that there was not a sight that was as prettier as the sunset he got to watch from this particular hill, but looking at Louis watching the sunset was definitely on another level and Harry was most definitely whipped.

“Totally worth it.” Louis confirms, his voice quiet. “This… It’s beautiful, Harry.” He whispers, as if he’s afraid he’ll ruin the fragile moment.

“The most beautiful thing ever.” Harry agrees, looking at Louis as he says it. He briefly thinks they’re not referring to the same thing.

They spend the rest of the sunset sat at the gazebo Harry has set up at the top of the hill, because of course he does, and Harry can honestly say it’s one of their best dates yet.

The are no awkward silences and the conversation flows effortlessly. Talking to Louis is so easy, is the thing, and Harry truly enjoys his humor and wit. He gets a chance to explain to Louis why he’s
been so busy and how the filming is going while they drink a bottle of wine that was produced in
Harry’s vineyard and everything’s wonderful. It truly is.

He also gets to kiss Louis lazily once they’re both tipsy off the wine. It’s not one of their finest
kisses, with the poor coordination and the constant clash of teeth, but it’s still a kiss nonetheless and
Harry enjoys it thoroughly.

They head back well after it’s dark and Harry doesn’t think he’ll ever hear the end of Louis’ teasing.

“I can’t believe you didn’t think of bringing a flashlight, Harold. If I fall flat on my face you’re going
to pay hell.”

“I swear to God, Harry. M’ going to trip.”

“You brought different types of hams and cheeses but you couldn’t think of bringing at least your
phone to use as a flashlight.”

They’re all different variations, but each of them are creative none the less. The darkness gets Louis
to hold tighter onto his hand, though, so Harry absolutely counts their small date as a success.

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“I can’t believe we made it without falling.” Louis grins back at Harry, stepping into the house and
shivering slightly.

“You’re cold.” Harry observes, ignoring what Louis had said entirely, his protective instincts kicking
in. He immediately moves closer, hugging Louis to his chest.

“God, you’re like a caveman. I’m cold and the best you can think of is hugging me.” Louis huffs. He
hides his grin.

Harry doesn’t say anything. He simply scoops Louis up once again to carry him upstairs.

“Okay, seriously? This is getting tiring, Harry. You can’t just carry me everywhere.”

“Harry carry his Louis.” Harry says, pausing after every word and looking at Louis with furrowed
eyebrows, obviously playing the caveman card.

“I cannot believe anyone convinced me to spend a weekend with you.” Louis whines, burying his
face in Harry’s neck, pressing a soft kiss over his pulsepoint.

“Harry keep Lou warm.” He continues, trying his best not to break out of character. It’s starting to
get progressively harder not to grin at the sound of Louis’ laugh. He gently sets Louis down on the
bed once they reach his room.

“Oh, you can stop now.” Louis grins, not letting go of the hold he has around Harry’s neck,
bringing him down onto the bed with him and kissing him softly.

It’s a lot better than the one they had shared on the hill, their lips actually molding together this time
instead of their teeth meeting each other.
They break apart when Louis yawns and Harry’s positive he’s never seen him blush that hard or apologize that profusely.

“You’re tired, love. Nothing wrong with that.” Harry assures him, nudging the tip of their noses together in an eskimo kiss.

They leave it at that and they both start to change into their pajamas, which for Harry, consists of only stripping down to his briefs and for Louis means stealing one of Harry’s jumpers and wearing nothing but that.

“Which side do you want to sleep on?” Harry asks, trying his best not to stare too long at Louis, although it’s particularly hard to do so when he’s standing there, engulfed by his jumper and looking proper adorable. His boy has sweater paws and it feels like Harry has forgotten how to breathe. He’s never been more endeared.

“On the left.” Louis answers as he climbs onto the bed.

Harry doesn’t process Louis’ words right away and actually feel like he chokes a bit when the jumper rises, exposing the soft skin of the tops of Louis’ thighs and some of his tummy. He looks away before Louis can catch him staring and slowly settles onto the right side.

“Thank you for coming.” Harry tells him, keeping his hands to himself, since he’s not sure how much self-control he’ll have if he gets too close to him.

“Thank you for inviting me.” Louis retorts, and it seems like he has different plans, because the next second he’s cuddling into Harry’s side.

Harry freezes for a total of one second before getting his body to cooperate with him, because Louis is actually cuddling into him. He moves his arm to wrap around Louis, gently playing with his hair.

Louis rests his head on Harry’s chest, mindlessly tracing patterns over it, admiring the ink on his skin and gently letting his fingers run over Harry’s happy trail. “Goodnight.” He whispers, pressing a small kiss to Harry’s skin.

“Goodnight.” Harry echoes, swallowing down another couple of words he had wanted to say, willing for his heart to stop racing, pretty sure that Louis could hear it.

He stays awake until he’s sure Louis has fallen asleep, closing his eyes as he listens to Louis’ breathing, attempting to match his own to Louis’.

He falls asleep trying.

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When Louis wakes up the following morning, he’s a little disoriented at first, his mind still clouded with sleep. He didn’t remember that he’d gone to Napa Valley with Harry, but as soon as that information settles, he finds himself smiling, really taking in his surroundings then.

He assumes they switched positions throughout the night, because their legs are tangled together and Harry’s chest is pressed to his back, his face tucked in his neck.
Louis doesn’t move, not wanting to wake Harry just yet, assuming he would appreciate being able to
sleep in, considering the hectic schedule he had with the movie and all. He eventually falls back asleep.

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“Morning,” Harry grins when Louis blinks his eyes open a couple of hours later.

“Were you watching me sleep, Harold?” Louis asks, an amused look on his face as he raises an
eyebrow at Harry.

“Yes.” Harry confirms, completely unabashed as he says it. “You just… You look so peaceful.
Something which i’ve not gotten to see when you’re awake.” He comments. “Plus your snoring
woke me up, so.” Harry grins.

Louis’ eyes widen. “I do not snore.” He states, sitting up so abruptly he almost knocks their heads
together. Luckily, Harry moves away just in time.

“You do, but don’t worry, it’s adorable. Definitely not a snore that will drive me away,” He assures
Louis, gently soothing a hand down his arm.

Louis looks more or less petrified by the new information. “Oh god, I snore.” He states, sitting up so abruptly he almost knocks their heads together. Luckily, Harry moves away just in time.

“A lot of people snore.” Harry supplies. “I used to snore.” He shrugs. He truly doesn’t think it’s a big
deal.

“And how did you stop?” Louis asks.

“Snoring?” Harry asks, watching Louis nod. “I got something done in my nose. Not to stop snoring,
but to be able to breathe properly. When they fixed the breathing problem, it sort of fixed my snoring
as well.”

“Maybe I can’t breathe properly either.” Louis decides.

Harry wants to kiss him to shut him up, and so he does. He cups his cheeks firmly in his hands as he
works their lips together, pouting when Louis pushes him away a couple of seconds later.

“Morning breath.” Is all he says as an explanation with his nose scrunched up, rolling out of bed and
urging Harry to do the same, digging his toothbrush out of his suitcase and promptly walking into the
bathroom to wash his teeth.

Harry knows he should maybe feel embarrassed by it, but it’s Louis and that’s reassuring somehow.

They wash their teeth side by side and Harry has several near death experiences, with Louis making
him choke every five seconds. The first time, it’s because Harry laughs at the face Louis pulls, the
second time happens as he watches Louis practically deepthroat his toothbrush and the third one is
when Louis slaps his hand, which causes his own toothbrush to hit the back of his throat.

Harry hates him. He hates him so much that he’s actually convinced by that point that he’s really
falling for Louis. He can only hope Louis is falling with him.
After washing their teeth, Harry hums, standing by the door and not letting Louis out of the bathroom. “Do I get a kiss now?” He asks, cheeky grin in place.

Louis hums, as if thinking it over. “I suppose you do.” He gives in, tilting his head up and puckering his lips. “Don’t think i’m doing all the work.” He comments with a small smirk.

Harry kisses the smirk right off his face.

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“Okay, so i’m in the mood for pancakes. Is that alright?” Harry asks once they’ve made their way down into the kitchen. He finds himself getting distracted again with the sight of Louis in his jumper, still not quite believing that this is what his life is like right now.

“Sounds perfect.” Louis grins. “As you know, i’m a bit shit when it comes to cooking, but if you need any help, i’m right here.” He tells him, smile still on his face.

“Alright, then. I’ll keep that in mind.” Harry hums, starting to get all of the ingredients he needed to make the batter. Harry had specifically asked to get groceries delivered so he could cook for them, since his mum always said that the way to someone’s heart was through their stomachs.

Once he had carefully measured everything out and had set it up neatly on the countertop, he turned to Louis, handing him a bowl and a whisk. “Would you be so kind as to whisk everything together for me, please?” He asks, “Everything is on the counter. Pour in the dry ingredients first and then add the wet ones.” Harry instructs him as he turns to turn on the skillet.

He’s barely reaching for the matches when Louis had already put everything in the bowl, pointedly ignoring Harry’s instructions of adding the ingredients separately.

“How do you whisk?” Louis perks up, holding it in one of his hands and giving Harry a curious look, suppressing the urge to smirk. Maybe it sounded lame, but really, Louis is trying to flirt here. Harry doesn’t know if Louis is being serious or not, but he takes the opportunity nonetheless, shaking his head with a fond smile. Really, he wouldn’t be surprised if Louis wasn’t joking. “Like this,” He says, moving to stand behind him and placing the whisk correctly in Louis’ right hand, engulfing Louis’ smaller one with his own. “And then all you have to do is sort of move your hand in a circle. Imagine you’re drawing one,” He instructs, gently moving Louis’ hand for him.

Louis smirks to himself as he starts whisking up the batter with Harry’s help, biting down on his lip before turning his head to face him, widening his eyes a little bit. “Like this?” He asks.

Harry turns to look at Louis for a second, breath catching in his throat due to their proximity and just because of how gorgeous Louis is. Harry still can’t seem to wrap his head around the concept that Louis is a real person and not a figment of his imagination. “Exactly like that.” He says, not tearing his gaze away from Louis’.

Louis is the one to lean in this time, sealing their lips together in a soft, languid kiss. He carefully places the whisk down, lacing his fingers together with Harry’s and turning around so they’re facing each other, his other arm reaching up to wrap around Harry’s neck, pulling him closer.

Harry’s mind forgets about the whisking all together as he gives into the kiss, setting his free hand
just besides Louis’ hip, gripping the countertop and pretty much caging Louis in, tilting his head to get a better angle and deepening the kiss, licking into his mouth.

Louis’ stomach rumbles and that’s pretty much the cue to end their kiss and get cooking. “Can’t have my boy starve.” Harry tells him as he pulls away despite Louis’ protests of being able to wait a little longer, taking over the whisking and finishing the batter. “Thank you.” He tells Louis anyways, smiling fondly.

Louis pouts at Harry, trying to coax another kiss out of him and failing, only pouting even more. “Fine. I always knew you cared more about food than me.” He sighed, feigning to be quite dramatic before hopping onto the counter, sitting on it as he watched Harry cook, swinging his socked feet happily.

“I care about my boy enough to not have him wait for food. I can kiss you all you want afterwards.” Harry tells him, pouring the pancake batter onto the skillet after having greased it with some batter, carefully placing some chocolate chips on top of the batter and also adding a dollop of nutella, wanting to make the pancakes meet the standards of Louis’ sweettooth. He then proceeds to cover both the chocolate chips and the nutella by pouring a little more of batter right on top, flipping it over once it had started to bubble up.

He smiles to himself when he sees the perfect golden pancake.

Around twenty minutes later, Harry has bacon, sausages and the pancakes all done, handing a plate with a hefty serving to Louis. “Enjoy, baby.” He grins, kissing the top of his nose before taking his own plate and nudging Louis gently. “We’re eating on the porch.” He told him, directing him how to get there.

Every single time Louis thought it couldn’t get any better, somehow, it did. Harry was being romantic and awfully cute and Louis felt like he was in some sort of dream. “If I had a house here, I would never leave.” Louis tells him seriously, taking a seat and observing the scenery. He wants to have breakfast here every morning.

“I wish I didn’t have to, but you know, there’s this brilliant thing called work.” Harry chuckles, waiting for Louis to eat first, wanting to see his reaction.

“It would be quite nice to not have to work in order to have a decent life, hm?” Louis smiles lightly, cutting up a piece of his pancake, looking absolutely thrilled as he watches the nutella ooze out of it. “Oh my God.” He whispers, pouring some maple syrup on top of them and putting the piece in his mouth afterwards.

He then proceeds to close his eyes and lean back in his chair, letting out a soft moan. These pancakes are definitely what he wants to eat for the rest of his life. “Holy shit. Harry, you should ditch the whole actor thing. Just become a cook.” He moans.

Harry’s pretty sure his face is about to split in two from how hard he’s grinning. “Will happily cook for you for the rest of my life.” He tells Louis, reaching over to hold his hand.

He can’t help but think of how this is his description of the perfect morning; cooking breakfast for the boy he’s head over feels for and getting to enjoy his company. He definitely wants to do this every single day for the rest of his life.
“You ready?” Harry calls from where he’s standing in the living room, wiping off his clammy hands on the tops of his jeans. He blames it on the weather and not on the fact that he’s nervous.

His question is answered when Louis finally walks downstairs and Harry’s truly trying his best not to stare. It still catches him off guard sometimes just how beautiful Louis is. It’s a kind of beauty he’s never seen and it seems unreal, if he’s being honest. It most definitely makes his heart skip a beat.

When Harry’s brain finally realizes he’s failed his intentions and is actually staring at Louis, his cheeks turn a shade of red, realizing that he just entirely missed whatever Louis said. “Sorry, could you repeat that?” He asks sheepishly.

Louis rolls his eyes with a smile plastered onto his face. “I was asking if this was okay,” He says, spinning around in front of Harry slowly, since he doesn’t know exactly what they’re doing.

“Oh. Yeah, you look lovely. That’s perfect.” Harry confirms. “It might get a little chilly later on, but i’ll lend you my jacket if you feel cold.” He grins.

“Charming, aren’t you? The perfect gentleman.” Louis teases, walking closer and gently setting his hands on Harry’s chest, leaning up for a kiss.

Harry kisses him briefly, pulling away after a while. “C’mon, if we don’t go now i’ll just stay here and kiss you all day.” He whispers, eyes the slightest bit darker.

“I can’t say i’d be opposed to that idea.” Louis grins, unabashed.

“Filthy. You’re filthy.” Harry chuckles, shaking his head and taking Louis’ hand instead, lacing their fingers together and proceeding to lead them both out of the house and out into the vineyard.

Harry doesn’t speak much as he walks Louis across the vineyard, actually ignoring Louis on some occasions in favor of keeping him on edge as to what they were doing or where they were going. It’s easily the most painful fifteen minutes Harry has had to ever endure, having such a pretty boy right beside him and not talk to him.

“This is your last chance, Harold.” Louis says in a warning tone. “If you don’t talk to me right this instant i’m going back.” He huffs, sounding a bit offended by the fact that Harry hasn’t directed a single word to him since they left his house.

“Patience.” Harry scolds, his tone cold as he delivers a soft squeeze to Louis’ hand, hoping it’s at least reassuring in some way.

He only gets a huff in response and it makes Harry smile. Louis is truly something else.

“Have you ever rode a horse?” Harry asks out of the blue, as if he was genuinely only curious and there were no intentions behind his words.

Louis raises an eyebrow at Harry, finding his question a little odd. “Never.” He tells him. “M’ sort of deathly afraid of horses.” He admits.

And shit, it had never fucking occurred to Harry that Louis might not even like horses. He’s an idiot, truly. “Could you ever be persuaded into riding one?” He asks, just as the stable comes into view. He doesn’t miss the way Louis’ eyes go wide or the way the hold on his hand seems to tighten.

“Do you also have a whale around here?” Louis asks sarcastically with a small laugh, obviously...
trying to play off his current nerves.

“I’ve tried getting one, but it turns out those things are massive and live in the ocean, so there’s that.” Harry smiles at Louis, squeezing his hand gently, trying his best to be reassuring.

“Oh, I had no idea. Who would have known.” Louis quips, biting on his lip. “I could be persuaded into riding, yeah.” He answers Harry’s previous question.

“Good to know. Will definitely keep that in mind.” Harry half smirks, left dimple popping.

Louis drops Harry’s hand in order to slap his side half-heatedly, rolling his eyes once. “And i’m the filthy one?” He asks. It’s his turn to smirk.

“You know, my mum used to say my eyes would get stuck like that every time I rolled my eyes. M’ afraid that might actually happen to you if you catch a gust of wind.” Harry says, tone laced with concern and sounding awfully serious.

Louis rolls his eyes one more time for the sake of it, smirking at Harry right after. “You’re absolutely ridiculous and I still don’t know why I ever agreed to coming here with you.” He sighs.

“Because you obviously wanted to ride.” Harry grins, leaning down to kiss Louis before he can reply, pulling him closer. “A horse.” He clarifies, catching Louis’ hand just a second before it can collide with his chest. “C’mon,” Harry says, lacing their fingers together carefully and leading Louis up to the stable.

The rest of the walk is awfully silent, and Harry can’t help but notice the slightest of shakes in Louis’ hand. It makes him wonder if Louis is actually willing to try it. “We don’t have to, you know.” Harry tells him, standing right outside of the stable.

“I know.” Louis nods, giving Harry’s hand a squeeze. “I want to.” He assures.

Harry’s not all that sure that he actually believes him, but he nods nonetheless, guiding him inside. A couple of the horses neigh and Harry immediately notes the way it makes Louis jump.

“Sorry.” Louis apologizes. “Loud, s’ all.” He offers as an explanation, following Harry inside and glancing warily at the horses.

Harry nods again and decides to drop the subject, instead leading Louis closer to a particular horse. “This one right here is Brownie.” He introduces, reaching up to gently pat the top of her head.

Louis laughs quietly, watching the horse from behind Harry’s shoulder, not wanting to get too close despite it being locked away. “You named your horse Brownie?” He asks, raising an eyebrow at Harry.

He shrugs. “Seemed like it fit.” Is all Harry says. “That one over there is Blondie.” He grins, nodding to the horse beside Brownie.

Harry is ridiculous. He’s fucking ridiculous and Louis is absolutely fond of him. “You aren’t real.” He giggles, shaking his head and hesitantly moving towards Blondie, reaching his hand up towards her head. He’s momentarily surprised when Blondie pushes up into his hand, carefully rubbing right between her eyes like he had watched Harry do with Brownie.

“She likes you.” Harry says from beside Louis, opening the gate to Brownie’s stall and walking inside, leaving Louis with Blondie. “Which one do you want to ride? Besides me, of course.” Harry’s just glad Louis is far enough away from him that he’s not in slapping distance.
“I don’t know how to ride a horse.” Louis replies, still focusing most of his attention on Blondie, deciding to let Harry’s comment slip this once. “Can’t we ride the same one?”

Harry feels stupid for not having thought about that himself. Of course they could ride the same horse. Plus, that would make the whole evening a thousand times more romantic. Yeah, he adored how Louis’ mind worked. “Brilliant idea, c’mere, want to introduce you to Brownie.”

It takes Louis a second to appear in Harry’s view, and Harry watches him closely as Louis walks towards him, obviously avoiding getting too close to brownie and positively jumping behind Harry when she neighed.

“It’s okay, girl. This is Louis,” Harry says, patting her side gently and urging Louis forward. “He’s the lovely boy i’ve been telling you about.” He grins, obviously playing it up for Louis, hoping to somehow ease his nerves.

“Hi Brownie,” Louis says quietly, raising his hand towards her the same way he had with Blondie and gently letting it rest on her head, carefully petting her when she didn’t seem all that bothered by it.

“She seems intimidating, but she’s actually a softy,” Harry says, his tone laced with fondness as he watches the two interact. He moves away long enough to collect the equipment they need from the corner of Brownie’s stall, making sure everything’s going smoothly. “Since she’s calmer than Blondie, we’re riding her today.” Harry decides.

“Sounds good to me. Seems like we’re getting along just fine, aren’t we, Brownie?” He grins, growing a bit more confident and flinching only slightly when she neighs, seemingly replying to what he’d been saying a second ago.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” Harry smiles. “Mind stepping away for a second while I get her ready?” Harry asks Louis, watching him nod and move further away from the horse.

He carefully gets Brownie ready, making sure the saddle isn’t on too tight and that the noseband and headstall are just right, truly caring for his horse’s comfort. Once she’s all equipped, he turns towards Louis, raising an eyebrow curiously when he notices he’s whispering something to Blondie.

Harry walks closer, making sure not to make too much noise, even if the hay is crunching under his footsteps, really wanting to listen to what Louis is saying to her.

“You’re so gorgeous, aren’t you? So pretty. Bet all the horses are after you.” Louis whispers, rubbing each side of her head with one of his hands, looking quite pleased and fond.

“Thought you were deathly afraid of horses.” Harry hums, happy that it didn’t really seem to be the case.

“I thought I was.” Louis replies instantly. “Turns out they’re not as scary up close. Just seen a handful of videos of horses kicking kids in the face. Or standing up while someone’s riding them and making them land flat on their back. The last one can still happen.” He raises his eyebrows.

“I promise that won’t happen.” Harry assures, reaching his hand out towards Louis. “C’mon, gotta get you on the horse first, then we can worry about the rest.” He chuckles, pulling him closer as soon as Louis’ hand is in his own.

“Okay, you’re going to grab onto the reins and carefully haul yourself up, okay? Try getting a good hold first.” Harry instructs, helping Louis onto the step so he could reach the saddle better.
It doesn’t go as disastrously as Harry had expected it to, and he’s actually surprised with how little difficulty Louis got on the horse with. “You’re a natural.” He grins, looking up at Louis, who is finally seemingly taller than he is.

“Feels weird to look down at you.” Louis chuckles, a hint of nervousness in his voice, his hands gripping the reins tightly.

“You can relax,” Harry tries to soothe. “Won’t let anything happen to you. I already promised that, didn’t I?”

He watches Louis nod before taking the reins himself, smiling up at Louis. “Just going to guide you two out and then i’ll hop on the horse behind you.” Harry assures him. “C’mon, Brownie. Out we go,” He smiles, guiding them out onto the vineyard, grinning up at Louis. “Weather’s absolutely gorgeous right now.”

“It is. Love it out here,” Louis tells him, grinning once Harry’s on the horse as well, leaning back against his chest lightly.

“I got you.” Harry tells him in a soft tone, kissing his cheek and starting to guide Brownie through the field, starting slow at first, so Louis could get used to the feeling of the gallop.

“You okay?” Harry speaks up after a couple of minutes of their ride, slowly guiding Brownie to a stop at the top of a hill, overlooking his vineyard.

“Yeah, i’m perfectly okay,” Louis confirms, staring ahead of himself. “You can’t seem to stop surprising me, H.” He whispers, absolutely taken away by the sight of his vineyard. It looked perfect and honestly, straight out of a movie. So this was how a rich and famous person lived. Louis only envied him a tiny bit.

“Like the view?” Harry asks. “I think you’re going to like a tour a lot more. Gonna show you step by step how wine is made.” He whispers into his ear, moving an arm around Louis’ waist and squeezing lightly, taking the opportunity to kiss Louis when the boy turns his head towards him.

“You really are a wine fanatic.” Louis whispers against his lips.

“Didn’t get that from the fact I own a vineyard?” Harry teases, a warm chuckle leaving his lips and pecking Louis’ lips once more.

“Hey, a lot of people own lots of things they don’t really have an interest for.” He huffs, turning his head away from Harry and effectively hiding his smile.

“I can proudly say i’m not one of those people.” Harry murmurs, kissing his cheek once more, since he can’t seem to help himself. Snapping the reins, he gets Brownie to start moving again, this time, heading directly into the vineyard.

Once they reach it, Harry makes Brownie gallop slowly, so Louis has time to really look at everything. “Here is where it all starts.” Harry smiles. “I grow both red and green grapes.”

“So you make red and white wine.” Louis states.

“No.”

“What do you do with the green grapes?” Louis asks then, looking back towards Harry, obviously confused by it.
“You can make red wine with green grapes. S’ a whole other process. I’ll explain that to you some other time.” He chuckles, wanting to at least spike Louis’ curiosity somehow to keep him coming back for more. That’s his only guarantee that he’ll be able to keep Louis hooked at this point.

He continues his explanation before Louis has a chance to get a word in. “Once we grow the grapes, we harvest them. I’ve got employees here, obviously, since I’m not here all the time, but I try to come as often when it’s time to do that. We hand pick them instead of using a machine. S’ a little difficult, but I think it helps, you know? The people who live here and all get a job out of it, so.” He nods. “I personally love picking grapes. S’ rewarding once you get to try the wine that you make out of them. Always let the workers take a couple of bottles home so they can enjoy the product of their work as well.” Harry continues to explain, guiding Brownie towards a large storage building. “We have to destem the grapes, but for that, we do have to use a machine. Could you imagine destemming grape by grape?” Harry shakes his head. “That would take absolute ages.” He says.

“I can imagine.” Louis nods. He doesn’t actually think he can, since he’s had no experience in that, but he thinks back to whenever he’s eaten grapes and remembers how exhausting it can be to destem every grape before eating it.

“Here is where the magic really happens.” Harry grins, tugging on the reins to get Brownie to come to a complete stop, hopping off easily. “Your turn.” He tells Louis, reaching his arms out towards him. “Try and sit on your side first, then hop off.” Harry instructs.

Louis does as he’s told, moving one leg first and taking a deep breath once he’s seated on his side, biting on his lip. “S’ too high, H.” He pouts, not wanting to fall in front of Harry. He’s embarrassed himself enough.

“I’ll catch you, love. Don’t worry.” Harry assures, still seeing the worry etched on Louis’ features. “Remember my promise?” He asks him.

Louis nods.

“Alright, then you should have no problem trusting the fact that I’ll catch you.” Harry tells him. He hopes it’s enough to convince Louis to jump.

In a split second, Louis moves from the saddle to the space between Harry’s arms, and Harry’s never been happier by his height, or Louis’, for that matter. “See?” He smirks, looking down at him. “Told you nothing would happen.”

“My knight in shining armour,” Louis sighs dreamily, absolutely exaggerating just to make a show of it.

“My damsel in distress,” Harry replies, copying his exaggerated tone.

“Thank you for saving me.” Louis whispers, a grin slowly forming on his face before he pushes up onto his tiptoes and gently kisses Harry, letting it last only a couple of seconds before pulling away.

Harry loses focus for the brief seconds their lips are together, not being able to think about anything but Louis and how soft his lips are and how good he smells. Harry’s really losing it.

“You were saying something about magic? And how it happens here.” Louis supplies, hand cupping Harry’s jaw briefly before letting go and heading towards the door of the building.

“Oh, right. Yes.” Harry nods, quickly tying the reins to a post and patting Brownie’s head. “Be right back, darling.” He whispers to her before heading inside behind Louis.
“This is where we crush the grapes and do something called maceration.” Harry explains, guiding him between the barrels and guiding him to where the machines are.

“What’s maceration?” Louis asks, eyebrows furrowed together and feeling only the slightest bit daft for not knowing.

“It’s when you let all the grapes and their skins sort of just… Hang out. It’s what makes the wine get its color.” He says, hoping his explanation makes enough sense to Louis. “You sort of just let it all chill together. The longer you let it sit, the richer the color gets.” He’s happy with Louis’ nod.

“Once that’s done, the next step is alcoholic fermentation.” He says, pointing to the metallic cylinders. “We use yeast to help the whole process. It’s all obviously a lot more complicated than what i’m saying right now, but if I go too into detail, m’ afraid I might get completely carried away.” He chuckles.

“This is alright. M’ understanding everything so far, so you’re doing an excellent job at being a tour guy in your own vineyard.” Louis grins. “You could definitely do this for a living once you stop acting and writing songs,”

Harry feels his chest swell at the twinkle of interest in Louis’ eyes, as if he’s genuinely interested in learning all of this and as if it truly caught his attention. “I’m glad you’re enjoying yourself.”

“Always seem to enjoy myself around you.” Louis replies before he can give it much thought, absolutely sincere.

Harry only grins in response, guiding him towards the barrels in the back. “And this is where we let our wine age. It tastes better if you let it sit for a while.” Harry tells him, taking a deep breath.

Louis copies Harry’s action, taking a deep breath and humming softly. “Smells amazing. Don’t know an awful lot about wine, you know that, but it smells sweet in here. Bitter, but overall sweet.” He smiles.

“That’s just what our wine tastes like. A little bitter, but sweet in the end.” Harry says, a wide grin displayed across his face, his dimple popping again, genuinely surprised and happy that Louis could even recognize that from the smell alone.

They walk around the barrels of wine for a while, tiring themselves out before Harry leads him to a separate room. “This is where they bottle the wine.” He tells Louis. “Right now, the production’s not ongoing since we’re aging the wine.” He explains.

“Must look awesome, how it bottles the wine and all.” Louis says, walking closer and inspecting the machines carefully.

“It does. A little hypnotic, if I do say so myself.” Harry tells him, smiling and pulling him back from the machines, afraid something might happen.

“Oi,” Louis pouts, turning around in Harry’s hold and looking up at him, his bottom lip still jutted out.

“Don’t want my boy getting hurt.” Harry tells him. “What do you say we get to the wine tasting now?” He asks Louis, his hands resting on his hips, thumbs rubbing them gently.

Louis seems pretty on board with the idea right away, eyes lighting up and a mischievous smile appearing. “I’m so glad you thought of that. Nothing better than getting some alcohol into my system.” He giggles.
“Always knew you were just in it for the free alcohol.” Harry teases, gently squeezing his hips.

Louis rolls his eyes, faking his annoyance. “M’ just in it for the cute company.” He giggles, resting his own hands on Harry’s shoulders, tilting his head up for a kiss.

Harry thinks he shouldn’t be this endeared by a boy, also thinks about the fact that he shouldn’t want to kiss him as badly as he wants to. He wants to kiss Louis all day, everyday. It beginning to be a problem.

Giving into Louis’ tactics, he leans down to him, keeping it short and chaste, just like every other kiss they’ve shared that day, not wanting himself to get excited for the time being.

“You always manage to distract me from what I want to do with those lips of yours.” Harry murmurs against Louis’ mouth, unable to stop himself from telling Louis his thoughts. It might’ve been brutally honest, maybe something that he shouldn’t have said, since now Louis was aware of the power he held over him.

“Good to know.” Louis grins, mischief glinting in his eyes for a brief second before he steps away from Harry, starting to guide him back around the small factory, as if he actually knew where he was going.

“Are you going to take us to the wine cellar?” Harry asks, humming curiously and tugging Louis back into his chest, wrapping his arms around him, Louis’ back pressed to his chest. “I don’t think we’re heading the right way, love.” He let him know, kissing his neck softly.

“Then guide us.” Louis huffs, swatting his hands back towards where Harry’s face is nuzzled into his neck. “M’ starting to think you’re some kind of vampire, to be honest. All you ever do is kiss my neck.” Louis murmurs as he steps away from Harry, giving him an expectant look.

“Not my fault I like kissing you, babe.” Harry tells him honestly, promptly starting to guide them in the right direction, right out of the shed and back towards Brownie. “Remember how to get on?” He asks, not wanting to let go of Louis just yet, but reluctantly doing so.

“Of course I do. Who do you think I am, Harold?” Louis huffs indignantly, clambering onto the horse to the best of his abilities and not at all like Harry had taught him to.

Harry truly has to hold back the cackle that was threatening to escape at that point, watching the way Louis had gotten onto the horse, not believing that he’d actually managed to do so without making Brownie upset for tugging so much on her reins. “You-,” He cut himself off, the cackle breaking through at that point. “Oh my god ,” He gasps, trying to breathe properly through his nose and stop laughing at Louis, who looked like he was a second away from slapping Harry. “You have no abilities whatsoever when it comes to horses, Lou, no offense.” He finally manages to get out, his stomach starting to hurt from how hard he’s laughing at the situation, finding it absolutely hilarious.

“Oi! Shut the fuck up,” Louis pouts, which is starting to be a recurring thing. “Shut the fuck up and get your ass up here.”

Harry only smirks at him before climbing onto Brownie, the proper way.

Needless to say, the ride back to the house is pretty much filled with Harry teasing Louis relentlessly and Louis attempting to slap him without falling off the horse. All in all, it’s still a fantastic ride.

By the time they make it back to the house, the sun is starting to set and it’s definitely a bit more chilly outside, the sky having changed from a baby blue to a morph of pinks and oranges, making Louis’ skin glow. Harry refrains himself from telling Louis how much he wants to kiss every single
“I thought we were going to your wine cellar.” Louis states, confused.

“It’s in the basement of the house.” Harry replies, his own tone a little goofy, almost as if he was mocking Louis for doubting his memory. He skillfully gets off the horse in the next second, stretching his hand out to Louis then. “You know the drill, baby.” He’s grinning as he says it, his dimple really standing out.

“Turn around.” Louis instructs as he swings one of his legs over Brownie, effectively sitting sideways now.

Harry’s only confused for a second as he obeys Louis’ command, understanding his motives once he feels a new weight on his back, which is gone in the next second.

“My way seemed like it was more effective.” Louis hums proudly, patting Brownie’s side. “Thanks for the ride, girl. You’re such a good horse, aren’t you?” He coos, wanting her to know how much he appreciated that she’d not dropped them once.

“She’s my favorite.” Harry tells him, standing beside Louis to pet Brownie as well. “Just like you.” He beams.

“Oh god,” Louis giggles, shaking his head and looking over at Harry, biting down on his lip as to not let his grin take over his face. “And here I was, thinking you couldn’t get any cheesier, yet here you are, proving me wrong.”

“Don’t act like you don’t love it.” Harry says, raising an eyebrow at him.

Louis doesn’t reply, instead, he simply pats Brownie’s side a couple of more times before moving to walk inside the house, turning around to face Harry once he got to the stairs on the porch. “Are you not coming?” He asks.

“Hopefully.” Harry smirks, laughing when Louis flips him off, petting Brownie’s head for a while longer before following Louis up the steps of the porch, not worried as to where Brownie could go, since the whole perimeter was closed off and the space was safe for the horses to roam freely.

“Oh, so doors do look from the inside.” Louis grins as he closes the front glass door, locking it before Harry can get inside, grinning mischievously at him through it.

“Lou.” Harry says in a warning tone, jiggling the handle and soon realizing it was indeed locked. “Are you really going to leave me outside?” It’s his turn to pout.

“Depends. What do I get if I let you in?” Louis asks, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Whatever you want, baby. Lots of kisses, cuddles, free wine, food, sex.” He says, his pout disappearing with the last option and morphing into a half-smirk.

Louis grins at all the options, seeming to think all of them over. “How much sex?” He asks, sporting a smirk on his own face now.

“All the sex you want.” He answers hurriedly, actually surprised that that was the option that interested Louis the most, despite Louis’ profession.

“What if I don’t want any sex?” Louis retaliates, wanting to make Harry hot under the collar.
“Then we won’t have any sex, babe. Simple as that. Only want to make you happy.” Harry replies sincerely.

It seems to do the trick, because a moment later, Louis is unlocking the door and pushing it open, letting Harry inside. “Only because I don’t know where the wine cellar is, and I’m really craving some wine.” He lets Harry know.

“Right, of course.” Harry hums, stepping inside and closing the door behind him, resting his hand on the small of Louis’ back, guiding him towards the stairs that led to the wine cellar. “I hope you like it.”

“I’m sure I will.” Louis tells him, letting Harry lead him to a staircase, looking at it hesitantly. “Why does this look like some creepy stairs taken straight out of a scary movie?” He whines.

Harry chuckles, amused by Louis’ mind. “What makes a flight of stairs creepy, exactly?” He questions, flicking on the light.

Louis thinks about Harry’s question for a second, trying to decipher how to explain it. “They’re all dark and like, they lead to a closed door. For all I know, as soon as we cross it, you’re going to tie me up and kill me.” He tells Harry.

Harry finds himself cackling at that once again, shaking his head. “Don’t you think I would’ve killed you already if I wanted to? Plus, i’m not sure that would help my image. Reckon my fans would still like me if I became a murderer?” He asks curiously.

“They curls can convince quite a bit of people. The dimples too,” Louis says. “I think some would stay. Would let you cut them up into itty bitty pieces, as long as you followed them on twitter and took a selfie with them,” He smirks, getting to the end of the stairs and staring at the door. “Why does it have a code?”

“Because I have some very expensive wine in there. It’s my precious treasure.” Harry says, reaching across Louis and punching in the code, not hiding it from Louis.

“You’re obsessed with me. I should’ve known not to trust you. You’re probably some kind of stalker, aren’t you?” Harry’s obviously teasing as he speaks, but still, he’s trying to get a reaction out of Louis, since he had obviously done his research on him.

“You’ve caught me.” Louis grins as he turns to him, playing into Harry’s game. “I was waiting to get you all alone… Get you to fall in love with me, a Stockholm Syndrome kind of thing.” He giggles.

“You’re absolutely horrible, Lou.” Harry shakes his head, fond.

“You’re the one that started it.” Louis winks, finally turning towards the wine cellar, his jaw dropping for a second before he caught himself, closing his mouth quickly. “How many bottles of wine do you have down here?”
Harry lets out a low hum. “Thousands, probably.” He replies eventually, knowing that he does easily have a couple thousand bottles stored.

“Wow.” Louis says, starting to walk between the rows of wine, looking at some of the intricate labels. “Are they all from your vineyard?”

Harry shakes his head, walking behind Louis, clasping his own hands behind his back and watching Louis intently. “Most of them, yes. But I also have wines from other places. I collect some from years ago. They say that the more you age a wine, the better it’ll taste when you finally pop the cork.”

Louis nods once, leaning closer when one particular label catches his attention. “Oi, this one’s named after me,” Louis grins, reaching for it and carefully picking it up, dusting it off gently.

“D’you want to taste it?” Harry asks without hesitation. He’d open every single bottle of wine he owned for Louis.

“Can we?” Louis asks, his eyes glinting, and even in the low light of the cellar, his skin still seems like it’s glowing and Harry still very much wants to push Louis up against a wall and kiss him until he’s breathless, although he also still wants to cuddle Louis until the end of the time. He doesn’t know which one he wants to do more.

“Of course.” Harry confirms. “Any wine you want to try, we’ll open it, yeah?” Harry tells him, reaching towards the side of the shelf and grinning when he grasps the corkscrew, easily popping open the bottle. “Have to let it breathe for a bit. Tastes better. You can pick out a couple of others in the meantime.” He offers.

“Why is that?” Louis can’t help but ask, wanting to know everything behind a good wine.

“It depends on the wine. You don’t have to let all of them breathe, but it’s generally only for red wine. And one that hasn’t been aged too long,” Harry starts to explain. “Oxygen makes some of the components of the wine react, so in some cases, it enhances the taste, while in other cases, it makes it taste bad. It’s a matter of knowing which ones need to breathe and which ones don’t. Does that make sense?” He asks.

Louis nods as confirmation, continuing his path between the bottles, reading some of the labels and waiting for another one to catch his attention, raising an eyebrow when he found a distinctive yellow bottle. “This one too.” He decides, reaching for it to hand it over to Harry.

“You seem to have a very expensive wine taste.” Harry grins, taking the bottle.

Louis’ eyes widen a little bit, immediately reaching for the bottle again. “If it’s too expensive we don’t have to,” He says, feeling bad that Harry’s opening up wines for him to try.

Harry moves the bottle away from Louis’ reach, shaking his head. “It’s no big deal, Lou. Don’t worry about it. M’ glad i’m getting to share them with you.” He tells him earnestly, wanting Louis to believe him, since he can still see the hesitance written all over his face.

“Only if you’re sure…” Louis trails off, not wanting to seem ungrateful either.

“I’m sure.” Harry confirms with a warm smile, cradling the bottle carefully. “This one, for example, doesn’t need to breathe since it’s been aged for quite a while. If we let it breathe, the flavor is going to get stronger than it already is and it probably won’t be good for any palette.” He explains.

Louis doesn’t miss the way Harry’s eyes seem to glint everytime he talks about wine, how there’s a
faint smile on his face. He’s passionate about it and Louis doesn’t think he has ever liked anyone this much. “I suppose that makes sense, yeah.” He agrees, smiling at him for a second before continuing to walk.

It’s a while before they pick out all of the wines they both want to taste, but by the end of it, Harry’s hauling a small cart with around fifteen bottles inside, some of them already open so they could have some time to breathe, while some of them were still closed.

Louis isn’t really surprised by the fact that Harry has a lounge in his wine cellar, figures that by this point, he shouldn’t be shocked by anything Harry has. He’s Captain America for fucks sake.

“I think the last one should be the one named after you. You know, best for last and all that,” Harry motions around with his hand as he takes a seat, starting to pour a bit of wine into the two glasses in front of them, smiling. “This one has a bit of a strong flavor, but it’s not too overwhelming. It has a sweet aftertaste.” Harry grins, taking a sip.

“Thanks for the heads up.” Louis tells him, taking a small sip himself and not helping but to make a face, scrunching up his nose.

Harry laughs quietly as he watches Louis, completely amused. “I take it you didn’t like it?” He asks, a small smirk on his face.

After carefully swallowing down the wine, Louis shakes his head. “S’ not that I didn’t like it… S’ more like,” He takes a second to think about how he should describe it. “It’s a bit too strong. More than i’m used to.” He says eventually.

“After trying a couple of these, I promise you’ll be familiar with the taste.” Harry assures him with a smile.

As expected, after trying out several brands of wines, they’re both tipsy.

Harry can’t help but feel a lot more relaxed this way, since he isn’t thinking about what he’s saying nearly as much.

“Still can’t believe I met you in the loo, Lou.” He says, his eyes widening when he notices that what he’d just said, rhymed. “Oh my God! That rhymed,” He giggles, actually giggles.

“So flattering, babe. Realizing that me nickname rhymes with the word loo.” Louis chuckles, shaking his head, his accent completely coming out now that he was a bit drunk.


Louis’ cheeks start getting red, nodding a tiny bit. “Doncaster. Where’re you from?” He asks, although he already knows the answer, since, well. He’s done his research on Harry, alright? Sue him for wanting to know a bit about the person he was going out with.

“Cheshire.” Harry replies. “Pretty small town for someone like me to actually become Captain America.”

“Well, you’re really talented and quite good looking, so it’s really no surprise that they’d pick you.” Louis tells him.

“You think i’m really talented and quite good looking?” Harry parrots back to him.
“You make it really hard to compliment you.” Louis groans, shaking his head and proceeding to lay down on the loveseat, staring up at the ceiling.

Harry huffs. “You never do it, so when you do, it’d be nice to hear it two times.” He says with a small smile.

“I compliment you all the time. You’ve just gotta pay attention, love.” Louis chides, sitting back up once he starts feeling dizzy laying down.

“You never compliment me.” Harry argues, jutting out his bottom lip. “Are you ready to try your wine?” He changes the subject, not wanting all of the attention to be centered on him, standing from the couch and moving to sit on the loveseat beside Louis, wrapping an arm around him to steady him. “You okay?”

“Just a little dizzy.” Louis tells him. “But m’ okay. Just not used to drinking wine; almost always get drunk with beer or tequila or something,” He chuckles, relaxing into Harry’s side.

“I have zero tolerance when it comes to tequila, but i’ve worked up my tolerance towards wine. Like to think I can hold my own.” He tells Louis, rubbing his side before reaching for the bottle, pouring a bit more into both of their glasses. “Cheers.”

“To what?” Louis asks, only a bit cynical.

“To the future. To spending my time with more cute boys. Specifically boys named Louis.” Harry grins, charming.

“Cheers to that.” Louis agrees easily, clinking their glasses together and taking a sip from the wine, which is by far his favorite, and not only because it’s named just like him, but because it’s definitely the best tasting one.

“You like it?” Harry asks, noticing that this time, Louis didn’t make a face when he sipped it. Perhaps he had just grown accustomed to the taste by this point.

Louis nods, taking another sip. “S’ amazing.” He tells Harry.

“Care to elaborate?” Harry asks, swirling the wine around in his glass.

“S’ a lot sweeter than the rest. Smells quite strong, but it doesn’t have a bitter taste and the aftertaste isn’t half as bad.” Louis explains, taking one more sip. “It’s almost a little tangy, if you swirl it around in your mouth.”

Harry’s grinning while Louis speaks, quite proud of the way he’s describing his experience tasting the wine. He’s never seen or heard anything quite as beautiful in his life, he’s sure of it. Louis is everything he’s ever dreamed of, and right now, he can’t believe he’s lucky enough to have found it.


Harry clasps a hand over his mouth the second the cackle breaks through, tipping his head back into a throaty laugh. “Frog stare?!” He repeats incredulously. “What the fuck does that mean?” He’s grinning as he asks.

“You just stare! With these wide eyes and like… You look like a frog!” Louis says, helplessly throwing his hands up in the air.
“You’re right. You do compliment me all the time.” Harry jokes, shaking his head and rolling his eyes, the action laced with fondness. “Thanks, Lou. Really building up my self-esteem by comparing me to a frog.”

“Oh, shut up!” Louis giggles. “You’re Captain America! You know you’re one of the hottest guys out there.” He tells Harry seriously.

“One?” Harry asks. “I was hoping I was the hottest guy out there.” He says. “See? Still hurting my self-esteem, Lou.” Harry’s being dramatic and he knows it, but right now, sitting beside the prettiest boy he’s ever laid eyes on so all in all, he’s happy.

“Well you’re definitely the hottest guy in this room.” Louis chides.

Harry’s about to reply, but Louis cuts him off. “If I wasn’t here with you, of course.” He grins.

Louis is the biggest little shit he knows; if that even makes sense. Even then, Harry completely agrees with Louis’ statement. “Can’t say I disagree.” He smiles, squeezing Louis’ side.

“Oh!” Louis laughs, shaking his head. “I was kidding, babe. You’re not supposed to agree with me.” He rolls his eyes.

“We both need to stop rolling our eyes.” Harry says thoughtfully. “Mum always used to say,”

“That your eyes would stay like that if you caught a gust of wind.” Louis finishes for him with a knowing smile. “You told me that earlier.”

“And you actually remembered.” Harry grins widely. “So you do pay attention to all the shit I say.”

Instead of agreeing, Louis decides to comment on something else. “You curse an awful lot when you’re drunk.” He observes.

Harry shrugs, not looking all that apologetic. “I curse a lot in general, but I tend to keep to myself around pretty boys. Feel like I shouldn’t curse in front of them.” He explains.

Louis can’t help but laugh at the pure bullshit coming out of Harry’s mouth, shaking his head. “You’re such an idiot. Full of shit, too.”

“Hey,” Harry pouts, drawing out the ‘e’ in the word, going cross-eyed as Louis leans in close, not knowing what to expect before his eyes slip shut, kissing Louis back effortlessly.

It takes less than a second for the kiss to turn heated, both of them beginning to let their hands wander into the familiar territory.

Harry’s the one to pull away first, feeling already a bit more sobered up, shaking his head. “This isn’t how I want it to happen.” He murmurs, cupping Louis’ jaw in order to get the boy to look at him.

Louis seems perplexed. “What do you mean?” He asks, honestly confused by Harry. Does he not want to have sex with him.

“I don’t want our first time to be on a couch.” Harry frowns, looking seriously concerned over it.

Louis can’t help but find Harry’s reasoning adorable, although he’s also a bit frustrated, since it’s not like either of them are still virgins. Sure, their first time should be special, but also, it shouldn’t be this hyped up, in Louis’ opinion. “You’ve got a really useful bed upstairs.” He grins.

Harry raises an eyebrow, because Louis does have a very good point. “And you want to?” He asks,
chewing on his bottom lip and truly trying his best to control his instincts.

“I do.” Louis confirms confidently, leaning his head into Harry’s hand, eyelids fluttering shut. “Been thinking about it so much, Harry. Genuinely want to be with you like that.” He murmurs, hoping to convince Harry.

Harry nods twice before standing up, scooping Louis up bridal style. “You weigh nothing.” He informs Louis, feeling like the boy should know.

“Lies.” Louis tells him, although he happily wraps his arms around Harry’s neck, securely holding onto him and pressing kisses along his jawline.

Harry definitely feels like he’s sobered up completely when he reaches the room they’re staying in, but he still doesn’t want to put Louis down. He sort of wants to hold him forever and more.

Louis is the one to wiggle his way out of Harry’s hold, somehow managing to stand on his feet whilst keeping his arms wound around Harry’s neck, taking advantage of the hold he had on Harry to pull him down into a kiss, breathing out through his nose steadily. He doesn’t recall the last time he wanted someone as badly as he wants Harry.

Harry’s itching to get all of Louis’ clothes off, his hands actually trembling a bit as he sets them down on Louis’ waist, letting his fingers slip under the material of Louis’ shirt, touching the soft, warm skin he found there. The small touch is enough to make Harry feel intoxicated, and that’s what makes him take the shirt off of Louis altogether, wanting to touch more skin and admire every inch of it.

His own shirt follows quickly, eager now as his hands move lower, slowly cupping Louis’ ass, moaning into their kiss. “You’re so fucking hot, Lou.” He whispers, still sincere as he presses their lips together, nibbling down on Louis’ bottom lip gently.

Louis lets out a small whine as Harry bites at his lip, feeling the arousal start to pool at the pit of his stomach, parting his lips under Harry’s and slowly trailing his tongue along Harry’s bottom lip once his own is finally released.

Harry’s lips part willingly, allowing Louis’ tongue inside of his mouth as he molds one of his hands into Louis’ lower back, pushing him infinitely closer, wanting to feel every inch of Louis’ skin pressed against his own. A moan escapes him the second their tongues meet, fighting every single urge from his body that was telling him to have his way with Louis already, wanting to absolutely savour each second he got to spend with the boy.

Louis leans away from their kiss once he’s breathless, his cheeks flushed. He gives Harry a tiny, mischievous grin before he slips out of Harry’s embrace once again, only this time, moving to his knees.

“Holy fuck.” Harry whispers, letting out a breath, his hands immediately moving to pop open his button, noticing then just how hard he was already from knowing what was about to happen. He’s already half-hard from their kissing and he manages to shove down his jeans and boxers, even with his shaky hands. He can’t believe that such a gorgeous boy is on his knees for him. A boy whom Harry’s head over heels in love with, at this point.

Louis clears his throat before he shuffles closer on his knees, resting one of his hands on Harry’s upper thigh and gripping the base of Harry’s cock with the other, feeling a lot more confident at Harry’s moan.
Staring at Harry’s cock for a second, Louis wonders how the hell he’s going to be able to fit that into his mouth. If there’s something Louis believes in, however, it’s definitely in the saying *practice makes perfect*. If he doesn’t manage to get it all in today, he knows he’ll be able to someday. He leans closer, pressing a small kiss to the tip of Harry’s cock, working his hand over it to get him completely hard, beginning to suck on his head then.

Harry feels mesmerized as he looks down at Louis, carding his fingers through his soft strands of hair. He doesn’t know how to feel over a boy looking so gorgeous with a cock in their mouth. *His* cock. It makes his heart swell in his chest and also his cock twitch in Louis’ hand. Honestly, the things this boy does to him. “Just gonna let you suck on it for a little bit, okay, baby?” Harry murmurs, tugging on his hair slightly to get his attention.

If Louis could pout, that’s what he’d be doing right this second. He doesn’t want to suck Harry’s cock for just *a little bit*, he wants to suck Harry off until he’s coming down his throat, but then again, Louis also wants to have Harry come all over his thighs after fucking him. He supposes he’ll have to listen to Harry’s words, although he shows his slight distaste with a small whimper, hoping to get his message across whilst gripping the base of Harry’s cock, starting to bob his head.

And as much as Harry would like to have Louis suck him off for the rest of his days, he also really wants to have Louis laying underneath him, squirming and breathless due to his cock. He wants to affect Louis in ways he’s never been affected, give him the attention no one ever has. He wants to be the first to make love to Louis, make the boy forget about everything else.

The way Louis’ lips look stretched around his cock is sinful and it makes Harry get *that* much harder, thrusting his hips forward the slightest bit, feeling the head of his cock nudge the back of Louis’ throat. “Your mouth is a fucking gift,” He moans, tugging on the strands of Louis’ hair and trying to ignore the way Louis is looking up at him innocently, as if he didn’t currently have a cock in his mouth.

There’s a lovely ache starting to bloom in Louis’ jaw, but he finds that he really doesn’t mind it that much. Quite likes it, actually. His eyes are starting to burn from not having blinked in a while, so Louis lets his eyes slip shut, eyelashes fanning across the very tops of his cheekbones, thoroughly enjoying himself.

Harry doesn’t know what he likes more. Having Louis look up at him or being able to admire his eyelashes. Perhaps it was an odd thing to admire, but Louis had such long eyelashes; such pretty lashes. Who is Harry kidding? Everything about Louis is pretty and breathtaking and absolutely captivating. It’s a tad overwhelming if he thinks about it too much.

He can feel the heat in his abdomen begin to coil, and that’s really not a good sign. He doesn’t want to orgasm this early on, so he carefully pulls Louis away from his cock, ignoring the whine that left the boy’s lips and the way it had made his cock twitch. “Sorry, baby. M’ afraid I wasn’t going to make it too long with your gorgeous mouth.” He breathes.

Louis licks over his shiny lips, nodding in understanding. He’d been in that position himself a handful of times. “S’ okay,” Louis assures, his voice on the edge of raw from sucking Harry off, mouth red. “Can I interest you in moving this party to the bed?” Louis asks, a smirk appearing on his face as he stands up, moving his hips a little bit as he wiggles himself out of his jeans and briefs, lazily tugging at himself.

Harry knocks Louis’ hand out of the way, a short second away from actually glaring at it. “That’s my job.” He states, wrapping his hand around Louis’ cock and starting to jerk him off carefully, wanting to rile Louis up. He dips down to capture his lips in another kiss, keeping the movements of his hand steady.
Louis moans into their kiss, having a hard time concentrating on something else other than the feeling of Harry’s hand on his cock. Harry has massive hands and it’s nearly enough to cover the entirety of his cock. The thought makes a shiver run down Louis’ spine.

Harry gently pushes Louis back until the back of his knees hit the bed, smirking at him when Louis lays down easily, letting go of his cock then. “Never thought i’d live to see the day of you laying on my bed in Napa.” Harry murmurs, bending down to kiss Louis’ thighs, making his way to his hipbones and paying extra attention to the small tummy Louis had, barely containing the urge to blow a raspberry, thinking it wasn’t appropriate for the time being.

“Stop that,” Louis whines, trying to get Harry’s attention off of his stomach, slightly self conscious all of a sudden. “Been meaning to work out. Get rid of it.” He whispers, hoping that’s a good excuse as to why he has a pudge.

Harry wants to silence Louis, and he figures that there’s only one way to do that. He takes a deep breath before pressing his mouth against Louis’ tummy, opening it a tiny bit before blowing out, stifling his own laugh at the sound it made.

Louis squeaks out in surprise, a breathy giggle leaving his lips, his hands immediately flying to Harry’s curls. “Harold!” He laughs, swatting at him half heartedly. He pulls Harry up for a kiss, deciding that that’s where he wants Harry’s attention instead. On his mouth.

“You’re breathtaking.” Harry whispers into Louis’ mouth, desperately wanting his boy to believe his words. “Every single inch of you.” He continues. “Your feet, thighs, tummy…” Harry trails off, pulling away just enough to be able to stare down at Louis. “Should I go on?” He asks with a lopsided grin.

Louis shakes his head quickly, never having been good at receiving compliments. “Shut up and kiss me.” He demands. “M’ hard and you’re not doing anything about it.” Louis says, wanting to push things in the direction he wanted them to go. Needed them to go. It had been too long of just imagining what it would feel like to have Harry’s cock inside of him. He’s decided that tonight’s the night he’s going to find out.

“What do you want me to do?” Harry asks, coy. “Get on the middle of the bed.” He instructs, moving himself off of Louis in order to reach into the bedside table, where he had previously stashed lube and some condoms, just in case anything happened, of course.

Louis moves quickly, laying his head on one of the pillows, his chest rising and falling quickly, heart hammering in his chest with anticipation. This is exactly what he’s been wanting for around a month now, and the fact that it’s actually happening is enough to make him feel dizzy, the effect the wine had had on him definitely subdued now. “Someone was prepared.” He can’t help but tease.

“Better to be safe rather than sorry.” Harry replies quickly, half a smirk on his face, dimple popping. The moon is shining through the window, casting enough light for the both of them to still be able to see each other.

“M’ not sure that’s what you mean, but just get over here. Need you.” Louis murmurs, his hand wrapping around his cock once again. He spreads his legs slightly as soon as Harry crawls onto the bed, a little desperate for him already.

Harry happily moves closer to Louis, wanting to please his boy and keep him satisfied. “Have I kept you waiting too long?” He asks, kissing over one of Louis’ nipples whilst gripping the bottle of lube in one of his hands, popping open the cap with practiced ease.
“Just a bit,” Louis gasps, his nub instantly hardening. His nipples have always been quite sensitive, and right now, Louis feels like crying. It’s been too long since anyone has paid attention to them.

“Tell me what you want.” Harry whispers, noticing the reaction Louis had to the kiss, proceeding to suck the nipple into his mouth and very lightly nibbling down on the nub, moving his free hand to Louis’ other nipple, starting to massage over it with the pads of his fingers.

Louis is pretty certain that Harry already knows what he wants, doesn’t feel like he needs to say it out loud. “Please,” He whines, hoping it’s enough for Harry, feeling the tips of his ears start to burn. When Harry doesn’t move away from his nipples, Louis takes a deep breath. “Want your fingers.” He whispers, voice barely there. “Want your cock, too. Everything.”

Harry smiles against Louis’ skin despite his hardest efforts not to, pulling off of his nipple in favor of looking up at him. “That wasn’t so hard, was it?” He looks smug as he says it. “Your wish is my command.” Harry hums, sitting up on the bed and carefully squeezing some lube onto his fingers, deciding he can play with Louis’ nipples another day.

Louis closes his eyes in anticipation, not wanting to look at Harry while he fingered him, taking deep breaths and trying to calm himself down. It’s not that he wasn’t used to getting fucked, because he was, but he wasn’t used to actually having sex with someone he liked. Feelings were actually involved this time and that thought scared Louis shitless. He wasn’t supposed to be attached, yet here he was. It catches him by surprise when he feels the tip of one of Harry’s fingers press against his hole, letting out a quiet gasp. “Harry,” He breathes, spreading his legs even more in an inviting way.

“Yeah?” Harry answers, smug as he sits between Louis’ legs, carefully pushing one of his fingers inside of him, moving it around in tiny circles, wanting Louis to get accustomed to the size of his finger before adding a second one, knowing he was going to have to work Louis up to about three fingers, since, well. He was well endowed, to put it simply.

Louis doesn’t reply, not wanting to let Harry enjoy the way he’s slowly but surely making a mess out of him. “You-You can add a second one, you know.” He tells Harry. “M’ not gonna break.” He informs, although Louis definitely appreciates that Harry is actually taking his time working Louis open.

Again, Harry pays close attention to both Louis’ words and the way his body is reacting to every touch delivered to his body, carefully slipping in a second finger along the first one, not moving them for a solid minute before starting to scissor them carefully. “Relax, baby. Not going to hurt you. I promise,” Harry tells him, leaning down to kiss his thighs gently, lovingly.

Louis nods, his voice dying in his throat and his eyes still squeezed shut. Harry’s doing an amazing job at working him up and he honestly feels like screaming. He squirms on the bed and lets out a high pitched whine when Harry’s fingers brush over his prostate, causing a jolt of pleasure to curse throughout Louis’ body.

Louis’ is body is so responsive, is the thing. Harry doesn’t think he’s ever been with anyone who was this way. He absolutely adores it. “Here?” He asks, his tone only a bit teasing as he deliberately presses his fingers against Louis’ prostate once again, his own cock twitching against his thigh, reminding Harry that he has a problem of his own that he needs to take care of. He pushes that to the back of his mind, though, wanting to focus on his boy’s needs first.

Louis can only nod in response, his hands fistig the covers of the bed, trying to find some purchase in something, feeling like he might actually scream otherwise. Harry knows exactly what he’s doing and Louis doesn’t know if he wants to hit him or kiss him. He’s driving him up the walls and Louis hasn’t been this turned on in ages, doesn’t know what to do with himself or how to calm himself
down, afraid he might actually orgasm early.

“Such a good boy for me, aren’t you? Letting me finger you open for my cock. Bet you want it so bad, Lou. Don’t you?” Harry taunts, working himself up as well, not knowing how much patience he has left until he can finally fuck Louis.

“I do.” Louis breaths. “Want you so fucking much. Need you. Been thinking about this since the first night I spent with you.” He finally admits, wanting Harry to know how crazy he was for him, since he was fairly sure that at this point, the feelings were mutual. They’d have to discuss it later on.

Harry wasn’t actually expecting an answer from Louis, but upon hearing it, he couldn’t wipe the smile from his face, glad to know that Louis felt the same way. “Haven’t been able to get you out of my head, babe. You’re all i’ve been thinking about, day and night.” Harry tells him sincerely, taking the opportunity to slip in a third finger.

Louis bit down on his lip harshly, the stretch sending a mix of pain and pleasure. “Shit.” He whispers, moving one of his hands to wrap around his cock, needing some kind of release.

“No touching, Lou. Thought you knew better.” Harry reprimands, not wanting Louis to come from touching himself, wanting the boy to come from his cock and his hand only. He was going to make sure that tonight was the best night Louis had ever had in his life. “You look so beautiful, did you know that?” He asks once Louis lets go of his cock, licking over his lips, still working three of his fingers inside of Louis, occasionally letting them press over his prostate. “Look beautiful everywhere. Under the sun, under the moon and stars…” Harry whispers. “Want to write so many songs about you. Everyone has to know i’ve found the epitome of beauty.” Harry murmurs, kissing over Louis’ stomach.

Louis doesn’t know what to do with the emotions bubbling up inside of him, heart swelling in his chest. “M’ ready.” He says instead, wanting to take the attention off of himself and actually wanting Harry to focus on the sole purpose of the night. To get Harry’s cock inside of him.

“You sure?” Harry asks, only wanting to confirm. At Louis’ nod, Harry sucks in a deep breath, grounding himself for a second. He reaches for a condom, opening it up quickly and discarding the package, letting it fall to the floor carelessly. Once he’s rolled the condom on and he’s ready to go, he feels the need to ask again. “Are you ready?” He asks as he takes his fingers out of Louis.

Louis nods vigorously, knowing that right now, all he wants is for Harry to be inside of him already. “Feel like you’re going to ask if m’ okay all night long. Just do it already, m’ ready.” Louis huffs, attempting to sound annoyed but sounding desperate and needy more than anything.

“Alright.” Harry whispers, sitting up on his knees and carefully pushing Louis’ legs up, gripping the base of his cock and moving closer to position himself. He takes a deep breath before starting to push inside, eyes slipping shut immediately. Louis feels tight around his cock and Harry knows he fingered him just enough to not hurt him.

“Wait.” Louis whispers once he’s bottomed out, the stretch bigger than he had imagined it to be. Although it hurts, it’s a kind of pain that Louis likes, one he knows will be there for the next couple of days whenever he sits down or walks, one he knows will make him waddle for a day or two, a lovely reminder of what had happened.

Harry swallows thickly as he blinks his eyes open once again, forcing himself not to move until Louis said it was okay to. “Take your time.” He manages to get out, gritting his teeth, his hands back on Louis’ hips, trying not to grip onto them too tightly, afraid he might leave tiny bruises, although thinking about it, now he sort of wants to, so everyone who goes out with his boy knows he’s taken.
It feels like an eternity and more before Louis finally gives him a nod as a sign to move, and although Harry feels relieved, he knows he would have waited even more for Louis. He starts moving his hips slowly, keeping them gentle. “If you want…” He trails off, the pleasure being too much for him to be able to properly focus on words. “If you want me to stop, all you have to do is ask.” He finally gets out.

“I’ll smack you if you stop.” Louis whispers, his own voice sounding strained.

Harry’s glad to know he’s not the only one that’s thoroughly affected with their current situation. “Won’t stop then.” He grins, licking over his lips as he slowly starts building up the pace of his thrusts, letting go of Louis’ hips and instead setting each of his hands on either side of Louis’ head, finding the angle perfect to lean down and kiss Louis if he wants to.

Louis knew Harry’s cock was big, but feeling it inside of him was a whole different story. He knows he’s going to be sore for days and it’s well established that he doesn’t mind, but also, the boy knows how to use his cock and that earns him extra points. He’s been with a few people who have a big cock yet haven’t fulfilled with needs. “You feel so good,” Louis whispers whilst sneaking a hand between them to touch himself.

“No, no, no.” Louis says quickly, removing his hand from his cock. “Won’t touch myself, I promise. Want to be good for you,” He tells Harry honestly.

“Don’t know if I can trust you anymore, baby.” Harry murmurs, kissing Louis before sitting up, his cock slipping out of him, earning a whine from Louis’ part. “Don’t worry, sweetheart. It’ll be back before you know it.” Harry assures with a smirk, gripping both of Louis’ wrists, bringing them up and over his head, holding them there with one of his hand. “Let’s see if you behave now.” He whispers, using his other hand to guide his cock back into Louis, the pressure making his head spin.

Louis squirms under Harry, testing his hold only a tiny bit. He feels his cheeks grow hot and he’s thankful that the lights aren’t on, so Harry isn’t going to be able to see the flush on his cheeks. The heat in his belly grows as Harry tightens the hold on his wrists and Louis hadn’t ever thought he’d like to be held down, but judging by the twitches his cock is giving, he does.

“Such a good boy for me, Lou. Behaving so well, aren’t you?” Harry breathes out, the heat in his stomach gradually intensifying, feeling as if he could explode at any second. He slowly nuzzles his face into Louis’ neck, attempting to calm himself down. He doesn’t want to come yet, wants to hold onto the feeling of being inside of Louis forever.

Harry feels as if he’s on edge as he starts increasing the pace of his thrusts, feeling everything and yet nothing at once. His whole attention is focused on Louis at the moment, on the way there’s a slight sheen of sweat collecting on his forehead and on the way Louis’ muscles clench every time he hits his prostate. “You love this, don’t you? Having a cock inside of you? My cock.” Harry whimpers, a possessive tone to his voice as he nips at Louis’ neck lovingly.

Louis nods his head furiously, accidentally knocking his chin against the top of Harry’s head more than once, the pleasure being too much for him to actually realize the slight pain in his jaw. “Love your cock.” Louis agrees easily, wrapping his legs around Harry’s waist, digging the heels of his feet against Harry’s lower back whilst tightening his arms around Harry’s neck, his nails dragging down Harry’s shoulder blades lightly.
Harry moans into Louis’ neck, kissing his way up to Louis’ lips, messily. He doesn’t care at this point, mind too clouded as he presses their lips together. The kiss is heat and passion filled, their teeth clashing together occasionally.

“You’re perfect,” Harry murmurs against Louis’ lips, leaning up to sit on his knees again, lifting up Louis’ hips, aligning them with his own and increasing the force and speed of his thrusts once again, feeling his core tense up due to the intensity of his current thrusts. He’s overwhelmed with pleasure and want for the boy that’s laying under him, his skin feeling hot to the touch. His arms are straining from holding himself up and gripping Louis’ wrists, but he doesn’t mind it, keeping a steady pace for Louis, aiming at his prostate every single time.

The only sounds filling the silence of the room are their combined moans and Louis’ occasional whine, which in all honesty, is one of Harry’s favorite sounds. There’s no other way to describe how Louis looks in that moment, and the only word that comes to Harry’s mind is **beautiful.** The moonlight is hitting him just enough for Harry to be able to see him in the darkness and it all feels a bit magical.

“Going to make me come, Lou. Making me come so fast, aren’t you? You’re so fucking tight and good for me,” Harry whispers, feeling his orgasm start to build up along with his frantic thrusts, nipping at Louis’ bottom lip and releasing it a second later in favor of hiding his face back into Louis’ neck, panting.

“Me too.” Louis whispers. “M’ close,” He lets Harry know, licking over his lips. “Kiss me.” Louis requests, tipping his head up and closing his eyes once their lips meet, focusing on that instead of the amazing feeling of having Harry’s cock inside of him, hitting his prostate each time, hoping that way he would be able to hold it back a bit more.

Harry moans into their kiss, snapping his hips harder and faster against Louis’, chasing his orgasm then. “You going to come? Are you going to come for me, baby? Be a good boy for me?” Harry whispers against Louis’ lips, watching completely dazed as Louis squirms underneath him, observing the way his eyebrows furrow and the way his mouth parts, paying close attention to the sinful moan that leaves Louis’ mouth, feeling the warm substance between both of their chest.

The sight of Louis is enough to push Harry over the edge, not to mention that Louis had clenched around him in a way that Harry could only describe as delicious. “Holy fuck, Louis,” Harry moans, hiding his face back in Louis’ neck as he chases his orgasm, hips going faster than before as he shoots into the condom, practically milking the orgasm out of himself, biting and sucking at Louis’ neck fervently, wanting to mark him up.

“Fuck,” Louis whispers, lowering his arms from above his head once Harry releases his wrists, his breath still labored. “Don’t pull out yet.” Louis murmurs, wanting to feel Harry inside of him for a while longer.

“Don’t want to hurt you, babe.” Harry tells him, although he gives in and stays buried inside of Louis for a minute or so before finally pulling out, both of them a bit sensitive. He rolls off the condom, tying it up and throwing it into the bin, grinning at Louis and waggling his eyebrows when he actually manages to get it inside the basket. “How’re you feeling?” Harry asks him quietly, reaching for some tissues on the bedside table and carefully cleaning Louis’ tummy and chest up, proceeding to do the same with himself.

“A little sore.” Louis replies honestly, curling himself into Harry’s chest once they’re both clean, yawning tiredly. “Thank you. For tonight and the amazing day,” Louis says quietly, kissing over Harry’s chest lovingly.
“Would do anything to make you happy, Lou. You know that.” Harry whispers sincerely, wanting Louis to know just how gone he is for him already. “Want to talk to you about some things tomorrow.” He informs Louis, pressing a kiss to his forehead. “Go to sleep, yeah? S’ been a long day. We should be well rested for our last day tomorrow.”

Louis nods. “Don’t want to leave yet.” He murmurs, looking up at Harry. “Don’t want to leave you.” He says, finally letting a bit of his emotions filter through, not giving Harry a chance as he fits their lips together in a soft kiss, letting Harry’s tongue into his mouth.

After a small session of snogging, Harry cuddles Louis into his chest, holding him quite protectively as they both drift off to sleep.

Harry’s jittery with nerves with what he wants to say to Louis the following day, but he has a feeling everything’s going to go perfectly. He has the boy he likes wrapped up in his arms after a romantic evening, and currently, Harry didn’t think anything could be better than this.

Harry sleeps a lot better than he has in months.

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When Harry wakes up the following morning, it’s to a mouthful of hair. Although he’s confused at first and is quick to move away, his mind catches up quite fast to his surroundings. Louis is tucked neatly into his chest, curled towards him and Harry’s own arms are wound around Louis securely, their legs tangled together.

Harry’s heart grows ten times bigger in his chest as he looks down at Louis, carefully observing his features. He looks so beautiful all the goddamn time and Harry is still learning how to cope with it. Having this boy in his arms, Harry knows exactly what he wants to do and how he wants to wake up for the rest of his life.

He doesn’t wake Louis, instead, he simply observes him until the boy finally wakes up, a grin spreading across Harry’s features at Louis’ sleepy form. “Morning sleeping beauty.” He beams.

Louis has to blink his eyes a couple of times for them to adjust to the sunlight filtering through the curtains, letting out a small whine before burying his face back into Harry’s neck. “Morning,” He muffles into Harry’s warm skin.

“How’d you sleep?” Harry asks, starting to run a hand up and down Louis’ back gently, just wanting to touch and hold Louis all the time.

“Nmph.” Is all Louis hums in reply before peeking his head up at Harry again, letting out a yawn. “Quite good. You?” He asks, blinking his eyes a couple of times.

Harry finds the whole thing absolutely adorable. He sort of wants to take pictures of Louis like this, sleepy and barely waking up. “Had an amazing sleep.” He replies sincerely, leaning down the tiniest bit to press their lips together, not caring about either of their morning breaths, only wanting Louis’ lips on his own. “You sore?” He asks, running one of his hands over Louis’ ass gently, barely letting one of his fingers slip into his crack.

Louis nods, face tucked back into Harry’s neck once again. “A good sore, though.” He clarifies, because it’s true. Louis has been sore several times over the course of his life, and he’d had several
bad experiences whilst being sore, and the current bloom of pain he felt near his ass was actually quite manageable.

“I can run us a bath. Heard that usually helps.” Harry quips, moving himself out of the bed and expertly lifting Louis up in his arms, grinning down at him. “You’re really like, featherlight.” Harry tells him with a small smirk, tone proud.

“I’m convinced by this point that you’re an actual caveman.” Louis decides, cracking his eyes open to look at Harry, not bothering holding onto him anymore, trusting Harry not to drop him. “Wanna wash my teeth first, though.” Louis tells him once they reach the bathroom, wiggling in Harry’s hold until he’s put down again. “Thank you, kind man.” Louis grins, patting Harry’s cheeks before proceeding to walk towards the sink, washing his teeth then.

Harry joins in next to him, washing his own teeth and knocking the sides of their hips together gently, just wanting to make Louis laugh or smile, or both.

Once Harry rinses out his mouth, he turns to Louis with a small smile, clearing his throat lightly and trying to work up the courage to say what he’d been thinking about all night. “So, Lou…” Harry trails off, trying to gauge Louis’ attention.

Louis takes a second to reply, spitting out the water in his own mouth and drying it off before turning to Harry, relaxed. “Yeah?” He hums, stepping closer and letting his hands rest on Harry’s chest.

Harry instinctively reaches up to close his hands around Louis’ wrists, holding onto them gently. “I couldn’t stop thinking about this yesterday, so, i’m just going to… Say it.” Harry nods affirmatively. “And hopefully you’ll be on board with the idea.” He murmurs, voice quieter this time around.

Louis tilts his head to the side, raising a curious eyebrow. “Spit it out.” He chuckles, swatting at Harry’s chest, not understanding what Harry was making such a big fuss about.

“I want you to be my boyfriend.” Harry finally blurts after a long second of silence, swallowing thickly. “I mean, only if you want to, of course. Do you want to be my boyfriend?” He rambles, stumbling over his own words a couple of times.

Louis doesn’t know how to react at first, looking absolutely perplexed. He’s pretty sure his heart beat has picked up to a thousand beats per minute, but he can’t seem to form any coherent string of thought or even a word. The only thing he can think of, is that this has to be a joke. There’s no way Harry Styles wants to be his boyfriend. There is no way in hell that Captain America wants to date him.

Harry takes Louis’ silence as an answer, a frown immediately forming on his face. “I’m sorry, that was definitely too quick and not at all like I wanted to ask. I was actually thinking of doing something completely romantic, but,” He fumbles as he struggles to find the right words to say, closing his eyes tightly.

“Sh,” Louis soothes immediately, finally managing to get a sound out. “Yes.” He grins. “I do want to be your boyfriend.” Louis breathes out, feeling fluttery and warm all over as he grins up at Harry, absolutely thrilled.

“Really?” Harry asks, blinking his eyes open once again and staring down at Louis with awe in his eyes. “Fuck. I’m the luckiest guy ever,” Harry says, moving his arms around Louis’ waist instead to tuck him into his chest, absolutely fond of the boy in his arms. “God, I’m so happy right now, you have no idea, Lou. Gonna find you a new job, or just, just take care of you.” Harry whispers into the top of Louis’ head.
Louis slowly pulls back at that, his eyebrows furrowed slightly. Sure, he never thought he’d have a boyfriend while working as an escort, but the fact that Harry had just assumed he’d leave his only source of income for him kind of unsettled Louis. “I can’t just quit, H.” He murmurs, still looking up at Harry.

“Oh? Why not? I’m sure that if you have a contract I can buy you out of it, don’t worry, babe. We’ll figure it out.” Harry grins.

Louis doesn’t think Harry gets it, is the thing. “Do you think I work as an escort just because I like it?” He asks Harry then. “I don’t.” Louis cuts him off before he can reply. “And I don’t like the idea of depending on someone like that. What if we break up? Who will support me financially then?” He asks, crossing his arms over his chest.

Harry looks perplexed as he stares down at Louis, a little disbelieving. “Lou, don’t think about us breaking up.” He pouts, figuring that’s the only thing he can say at the moment. “Come on. I don’t want a boyfriend who gets paid to sleep around with other people.” He states, voice laced with possessiveness.

And really, Louis doesn’t think that Harry realizes what he’s just said. “Well let me remind you that you’re paying me to be here with you right now.” He states, narrowing his eyes. “Do you even know why I work as an escort?” Louis asks. “It’s not to live a luxurious life or buy meself everything I want.” Louis states. “But I don’t reckon you’ve ever bothered to ask the motives behind me actions, have you?” He accuses, face burning up as his anger boils inside of him, quite defensive over the whole topic.

Harry is almost positive that his mouth is hanging open at this point as he stares at Louis, quite disbelieving. This definitely hadn’t been the way he’d imagined things to go. He had imagined a scenario where Louis rejected him, but it came nothing close to what was actually happening. “I-I didn’t mean it like that-,” He’s cut off by Louis speaking over him, yet again.

“Of course you didn’t mean it like that, because you’re Harry Styles, the sweetheart, yeah?” Louis spits, his nose flaring the tiniest bit.

Harry wants to hit his head against the wall for thinking about how adorable Louis looks when he’s angry. He knows he definitely shouldn’t be thinking about that but it’s like he can’t help himself. “Lou…” He trails off, itching to have the boy back into his arms, swallowing thickly. “Why?” Harry asks simply, not knowing how to just flat out ask Louis his reasons behind his profession.

“Why what?” Louis presses, crossing his arms over his chest and waiting for Harry to come up with a better way of asking, stepping even further away from the boy.

“Why are you an escort?” Harry finally grits out, the words bitter on his tongue. The idea of having to share Louis with other people makes his stomach flip in unsettling ways, and yes, maybe Harry has grown too attached and far too quickly to Louis, but he doesn’t think he’s the one to blame. Louis’ eyelashes are also at fault here.

“Because, dear Harold,” Louis says in a mocking tone. “I’m paying me way through Uni. You never even considered the possibility that I study, did you?” Louis narrows his eyes. He can’t help but think of how right Zayn was. He sort of hates him for it. “Plus, aren’t you like, closeted or something?” Louis asks, trying not to be as rude as he asks the question, glancing away from Harry.

“Yeah.” Harry confirms with a short breath, wishing the last two minutes had never happened. Everything was going perfectly and now it all seemed to be fucked. This was just his luck.
“Look. I’ve dated closeted guys before and i’ve ended up hurt more than once that way already.” Louis sighs quietly, rubbing at his temples as he tries to get his thoughts in order. “They weren’t famous. You are! Do you know how hard it’s going to be to hide from the media? Or to see each other at all?” He questions.

“We’ve been doing good so far.” Harry points out. “I-I can’t just come out, Louis. My whole career depends on my image and what people think of me.”

“We’ve been lucky, H. That’s different.” Louis sighs. “I don’t think it’s the right time for either of us to have relationships, if i’m being honest. I can’t afford to lose this job and you…” He trails off.

“Well you can’t have a relationship. Not with a man and not in the public eye, at least.”

“Lou, we can work something out.” Harry pleads quietly, watching the way Louis simply shakes his head. “All of this for nothing?” He whispers, mostly to himself.

Louis feels like he’s going to be sick. “What do you mean, all of this?” He spits, suddenly a lot angrier than he had been. “You didn’t have to do any of this, Harry, let me remind you of that. Everything you ever did for me, you did it because you wanted to, not because I asked.” Louis states.

Harry wants to disappear. He really, really feels like disappearing into thin air. “Louis, I didn’t mean it like that…” He trails off, absolutely speechless. It seems that the more he talks, the more he ruins things between them. Perhaps he should just keep quiet.

His phone rings in the next second and Harry doesn’t think he’s ever been more grateful to have received a call. “I should probably get that.” He murmurs and quickly heads back into the room to search for it.

Louis finally breathes out the second Harry walks out of the bathroom, gripping the edge of the sink as he squeezes his eyes shut. He is not going to cry. Not over this and not over Harry Styles. He really just wants to go home and preferably stay in his bed for the next week or so. His self-pitying thoughts are interrupted when he hears Harry’s voice again, flinching the tiniest bit.

“The jet’s ready for us whenever we’d like to go.” Harry informs him, tone unbearably soft.

Louis wishes he could hate Harry. Deep down, he knows he never actually could. “Of course.” He murmurs, tone sour. “Have you made the deposit yet?” Louis asks then, trying to get across the point that no, they’re most definitely not dating.

Harry seems confused and even hurt as he nods. “Deposited the cheque before we left.” He murmurs.

“Great. I’ll get to packing, then. Wouldn’t want to have to charge you with over time,” He motions around with his hand before exiting the bathroom, letting out a quiet sigh as soon as he’s out of Harry’s earshot range.

Harry buries his face into his hands the second Louis leaves. “I’m such an idiot.” He whispers to himself before trailing behind the boy to pack his own things as well.
“I told you this wasn’t going to end well.” Niall sighs, staring at Harry. “You have an interview in twenty minutes and you’re still in bed, Harry. I understand you’re going through a heartbreak right now, but you did sort of screw it up…”

“If you actually understood how i’m feeling right now, you wouldn’t be giving me shit.” Harry fires back, immediately feeling bad for lashing out at Niall. “I’m sorry.” He sighs and buries his face further into the pillow. He thinks about the possibility of suffocating himself and then remembers that that’s virtually impossible to do.

“You’ve been like this for over a week, mate. I think it’s time you snap out of it. The whole crew’s worried for you and honestly, people are starting to suspect something’s up. The last thing we need right now is another scandal on your shoulders.” Niall rubs at his temples, trying to figure everything out.

“I fucked up, Niall.” Harry moans.

“So you’ve said.” Niall replies. “I told you it wouldn’t end well and you did it anyways and these are the consequences. This can’t possibly be the first time someone’s turned you down.”

Harry pouts. “It is.” He murmurs.

“Are you serious?” Niall asks, tone a lot more amused than it had been.

“Shut up!” Harry whines, whacking a pillow in Niall’s direction, smiling the tiniest bit when he hears Niall’s indignant huff. “This is all absolutely your fault.” Harry says after a heartbeat of silence.

“Oh? And why’s that?” Niall retorts.

“I’m closeted thanks to you.” Harry frowns, just looking for someone to put the blame on, not wanting to admit he’d lost Louis all by his own doing.

Niall frowns immediately. “Harry, back then, I explained all the possible scenarios of you falling for someone. You said you’d work it out and that you wanted to sign that contract.” He sighs, feeling guilty.

“I know.” Harry murmurs, defeated. “It just sucks, you know? Finally found someone I clicked with in every aspect, and this had to happen. M’ never going to find love ever again.” He says pitifully. Honestly, give the guy a break. Louis had been the prettiest boy he’d ever laid eyes on, and now he was afraid he’d never even get a chance to see him again.

“You’ll never find anyone if you don’t leave your room, you know.” Niall points out, subtly changing the subject whilst encouraging Harry to leave his bed, or even his room.

“There are websites made specifically for dating. Pretty sure I can find someone from my spot on the bed.” Harry shoots back.

“If you want to find some psychopath who wants to cut you up into tiny pieces and then eat you, then yes, you can definitely find someone online from your spot on the bed.” Niall replies.

“I think being cut up into tiny pieces and eaten would feel less horrible than losing the love of my life.” Harry sighs dramatically. He likes to think Louis rubbed off some of his dramatic antics on him.

“You’re insufferable.” Niall sighs as he stands up, figuring he’s going to have to call off the interview and say that Harry still has a stomach flu.
“I know.” Harry repeats, letting his eyes slip shut once Niall leaves.

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It’s been a solid month of trying to forget Harry and nothing seems to be working. It’s driving Louis a bit insane. He’s most definitely not checked any sights about Harry’s whereabouts and he’s also most definitely not asked Zayn to ask Liam about him. His grades are already being affected by his lack of attention and his clients have picked up on his poor enthusiasm. “I hate him, Zayn.” Louis moans from where he’s sprawled out on the couch, head resting on Zayn’s thigh. “I hate you more for dating Liam, though.”

“Oi,” Zayn pinches Louis’ side. “You don’t hate me, you little shit.” He says, gently starting to play with Louis’ hair to distract the boy. “Have you ever considered the possibility that you may have overreacted?” He asks quietly.

Louis sits up almost instantly, eyes wide. “The fuck? Are you kidding me, Zayn? He assumed I was just going to drop everything I had going on in my life for him!” Louis yells, not helping but to immediately grow upset, still very touchy with the subject. “Plus, do you actually expect me to be able to maintain a secret relationship? I don’t want to be the one at fault for ruining his career, mate.” He scoffs.

“Don’t bite my head off, mate. Was just mentioning a possibility, is all. You’ve been moping around ever since you two stopped talking and Harry asks Liam on a daily basis about you.” Zayn raises his eyebrows. “I think you two could make it work. You never even gave it a shot and when you two went out, you wouldn’t shut up about your date for days. I prefer having to tolerate your lovesick self instead of this sad version of you.” He sighs.

“And what does Liam tell Harry?” Louis asks, ignoring everything else Zayn said, since he knows the boy has a point, although not wanting to acknowledge that fact just yet.

“That you’re just as miserable as he is.” Zayn replies simply, dodging Louis’ quick fists by a millisecond, ducking away from him.

Louis is pretty sure he wants to murder Zayn. How dare he tell Liam about his constant heartache? Harry’s supposed to think he’s happy and moving on. “You’re a fucking twat.”

“Think you’re the twat.” Zayn spits back quickly, standing at a reasonable distance away from Louis, just in case. “You can’t blame the guy for thinking you’d stop sleeping with other people once you two started properly dating, you know. It was bad of him to just assume, I get that, but I also think you’re not talking to him because deep down, you know you overreacted and you hate admitting that you were wrong. The closeted thing is something you two could have worked out. Perhaps you could have given him time until he felt ready, not just cut him off completely.”

Louis is positive he wants to murder Zayn now. He’s so fucking smart and deep and Louis doesn’t ever want to admit that he’s right about a few things. “Fuck you and your smart mouth.” He frowns, laying back down and pressing his palms into his eyes. “He probably hates me now, so. Just need some time to get over all of this mess.” He murmurs, ending the conversation there.
Louis slams the magazine down on the table, glaring at it. At this very current moment, he wishes he could have lasers shooting out of his eyes. “What the fuck!” Louis frowns, turning to Liam and kicking out a leg, acting only a little bit childish.

Liam’s eyebrows furrowed almost immediately, turning to Louis curiously before glancing at the object of Louis’ frustration. “I thought you didn’t care about him?” He asks, reaching for the magazine to get a good look at it.

It only takes Liam a second and a half to realize that there’s an article in the magazine dedicated to Harry and his new ‘girlfriend’. He immediately knows it’s not true, though he doesn’t choose to disclose that information to Louis just yet.

“Well, I…” Louis trails off, running a hand through his hair, trying to distract himself. “I mean, I don’t care about him, but he claimed to want to date me for the rest of his life only like, a month and a half ago!” He scoffed.

“You mean three months ago.” Liam clarifies, wanting Louis to be aware of just how much time they’ve both had let go by without talking to each other and actually working things out like adults usually do.

Louis is about to argue, but Zayn decides to speak up before he gets a chance to.

“Three months and one week, to be precise. That’s the amount of time you’ve been more of a pain in the ass than per usual.” Zayn grins at Louis.

“Why are you two torturing me? Can’t you just snog and like… Fuck off?” Louis whines, not wanting to hear about how long ago his affair with Harry happened, wishing it was still an ongoing thing. “He has a girlfriend now, anyways. There would be no point in contacting him again.”

“That’s bullshit, by the way.” Liam hums.

“Motherfucker! You let me believe he was head over heels for someone else!” Louis shouts.

“Proved my point. You still care.”

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It feels like an eternity and more before Niall, Liam and Zayn finally reunite.

“I don’t know how Louis is doing, but Harry’s been a downfall ever since they stopped talking and hanging out. I don’t know what Louis does, but his effect on Harry’s life is definitely positive.” Niall states, resting his elbows on his thighs and his chin on his hands.

“Louis hasn’t stopped moping. Reckon this is the longest time he’s been heartbroken over someone. He’s totally not over Harry yet. He thinks he’s clever and that I don’t know he googles Harry’s name weekly to see what he’s been up to.” Zayn chuckles. “It’s pathetic.”

Liam stares at the two of them, not really feeling like he can contribute much to the conversation, so he simply wraps his arm around Zayn’s shoulders and nods.
“We need a solid plan to get them back together.” Zayn pipes up, gears already shifting in his head as he tries to think it over. “You take care of Harry, yeah? Make sure he doesn’t start seeing anyone else. I don’t need to deal with a brokenhearted Louis and a butthurt one.” He sighs. “I’ll take care of Louis, make him come to his senses.” He nods.

“I can do that.” Niall confirms. “But I think you’re going to have to get Louis to make the first move this time around. Harry’s still thinks Louis doesn’t ever want to see him anymore, since he changed his phone number and all so Harry couldn’t contact him anymore…”

“Oh, believe me. Not a day goes by when Louis doesn’t try to steal Harry’s number out of Liam’s phone. It’s quite funny, isn’t it babe?” Zayn grins over at Liam.

Liam nods happily, eyes crinkling. “It’s amusing but also just goes to show how much Louis regrets what he did.” He points out.

“We’re the best fucking mates ever.” Niall grins, extending out a hand towards Zayn and Liam.

“You did not just try to high-five us.” Zayn deadpans, although he’s not really that surprised, smile fond as he quickly claps their hands together. “Let’s get the show on the road, then.”

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“I feel like an idiot.” Louis whispers to Niall, his eyebrows furrowed as the blonde man messes with the bow tie he’s wearing, feeling a lot more nervous now that he was actually standing by the front door.

“It’s all going to end well, believe me.” Niall whispers, quieting Louis down, not wanting anyone to hear them, otherwise, it would totally ruin the surprise. “Go get him, tiger. You look dashing.” Niall grins before quickly bounding off to hide behind a bush, along with Liam and Zayn.

Louis lets out a small whine to himself as he tries to talk himself into actually raising his fist to knock on the door, turning to look at his mates and feeling the tiniest bit more confident at the thumbs up they gave him. Sucking in a deep breath, Louis closes his eyes before knocking three times, his heartbeat loud in his ears.

After a solid minute of no one answering the door, Louis’ panic increased. He’d been rejected and he hadn’t even gotten the chance to say anything. Just as he’s turning around, he hears the door open, his eyes immediately slipping shut for a moment before turning back around to face the door. “Hey…” He trails off.

“Louis?” Harry asks immediately, looking quite shocked and not at all prepared to see him. It honestly looked like Harry had just encountered a ghost of some sort.

“Uh, yeah. Hi.” Louis murmurs sheepishly, the voices in his head getting louder the more nervous he felt. “These, uh, these are for you.” He attempted, holding the bouquet of roses up higher until they were more visible, offering Harry a small grin.

Harry still looks quite confused as he reaches out to take them, not knowing how to react. “Thank you, they’re really pretty.” He comments, still standing by the door, only wearing a pair of joggers. “Do you, uh, want to come inside?” He asks, scratching the back of his head as he steps aside.
Louis turns toward the bush and gives them a small thumbs up before accepting Harry’s offer and walking into the house he’d grown so familiar with in the past, remembering everything he was meant to say.

“I’m sorry.” They both say in unison, earning a laugh out of both of them as well.

“I don’t think you’ve got something to be sorry for, Lou.” Harry says, setting the bouquet aside, focusing all of his attention on Louis. “I fucked up that day. It wasn’t right of me to assume that you’d accommodate your life to fit into mine.” He murmurs, tone sincere as he steps closer to Louis, feeling the need to be close to the boy. It’s been too long, hands practically trembling with how much he wanted to hold Louis close.

“I acted like a complete arse, though.” Louis murmurs, ducking his head. It’s never been his forte to admit his mistakes, but this time it feels like it’s going to be worth it. “I shouldn’t have shut you out like that, you know? I think I panicked, a bit.” He fidgets with his words, slowly looking back up at Harry. “It’s been a while since anyone’s showed a real interest in me and then out of nowhere it’s like I was your whole world, you know? It caught me off guard. Plus, I did overreact…” He trails off, fiddling with his fingers out of habit.

“So, are we forgiving each other?” Harry asks cautiously, reaching out and grasping one of Louis’ hands hopefully.

“I think we need to compromise first, H. I don’t want to depend on you economically.” He states quietly. “And I know you don’t want me sleeping with other people while we date. Quite frankly, I wouldn’t want you doing that either.” He murmurs.

Harry pursed his lips as he thought over some options, trying to come up with a decent solution. “Let me pay what ever’s left of your studies, Louis. Please.” He requests. “You’re working to pay for your education. Let me pay for that, and you can get another job just to pay your flat.” He offers.

Louis looks hesitant as he thinks about it. It’s really not that much more money, and if Harry’s offering so nicely, Louis doesn’t have the heart to turn him down again. “I’ll pay you back, though.” He decides softly.

Harry breaks out into a grin, nodding. “Whenever you’re ready to. No pressure.” Harry assures him. “You’re all dressed up.” He muses as he finally takes all of Louis’ appearance in, feeling the familiar fluttering in his chest. “Did all of this for me?” He asks, not helping the easy smirk that spread across his features, feeling natural to be himself around Louis.

“Shut up.” Louis murmurs, cheeks flushing a pink shade. “Niall made me.” He says defensively, tilting his chin up and to the side. “I look fucking hot though, you’ve got to admit.” He grins widely at Harry, giving him a quick wink.

“Never said the opposite.” Harry winks right back. The thing is, it feels so easy to fall back into pace with Louis. It’s as if they hadn’t ever stopped talking. Harry’s more or less convinced Louis must be the love of his life at the very least.

“Still haven’t forgiven you for letting everyone think you have a girlfriend.” Louis huffs, pouting a tiny bit at Harry and removing his hand from Harry’s hold, trying to make a point.

Harry immediately pouts at the lack of contact. “It wasn’t up to me. It was for PR purposes only, babe. Had to get some extra promo for Captain America. You’ve missed a lot these past three months.” He hums.
That’s what reminds Louis of a small detail he definitely didn’t talk over with Zayn, Niall or Liam. “You’re closeted, right.” He whispers to himself, looking up at him. “What if we keep things casual, yeah? We’re exclusive… But casual.” He says, hoping he’s making enough sense.

Harry blinks at him, his happiness deflating the tiniest bit. At this point, he’s going to take Louis in any way, shape or form that he can, and if it’s as a casual arrangement, then so be it. As long as Louis is with him. “I can do that.” He nods. “Have a couple of dates here and there, be able to text you. Be exclusive.”

“And… If and when you’re ready to come out, and you’re still interested in me, then we can really call ourselves… Boyfriends.” Louis finishes. “In the meantime, I feel like it’s just going to hurt us both and, like. It could ruin your career.” Louis murmurs, shutting Harry up with a kiss, wanting that to be the end of their discussion.

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Louis grins as makes his way across the room towards where Harry is standing, feeling only slightly out of place. Harry had invited him to a party and it honestly looked straight out of a fucking movie or something. Everyone who was anyone was there. “Drinks are crowded!” He yells to Harry once he’s by his side, handing him a glass of gin.

“Always are!” Harry chuckles, wrapping his arm around Louis’ waist to keep him close, not wanting to lose him between the sea of people. “Fancy a dance?” Harry asks softly once he’s dipped down to Louis’ height.

Louis doesn’t think twice about it before nodding, grin wide. “Thought you’d never ask.” He giggles, leaving his drink behind as he takes Harry’s hand instead, guiding them through the crowd until he finds a decent spot for them to dance, letting himself listen to the music for a couple of seconds before he finds the beat, starting to move his hips to it.

Harry feels like he’s in some kind of daze. He partly blames it on the fact that he’s had a couple of drinks. Louis looks gorgeous and radiant under the lights and it drives Harry nuts the fact that he can’t lean down and kiss him. He wants to be with Louis every second of the day, be able to show him off and hold his hand in public without him having to say it’s strictly platonic. He starts moving along with Louis, both hands settling on his hips as he moves closer, aligning their bodies. “Hi tiny.” He grins.

“Don’t you dare,” Louis laughs, taking offense to the nickname. Louis is most definitely not tiny and that’s a point he’s made entirely a handful of times. He’s a standard height and that’s that, alright?

It’s only when another guy approaches Louis and asks for a dance that Harry really starts feeling jealous.

“Oh, sorry. Is this your boyfriend?” The guy asks.

Louis turns to look at Harry and then looks back towards the guy, not intending on blowing their cover as he smiles easily and shakes his head. “Nah. We’re best mates.” He giggles, accepting the offer to dance and disappearing with him.

Harry doesn’t see him for the rest of the night.
“Are you positive you want to do this? There’s no going back afterwards.” Niall warns him, proud of his best mate but also not wanting him to do anything out of an impulse and specially not something as big as this.

“I’m positive. This is what’s right and this is what I want to do. My acting or song-writing skills don’t depend on my sexual orientation and it’s something people are going to have to get over.” Harry sighs deeply, preparing himself for what’s to come.

“Just making sure, mate. I’m proud of you for doing this.” He encourages Harry, squeezing his shoulder gently.

“Thanks.” Harry breaths, turning to Niall to give him a quick one-armed hug before disappearing towards the interview room, taking his spot on the couch. His heartbeat is enough to drown out the sound of the crowd cheering for him as he gives them all a wave and a dimpled grin, fixing his suit for a second. He doesn’t think he’s going to be able to hold in the words he wants to say too long, wanting the interview to start as soon as possible.

It’s not long before a blonde walks into the room and Harry immediately recognizes her as the host. “Ellen.” He greets happily, standing up to hug her.

“It seems as if you’ve beat me to my own show!” She chuckles, turning towards the crowd and earning a loud amount of clapping and cheering. “So, it has come to my understanding that today is going to be a very special show.” She muses before she sits down, giving Harry a wink.

“I-Yeah. I guess so.” Harry chuckles, running a hand through his hair, already nervous. “It’s going to be a big step and i’m hoping everything goes well after today.” He explains. “Recently, all of the tabloids have been talking about my love life.”

“Haven’t they always, though?” Ellen interrupts with a smile.

“True.” Harry chuckles. “Although it feels like lately, it’s been more focused on that, and today, I sort of want to put some rumors to rest and confirm others.” He swallows, licking over his lips as he looks over towards the crowd, scanning it. “Is it alright if I ask someone to come down?” He asks.

“Of course! Go right ahead.” Ellen grins, excitement clear in her voice.

“Louis, could you come down here for a second?” Harry asks quietly, not having spotted him in the crowd yet.

Louis feels his cheeks immediately heat up when Harry asks for him, growing quite excited. Niall had invited him to watch the show recording under the pretense of meeting Ellen, so it made sense to him for Harry to be calling him down. As he moves between the aisles and down the steps, his hands get clammy, his mind a constant stream of don’t fall, don’t fall, don’t fall. Thankfully, he doesn’t.

“Ah, so this is the famous Louis you’ve told me so much about.” Ellen stands up, shaking Louis’ hand. “You said he was attractive, but you didn’t do him justice, Harry.” She grins, the crowd clapping again.
“It’s so lovely to meet you, Ellen.” Louis says, mentally patting himself on the back for not looking as starstruck as he felt. “Hi, H.” He says then, grinning once Harry envelopes him in a hug, easily fitting himself into Harry’s chest and hugging him around his middle, momentarily forgetting they were in front of an audience, pulling back once his mind caught up with what was happening and taking a seat.

“Thanks for joining me.” Harry said, giving him a secretive smile. “As I was saying, i’d like to deny and confirm some things. First off, i’m not in a relationship with Kendall Jenner. Or Cara, Or Taylor.” He chuckles, shaking his head. “Although I am very much in love with someone.” He states then.

Louis turns to look at Harry, eyes slightly wider than usual, now truly lost. He doesn’t think he quite understands what’s happening, eyebrows furrowing.

“I’m here today because I want to introduce to all of you one of the most important people in my life and my current love interest. Louis Tomlinson,” He grins, everyone having gone absolutely silent for a couple of seconds before everyone started to cheer, a couple of ‘I knew it!’ yelled through the crowd.

“Oh my God,” Louis laughs, shaking his head as he puts a hand over his mouth, not knowing how to react, exactly. “You didn’t have to do this.” He whispers to Harry, although he can’t seem to stop grinning, face looking like it’s going to split in two. Perhaps he looks ridiculous, but Louis doesn’t really care at the moment.

“And I have one question to ask you, actually.” Harry clears his throat. “Louis Tomlinson, would you like to be my boyfriend?” He asks.

And honestly, Harry’s a fucking idiot. An idiot that he’s in love with. He nods, not sure he can currently form any type of coherent sentence. The second their lips meet, it feels like actual sparks have formed, not having kissed Harry in so long. It actually feels heavenly. He pulls back after a bit to keep it PG, cheeks a deep red color, matching Harry’s.

“I love you.” Louis murmurs against Harry’s lips.

“I’ve loved you since the second I laid eyes on you.” Harry whispers back, turning to the crowd and raising their linked hands.

In the end, they got it right.

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End Notes

If you’re actually reading the end notes without having skipped right to the end, I want you to know how much I appreciate it and how thankful I am that you sat through the whole thing! Thank you so much for reading and please, all kind of feedback is appreciated, wether it be positive feedback or negative feedback (in a constructive way, of course). Feel free to leave a comment or a kudo! You can even message me directly @louiswillian (my tumblr).

Thank you so much again! Had a blast writing this despite everything that went on in the background.
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!