Haute Couture

by angelicboyfriends

Summary

*COMPLETED* [ENEMIES TO LOVERS] Plot: Harry and Louis are both famous models. However they're both very different from each other: Harry is still insecure about his body; Louis is very proud and loves attention, he almost craves it. They meet at a party, and something clicks in Harry's heart, but not in Louis', who just sees him as a sex toy, a one night stand thing. And this is exactly what happens, but surprisingly, Louis can't seem to keep that curly headed boy out of his mind. He comes to the point of almost hating him for this. But then, he does something he didn't expect to ever do. He and Harry have to work together for an important shooting, and this could be their possibility to become more famous, well known and rich. Louis can't turn the opportunity down, and neither can Harry, who's still heartbroken. What is going to happen when they're forced to work together? Will they be able to work in harmony, will Louis want Harry to forgive him? Will Harry be able to do that? One thing they know for sure: there is going to be a lot of tension between them. Warning: there is going to be a lot of smut (boyxboy), and a slight mention of bdsm. The smut will be very detailed.

(Bottom!Harry)
Maybe you'd expect me to start with the classic 'Once upon a time', but this story won't be like that.

It all starts inside a massive, tall but welcoming building, with big, glass windows and newly painted walls.

This building isn't a house, a factory or a hotel, no. It is a place most people won't have a chance to step foot in, despite it being nothing special.

It is a place where flashing cameras, blasting music, hairspray, makeup and new clothes are all mixed up together, creating a world inside a world.

This is a model agency, but not a random one. It's IMG London, the most famous, well known agency of all the United Kingdom. It's got offices in New York, Paris, Milan and Sidney.

Everyone who wants to be big applies here, but little to no people really become someone that matters.

If you look closely through the window on the first floor, you will see a man, in his early twenties, with his big blue eyes and his long eyelashes, smiling at people and walking around like he's the owner of the little world he lives in.

"Louis wait, where the hell are you going? I'm not finished with your hair yet!"

Eleanor Calder, Louis Tomlinson' hairstylist, chases him holding a can of long lasting hairspray as she tries to spray it on Louis' messy fringe to keep it in place.

She's a smart girl, always smiling, always cheerful even though very moody, especially when she's working with Louis, which happens to be often.

She's tall and skinny, and during her high school years she used to be a model just like him, but gave up when she found out that wasn't what she liked to do best, and became a popular hairstylist in no time.

The boy, however, keeps running around, causing everyone who sees him to shake their heads with a frown on their faces, but watching him fondly, like parents with a little kid who has just learned to ride his bike.

Finally, the blue eyed boy stops and turns around, his thin, delicate lips twitched in a playful smirk.

"El, you've worked on it for half an hour straight and it's just a stupid fringe. Plus, I have to go to the bathroom, or perhaps you want me to pee on you?" He says with a mischievous smile.

"Screw you", Eleanor rolls her eyes, giving up.

She and Louis are childhood friends, so she doesn't get mad at him that easily anymore unlike in the past, where every single thing Louis did wrong was enough to spark a nasty fight between the two.

When they were teenagers they even had a relationship, but both realized soon that they were not meant for each other. They were simply too different.

She likes clothes and pop music and long days at the beach, while Louis enjoys spending his days
on his bed, binge watching random movies and going to sketchy parties where people always end up getting roofied, and weird substances are sold to oblivious teenagers.

Their lifestyles were so different they would rarely meet outside of school, even though they were labeled as the hottest and cutest couple of the whole high school.

Anyways, now she's got a beautiful boyfriend, Noah, who loves her unconditionally despite her attitude.

Louis, on the other hand, soon after breaking up with her, started experimenting. Or, to put it in different words, to engage in relationships with both guys and girls, sometimes even at the same time, and discovered guys are not too bad as partners.

Sometimes they're even better than girls.

Eleanor returns in front of her new professional vanity with different hair products scattered all over it, from hairspray to gel to hair ties, along with combs and brushes of different sizes and materials.

You could say it is a mess, but to her, everything is exactly where it is supposed to be.

She looks at herself in the mirror, fixing her long, wavy brown hair and smiling proudly to herself.

The light bulbs illuminate her features perfectly, giving her face a soft glow as she then puts another layer of light pink lipstick on her lips.

She hears soft footsteps approaching and turns her head, smiling at the girl who's now standing beside her.

"Hey El, Lou is being a pain in the bum today, huh?" Perrie, the make up artist and Eleanor's best friend hands her a cup of coffee, smiling gently.

She's the sweetest girl anyone could ever meet. She's caring and nice, and both she and Eleanor love to spend time together, doing each other's make up and hair.

They became best friends when Perrie was hired to work with Louis' crew, after he personally fired her last makeup artist.

The reason why he did that is still unknown to them, even though there are some rumors going around that they slept together.

Then he found out she had a boyfriend who threatened to blackmail him with pictures of his early teen days, and he couldn't take such humiliation.

She huffs, returning the smile, "Nothing new Pez, you know that".

"Speaking of the devil", Perrie motions with her head towards Louis, who's now returning from the bathroom rubbing his hands with nothing but his briefs on.

"Why on earth are you naked now?" Eleanor asks annoyed, choking on the coffee she was sipping just mere seconds before and covering her eyes with her tiny manicured hand, making Perrie laugh so hard tears are rolling down her cheeks.

Luckily though, her makeup is still perfectly in place. Perks of being a beauty guru.

Louis rolls his eyes and scoffs, sitting on the chair positioned in front of the vanity, admiring
himself while smiling and winking at his reflection almost as he was flirting with it.

He licks his lips before smirking. "Nothing you've never seen before, Eleanor, am I right?", he says smiling smugly and making the girl bite her lower lip. He's right, after all.

"Perrie? Where are you? I've got a pimple on my forehead that needs to be freaking destroyed before it takes over my entire face!" A guy's voice is heard from the other side of the room.

Perrie's eyes widen and she mutters some apologies before running away.

"Sorry guys, y-you know", she stutters and laughs nervously, "Guys these days are worse than ladies!"

They watch her walk outside Louis' room, closing the door quickly behind her.

"Pretty sure she's got a crush on that Alex guy", Louis says, and Eleanor nods, not entirely sure of it cause Perrie's her best friend and hasn't said anything about it yet.

She hums as she places her coffee on the table and proceeds to comb the guy's hair, silently envying the guy for having such healthy and soft hair.

Alex is a rather good looking model who happens to work with Louis sometimes, even though they're not exactly friends.

His charming blond, wavy hair and his light blue eyes get all the girls to his feet.

He never showed interest for any girl though, so most of the people who know him are starting to question his sexuality.

"It's so obvious" Louis adds chuckling to himself and observing the girl who is trying to fix his hair, sliding her hands through his fringe in an attempt to make it look messy but no too much.

Eleanor loves seeing Louis sporting an elegant quiff, or a casual cinnamon roll, but Louis has got a different opinion.

He refuses to work if his hair is not how he wants it to be. He thinks the fringe makes him look way hotter and rugged.

And even though he's not entirely wrong, it is starting to become a bit boring.

"I wonder when they'll decide to fuck" he mutters under his breath, making Eleanor scoff and put her hands on her hips, looking at Louis with her head cocked and her eyebrows knitted.

"A relationship is not based just on that, Lou", she says in a serious tone but smiling afterwards, letting the guy know he is not about to receive a lecture on what is love and whatnot.

"You're saying this just because you and Noah don't go at it like rabbits", Louis tells her in a sing song tone. He likes it when Eleanor gets mad because she's very funny to watch.

The way she flails her arms around and her face becomes flushed and her voice raises an octave, Louis finds it amusing.

Her eyes widen in shock, "What the heck? I would punch your balls right now but you know, I don't want to risk losing my job. Besides, you shouldn't speak. When was the last time you hooked up with someone?" She asks smiling cheekily, knowing she's right.
At least she's got a boyfriend. Louis instead doesn't even own a pet. Not even a goldfish.

He's not even able to take proper care of himself, how is he supposed to keep a pet alive? The poor creature would die not even a week after Louis brings him home.

Before Louis can think of a sassy remark, Caroline, the stylist, approaches them. "I'm sorry to interrupt your debate about the meaning of life, but Louis, I'm going to need you in 5 minutes".

He nods, checking her out while she exits the room, deciding that no, she definitely doesn't have a nice butt. Hell, his butt is ten times better (and bigger, and he's really proud of it if you ask him).

"Please El, remind me who I'm doing this photo shoot for?" he asks sheepishly, visibly bored.

"Are you serious?" Eleanor looks at him trying to hold back a laugh.

He shakes his head, he honestly doesn't care at all. He does this job for money and because he gets to see the world and see amazing places.

Like, last time he worked for Vogue he had to fly to Bangkok, Thailand, and he definitely fell in love with that place. He met lots of nice people, discovered their culture, he tried typical Thai foods and explored one of the many historical parks there.

He even got to see the white, magical shores of Hawaii and its immense variety of multi colored birds, and the immense, luxuriant forests of South America.

Even though New York's skyscrapers hold a special place in his heart. It's where he started to become who he is now, where he started to get noticed by bigger brands and bigger agencies, and he won't ever forget where it all started.

"You're working for Vans. Your picture will then be sent to Cosmopolitan Japan I think, so nothing too serious."

He nods, shrugging.

"We're finished here, let me finally get my hairspray", she says putting down the brush and taking a blue can which contained high quality long lasting hairspray, probably more expensive than it should actually be.

She's about to finish when her phone buzzes, and Noah's face appears on the screen, distracting Eleanor from her delicate job, so that Louis' eyes get soaked in that sticky substance.

"El? Eleanor what the hell?" Louis gets up abruptly, frantically rubbing his now red and slightly swollen eyes with his hands.

"Uhm, I'm sorry, I wasn't looking", she apologizes holding back a smirk. She really isn't sorry at all but Louis doesn't need to know.

"If you weren't my best friend your ass would be already fired by now", he says bitterly, making Eleanor laugh loudly.

"Don't say that, you love me", she says faking an adorable pout.

After this little incident, the hairstylist quickly finished her work, so then he goes to change into the different outfits Caroline had previously picked out for him.

He then positions himself in front of the white, monotonous, boring background he hated so much,
squinting his eyes a bit, waiting for them to adjust to the bright light of the room full of spotlights.

"Lou, are you ready? You want some music or stuff?" Stan, the photographer, asks Louis.

They are close friends, they even shared a house for a year while Stan was looking for a place to settle in. He is a cool guy, he even respected Louis' request to not fuck girls (or guys) on his couch and when he was in the house.

And Louis doesn't go out often.

Louis probably considers Stan one of his best friend besides his agent Liam, even though it's because he doesn't have a lot of friends beside him and Eleanor, and he's pretty sure Stan sees him as his best friend too.

Though, he loves spending time with Liam. They usually hang out together and get drunk, or play some shitty, boring games like scrabble or monopoly, just like an old, married couple.

But, you know, when you're drunk and high every thing's funnier.

"Nah, I'm fine. Let's get this over with quickly please" he says quickly, sighing.

Stan nods, adjusting the camera. "You sure you're okay? What is with your eyelashes? They look fake" he says, trying to keep himself from chuckling.

Louis' eyes are still a bit swollen too, but that can be fixed with a bit of photoshop.

Louis usually forbids everyone to use too much photoshop in his photos, but Stan is sure he won't be able to complain this time.

"I said I'm perfectly fine Stan, and leave me and my eyelashes alone please". He didn't want to admit it, but Eleanor made him realize how sexually frustrated he actually is.

He would never, ever admit it, it's way too embarrassing. How come no one wants to hook up with him? He's a super model for crying out loud. Maybe he should go and look for his long lost social life.

Maybe.

Liam enters the studio greeting everyone, and seeing Louis' annoyed expression.

He eyes him amused, but Louis shoots him a death glare, to which he laughs quietly before speaking to his best friend.

"Are you okay Lou?", he asks, and Louis sneers and rolls his eyes.

"Oh my god I said leave me alone!", he whines, making everyone in the room chuckle.

Liam shrugs, "You sure are mate. How about you come to my place after we're finished here?" He offers, smiling slightly.

Louis huffs, rolling his eyes, "Whatever".

Liam beams happily, knowing his friend would never tell him no.

He then turns to look at Stan and nods."Now, let's get started. Please don't pout like that, you look like a child and it's very unprofessional".
Louis adjusts his posture after giving Liam and Stan the middle finger, to which his friends just chuckle and shake their heads.

"That's better. Don't look at the camera and unlink your hands please. Keep your head up, oh this is perfect!" Stan says while taking several pictures from different angles, reviewing them while Louis changes outfit.

Louis is about to go change again when Stan, who's looking at the photos he's just taken, bursts out laughing so much he has tears rolling down his cheeks.

Louis eyes him suspiciously, before approaching and trying to snatch the camera from Stan's hands, failing.

"Why are you laughing?!" he asks annoyed. If there is something so funny about his pictures, he deserves to see them too. And then burn the camera.

Stan passes it to Louis, revealing a photo in which he was sneezing, eyes half closed and half open, with his mouth and nose all scrunched up.

Louis stares at the picture with a disgusted expression, glaring at Stan soon after.

"Delete this or I'll have you fired", he threatens, "You know I can do that".

Stan just looks at him and deletes the pictures in front of him, still laughing.

"You look like a cute puppy dog when you're trying to be scary", he says, still a bit out of breath from laughing so much.

"And you look like a sloth when you breathe", he tells him.

A puppy dog is not exactly the epitome of manly and rugged, Louis thinks. But, he doesn't really care as long as people like him and don't make fun of him for that.

"Why a sloth?" Stan snickers at his friend's failed attempt to make fun of him.

Louis shrugs, flipping his friend off again, too lazy to think of an explanation.

After finishing the photo shoot he goes into his room and changes into his clothes, cursing under his breath because, why did he choose to wear skinny jeans ripped at the knees in the middle of November?

He hurries out of the building, looking up at the dark sky, trying to spot some stars but it's useless, there are way too many lights in this part of London.

He's glad there aren't any photographers around here, trying to get a picture of him that they can sell to the shittiest gossip magazine, making it seem like he's now selling drugs or god knows what.

Sometimes paparazzi are really annoying, especially when they mob him, and he feels like the air is sucked out of his chest. It's a really uncomfortable situation and Louis wouldn't wish it on his worst enemy.

He wraps his coat tightly around his fit body, trying to prevent the cold air from seeping into his bones. He is way too sensitive to cold, and he hates it but it's not like he can do something about it.

Well, maybe he can wear jeans without holes in the knees, but sometimes you just have to.
He leans against a wall and lights a cigarette, taking long drags and releasing big puffs of thick, gray smoke, admiring it while it twirls, clouding the air, creating little spirals before disappearing completely.

Suddenly, the doors of the building open again and someone comes out running, but the stranger trips over Louis' foot and falls right in front of him with a groan.

"Oops", he says, holding his hand out for the guy to take it, but he doesn't do it. In the dim light Louis sees a mass of unruly curls sticking out from a beanie.

"What the fuck did you do that for?" The stranger groans while getting up and rubbing his probably bruised knee.

He is about the same height as Louis, but looks so much skinnier.

He is caught off guard, he really didn't expect his voice to sound so deep and raspy. Definitely a turn on for him.

He huffs anyway, laughing quietly. "Why do you think I did that on purpose? You came out of there running like your ass was on fire".

The stranger remains silent for a few seconds, almost as if he's thinking about punching Louis, or kill him, or worse.

Louis is starting to become anxious as time passes, but then the guy sighs, stepping back from him, "Shut your mouth, you asshole."

Before Louis can process what just happened and add anything, the guy turns his back to him and starts walking away, limping a bit while fixing his beanie and mumbling to himself.

"Asshole, huh? I'll get you for that", he mutters to himself, pouting, before finishing the cigarette and tossing it on the ground.

"You ready Lou? Did you come by car?" Liam asks, popping out of nowhere and making Louis jump and clutch is heart.

"Shit, do you want me to die? Idiot", he glares at him. This night couldn't get any better.

Liam chuckles, "Sorry mate".

"Anyway yeah, my car's over there. Need a ride?", Louis says pointing toward his parked car.

Liam nods, "Thanks".

They start walking towards Louis' black, new Mercedes S-class, climbing in and heading home.

The ride is silent though Louis has got too many question.

Who was that guy, why was he so rude to him, and why did his voice turn him on? Honestly, if that guy's hot as his voice he wouldn't mind arguing with him again.

God, he really is sexually frustrated. Since when does he base someone's appearance on their voice?

"Anyway", Liam starts, prying him away from his thoughts, "I originally came to tell you that you're invited to a party hosted by Vogue, next week", he explains and Louis hums.
"It's going to be big. Cameras, A-list celebrities, supermodels", Liam trails off, and Louis' eyes widen.

"Sign me up for that!", he says excitedly.

Liam laughs, "Will do mate, will do".
Chapter 2

Harry Styles, 19 years old, a worldwide known supermodel with millions of followers on every social media you can think of. Vibrant green eyes, plump, full lips, a sharp jawline and luscious curls are only some of the traits he's known and loved for. Today it's his second week working for this new agency in London, and he couldn't be more stressed than he is right now. It surely isn't going as planned. He changed agency because last one was such a bad environment for him. Back in New York, people were always so rude to him, and almost forced him to starve himself when he barely fit into some Barbie doll sized skinny jeans. Niall Horan, his best friend and agent, eventually realized that that place wasn't doing any good to Harry, so he made him resign and start over, from a new place. Harry is very famous, so finding a new agency that could hire him wasn't a problem. However, nothing's perfect and Harry found himself in a similar situation once again, the only difference is that people here are kind of nicer to him, knowing who he is. "Harry where are you going? I'm not letting you leave this house until you have breakfast!" Niall, an Irish man with bleached blond hair and vibrant blue eyes runs up to him and tugs him by the wrist. The two friends live in the same apartment complex, in two expensive, modern looking lofts. They cost more than you could imagine, but Harry loves his home and he'll never admit the price was way too high for it. He had the famous interior designer Jessica Brook furnish and decorate it, and now it's his little safe place, his favorite place if you ask him. He loves the idea of having a place he can call home. They moved here a month ago, after Harry came back from New York, a place he lived in for most of his life, despite being born in Holmes Chapel. He's still nervous because he's the newbie here, no one knows him as a person, just as the world always portrayed his image, therefore he wants to make a good impression on the people he'll have to work with for a long time. This, however, is affecting his everyday life. He's a very sensitive guy and emotions overwhelm him easily. So, lately, he's been so caught up in his job that it's starting to affect his habits, and probably even his health and his physical appearance. Stress isn't good for anyone, especially for Harry, since his body is what he uses to make a living. He has to admit, he loves his job, he loves doing what he does and he's happy people know how much he's worth. But, sometimes he wonders if all this is going to keep him happy forever. He already knows what he's going to do once he'll be too old to do catwalks and photoshoots, but he often wonders if the people who love and support him now, will be there even then. This is the problem of his job. You're adored and loved when you're young, attractive and charming.

But, once those qualities start to disappear, one by one, once his body is not fit anymore and his breath is shorter, is there really going to be someone who stays with him? "You know I can't when I have to work so early. Plus, I'm not hungry, I'll eat later", Harry tries to snatch his hand away from his friend's grip, but Niall is definitely stronger than him. The blond one lets out an annoyed huff, trying not to show he is on the verge of tears due to frustration. He really thought he was helping his friend when he made him escape that hell of a place, but now he can't help but blame himself for the failure all this turned out to be.
Harry has been acting rather weird lately, purposefully skipping his meals with a poor excuse, like 'I'm going to be late if I eat', 'I don't feel good', or 'I'm not hungry'. And Niall is worried sick about his friend. He knows this job makes him happy but it is also starting to affect his life in a bad way.

Harry has already got a perfect, fit body, but lately he's been losing weight too quickly. Niall just doesn't understand what got into his head, even though he somehow expected it.

"Please Haz, listen to me. Nothing's going to happen if you eat a little bit. I can make you some tea or we can go to Starbucks and I could buy you something delicious or-", he starts, but he's interrupted by Harry who huffs and glares at him.

"Niall, I'm late. Maybe later, okay?" Harry cuts him off, smiling but Niall knows it's a fake smile. God, why does he have to act like this?

Niall gives up, rubbing his temples. "Why did you choose to do this job? Don't you see how it's changing you? You weren't like that a year ago. What's gotten into you?"

"What are you talking about? I'm fine, see?" He opens his arms and gives him a twirl, giving his friend another fake smile, trying to convince himself that he's okay too.

Harry knows what Niall is talking about. Now, he's way more famous than before, people see him all over the magazines and the websites, them mostly being gossip ones.

This is why he has to always look perfect, he can't gain weight or they'll criticize him for it, he can't not style his hair before going out or they'll think he's depressed or that he started doing drugs, or worse, and they'd put the rumor all over the Internet and gossip sites.

His life is constantly monitored, and sometimes he feels like he's not even living his own life anymore, even though he knows he shouldn't react like this.

He should just ignore everyone and everything and concentrate on his wellbeing, his happiness and his career, but it's hard. Especially when you have little to no privacy sometimes.

"Whatever Haz, just please, let me take you somewhere for lunch, okay?" Niall asks, determined to help his friend realize he's perfect the way he is now.

‘There's no need to starve yourself to feel beautiful. It's society's fault and all that stuff.’

Harry knows it, but it's all so new to him and he still has to get used to it. Luckily Niall is able to put up with him everyday, or else he'd be literally going crazy.

Harry nods briefly before sighing, exiting the house without even saying goodbye, and climbing into his Jaguar-xf, heading to work with a thoughtful expression glued to his face.

He knows he's lucky to have a friend like Niall, someone who truly cares about him and loves him unconditionally, who would give up everything just to help him.

But lately he's been way too nosy, clingy and intrusive, and Harry doesn't like it. He needs his own spaces, at least when he's home alone.

Everyone can be in a bad mood every once in a while, it's not like he's going to kill himself.

He parks his car and hops off, sliding a hand through his curls before making his way into the big old, gray and dull building, shielding himself from the cold by wrapping his arms around his coat.

God, he hates winter and its shitty weather, with constant gray skies and faded sun that's there but not really, mocking you with that faint light, giving you only a glimpse of what it can really do.

He would give anything to just take the first plane to somewhere warmer, like Australia, South America or South Africa, where people spend their winter at the beach, relaxing and relishing the warm, comfortable weather.

But he's stuck here instead. Yes, it was his choice, it's not like he can't complain.

"Harry, you're late. What happened this time?" Kylie, Harry's make up artist approaches him as soon as he enters the building, flipping her long, dyed blond hair.

"Sorry", he simply answers handing her his jacket, breathing a sigh of relief as the cold he was feeling just mere seconds ago is replaced by the warmer air of the room.

"Harry, come here love, I need you to try on this clothes and see if they fit you", Kim, his stylist, leads him to the changing room, filled with clothes.

She hands him a pair of black boots along with Yves Saint Laurent plain black, elegant suit along with a button up with two diamonds as cufflinks.
Before leaving the room though, he looks at him pursing her lips. Harry suddenly feels uncomfortable and self-conscious. He bites his lip, looking back at her.
"W-what?" He asks, holding his breath.
"Have you been working out daily? Your hips are bit pudgy" She says, shaking her head and looking at him disappointed while poking Harry's hips, embarrassment washing over him. Harry's eyes widen. He did go to the gym daily, he even stopped eating meat and bread. But, apparently it was useless? He gained weight instead of losing it? Is that even possible?
He stutters, "I-I thought-"
"Yeah, I think, too. I told you to avoid junk food. Do you ever listen to me? I'll talk to your personal trainer", she said in a serious tone, before smiling again like nothing had just happened, leaving Harry utterly dumbfounded.
"Put these on and then come to me so I can fix everything", she smiles and exits the room, her high heels clicking on the white floor.
He scoffs, frowning. Why is she telling him these things? Is she trying to distract herself so she doesn't have to think about how big her butt is?
Cause, she definitely has a big butt. Too big to fit into those skinny jeans she's trying to wear everyday.
He's glad he's gay, but sometimes he wonders how straight men can find big bums attractive. Aren't they uncomfortable?
Well, since this'll never be his problem, he just shakes his head and puts that thought in the back of his mind.
He sighs, removing his clothes and looking at himself in the mirror for a few seconds before looking away and taking a deep breath.
Why is it so hard to accept our body? Why is it so hard to feel confident? He really thought he was making some progress, but apparently he just made everything worse.
Looking at himself, he takes in every single detail of his body, every single little flaw. He has little love handles, but can he really do something about them? He kind of liked them to be honest, but clearly he has to learn to hate them and start thinking of a way for replacing them with a perfect v line.
He touches his abdomen, letting his hand rest on his butterfly tattoo, thinking about how everyone who sees it tells him he's made the wrong choice because that tattoo is not attractive and it ruins his body too much.
He looks at his thighs, thinking that maybe, maybe they are too big.
Eventually he lowers his look, looking at the bruise on his right knee, thinking back at yesterday night.
He is thankful no one saw it yet, or they would question it and he doesn't really want to talk about that stupid idiot who couldn't keep his feet to himself.
Finally he manages to look away from the mirror, sighing. He puts on the Yves Saint Laurent clothes Kim gave him, coming out of the changing room without even glancing at the mirror.
"Lovely, you look gorgeous Harry!" Kim approaches him and proceeds to fix his suit, straightening the jacket and leaving a few buttons of his button up open.
Harry doesn't say a word, instead he looks at her grimacing.
He never really liked Kim, she treated him this way since the first time they met, she always made him feel small, insignificant and ugly, but he's never had the heart to tell someone so that she could be fired.
He doesn't want to be the cause for someone else's poverty, even though she seems pretty wealthy to him, almost like she does this job just to keep herself occupied during the day.
"Something wrong sweetie? You look a bit off today", she asks him, and Harry looks at her in disbelief. Did she really forget what she said literally five minutes ago?
Harry shrugs, pretending to look calm, "I'm just tired, I guess."
Kim nods smiling, biting her lip. "Oh Harry, I don't know if Niall has already told you this, but Saturday there's a little party organized by Vogue, a lot of famous people and models will be there,
and you're obviously invited. Do you want to come?"
Harry raises an eyebrow, looking at her. "Niall didn't tell me anything about it. Are you sure I'm invited?"
"He was probably busy and didn't have time to tell you", she states, leading him to Josh, his hairstylist who is waiting for him in front of his vanity, smiling widely while humming to some old High School Musical song. He sure is weird, Harry thinks. But, he's one of the most decent people in here, even though he's obnoxious, nosy and can't keep his mouth shut most of the time, so that when they talk, Harry feels like he's having a therapy session. "Why hello Harry! Come on, smile a bit for me", Josh says, while moving the chair for Harry to sit. Harry rolls his eyes, "Shush Josh, I look like a llama when I smile", he replies, but smiles slightly afterwards. "So are you coming, Harry?", Kim asks with hope filled eyes. If she's trying to flirt with him she is not really doing a good job. Besides, she's way too old for Harry. And she doesn't even know he's gay. How funny. He looks at her for a brief moment, "No". "Oh come on Haz, when's the last time you went to a party?" Josh chimed in huffing while starting to fix Harry's hair. "I hate parties. Well, I'll talk about it with Niall okay? Now, please leave me alone" he says seriously, frowning a little bit. Kim and Josh look at each other, neither of them knowing what his problem is. "I'll bring you some coffee, okay Haz?" Kim offers, smiling. Harry bites his lips, trying not to show how annoyed he is. She just said he has to stay away from junk food and sugar, and everyone knows coffee's not good for your skin and teeth. What is she trying to do here? He takes a deep breath before answering and tries his best to not sound too irritated, "No, thanks. I'm fine". She shrugs, before walking away. Well, that was easy. "Someone's grumpy today", Josh chuckles. Harry rolls his eyes, glaring at him, "For the love of god, just shut up". The hours go by pretty quickly, and soon Harry feels exhausted but happy. He loves doing his job, even though sometimes it can be tiring and stressful. He quickly changes into his normal clothes and rushes out of the building where he spots immediately his best friend's car, parked right in front of the big glass doors. "Are you hungry?" Niall asks while turning the car on. Harry hums in response, he is hungry, but the thought of putting food inside his mouth makes him anxious. Especially after what Kim told him, after what she made him think, what she made him feel. It's weird, but you never know how much words can affect you until you try it on your own skin. "There's this place", Niall starts to speak, and Harry turns to face him, "this place I've been to a couple times, they cook delicious dishes with almost no calories, everything's healthy and you can eat as much as you want". "Sounds interesting", Harry answers not really interested, leaning his head against the car window. "Yeah", Niall breathes out, hoping everything will work out. He cares so much about Harry, he treats him as if he was his little brother, and seeing him like this literally breaks his heart. He shakes his head before starting to speak again, trying to keep the conversation going. “Are you happy here?”, he asks softly, “You know, we can always go back to New York and leave this place forever if you're not comfortable working here”. Harry sighs, “No, no I'm fine. It's just, people here are different you know. I'll have to get used to it”, he admits.
Niall nods, “If you weren't happy you would tell me, right? You know I wouldn't judge you”
“Yes, I'd tell you Niall, don't worry”, Harry smiles through his lie. He'd never do that, he knows how much Niall would put himself down if he told him.
Besides, wherever he'll go he's bound to find something wrong, and he knows he can't keep on running away from every single little problem.
They stay silent for a bit until Niall speaks again.
"Listen, there's this party you-"
"No".
"What?" Niall asks, raising an eyebrow.
"I'm not going to any party. It's not happening, sorry", Harry cuts him off as his friend frowns.
“They're gonna call me any minute now, and I really want to make the hosts happy and tell them you're coming. You always decline, Harry”.
“I hate people and I hate parties and I just- I hate it”, Harry replies with an annoyed tone.
"Why am I not surprised?" Niall scoffs. "Come on Haz, it's an opportunity to meet new people, maybe you'll find someone interesting I don't know."
Harry huffs, picking at his nails, "Sure, like the last GQ party", he says sarcastically.
That party was a total failure for Harry. He spilled his drink on his expensive, white suit, he was mobbed on his way there and the rain that started pouring down soaked him from head to toe, ruining his hair and makeup.
Definitely one hell of a night.
"Don't pick at your nails", Niall says, smiling slightly and ignoring his friend's comment.
"Okay dad".
The irish boy chuckles, shaking his head. "Hey, I'm only 22! I'd prefer daddy".
Harry snickers, putting two fingers in front of his mouth, pretending to throw up, "Ew, never!"
"Calm down mate, I was joking". They both start laughing, but they're cut off by Niall's phone, that starts buzzing, filling the car with the notes of Come clean by Hilary Duff.
Harry has to put a hand on his mouth to keep himself from laughing, earning a glare from his friend, who frantically puts his phone out of his jeans pocket, answering the call.
"'Ello?" He answers, returning serious all of a sudden.
Harry hears someone's muffled voice on the other side but can't understand what they're talking about, so he just tries to focus on Niall's facial expressions instead.
"Yes, yes of course he's coming" he says, smiling smugly at Harry who suddenly understands what they're talking about, and feels like he could start panicking right then and there.
"Niall", he whispers shaking his head frantically, folding his hands like he was praying.
Niall looks at him cocking his head, pretending he doesn't understand what Harry wanted to say.
"Yeah sure" he keeps talking, smiling widely, making Harry let out an annoyed sigh.
"Niall. Please", Harry begs, but it's useless.
"Perfect. See you on Saturday then!" He puts his phone away, glancing at Harry before returning to look at the street.
"What Haz?"
Harry takes a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves and don't scare his friend because he literally is close to bursting right now.
"What? What?! First of all, you were using your phone while driving, you could have killed us!
And second, I clearly remember telling you I didn't want to go to that stupid, useless party, why didn't you listen to me?!" He says, rubbing his temples in frustration.
"Relax, you'll thank me. I'm sure you'll have fun"Niall says, not paying attention to Harry's gripes.
"Screw you", Harry mutters in response, giving up and crossing his arms over his chest.
"You're acting like a child. Stop frowning and man up a bit", Niall says, making Harry scoff.
"Man up? I'm freaking 19, I'll act like a child if I want to."
Niall gives up, turning on the radio and humming along to some random song.
"You'll thank me", he says under his breath, smiling to himself.
Saturday comes finally, and the only thing that runs through the blue eyed supermodel is that party.

He wants to look stunning, knowing what big of an event he's going to attend to.

Sure, he attended to more important events, he experienced the sensation of walking down a red carpet, something normal people can only dream of, but events like this are perfect to draw attention.

He spent the whole day preparing himself, doing face masks, hot baths, getting a haircut for the fourth time this month, buying his new, expensive Armani clothes that he knows he won't wear again after tonight.

Liam decided to join him at his house, or better, mansion, to get ready with him. It's something they have been doing since they met, and they intend on keeping it up.

"How do I look?"

Louis admires himself in front of the mirror hanging in his walk in closet, fixing his clothes. He's wearing a navy suit which he teamed with a crisp white shirt and brown brogue shoes.

"Hot as hell" Liam, who is fixing his bow tie, answers smiling.

"I knew it. You look like a potato though", he chuckles while styling his hair in a quiff.

"A hot potato though", Liam replies wriggling his eyebrows, laughing.

"A fried potato", Louis states.

"Stop it Lou, I'm hungry", Liam mutters pouting and nudging Louis to look at himself in the mirror.

"Do I seriously look like a potato?" He asks concerned. He won't come out of this house if he doesn't look handsome.

After all, there's going to be a lot of paparazzi and famous people, he can't risk looking like a homeless man. No offense to homeless men.

Louis laughs slightly and turns around, cupping Liam's face in his hands and planting a kiss on his forehead, "Calm down, I was joking, you look handsome".

Liam smiles happily to himself while spraying himself with some cologne.

"What are your plans for the night, Liam?" Louis asks while washing his hands.

"I don't know, what should they be Lou? I'll just stick with Sophia as usual" Liam replies.

Sophia is his girlfriend, and they always spend as much time as they can together, which happens rarely because, wherever they go, Louis is thirdwheeling and usually complaining about the fact that he's still single.

This amuses Liam, but not Sophia, who's actually growing tired of Louis' behavior.
And this is why Liam is hoping Louis won't stay with them tonight: he really wants to spend some alone time with his girlfriend, they deserve it after all.
"I was just asking, ", he shrugs. "How long till Cal arrives?"

Liam looks out of the window to see if their limousine is approaching. "I don't know, he should already be here", he says frowning.

"Don't worry, we'll just be fashionably late", Louis assures him, knowing that if they're a little late people will be expecting just them, and all eyes will be on him. And he loves that.

Liam rolls his eyes, and a few seconds later the doorbell rings. "Well, guess we won't", Louis chuckles while going to open the door.

"Are you ready Mr. Tomlinson? Mr. Payne?", Cal, Louis' chauffeur, asks in a professional tone.

They look at each other for a second before nodding. "Let's go Cal".

After about fifteen minutes, Cal stops the car and both Liam and Louis look out of the window, seeing a red carpet filled with photographers, cameras and journalists, along with a huge crowd, mostly made out of fans who are waiting for their favorite celebrity to show up.

The location of the exclusive party is a fancy mansion with a huge garden in the countryside, where all houses are huge and you can find only rich people patrolling the streets.

It is full of fairy lights and candles, which create a dimly lit atmosphere and that creates an intimate space, making everyone feel comfortable.

There also are a lot of waiters walking around in their elegant, white suits, offering each guest a glass of the most expensive champagne.

There are a lot of important figures, such as actors, editors, singers and well, models.

There are also some of the most appreciated and famous dj's, teaming up together to create the perfect background music in every room of the mansion, both outside and inside.

Cal stops in front of the open gates of the luxury mansion, and Louis takes in the view, while the valet, a man dressed in a black suit with a white button up, hurries to open the door of their car.

Louis takes a deep breath, adrenaline shooting through his veins.

He loves this kind of events, he loves attention, he just can't help it.

They wait for the man to open the door and for the bodyguards to arrive before climbing out smiling wide.

They make their way through the red carpet, stopping every few steps to take pictures with fans and sign some magazines, posters, and phone cases (which is something dumb in Louis' opinion).

Louis chuckles when he sees a girl, probably a teenager, waving around a sign which reads, 'Marry me Louis!!'.

He waves his hand and smiles at everyone, not really paying attention to what is happening around him as he's in his element right now. He could do this all night.

After the little catwalk, Liam excuses himself and goes to look for Sophia, leaving Louis (and the photographers and journalists) alone.
They are trying to reach him to ask him some questions but he doesn't want that, he just wants to be seen, he wants people to admire his stunning beauty and envy him because they will never look good as him.

It may be a little selfish and egoist, but this is just how Louis is.

He feels happier than ever, the familiar adrenaline flowing through his veins and the feeling of power and fame. Everything is perfect right now.

He knows what people think about him, he knows he's handsome, therefore he takes his time before reaching the entrance of the mansion, positioning himself next to the huge fountain placed in the front garden.

It is made out of the finest marble, at the center there is a statue of a girl holding a vase with water flowing out of it and cascading down the lady's body. Little drops of water reflect the light, making his skin glow, and creating a rainbow halo on him.

He sees some girls almost faint, other cry and other just screaming their lungs out. This is what he likes, he likes to be reminded of how big of an impact he makes on people.

Deciding he's had enough, he heads inside the mansion, where is welcomed by Vera and Richard, the two old owners of the place and the hosts of the event, who stop him and call a random photographer, asking to take a picture.

Vera used to be a model and is now the director of the Vogue magazine, while Richard owns a record label, which is one of the most famous here in the United Kingdom.

"We hope you'll have fun tonight Louis, you can come and tell us if something's wrong sweetie", Vera says, kissing Louis' cheek and wiping away the little stain of lipstick immediately after.

"Will do", Louis replies with a smile, stopping a waiter and taking a glass of champagne, making his way further inside sipping it.

He walks around for a bit, feeling bored, until he sees a familiar head of curls, but he's not sure he remembers where he's seen it last.

He narrows his eyes and looks at the couple for a moment, listening to their conversation as they don't seem to notice him.

"Harry come on, loosen up please. What's wrong?" Niall offers him a glass of wine, trying to cheer him up.

Harry refuses the drink, pouting, "I just want to go home. What are we doing here anyway?"

"Trying to have fun. You need a social life and I'm helping you with it", Niall says, motioning for him to get up from the chair where he's been sitting for more than half an hour.

He huffs before getting up, straightening his suit.

That's when it hits Louis, and his eyes widen. He could be the guy with the sexy voice who tripped over his shoes a few days ago?

Harry's wearing a red vertical-striped suit that he's obsessed with lately, but knows he won't be able to wear it anytime soon after tonight.
His hair is cascading down his shoulders without actually reaching them, it being still too short to touch them.

Niall wanted him to straighten it, but Harry stood his ground and refused to get his hair touched, stating that:
"Niall, my hair isn't straight for a reason. Actually, nothing about me is straight".

"Now, where should we go? Enlighten me" he says rolling his eyes and placing his empty glass which was once filled with water on the table.

Niall opens his mouth, about to answer to his friend's question when a light, sweet voice interrupts him.

"Mr. Styles, I'm Kendall. Kendall Jenner. I'm a model, I'm sure you've heard about me before", she says, flipping her long black hair and approaching the couple.

Louis watches the scene curiously. He knows very well who Kendall is, she's pretty famous and quite beautiful if you ask him.

"Can I get a picture with you?" The tall and skinny girl with a long black dress filled with glitters asks.

She obviously is a model, Harry thinks, but he's sure he has never seen her before. He stares at her for a moment, trying to figure out who the girl is, but giving up after a few seconds.

"No", he says bluntly, walking away without even glancing back at her anymore, therefore ignoring her shocked and hurt expression.

Louis looks at him with a surprised expression as well. How can Harry not know who that girl is?

Niall gives her a sympathetic look, "Uh, sorry?" He pats her and backs away slowly, before catching up with Harry who is still wandering aimlessly.

Louis approaches her and taps her on the shoulder, but Kendall is fuming, and when she turns around to look at Louis, she just rolls her eyes.

"Louis Tomlinson, what a surprise", she says bored, "We already slept together last year and I'm not going for round two", she finishes, almost as if she can read Louis' thoughts.

"Alright, sorry, but I see someone finally rejected you", he says with a smirk, leaving her speechless.

"Were you eavesdropping?", she asks harshly, to which Louis shrugs.

"Maybe", he replies cheekily.

She gasps, "Go away- no, actually, I am going. Bye", she says before running away, her cheeks bright red.

Louis just chuckles, then keeps following the blond guy until he reaches Harry.

"What the hell was that Harry?!" Niall asks, trying to catch his breath.

The curly haired boy furrows his eyebrows tilting his head and looks at him confused. "What?"

Niall sighs, shaking his head, "You're an idiot".
Harry laughs, cocking his head and realizing that someone is watching him rather intently.
He stares back, confused. He swears he has already seen those icy, silvery eyes. But where?
Louis’ heart almost stops because he's been caught staring like a creep.
He thinks about what he can do now, and decides that acting casual is the best he can do right now.
"Well, well, look who's here. I know you!", he smirks, but Harry quirks an eyebrow and looks at him weirdly.
"Do you now? And who might you be?", he asks, crossing his hands over his chest.
"I'm Louis Tomlinson, and you're Harry Styles", he smiles, "I believe you're the one who tripped on me a few days ago, and called me an asshole even though it clearly wasn't my fault", he explains slowly.
Harry gasps, realizing he can finally punch that idiot square in the face.
"I see, you're the asshat that-" He is cut off by Louis, who puts his hand against his mouth, still smirking.
"First of all, watch your language. Second, I think I am" he says teasingly.
"Harry who is this guy?", Niall asks, a confused look etched on his face. However, Harry ignores him.
Harry looks at him, he doesn't know what to say. This guy is stunning, his eyes are so captivating and his features are so delicate.
That night he couldn't really see his face, it was dark outside and he was in a hurry. But now, he wishes he could stop time only to keep looking at the handsome guy who's in front of him without looking like a weirdo.
His eyes fall to his thin, pink lips, then onto his hollowed, rosy cheeks. What is this guy?
"Hello? Earth to you?" Louis mocks him, without showing that he was checking Harry out too.
How can a guy have such plump, kissable lips? He seems interested in him, and he is a good looking guy too. He can put up with that.
He'll just pretend to flirt with him so that he can have a good time tonight. Yes, this is definitely going to be a good night for Louis.
"I uh, I think-", Harry starts talking.
"That you need some time alone. Right, Harry? Call me if you need me", Niall says, chuckling before patting his friend's arm and walking away.
"Is he drunk?" Louis asks, pointing to Niall who is talking to some random girl, probably about golf, since it is now his latest hobby.
Harry smiles, shaking his head, "No, that's the problem".
Louis laughs, clearing his throat. He's becoming nervous with every second passing.
Everything has to go right, he really, really needs everything to go right. He's already picturing Elanor's shocked expression when he'll tell her he finally hooked up after all this time.

Well, if things with Harry don't go as planned he can try with Kendall again, but he'd rather tell his friend he slept with someone new and equally hot, instead of repeating himself and using the girl as his last resort.

"Do you, maybe, want to go out?" He asks, hoping to not screw this up.

Harry's eyes widen, "Well, we just met but you seem like a f-"

Louis cackles, interrupting him, "I meant out of here".

Jesus, he's good looking but he's got no brain, Louis thinks.

He's not even sure this is actually going to be fun.

What if this guy is still a virgin? He doesn't even look that old anyway, and besides, he actually likes the thought of him being a virgin, even if it wouldn't be right to just take away his virginity and disappear from his life.

Why does everything need to be so complicated? He just wants to have a good time, that's all.

Harry feels his cheeks heat up, how could he be so stupid? "Oh, yeah, I knew it I was just, yeah, joking you know".

"Sure", Louis winks at him, putting a hand on Harry's back and leading him outside. Okay, maybe this is going to end up well.

"Do you want something to drink?" He asks the younger boy, who shakes his head, smiling slightly.

"I'm fine, don't worry".

Louis shrugs, starting to walk around the fountain. He hoped he could get the guy drunk and have his way with him, but apparently it's going to be harder than that.

Harry stops in his tracks, observing him. How did he not notice before how hot this guy is? He even called him an asshole, for Christ's sake. He just hopes he'll forget about that.

Louis turns around, staring back. "Are you leaving me all alone?" he says faking a pout.

Harry shakes his head, starting to walk towards Louis.

They walk in silence for a moment, both not knowing what to talk about. All Louis is able to think of now is how long it will take before he can have this guy under him.

Because yeah, he's definitely topping tonight.

"By the way, I'm sorry, I didn't mean for you to fall the other day", Louis suddenly speaks up, his voice soft and calm.

"Don't worry, I'm sorry too. I was so rude to you", he says making Louis chuckle.

"Just a bit." He says, admiring every detail of the curly haired boy's face, from his plump lips to his eyebrows, even his eyelashes and his dimples that he's able to see every time he smiles.
He's attractive indeed, but he's not planning on falling for anyone. Not tonight. Not for him.

"Yeah, I know", he says, voice low almost as if he's scared. Adorable, Louis thinks.

"I like your name, Harry", Louis says, sitting on a marble bench by the fountain and patting the place next to him, for Harry to sit down with him. 
"Thanks. Your's not bad either".

Louis sighs, admiring the little drops of water cascading by the fountain, creating hundreds of rainbow shades before disappearing.

"Why are you here? Are you an actor or something?" He asks, looking at Harry. He wants to know who he is going to hook up with.

"I'm a model actually. I started working a couple years ago, when I was 17 and I just needed money. But I'm sticking with it because I have to say I quite like it. What about you?". Harry says after a while, trying to sound confident.

“I'm a model, too. I've never seen you around before though. Where did you work?”

The younger boy shrugs, “I lived in New York, but I had to change agency because-”, he stops himself, thinking that maybe it's too early to give such personal information out.

“Well, because I wanted to. I started working for IMG a few weeks ago, I still have to get used to this new environment”, he explains.

“I work there too! So that's why I saw you the other day”, he says more to himself.

They stay silent for a bit until Louis can't hold it in anymore.

“Harry?”, he asks, and finds that the curly haired boy was already looking at him with a smile.

“Do you, maybe, wanna have sex with me?”, he asks, kind of regretting his choice of words.

He doesn't have time to do the classic small talk. Besides, he's probably never going to speak to this guy again, so why should he care?

Harry looks at him with raised eyebrows and a faint grimace, cringing a bit because he's a rather classy person, so he's at a loss for words.

He does want to sleep with that man, but he thought they could take it slowly, get to know each other, go on dates, and then, maybe, sleep together. 
He thinks about it. He can say no, and go back to Niall, go home and sleep in his king sized bed, alone.

Or, he can go home with Louis, have a good time, go home in the morning and, who knows, maybe Louis'll like him more when they'll have slept together.

“I-I mean”, he starts, looking at the boy in front of him, taking in every detail of Louis, from his big, blue eyes with silver speckles, to his button nose, to his thin lips who look ready to be kissed by his plump ones instead, almost as if they were made for it.

He decides to follow his instinct, and purses his lips, nodding.

“Really?”, Louis' eyes widen. He was about to give up, thinking that maybe he shouldn't have been so straightforward, but now he's glad he didn't back off.
“Yeah”. Harry replies, insecurity latched in his voice so that his answer sounds more like a question.

“Okay”, Louis breathes out, still trying to understand if the guy is serious or not.

And, he notices sadly, he's not even turned on. This turned out to be way more awkward than he imagined.

Louis scoots closer to him not sure of what to do.

You're doing great so far, Louis repeats to himself, as if this could give him some sort of power.

Harry feels something he hasn't felt in quite a long time: lust, want. This guy has some secret power, they practically just met and here he is, wishing he'd take him here and now.

"Am I making you uncomfortable?" Louis breathes, letting his eyes rest on Harry's lips.

"N-no. No", Harry whispers, leaning towards Louis and letting their foreheads touch, feeling a tingling sensation spread all through his body.

As their lips gently brush against each other, Louis' breath is caught in his throat.

"What are we doing? " Harry asks, without distancing himself from the older boy.

This is not how a one night stand should start off, but he can't say he's not happy with it.

"I don't know", Louis whispers, hesitating before attaching his lips to the curly haired boy's, feeling them soft against his skin, inhaling Harry's sweet scent.

He's about to pull away when he feels the younger's hand rest against the back of his head, pulling him closer and deepening the kiss.

Louis smiles slightly, feeling Harry's lips twitch in a smile too. He then wraps his hand around Harry's hips, pulling him even closer, while the younger's hands rest against Louis' chest.

After a couple of minutes the both pull away, Louis bites softly the curly haired boy's lower lip, still with the other's taste in their mouths, smiling to each other. "What the hell did we just do?" Harry asks, chuckling slightly.

"I don't know, but it felt right. You're a good kisser, Harry" he says only partly lying.

The hard work's done, he thinks.

They share another slow, clean kiss. "We've got a problem that needs to be solved now", Louis teases, letting his eyes fall onto his and Harry's pants.

Harry nods, still out of breath, squirming in his seat because his little 'problem' really needed to be solved.

Louis stands up, motioning for Harry to do the same.

"My place or yours?"
Chapter 4

Harry can feel his heart race against his chest as he gulps slowly, hands trembling and lightly sweating.

He doesn't even know why he's acting like this. He just keeps asking himself what he's doing and why.

He's just accepted to go home with a guy he met only a few minutes ago, and they definitely aren't going to sit down with a cup of tea, talking about cats.

He's had his fair share of one night stands, and each of them ended terribly, either because he didn't enjoy it or because the people he slept with only did it because he's famous.

Louis is hot, that's for sure, but he's still a stranger in Harry's eyes.

He even doubts they'll talk at all.

Louis wraps an arm around Harry's lower back, drawing circles with his thumb and making Harry shiver at the contact, making him want more.

He wants more, he needs more. If he's making a mistake, this sure isn't a bad one.

They walk outside of the mansion without even telling anyone where they're going.

People are just too busy minding their own business, therefore they're able to walk away without anyone questioning them. In fact, they don't even spare them a glance.

Harry tries to look for Niall, he glances at the buffet table, at the bar, but Niall's nowhere to be seen. He doesn't want him to worry, so he makes a mental note to text him as soon as he has the chance to.

"What are you thinking about?"

He feels Louis whisper against his hear, pressing his hand against his back and rubbing it up and down teasingly, letting it rest against Harry's bum while groping it and the younger has to bite his lips to keep himself from moaning out loud.

He tries to speak, but it's as if words are trapped inside his mouth, too afraid to come out.

He can see some photographer already taking pictures of the two of them and mentally rolls his eyes, already knowing he'll find his pictures on a random website talking about how much of a slut he is.

He can just feel it. However, the blue eyed man is a good distraction right now.

As they approach what Harry figures is Louis' car, he feels the older lean in again, whispering.

"Are you thinking about how good I'm going to make you feel? Are you?" He says, and Harry can't even turn and look at him because of the way his cheeks flush bright red.

He can't see Louis' face, but he knows he's just smirking, Louis knows the effect he has on him.
even though they barely know each other's names.

He tries to speak again, but before his brain could come up with something to say, he feels Louis leading him towards an expensive looking Mercedes S-Class Limousine.

Cal, the chauffeur, is already inside, but as soon as he sees Louis approaching he exits the car and goes to open the door for him and Harry to hop on.

"Good evening Mr. Tomlinson, did you have a good time?" He asks while shutting the door and climbing in the driver seat, starting the engine.

Louis rolls his eyes and nods, scooting closer to Harry, placing a hand on his thigh.

"Yeah, yeah. After you stop at my place you have to come here again to pick Liam up. Don't forget about him or I'll fire you".

He says sternly, making Harry furrow his eyebrows because there's no need to be rude to people. However, he doesn't say anything, it's not his place to say something about it and he knows it.

On the way home, Louis starts to rub circles on Harry's crotch area, making him squirm in his seat and grip the door handle as tight as he could to keep himself from moaning, hands slick with sweat.

He tries to steady his breathing while Louis talks to the chauffeur, probably telling him to take them both to Louis' place.

The first half of the drive goes exactly like this, Harry tries to keep calm and looks out of the window, taking in the view of the busy streets of London.

Even though it is pretty late at night, they are still full of people walking around, some with their hands intertwined, some walking alone with their heads hung low, some of them running to catch the tube or the bus.

Those people don't have to worry about the way they look when they leave their house, they don't have to always be perfect around people, they can lose or gain weight without people spreading rumors about them. They don't have to worry about being mobbed when they're walking around.

Sometimes Harry wishes he could be one of them for a day, a nobody. Someone who's a nobody for the whole world except for the few people who surround them.

But, on the other hand, he likes this life. He likes the money, the attention and the popularity. It's part of his life and he wouldn't change it ever.

These thoughts can only distract him for so long as he can still feel Louis' hand resting on his upper thigh, haunting his thoughts and replacing them completely.

Louis has very delicate hands, he wonders what they're able to do, what they're able to make him feel.

This is, until Louis turns around to look at him, smirking, clearly amused.

Harry doesn't understand why he's acting like this, all he knows for sure is that he's incredibly horny. Louis cocks his head licking his lips, his smirk never leaving his face.

Without breaking eye contact, he slides his hand further up, palming and gripping Harry's length and starting to stroke it slightly, making Harry feel dizzy with excitement.
Harry's eyes widen as he looks at Louis shaking his head, almost begging him to stop.

But Louis doesn't stop, and Harry is not sure he actually wants him to.

He throws his head back and bites his lower lip, looking at Louis and begging him to do something.

He wants him to stop, because he doesn't want Cal to know what they're up to. If he noticed, Harry would never be able to look at him ever again. Not that he'll have to anyway, probably.

At the same time though, he doesn't want him to stop because everything is making him feel so good, and he wants more, now.

They turn a corner, and that's when Louis removes his hand from Harry's crotch, making him almost whimper at the loss of contact.

Louis looks at him amused. "Such a slut", he mouths to Harry who bites his lip for the millionth time this evening, trying to not show he is fighting tears of frustration. Fucking tease, he thinks.

After a couple of minutes, Cal pulls up into a big driveway, hurrying out of the car and opening Louis' door for them to hop off.

Harry struggles to keep himself steady, it's pretty uncomfortable to walk while sporting a painful boner.

It just creates more friction, therefore it does not help at all.

He tries not to give away how worked up he already is, trying to distract himself by taking in the view he's met with.

The car stops at the entrance of a huge mansion. Not big like the one they were at previously, but enough to make Harry gape at the view. There's also a stone fountain placed at the center of the driveway, with lights illuminating the little pool at the bottom and surrounded by flowers.

He can't help but stare at it, trying to wrap his head around the fact that this is where Louis Tomlinson lives.

He had already heard his name before but he would have never though he'd be that rich. And that posh. He simply doesn't look like that kind of guy.

He feels Louis approaching once again, and his heart starts beating faster in his chest, so fast Harry thinks it could jump out of his chest at any moment. He wraps an arm around his lower back again, this time letting his hand rest on his bum, groping it, making Harry squeal.

Louis smirks and opens the door, leading Harry inside and closing it immediately after. While he does so, Harry can't help but look at him, mesmerized by his beauty, something extraordinary.

He wonders why Louis picked him at the party and not some random guy. But, maybe, he picked a random guy.

He is a random guy, after all. He's just a one night stand. I mean, what would make him different from the others? The fact that they had already met doesn't
mean anything, does it?

Once Louis shuts the door, he turns to Harry, knowing that tonight's going to be fun.

He knows what Harry's feeling right now, he knows he thinks he's something special. Too bad, he thinks. Never trust the Tommo.

He approaches Harry, cupping his face and looking at him in the eyes, smiling. He feels some kind of feeling pool at the bottom of his stomach and making his heart beat faster, but he ignores it. He thinks he's just horny.

He leans in to kiss Harry's lips, but he pulls away as soon as his lips brush against the curly haired boy's one, making him whimper.

"You really are a slut, aren't you", he teases him, leading him to his living room, Harry following just like a puppy, too mesmerized by the situation to even think straight.

He feels the bulge in his pants growing with every step, and he has to stifle his moans, trying to ignore the throbbing pain coming from his crotch.

Louis doesn't even bother turning the lights on, he pushes Harry on the huge couch and attaches his lips to the younger’s ones, moaning against them.

Harry takes a moment to take in what's happening before starting to kiss him back, mouths moving slowly but hungrily against each other.

Louis bites Harry's lower lips, and immediately after the curly haired one moans, letting his lips part, Louis taking the opportunity to slide his tongue into Harry's mouth.

They fight for dominance, and Harry lets him win, letting his tongue swirl around his mouth, intertwining with his, detaching every once in a while to catch their breath.

Louis feels his member twitch as he rubs it against Harry's hard on.

He can see the outline of Harry's bulge through his black, red striped pants. Louis places his hands on Harry's shoulders, detaching from his lips and reaching the younger's ears. "I know what you want", he whispered, hearing Harry moan under him.

His member is twitching after every moan escaping Harry's plump, swollen lips. He knows Harry's not going to answer, already too worked up to form a proper sentence.

He lowers himself, attaching his lips to Harry's again.

"Take off your shirt, baby", he demands, and looks as Harry groans before obeying his words.

He looks as he unbuttons his jacket, tossing it somewhere, probably on the floor, and proceeds to remove his button up, struggling with lust and excitement.

"You look so hot like this", Louis whispers, feeling himself grow bigger in his pants, taking in the view of Harry's every tattoo, leaning in to trace the outline of his butterfly tattoo on Harry's abdomen, feeling him stiffen against his touch.

Harry opens his eyes for the first time in so long, taking in the view of Louis, who is looking at him almost like he isn't sure of what to do, almost like he doesn't want to hurt him.

Little does he know, Louis is mesmerized, attracted by Harry in a way he's afraid to admit.
He doesn't know why though, they just met. Harry was supposed to be just a one night stand. What the hell is happening?

Harry decides to take control of the situation, and unbuckles Louis' pants, removing his boxers soon after, admiring Louis' length and wrapping his mouth around it, making Louis come to his senses again.

"Woah", Louis whispered almost like awakening from his dizziness, throwing his head back and moaning loudly while Harry starts sucking it slowly, head buried between his thighs.

Louis can't focus on anything else other than Harry's mouth and tongue, swirling around his shaft.

Harry pulls away for a moment, making Louis whimper at the loss of heat. He tangles his hand through Harry's hair, pulling him down again.

This time though, Harry goes and licks over the skin of Louis' balls, teasingly.

He can't help but adore the loud moans that are escaping Louis' mouth, feeling his member throbbing against the fabric of his boxers, begging to be set free but now he has to please Louis, he can't think about it too much.

"Fuck Ha-Harry", Louis manages to say through moans.

"Stop teasing already", he demands, and Harry smirks before returning to wrap his tongue around Louis' tip, licking the precome that's already leaking from his member.

He slides his hands between his thighs, stroking his balls. Louis whines, his breath becomes quick and shallow, his hands tighten their grip on Harry's hair. "S-stop", he demands, and Harry doesn't understand why.

Is he doing something wrong? Before he can ask what's wrong, Louis straddles Harry again, pressing his back against the couch.

"You thought you were dominant all of a sudden?" He says smirking, brushing his knee against Harry's member making him whimper.

Louis laugh slightly, unbuckling Harry's belt and helping him slide them off, along with his boxers, and Harry lets his member spring free, resting against his stomach, throbbing achingly.

"P-please do s-something", Harry begs. He doesn't know what's happening, but he can't take this anymore.

Louis removes his own shirt before getting up from the couch, leaving Harry confused.

He exits the living room, going God knows where and Harry's on the verge of tears because this is not fair. Is he supposed to get off by himself, here?

His questions are soon answered when he sees Louis come back into the living room with a bottle of lube and a condom in his hands.

This makes Harry's heart beat faster. He didn't even think about the possibility of really being fucked by Louis, and this is enough to make him want to touch himself, moaning.

Louis is quick to snatch his hand away, straddling his hips again.

"Fuck", Louis whispers, "Only I can let you cum, got it?"
Harry nods frantically, wishing for Louis to hurry up. Louis opens the bottle of lube and coats one of his fingers.

"Lay on your back", he demands and Harry does it, knowing what's to come and trying to ignore the pain that's coming from his member, that is laying achingly on his stomach, every little movement creating friction and making him stifle stressed moans.

Louis slides his finger into Harry's hole without a warning, making Harry wince.

It's been so long since he's last done it, he has to get used to this sensation again. Louis twirls his finger around Harry's hole, making him squirm and moan.

"I'm gonna add another one, okay babe?" Louis asks, not even caring that he called Harry 'babe'.

As soon as Harry nods, he coats another finger up, reaching for Harry's hole again, thrusting it into him.

"I'm ready", Harry blurs out quickly, eager to feel Louis' length inside him.

He knew he was going to be good with his hands, he simply knew it. He indeed must be good down there, too, Harry thinks.

"Are you sure? I'm only using two fingers", Louis asks, not completely convinced.

But, why should he care about this guy? He's saying he's ready, so he must be. And even if he wasn't, that's not Louis' problem.

"Please. Please Lou!" Harry begs, and Louis feels a weird sensation when he hears Harry use that nickname, but he pushes this though at the back of his head.

With that, he rips open the foil containing the condom, and slides it up his throbbing member, quickly aligning properly above Harry's hole, entering him slowly, hearing Harry wince.

"Are you okay?" He asks, and Harry nods after a while.

"Go", he says, giving Louis the permission to enter him completely, starting to thrust up into him at a slow pace, listening to Harry's loud, guttural moans, and doing the same.

"Fuck, so good for me", Louis whispers against Harry's ear, the younger boy's hands try desperately to grip the fabric of the couch, knuckles becoming white and sweat pooling around his temples, while the older's hands rest at the sides of Harry's head.

After a while, Louis starts to thrust quicker and faster, letting deep moans escape his parted lips, head dizzy with pleasure and arms almost sore for keeping his weight up for so long.

Several minutes pass. They change position multiple time, postponing their climaxes because the sensation every movement, every thrust makes them feel is just too good, too overwhelming.

Harry's hand is now firmly wrapped around his own member, but he's not stroking himself, the pleasure is so overwhelming he doesn't even need to touch himself.

"I need-I'm gonna cum", Harry finally stammers, body trembling and rocking with Louis' thrusts as his own hands stroke his length.

"Go ahead", Louis speaks softly, gripping a strand of Harry's hair, tugging at it while he reaches the top.
After a couple of seconds, Harry comes shouting, cum hitting Louis' chin and Harry's stomach.

"Oh god, oh god", he moans loudly, feeling Louis come inside him, "Fuck Harry. Fuck, you're so good, oh god", Louis shouts while thrusting into Harry quickly and deeply, almost out of breath, body stiffening and shaking with pleasure.

He falls from his high, collapsing onto Harry's abdomen, chests heaving together.

They stay quiet as they catch their breath, both exhausted.

However, before Harry could say something, he feels Louis' steady breathing.

He tries to shake him slightly, but he's already passed out.

He tries not to think too much about how he would like to clean himself up, but he doesn't want to wake Louis up.

He also tries not to think about what just happened too much, he tries to ignore the voice in his head that's saying he made a mistake.

He wraps his arms around the older boy's waist, not really liking the fact that he's not being the little spoon, and closes his eyes, falling asleep soon after, despite the uncomfortable position.

Everything can wait till morning, he thinks.

Chapter End Notes

hey guys! Thanks for your support, it means a lot x.
I just wanted to remind you that this is my first fan fiction and I know it's not perfect, so please just be kind and leave nice comments if you want, it would make me so happy to know what you guys think. xx
"Wake up".

Harry feels someone shaking him slightly, and he slowly opens his eyes, letting them adjust to the bright light that's coming from the big windows. He is met with the smell of coffee coming from the kitchen, mixed with the sweet scent of strawberries and chocolate.

He looks around, taking in every detail of the room he's in. He sees a fireplace he didn't notice last night, along with some big windows covering the walls, letting the morning light in, illuminating the place even though the sun is not shining bright today, and it's replaced by some dark, threatening clouds that cover the entire sky of London like a thick blanket of smoke.

He also sees some books scattered on the table in front of him, most of them are sport or gossip magazines. Harry wonders if pictures of Louis are inside of them, or maybe he just bought them because he enjoys reading them.

He rubs his eyes and sits up, trying to remember where he is and what happened last night, feeling dizzy and tired. He is met with a pair of blue eyes, blue like the winter sky when is about to snow, blue like a stormy ocean, but so captivating and just pretty.

Louis is wearing sweatpants and a plain white t-shirt, but he still has got a bed head and looks very cute, in Harry's eyes. He remembers what happened last night, and immediately looks at himself, noticing he's lying naked on a stranger's couch and he feels himself shivering from the cold.

He looks up again to meet Louis' gaze, who looks away as soon as their eyes meet. The older clears his throat, tossing Harry his clothes and looking at his feet, avoiding his gaze. Harry doesn't speak, instead he waits for Louis to say something, biting his lower lip.

"I want you out of here as soon as possible", he finally says sternly, making Harry flinch and feel awkward. He didn't expect for things to go this way.

"Can, uh, Can I take a shower?" He asks.

He smells like sex and sweat and it's making him feel uncomfortable. What if people see him walk down the streets looking like this?

Louis looks at him briefly, before snickering and smirking, his gaze piercing through Harry's skin. "No. Now put your clothes on and leave".

Harry feels disappointment spread through his body. He really was that stupid, he really thought he was special, different. He really thought this guy was attracted to him the same way he is. He was so stupid to believe everything Louis told him last night. He should have seen it coming, he should have known that his words were nothing but a lie, nothing but a way to trick him into doing what Louis wanted.

And Harry was so naive he gave in, he trusted him. And now he feels so bad, he just wants to turn back time and avoid that party.
He knew nothing good was coming out of it, but people don't listen to him and in the end he's the only one to feel like shit. He's the only one who lets people use him, take advantage of him shamelessly, every time.

He doesn't know what to say, so he glares at Louis before putting his clothes on, looking for his shoes. He also feels extremely self conscious, because Louis doesn't stop looking at him for a single second, he can feel his eyes burning on his body, leaving burns and bruises.

Louis has a very fit body, with just a hint of abs and thick thighs, while he's just out of shape and embarrassing.

While he's putting his trousers on, he feels something heavy in his pocket, and remembers he didn't text Niall. He pulls the phone out of his pocket and looks at the screen, seeing more than 20 missed calls and an uncountable number of texts.

"Shit", he whispers. He knows Niall won't let it slide. But right now he could care less about Niall. He's the one who made him go to this stupid party, ignoring Harry's request to just give up. He's the one who thought this would be fun. Right now he's the last person Harry wants to see. Or is he?

"Why are you still here? I told you to leave", Louis' voice comes out harsh shaking him from his thoughts, and Harry feels so bad. He needs answers, he can't leave this house without knowing Louis' intentions.

He has to know if this was a joke all along, he wants to know if he was just a toy, he needs to know if he really was that stupid, that gullible. He gulps before taking a deep breath, letting out the words he is dreading to say.

"S-so this didn't mean anything to you?", he asks, voice cracking at the end and tears pooling at the sides of his eyes, but he refuses to let them win, he refuses to break down in his house.

Louis snickers, shaking his hands. "Uh, no? Don't tell me you believed everything I told you", he says, going to open the front door and motioning for Harry to go, but Harry needs more, he wants to make sure Louis isn't lying, even if this means getting hurt again.

"I just wanted a good fuck, I'm not even sorry", he says smirking, waiting for Harry to get up and leave, crossing his arms against his chest and tapping his foot against the marble floor.

That's it, Harry thinks. This is everything he needed to know to just feel like a piece of shit. Fuck, why, why do words hurt so bad? Harry gets up, quickly tying his greasy hair in a bun before sighing and approaching the door, stopping right next to Louis who is watching his every move.

Harry feels a wave of anger mixed with confidence all of a sudden, a feeling he hasn't felt in a long time. Confidence mixed with anger and betrayal. He steps closer to Louis, who flinches back. It's like electricity cursing through his veins. He's so close to him, so close to those silvery, sparkling eyes that he could just lean over a little bit and kiss him again.

He sees small freckles on the older boy's nose, his eyes lingering on his features for a little too long. But he doesn't touch him, he can't touch him.

Even with his rough attitude, Louis looks so fragile, so delicate that Harry fears if he touches him
he will break him.

He just looks him in the eyes trying to ignore that feeling inside his chest that's spreading through his whole body again, just like the night before.
He grits his teeth and decides to speak before his confidence leaves him again.

"You are an asshole, I hope I'll never see you again", he tells Louis, poking his chest, and the older raises an eyebrow in disbelief.
He shrugs and scoffs, before talking back.

"The feeling is mutual. By the way, you're not even attractive. Now go the hell away before I call the cops on you".
Louis pushes Harry out of the door and slams it shut, leaning his forehead against it for a moment.

He then takes a deep breath, shaking his head.
Why did he have to say that?
He just gets very touchy when someone attacks him, and he feels the urge to fight back, even for the littlest arguments.
Maybe that's why he doesn't have any friends.

He makes his way towards the kitchen, not even hungry anymore. He feels guilty, but he doesn't know the reason why.
That guy was rude too, wasn't he? How dare he call him an asshole?

He looks out of the window, seeing Harry look around, almost like he's trying to figure out in which part of town he is in.
He sees him rubbing his eyes with the sleeve of his suit, and this makes his heart ache. Is he really crying because of what he said to him?
He feels the urge to open the door again and ask him if he needs a ride home, but he can't.

Not after what he said. Besides, he's sure Harry would refuse and probably punch him in the face and Louis couldn't blame him, cause maybe, just maybe, he deserves it.

So, he just keeps looking at Harry, who has his head hung low, walking out of his mansion all by himself.

"Fuck you Harry", he whispers before closing the curtains and heading towards his leaving room, turning the tv on and hoping something will distract him from thinking about that curly haired boy too much.

Meanwhile, Harry is wandering aimlessly, not knowing where he is, or where he's going.
He lifts his head up to look at the gray sky above him, huge clouds towering over London, making it look sad, dull.
Wow, he thinks, the weather really matches his mood today.

It looks like it's going to rain soon, and Harry feels exactly the same: he feels like he's going to cry soon, he can feel that annoying pain at the back of his throat like when you're trying so hard to hold back tears even though you know you can't win against them.

Everything could be so much easier. He could just call Niall and ask him to pick him up, but he doesn't want to.
He feels so frustrated and he struggles to walk because his bum is sore.

After an hour, more or less, he gives up.
He takes his phone out of his pocket, dialling Niall's number, hoping he'll answer soon because he's not sure he can last any longer like this. Luckily, his friend picks up after a couple of rings.

"Where the hell are you? I freaking told you to text me, damn it!" Niall's voice is loud and makes Harry flinch, taking the phone away from his ear. This is not the right moment, he thinks.

In a way, he's happy Niall is so worried about him, this means he cares about Harry. But, right now, that's not what matters. He pinches the bridge of his nose, trying not to think about his headache too much, squeezing his eyes shut before speaking.

"Niall, calm down. I-I'm okay", he tries to sound convincing but his voice cracks, and he knows Niall can tell when he's lying. He doesn't even care anymore, he just wants to go home and hide from the world, and try to forget about that stupid guy who hurt him both physically and mentally.

"Haz, please tell me where you are, I'm coming to pick you up", Niall's voice is now calm and soothing, and Harry struggles to not let his tears fall.

He looks around, looking for a street sign to help Niall find him sooner, and tells him where he is. "How did you even end up there? Don't move Haz, I'll be there in ten", Niall says, hanging up afterwards.

Harry sighs, hoping no one will recognize him. He's still wearing his suit, but his hair is greasy, he's got bags under his eyes and he didn't shower. He feels dirty, in the worst way possible. He feels used, he feels betrayed, but most of all he feels so stupid.

He keeps his head hung low, hoping this way less people will look at him, even though there aren't many people in this part of town. Probably because this is a rich neighborhood, and only a few people can afford to live here.

After about ten minutes, Niall's black Range Rover stops right in front of him, and he quickly opens the door and climbs in without uttering a word, avoiding his friend's gaze by leaning his head against the window. However, he can still feel his eyes on him.

Niall puts a hand on his knee, patting it. "Come on Haz, look at me", he says softly. Harry instantly flinches and glares at his friend.

"It was all your fault! I told you I didn't want to go to that stupid party!”, he yells, but his voice cracks and betrays him. Niall looks at him confused, but he doesn't try to argue. He can see the look on Harry's face. He knows something happened and now his friend is upset. He can't help but feel guilty.

Harry knows he can't argue with Niall, so he slowly turns his head, glaring at him, a mixture of feelings pooling inside of him. Anger, betrayal, tiredness, sadness but also relief. Like when you had a bad dream and you wake up and you know everything is over, everything was just temporary.

He looks at his blond friend, waiting for him to talk, already knowing what the question will be.
"What's wrong?", he asks, concerned.

Harry looks at him, trying to find the right words to begin with. However, when he thinks he's found them, he bursts into tears.

He covers his eyes with his hands, hiccupping and sobbing loudly. Niall's eyes widen, and he stops the engine, focusing only on his crying friend.

He scoots closer to him, wrapping an arm around his shoulder despite the uncomfortable position and the narrow space. Seeing Harry cry makes him want to cry too, it's just heartbreaking.

Harry looks so defenceless and fragile when he cries, and Niall deep down knows that this is Harry's true nature. Under his cold and calm mask, he's just a boy, still scared of the world, still fragile and in need of a guide, in need of someone who can take care of him.

He starts moving his hand up and down his back, stroking it gently while the younger's body is shaken with sobs. "I'm-I'm just a- an asshole, r-right?", he asks through sobs, hiccupping.

Niall doesn't understand why Harry's asking this question, but one thing he knows for sure: Harry is one of the most caring people he has ever met, and he really can't understand what made him think like this, he doesn't understand why he's crying his eyes out in his car, right now.

He decides this is not the best place to talk, so he just starts the engine and drives home, keeping a hand on Harry's knee during the whole drive. Once they're home, Niall leads Harry inside, taking Harry's keys from his pocket.

Harry is still mad at Niall, but he's angry at himself too. Louis told him he's not attractive, he basically told him he's ugly. And then he thinks about his job, about what he does for a living.

People see his pictures everyday in magazines and shops, so do they really see what Louis sees? An ugly, unattractive stupid guy?

Harry sits on his couch, small sobs leaving his mouth along with some tears rolling down from his cheeks, creating a wet path and falling onto his trousers, leaving little wet dots like constellations.

Niall sits beside him and places a cup of warm milk next to him, then puts a hand on Harry's arm and gives him a reassuring squeeze, waiting for the younger boy to speak. "Talk to me", he says simply, trying to not sound too demanding.

It takes a long time and a cup of milk before Harry finally opens up and tells Niall what happened, including every single word Louis told him, and Niall can't help but feel guilty because he should have known. He should have known this wasn't a good idea.

"I'm sorry Haz, I really am. I am the asshole here. And that Louis fucking Tomlinson", the blond boy says, hugging Harry and letting him cry on his expensive shirt.

Once Harry calms down, he looks at Niall while rubbing his eyes. "He's gonna pay for this", Harry says. "He's going to fucking pay for this" he says while getting up
and heading towards the bathroom to take a shower. Niall gets up too and wraps his hand around Harry's wrist, making him stop and turn back to him.

"Who does he think he is? Does he really think he can take advantage of me so easily?", Harry scoffs, "Well, he's wrong".

"It's not worth it, Harry. Remember that Karma is a bitch, he's gonna get what he deserves", Niall says, trying to persuade Harry from doing something he'll regret.

Harry looks at him pursing his lips, before shrugging and closing the bathroom door. "Fuck you, Louis", Harry whispers while turning the shower on.

"We'll see who's the unattractive one between me and you".
"Perfect, just perfect! Look at me now, but not directly at me if you know what I mean", Ashton, Harry's photographer, tells him.

He's working for Vogue Uk on an expensive yacht, since he's wearing the new Tommy Hilfiger's summer collection.
The yacht is classy and elegant, and makes Harry want to buy one too.

He's already got his license, but he's never thought about getting one of these floating houses. But, he thinks, then he would have to hire a bunch of people to keep it clean and a bunch of people to make sure it still works and well, probably not the best idea since he wouldn't even use it that much anyway.

Right now he's trying not to think about what happened last week, even though that night haunts him in his dreams, he just can't believe those words were said to him by Louis Tomlinson.
If that guy wasn't attractive, Harry would probably already be over him, but he is just so, so charming and hot and the curly boy still can't believe any of this really happened.

He hasn't seen the boy anymore after that day, and he can't help but wonder where he is, what he's doing. Does he even think about him anymore?
Harry surely does. He will admit he might be crushing on Louis Tomlinson, but this doesn't change the fact that he has to pay for what he's done.

He's trying to focus more on his career right now, he's trying to boost his confidence, he's trying to accept himself. It's weird though.
He can embrace and accept other people's flaws, but they don't seem to do the same with him.

He decides to put these thoughts at the back of his mind and concentrate instead on what he's doing right now.
Career's more important than love, right? Besides, love is not even involved in what happened.
Harry feels like a high school girl right now, still thinking about a stupid, meaningless one night stand.

Louis was right though, these things happen all the times, he should have known, it's all in his head.
Louis felt nothing more than physical attraction to him, and he was so blind he gave in, he let him have what he wanted.

But, next time it won't be that easy, Harry thinks.
If they ever meet again, he's going to make Louis regret his words, he'll come begging for Harry to forgive him. And to take him back like nothing happened. Hopefully.

He looks at Ashton and smiles at him, and the other boy, a tall guy with wispy blond hair and bright green eyes, seizes the occasion to take a picture of him.
It's rare seeing Harry smile in one of his pictures, he thinks he looks more professional if he just stares at the camera with his "Greek god look", as he likes to call it.

And most of the times he's right, he does look good also when he's not staring at the camera, but he knows people would pay to have a picture of him smiling, even though he doesn't know why.
He thinks his smile has nothing out of the ordinary, it's just a smile. And, he doesn't like his front teeth for some odd reason.
"Thanks for that smile mate, that is surely a gem", Ashton tells him teasingly while looking at the photo he's just taken, and Harry just rolls his eyes and scoffs.

"Are you going to jerk off with that photo glued to your forehead?" He teases him back, winking while licking his lips in a seductive way, even though he knows it's useless: Ashton is straight, and he's even got a girlfriend.

He's not that attractive anyway.

"Actually, I was going to print it and hang it on my bedroom wall, so that every night I could fall asleep with your creepy face staring at me", he answers snickering, shaking his head.

They both laugh before returning to do their jobs, Harry hoping this'll be over soon because he's not allowed to wear sunglasses.

And, people with light colored eyes like him can't usually stand the bright light of the sun, even if it's just a timid, faded November sun.

"We're finished here guys", a woman claps his hands while complimenting everyone for their good job.

Harry sighs in relief, just wanting to go home and crawl in his bed with a cup of steaming hot tea.

He's about to jump off the now docked yacht when one of Harry's assistants approaches him with a glass of water, handing it to him.

"Harry, they told me to inform you that you have a meeting this afternoon. Business stuff I guess", she tells him, waiting for him to finish his drink. Harry nods, not knowing what to say.

He does his best to keep a straight face, even though he just wants to rip his hair off.

He just wanted to go home and have a good day, but obviously his plans have to be ruined.

Wouldn't be a proper Monday if nothing bad happened.

He walks home quickly, hoping to have enough time to change into something more comfortable and eat something, even though he's not that hungry and he can easily skip lunch, it's not like anyone would notice.

He's about to open his flat door when he feels a hand patting his shoulder, making him jump and squeal like a little girl.

He turns around, ready to fight whoever is trying to kidnap him but he's met with a pair of bright blue eyes and a laughing Niall.

He sighs, shaking his head while closing his eyes and putting a hand over his heart.

"Fuck you Niall. You think that's funny?" he asks trying to sound angry, but he's actually relieved it's only his best friend instead of some maniac.

"You should have seen your face mate! Priceless. I wish I took a picture", his blond friends keeps laughing while Harry simply huffs before entering his flat, already knowing Niall wants to come in too so he doesn't bother closing the door.

He goes straight into his walk-in closet and strips off his black tight jeans and his button up, changing into some black Nike sweatpants and a black hoodie, along with some gray boots.

He ties his hair in a bun before joining Niall in the kitchen, who is already cooking something to eat for the both of them, much to Harry's dismay.

"What are you doing? I'm pretty sure there's food at your place too" Harry says bitterly, knowing that Niall won't get offended by it.

The Irish boy chuckles, flipping the eggs and bacon in an attempt to make some sort of bacon
flavored scrambled eggs.

"I know? but you know, I don't really enjoy eating alone. Foods tastes better if shared", he tells Harry winking. Truth is, he knows Harry would be able to easily skip lunch if no one was watching him. But this isn't healthy at all, so Niall does what he can to help his friend.

The curly haired boy just smiles and shakes his head, while taking out two dishes and two glasses and putting them on the table along with forks and knives. "You're really setting the table without me asking you to?" Niall teases him while washing his hands.

"Do you ever shut up? I'm trying to be nice here", Harry replies smirking and taking a seat, waiting for Niall to finish cooking his food. A couple of minutes later, Niall turns the stove off and carries the pan to the table, dividing the food into the plates.

Harry simply mumbles a 'thanks' before grabbing his fork and start playing with his food. When it cools down he takes a bite, nodding to Niall and smiling. It actually isn't that bad.

"Wait, Niall, is this bacon?", he asks with wide eyes, holding a tiny piece of bacon with his fork. "Yeah?", Niall answers as he keeps eating, proud of his cooking skills.

"You know I don't eat meat!", he says as he regrets letting Niall in his flat in the first place. Niall stops eating and looks at him, giving him a weird look. "Mate, you're not a cow. Now eat".

Harry pouts but laughs nonetheless, he knows that Niall wouldn't resist two days without eating some sort of meat. He definitely knew what his reaction would be. "Well at least your eyes work better than your brain", he chuckles when he sees Niall pout, with his mouth still full of food. He looks at the clock, realizing he's got an hour before his meeting.

"What exactly do I have to go to that meeting for?" he asks Niall and waits for him to swallow his food before answering. "I don't really know 'cause they didn't tell me what it is about, but I think it involves some big brand, maybe a collaboration, or something like that".

Harry raises an eyebrow, confused, "What? Are you sure? I'm a model" Harry says, getting more confused and curious every second that passes. Now, he actually wants to go out as soon as possible and get his questions answered, something he never knew he could want.

"I know you are, you idiot", Niall smiles before getting up and placing their dishes in the sink, making a mental note to come by and wash them later, since he knows Harry won't ever do it. He turns around, seeing his friend already looking at him. "Something wrong?" He asks, shooting him a smile. Harry shakes his head and makes his way towards the bathroom and washing his teeth, thinking about how lucky he is to have a friend like Niall.

However, when he raises his head from the sink to look at himself in the mirror, he lets out a loud groan. "Really? Really?!" He shouts.

Niall opens the bathroom door not even ten seconds later, looking at his friend with a worried
expression. "What's wrong? You sick?"

Harry slowly turns his head to look at his friends with a panicked expression. Niall doesn't understand what his friend's problem is, so he quirks an eyebrow and cocks his head, waiting for him to speak. Harry raises a hand without breaking eye contact with him, and points at his head.

"You can't tell me you don't see this", he says almost crying. Niall looks closely, and when he spots what Harry is talking about, he chokes a laugh by biting the inside of his cheek. "Really Harry? That is your problem?" He finally gives in and chuckles, pointing at Harry's hair.

There was a single curl sticking out of his head, and once you see it, you can't help but stare at it. It's quite funny actually.

"It looks like gravity can't affect it", Niall says while trying to tame the curl, but it's useless. "Just put a headband on or some gel and hope it stays in place" he offers, and Harry looks at him almost fuming. "I'm not going anywhere looking like this Niall, you heard me?"

Niall rolls his eyes, opening one of Harry's bathroom dressers and taking out a thin headband and a tube of gel, tossing them him. "Here, now shut up and fix it, we're already late", he tells him before leaving the bathroom.

He opens the door and goes downstairs, heading to his Range Rover and hopping on, starting the engine and waiting for Harry to come down as well. "I want some tea", Harry says shutting the door of the car five minutes later. "You'll have your tea as soon as we get there, okay?" Niall says softly, knowing that Harry's not rude, it's just the way he is. "Whatever", he hears him mutter.

After about ten minutes they get to Harry's agency, both heading towards the boss' office, walking along a narrow hallway filled with pictures of models who have managed to become famous worldwide.

Deep down, Harry hopes one day there's going to be his photo too.

Niall knockslightly on the dark wood door that has a plaque with 'Mr. Cowell' on it. Harry hasn't talked to him that much. Last time they spoke was about two weeks ago, when Harry was hired here to work for Burberry for the first time. That's when he knew his career could take off, as shortly after more famous brands requested him for their photo shoots, like Salvatore Ferragamo and Calvin Klein.

"Come in", Mr. Cowell's voice is heard from the other side of the door, so Niall pushes it open. What Harry sees though, lets him speechless. He freezes as soon as he sees who's sitting in one of the comfortable leather armchairs in front of the boss' desk. He can't believe it.

He can't believe Louis Tomlinson is sitting there, looking at him with a smug face, smirking. Harry wants to slap his face or punch him, but at the same time he doesn't, because that boy always looks so fragile and delicate. Behind him there's what Harry assumes is his manager, a tall guy with dark hair and brown eyes, that looks rather friendly in Harry's opinion.

"Why the fuck is he here?" Harry asks pointong at Louis, without tearing his gaze away from the
blue eyed boy that's still sitting there looking at him, and completely forgetting who he was talking
to.

He feels Niall tug at his sweater so he turns to him, seeing him give him a stern look.
He suddenly looks at Mr. Cowell who's already looking at him confused, with his mouth half open
as if he was about to say something.
"I- I'm sorry", he apologizes scratching the back of his neck and taking a seat next to Louis.

"Way to go, Styles", he hears the older boy mock him but he refuses to look at him, he's already
too embarrassed.

Cowell clears his throat before speaking, "I didn't know you two were so close".
Harry almost scoffs at those words because, really, they were anything but close.
Before either of them could speak though, Cowell speaks up again, "So Harry, I guess you want to
know why you and Louis are here", he starts and Harry nods slowly, remaining silent.

"Well", he points to Louis, "Last week the manager of a famous brand called me a few days ago,
asking me if I could find two male models who could work for them for a while", he stops for a
second and Harry nods, motioning for him to keep talking.
"You two would be the faces of the new Valentino men spring and summer collection. Your
pictures'll be printed and hung in the shops and in their official website basically".

Harry is utterly shocked. He will work with Louis? Out of each and every male model who works
here, Cowell had to go and choose Louis?
"Anyway, I decided to pick Louis because you know, I think he won't let me disappointed.
But I couldn't find any other male model that actually inspired me, so I told Louis to pick the one
he is more comfortable working with. And he chose you", Mr. Cowell said pointing to Harry and
smiling.

Harry turns to look at Louis with a confused look.
This is a joke. This has to be a joke. They never even worked together, they met for the first time
just a few days ago for crying out loud.

"Are you serious?" he whispers to Louis, who just smirks and looks away, without answering
Harry's question.
"Is there something wrong?" Simon asks and Harry shakes his head "No,no. I just- I didn't expect
it, that's all". Simon nods, not really paying attention to Harry's shocked face.

"Great. You know, you'll be making a lot of money from this, and your names will be all over the
most famous fashion magazines. This'll be a great way to promote my agency!" he smiles brightly,
and Harry almost wants to scoff at this man's attachment to money.

"Alright, so I need you to sign this", he says handing them a contract which both of them sign,
Harry visibly shaking as he's still trying to process what he's doing and the consequence of his
actions. However, before he could regret this, Simon takes the piece of paper and the pen away
from his grasp.

"When are we starting then?" Louis asks while rubbing his hands together and sitting up, a bit too
excitedly in Harry's opinion.
"Next week actually. You won't be working here by the way but it's not my place to tell you, you'll
be given all the information soon. You don't worry, your managers will check your emails daily for
more informations. I'm proud of you guys", he says, getting up and patting each boy's shoulder,
leading them outside of his office.
"Horan, Payne, I have to talk to you", Mr. Cowell calls after Niall, who smiles at Harry before excusing himself and opening Simon's door again. The blond boy turns to Harry, “Sorry Haz, you can wait here until I'm finished, then we can go home together. My car's unlocked if you want to wait me there”, he smiles before disappearing into the office Harry just came out of.

Great, Harry thinks, now he has to wait for him to finish to go home. He groans and rolls his eyes, annoyed. He didn’t even get a chance to have his tea.

"What's the matter, Styles? You scared to work with the guy who fucked you?" Louis says bluntly, crossing his arms over his chest and making Harry blush.
"No", he answers quickly. "Why'd you pick me anyway?" he asks after a while. Louis just laughs and shakes his head.

"We had fun last time we were together, didn't we?" he says licking his lips and making Harry subconsciously doing it too.
"T-this is not an answer" Harry stutters, looking at Louis' thin, pink lips.
"Oh, drop it Styles, you should thank me".
"That's never going to happen, sorry", he scoffs, starting to walk away but realizing soon after that he can't go home until Niall isn't finished.
"Fuck", he mumbles.

He can feel Louis still staring at him, and he hears footsteps approaching. Suddenly, Louis wraps his arms around Harry's waist, lightly biting his ear and making him shiver at the sensation of his hot mouth on his cold skin.

It brings back memories he doesn't want to relive.

"What d-do you want Louis?" Harry whispers, almost afraid Louis will detach from his body. As weird as it sounds, Harry likes the closeness of Louis' body.
"You can imagine, Harry", Louis whispers and Harry can feel him smirking. He feels weak all of a sudden, a strange feeling is pooling at the pit of his stomach.
Louis starts stroking his hair while kissing his neck, running his tongue on it and biting it, gently sucking on his skin and moaning quietly.
Harry knows Louis' marking him, but he has no rights to do so.
He gathers all his strength to suffocate a moan and detach his body from Louis'.

"Not this time", he says while starting to walk away again.
"You can't go anywhere Harry, you know that right?"
Harry feels his heart beat faster. What is Louis about to do? He can't rape or kidnap him here, there's too many people who can see.
"W-what are y-you talking about?" He stutters, backing off slowly.

He stares at Louis, who looks at him confused before bursting out laughing. "Oh my god what the hell were you thinking?" He asks trying to catch his breath, wiping away some tears.
"I was talking about the fact that you can't leave because Niall's still there and from what I understood you came with him" he says pointing at the office, and Harry feels heat rise to his cheeks once again.

"Anyway, you've got quite the style, Styles. Look at you", Louis adds, pointing at Harry's boots and making him bite his lower lip.
He didn't know Louis was going to be there too, otherwise he would have put on some decent clothes. This fucker.

"I hate you", Harry tells him, and it comes out harsher than he wanted.
Louis stops smiling and looks at him, "Why?"

Harry takes a deep breath before shaking his head and approaching him, poking his chest with his finger. "You always ruin my self esteem and-and you're just an asshole. Do you even know how to keep that beautiful mouth shut?!" he shouts.

"Beautiful mouth?" Louis asks, almost amused at Harry's attempt to offend him. Harry realizes that it shouldn't have slipped his mouth, but oh well, it's too late now.

"Well, you do have nice lips, i was just pointing that out", he tries to defend himself, hoping to sound credible.
Louis nods, clearly not believing him. "You want a ride?" He asks, winking at Harry.

The curly haired boy's eyes widen in shock, "W-what?"
"A ride home? Or you want to walk?" he says, smiling.

"Sure. You really think I'd trust you? God knows where you'd take me" he says rolling his eyes and placing his hands on his hips.
"You're so funny", Louis laughs shaking his head, making Harry frown.

"Well then, I'm going home. My warm and comfortable and safe home. Not this cold place. A nice home-"
"Fine. Fine. I'll go with you, just stop talking please", Harry finally gives up rubbing his temples, and Louis looks at him with proud filled eyes, and slides an arm around Harry's waist, leading him towards his car.

"I didn't say you could touch me", the curly headed boy mutters, not wanting to let Louis think he's okay with what the older boy's doing.

"I know you don't want me to stop touching you", Louis calmly says, and Harry has to bite his lip to stop himself from telling him that he's in fact right. So he only sighs, shaking his head and giving up knowing that this argument won't lead to anywhere.

Harry gives Louis his address and hops on, hoping to arrive home alive. "I hope you're able to drive. Wouldn't want you to kill me", he says in a sarcastic tone, making Louis huff.

"Shut up, I'm not a murderer", he replies frowning. Harry holds his hands in the air and shakes his head, "I never said that".
"Yes, but you thought about it".

Harry just smiles, turning his head to look out of the window after sending a quick text to Niall. After ten minutes they arrive at Harry's place, so he quickly unbuckles his seat belt and is about to jump off the car when he feels a hand tug on his wrist.
He rolls his eyes before turning to Louis.

"What d-"
He's cut off by Louis' lips slamming into his.

The sensation of warm, thin lips against his own, the touch of Louis' hand on his cheek, sending waves of adrenaline through his body. He feels so good right now.

However, the kiss lasts just a couple of seconds so Harry can't react to it. He's able to catch Louis' taste though, a mix of cigarette and mint, and it definitely turns him on but
he can't give up, he just can't.

He stares at Louis for a brief moment before nodding and hopping out of the car without uttering a word, shutting the door and watching Louis as he starts the engine again and drives off.

Harry feels his lips burning, and he touches them, still shocked. "Fuck", he whispers.
"Harry come on! We're going to be late! The flight's in an hour, we should have already left!"

Niall shouts from downstairs while Harry finishes packing his stuff for the trip. He starts working for Valentino tomorrow, but suddenly he's not sure he wants to do this anymore. The fact that Louis is going to be there as well, ready to tease and pester him to no end doesn't exactly excite him. But he knows it's too late to back up now, so he sighs, closing his expensive Louis Vuitton suitcase and placing it on the bed, mentally checking if he packed everything he needs.

The location of the photo shoot is Los Angeles, a city Harry had the occasion to visit multiple times when he worked for Ralph Lauren. He loves that city, he met lots of nice people there and made such nice friends. He wonders whether they still remember him or not, it would be nice to be able to meet them again after all this time.

The first time he ever visited though, was when Harry's dad, Robin, a very well known CEO, decided to bring his ten year old son along with him during one of his many business trips. Harry had obviously been overly excited at the thought of visiting the very place where most of all his idols lived. His mother however had been reluctant, as she didn't want him to lose precious school days, since the trip had been scheduled for March. Harry, being his own little charming self, managed to convince her, while Robin asked her to let him have a bonding trip with his favorite son, since work would always keep him busy. Little Harry had a blast with his father, they went to Disneyland and visited Hollywood. He even got to walk on the worldwide famous walk of fame! He smiles remembering those days, the pleasant memories permanently etched into him, Harry knows they will always be a part of him.

He sits on his bed, ignoring Niall who is still pacing back and forth through the house to put everything in his car while screaming at Harry to hurry up. Suddenly, Harry's met with a train of memories and flashbacks of his high school years. His parents moved to New York when he was just a child, they thought London didn't have much to offer for Harry's future. They wanted him to become a singer or an actor, they wanted him to become someone in this world, someone that matters. Someone that wouldn't have to worry about money or taxes or bills. Someone that wouldn't have to work his butt off to get by. They only wanted him to have a peaceful and happy life. That's why they moved there, hoping for the best. Harry couldn't be more grateful if he tried. At the beginning he didn't really understand the reason why he had to leave his friends forever, to leave the house he was growing up in. But now he knows they only did it because they loved him and cared deeply for him, and he's happy he managed to make them proud of him.

He's just sad he had to lose many years of his life to realize it. Harry was a quiet child, always by himself at school. He didn't have a lot of friends and he barely would be invited to any party. He would just stay at home and read a good book or play video games, much to his parents' disappointment. They accepted him though, and didn't force him to be who he didn't want to be because they loved him to pieces.

One day Harry was walking home from school when a girl, probably around his age, squealed loudly and stopped him with a big, genuine smile and asked for a picture together. She looked...
almost close to tears and Harry couldn't understand why she was acting lie that. He was nothing special, just a normal boy walking home after seven hours of pure torture which people call school. That day an older kid had accidentally tripped him, causing him to fall face first on the hard, dirty floor of the cafeteria, so he wasn't exactly the happiest person in the world at that moment.

So, when she asked the girl why she wanted a picture with him so bad, he saw all the excitement and happiness drain from her eyes as realization dawned on her. She apologised with flushed cheeks and tears in her eyes, telling him that she had thought he was a famous model, a certain Jay, and that she didn't want him to go and tell people about it.

Harry frowned, disappointed by that. He was disappointed by the fact that there's people out there who get to experience the feeling of being loved and admired and looked up to every day, while he was just living a purposeless life. In that very moment something clicked in his mind: he wanted to be just like them, he wanted to be someone people dream of every night, someone successful. He wanted people to tell him they wanted to be just like him. He wanted to be happy. That's when he decided to become a model, and hopefully meet that girl again and tell her that yes, he's the same guy she met on the street on a random Friday and was ashamed to be seen with. And he did it.

When Harry decided to become a model, his parents gladly accepted that and helped him find the best agency in town that could guarantee him a safe position, being supportive parents and helping him throughout all the ups and downs of his career. Soon after becoming popular and, well, rich and famous, he met Niall, a happy and energetic guy that offered to work for him. The poor lad didn't have any money and Harry didn't have it in his heart to refuse him.

So, he went and fired his current manager at the time, who didn't really care that much about him since he had other clients, and replaced him with Niall. All the time they spent together brought them closer, and Harry considers himself lucky to have someone like Niall help him whenever he needs. Without him, he'd be lost.

However, the kids at school didn't really care about Harry even when he got his first job. It was already too late, and he was already labelled as 'the shy kid with no friends'. When his last year of high school rolled around, he couldn't keep his mind off the upcoming prom, just like everyone else, after all.

He would just snoop at every shopping window, determined to find the best looking suit he could wear.

One day, he went shopping with his mother, and together they found one of the most expensive suit they could find after roaming every shop in town. He instantly fell in love with it, picturing how it would look on him while he makes his way to prom, everyone's eyes would be on him and for once he would feel what he popular kids feel everyday.

He knew it probably was too expensive and just too much for the event, but Harry wanted to shine that night, he wanted to make everyone remember him.

He went home with his expensive suit, showing him to his father who complimented him and took a bunch of photos, telling him how good he looked. Both his parents couldn't wait to know Harry's date.

Yes, they knew he's gay and they didn't care at all.

Harry's their son and they love him with all their hearts, even though it was obviously tough to get used to the thought of their only son being attracted to other boys.

His mother though, was almost relieved. She was, and still is, a protective mother, and the thought of Harry having another girl in his life beside her made her feel overly jealous, as weird as it sounds.

So, she felt much better knowing that she would always be Harry's one and only girl.
The prom was quickly approaching, and Harry had yet to find someone to go with. He was sure no one would ask him to be their date, so he figured he would ask someone, instead of waiting. He asked almost every gay or bi guy he knew, but everyone turned him down. He even asked some girls he thought were his friends, but no one would like to show to prom with a guy most people have never heard the voice of.
So, that night, while everyone was out partying and having the time of their lives, he was at home, crying into his mother's arms.

Yes, America definitely holds too many memories, too much emotion, and Harry just hopes this could be an opportunity to erase every bad memory and leave only the good ones.
No, he definitely isn't excited to go there again.

He sighs, mindlessly picking at his chipped light pink nail polish and wishing he could have just a little bit of time to be mentally prepared to what's to come.
But, obviously, Niall has to barge in the room, almost breaking the door in half.

"Oi, are you dying in here?" he asks, putting a hand on Harry's shoulder and shaking it slightly, making Harry turn to face him, shaking his head and sitting up.
"What are you thinking about Haz?", he asks softly, knowing his friend was in deep thought just mere seconds before, and he wasn't looking happy.
He waits for Harry to answer while he picks Harry's suitcases and duffel bags up, starting to make his way outside of Harry's room when the younger boy doesn't answer.

He doesn't want to pressure him, so he decides to drop it. He closes the car trunk and hops on, waiting for Harry to lock his flat door and jump on as well.
The blond haired boy turns the engine on and starts driving towards the airport where Louis and Liam are waiting for them.
He glances at his friend every once in a while, who's sitting quietly, with his head resting against the window.

"Harry?" he calls, making his friend face him.
"Are you sure you want to do this? You know, I can always tell them you're sick or something", Niall says, trying to understand what's bothering his friend.
"No! I can't Niall, don't you understand how great of an opportunity this is?" Harry almost shouts, making his friend flinch a little.
"Jeez okay, I was just trying to help you since you don't wanna tell me what's wrong", Niall defends himself, slightly offended.
He's Harry's best friend after all, he deserves to know what's bugging him.
Harry sighs, reaching for a packet of gum in the pocket of his jacket and fiddling with it. "Sorry Niall, I'm just nervous. You know what happened there", he trails off, not wanting to relive those memories once again.
Niall nods, remembering what the curly haired lad told him about that infamous prom night years ago.

"I know, but why are you making such a big deal out of it?" He asks, and decides to keep talking when his friend doesn't seem to want to answer.
"What happened was in the past, and needs to stay in the past Harry. You can't actually tell me you don't want to go just because something bad happened there. Besides, that happened in New York. Do you even know where Los Angeles is?" He goes on, making Harry scoff.
"Thanks Niall, you're really helping me right now", he says in a sarcastic tone, making the Irish lad shrug.
"Whatever, I don't want to fight with you", he mumbles, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel.
"We're almost there by the way".
Harry nods, knowing what is going to expect him.

When they spot Harry's bodyguards waiting patiently for him, Niall parks his car and hops off, immediately taking his phone out of his pocket and going through his contacts, trying to find Liam's number. They had to exchange number for the sake of their job, meaning that Louis and Harry had each other's numbers too. Not that Harry will ever use it, obviously. Just the thought of having something that's Louis' made him feel nervous and fidgety.

"Come on, I know you're here somewhere", Niall mumbles as he scrolls through his contact list with furrowed eyebrows and a thoughtful expression.

Harry rolls his eyes, fixing his beanie, "Try with P", he tells his friend who looks at him confused.

"P, as in?"

"Prick's agent", Harry chuckles as Niall huffs, "I thought you were really trying to help me for a second".

Once the Irish boy finds what he's looking for, he waits for the boy to pick up. Harry hears Niall talk to him and ask him where they are and where they should meet.

After a couple of minutes he hangs up, smiling at Harry and asking the burly, well built men to take their bags out of the car and telling Harry to follow him.

As they make their way inside the airport, Harry sees Louis and Liam quietly talking to each other and holding what looks like four Starbucks drinks in their hands.

Louis is wearing simple sweater with black sweatpants and a dark blue beanie, with a pair of black Adidas, while Harry's wearing a plain black hoodie, some black sweatpants as well, along with a blue beanie.

It looks almost like they decided to match their outfits on purpose, and Harry finds it hard to keep himself from rolling his eyes at the thought.

This is just a weird coincidence, they both wanted to be comfortable during the flight.

Niall greets happily Liam, patting him on the shoulder, while he simply nods at Louis. He didn't apologize to Harry for what he's done, and if Harry doesn't move on, neither does he.

That's what best friends are supposed to do, isn't it?
"Hi Harry, how's it going?" Liam asks, handing him and Niall one of the Starbucks drinks he previously bought.

Harry nods, thanking him, "Where do we have to go?" he asks, trying to ignore Louis' smirk that hasn't left his face since he spotted Harry.

They hear a faint screaming coming from outside the airport, and spot a group of girls running towards them, causing a bit of trouble with the security.

"This way, come on guys!", Liam motions for them to follow him, and after the bodyguards pick up Harry and Louis' bags, as well as Niall and Liam's, they quickly make their way through the airport.

"I swear to god those girl are better detectives that FBI", Louis says while speed walking, "They always manage to find us, and when I say always, I really mean it", he finished, earning a light chuckle from the group. It is the truth though, those girls should be hired to work for secret services. They'd probably make the world a safer place.

Harry is glad he doesn't have to do this on his own.

Being a model means travelling a lot and taking a lot of planes and stuff, so Harry should be quite
used to this. The truth is, he still doesn't know what he's supposed to do or where he's supposed to go. And this happens every single time. He's really glad he never has to travel alone, or else he's sure he would take the wrong plane or lose all his belongings, or worse. He would end up being arrested for some odd reason.

He definitely hates airports, they're always full of people and obnoxious kids, as well as judgemental old people that always complain when they see Harry can always fly first class. It's not his fault though, he thinks. He doesn't even have to pay for his flights. Not that he minds. However, this time, while walking, he finds himself thinking that he would give anything not to end up sitting beside Louis, even if this would mean ending up sitting next to a crying baby, or next to an old, grumpy man that complains and snores loudly, or beside a guy that would start panicking as soon as the plane takes off, screaming about how they're all going to die miserably. Well, not really.

Niall, being his usual outgoing and extroverted self, is quick to reach Liam, immediately starting a conversation, leaving Harry and Louis behind, alone. Harry can't believe Niall would do this, but at the same time he knows he doesn't do that on purpose, it's just the way he is. Harry envies him for this and secretly wishes he could be like him and not act like he hates everyone and wants to set everybody on fire. But really, Harry hates people. He can't help it though. It's like people do their best to make Harry hate them.

He is so caught up in his thoughts that he doesn't notice Louis approach him silently. "You could at least say hello when you see me, Styles", he says still smirking, loving the way he can make Harry uncomfortable and flustered just by standing next to him. He holds his hand out and reaches for Harry's waist, wrapping an arm around him and pulling him closer, feeling Harry squirm under his touch. He leans in, his mouth touching his ear, hot breath hitting it and making a shiver run through Harry's spine, ignoring some random photographer who's currently taking too many pictures for his liking.

"You're so hot, did you know that?" He whispers, and Harry feels himself leaning more against Louis' body, just relishing the sensation his body is making him feel. But something in his brain tells him this is wrong, Louis can't do that, he can't see how much Harry's craving his touch, so he quickly wriggles out of Louis' arm and glares at him. Harry is supposed to hate Louis.

"Don't touch me", he says sternly, making the older boy laugh. "Why? Looked like you liked it", he adds winking and licking his lips, "And I'm not talking about what just happened", he whispers, making Harry feel uncomfortable. Memories of their previous encounters begin flooding his mind. Every time he has been near Louis, he always managed to touch him where he liked it, to make him enjoy his touch, his soft lips against his, his small hands that already knew exactly their way around Harry's body. It's almost as if Louis has a magic power and knows exactly how to please him, how to make him feel good, how to make him want more. It's almost as if they were made exactly for each other. But that can't be possible, what are the odds?

"I'd appreciate it if you just shut up. You're annoying me", Harry tells him without looking him in
the eyes, afraid Louis will be able to tell he's lying. Cause he definitely is.
Louis laughs loudly, and Niall and Liam both turn their head to him, giving him a weird look, but
Louis just ignores them and keeps laughing, his eyes crinckling and his cheeks flushed. Harry
simply admires him in awe, taking in every little detail of the perfect boy who's standing in front of
him.

Eventually, Louis calms down and becomes serious all of a sudden, looking at Harry straight in the
eyes. The younger boy can feel his cheeks heat up, and he tries to cover them by awkwardly scratching
them, only managing to make the situation worse. "You can't lie to me, Harry", Louis says, approaching Harry again, but this time Harry is quick
to flinch back and avoid his touch, smirking a little, dimples showing. He sees Louis' eyes become a darker shade of blue for a second, but he's not sure.

Louis is fascinated by Harry's behavior, that makes him look like a defenceless prey. The way he
likes to be touched by Louis but at the same time he's scared of him. Louis loves this game, and
he's determined to win it.
They finally arrive at the gate where their flight is boarding, and they quickly make it through the
security systems without any troubles, except for Louis who is told he can't take his lighter on the
plane.

"What do you mean I can't take it with me?" He asks annoyed, giving the officer a stern look and
crossing his arms over his chest, still gripping his lighter firmly in his hand. "I'm sorry sir, but I'm going to ask you to collaborate with me and leave it here", the lady says, trying to keep a professional, emotionless tone. "And I'm going to ask you to fuck off", Louis answers her, scoffing. The lady's eyes widen in shock, she's about to call the security but Liam quickly apologizes and
takes the lighter out of Louis' hand, giving it to her. Louis reluctantly gives up and walks away mumbling, flipping the lady off and making her do the
same, therefore making her earn a few looks of disbelief from the other people.

"Louis, for God's sake do you want to get arrested?!", Liam asked him frustrated. Every time there
has to be something wrong with Louis, and he always has to put up a fight with whoever is
bothering him. "It was just a stupid lighter Liam, what has the world come to?" He shouts, making some people
give him confused looks. Harry chuckles to himself, looking at him amused. He surely has an attitude. He's quite funny to
watch actually, but Harry would never admit that. Never in a million years.

"What are you laughing at, huh?" Louis asks him, crossing his arms on his chest and cocking his
hips so that his bum sticks out more, and Harry is almost fascinated by it. Usually, only women have such great bums, but Harry's not interested in women so he never really
cared. But Louis' bum is something different. Even though he's supposed to hate Louis, he can't help but
appreciate it. His bum is so pretty, and Harry wonders how it would be to touch it again and feel it against his own skin. Harry puts that thought in the back of his head and laughs awkwardly, putting a hand over his
mouth, laughing at Louis' behavior. "What you just did was so gay", Harry tells him in a teasing way. He's not making fun of gay
people, he surely wouldn't ever make fun of himself.

Louis' eyes widen. To him, there's a huge difference between being bi and being gay, and he wants
people to respect that.
So, as soon as Liam and Niall start walking again, he approaches Harry, poking his chest with his finger.
"I assure you, that if I was gay, I'd be on my knees sucking your dick right now, and I'd be telling you how much I'm enjoying it", he whispers to him, and making Harry blush a bright shade of red.

"Don't flatter yourself, Harry", Louis chuckles bitterly, "I still like to fuck girls too"
The blue eyed boy licks his lips, proud of what he's done again. This boy is so predictable.

"Y-you're a dick", Harry laughs bitterly, before turning on his heels and start walking again, Louis following him soon after.
"I wasn't finished with you", he tells him, and Harry rolls his eyes again before turning to face him with a cocked eyebrow.
"What do you want now?" He asks. He just wants to get on that plane and try and rest a bit, already knowing he'll be jetlagged once they arrive to Los Angeles.
"Our seats are in first class", Louis states, and the younger boy shrugs.
"I already knew that, thanks. Tell me something I don't know", he replies scoffing, taking a sip of his Starbucks drink. He doesn't even know what he's drinking exactly, but he can taste some chocolate and caramel in it, and that's enough to him.
And yes, he knows he shouldn't be drinking so many empty calories, that this is all going to end up on his hips and thighs, but it’s been so long since he’s had such a good drink that he tries not to care.

"We're going to be sitting together the whole time", he says smirking, and Harry choking on his drink, spilling it on the floor and making Louis chuckle.
So much for not caring about all those empty calories.
"Y-you're lying, right?" Harry asks concerned, and checks his hoodie, hoping he didn't spill the drink on it.
Much to his disappointment, Louis shakes his head, showing him their plane tickets.
Indeed, their seats are one next to the other. Harry feels a wave of panic rush through him, making his stomach turn. This is going to be hell.
Louis licks his lip, before wrapping an arm around Harry's lower back, and this time the younger boy doesn't try to wriggle out of his touch, still shocked by Louis' statement and letting Louis win, this time.
The older boy starts walking again, letting his hand slide further down and letting it rest on Harry's bum without breaking eye contact with the curly haired boy, until he finally speaks, leaving Harry frozen.
"Have you ever heard about the Mile high club, Harry?"
Louis and Harry are currently sitting in first class, neither of them speaking. Harry's hands are slick with sweat, his knees bouncing up and down in the comfortable seat. He doesn't dare look at Louis, even thought he can feel his eyes burning holes on every part of his body. He takes a deep breath, praying that the situation will stay like this for the whole flight. He's not in the mood to put up with Louis' antics in a place he can't escape. Well, he technically could open the door and jump out, but that would only result in his, and everybody else's death. He's desperate, yes, but not that much. He's not a serial killer either, so that option is not available. He wishes he could be sitting next to his best friend right now, quietly chatting or just in a comfortable silence. He feels completely at ease with Niall, the guy has grown on him so much he feels lost without him beside him.

A movie is playing quietly on the screen positioned in front of him, something Harry can't recognize. It looks like one of those boring, low budget and plot less movies from the looks of it, so Harry doesn't bother turning the volume up or putting his headphones on. He simply looks mindlessly at the scenes with his peripheral vision, since he's too afraid of Louis to turn his body completely. This position, however, is highly uncomfortable and awkward, and Harry knows he's probably giving away the fact that he really doesn't want to be there right now.

Louis, in fact, is not stupid and knows exactly why Harry is doing this, and he just wishes the younger boy would acknowledge him, so that they could have a bit of fun. Come on, he surely can't be too bad. He's always been nice to Harry, hasn't he? Sure, he teases him a lot, but that's because Harry lets him do so and provides him with the best reactions. Louis even took him home without forcing him to, that must mean Harry doesn't completely dislike Louis, right? And well, even though Harry says he does, the blue eyed boy knows better. Harry's body language completely gives away the fact that he enjoys Louis' company more than he'd like to admit. Well, who wouldn't, he thinks to himself. He's charming, nice and very attractive. That's what people like to find in a person, isn't it? The feathery haired boy glances at the other boy, huffing quietly to himself and frowning when he sees he still hasn't changed position and keeps sitting with his whole body turned from him.

Harry just keeps staring out the small window, afraid Louis will do something to upset or annoy him if he turns around, but at the same time he knows he can't stay like this for the whole time. Let's be honest, spending almost twelve hours sitting in that position is probably not the most comfortable thing.

Harry groans at the thought. He will be spending the next eleven hours sitting next to Louis. The green eyed boy didn't forget what Louis said just a few minutes ago, his words are tattooed in his mind and he's not even sure if Louis was being serious or not when he said them. Harry knows very well what the Mile high is, even though he's never done anything sexual on a plane before. But, who knows, maybe today things will change.

He's not sure this would be a good idea though: Doing something sexual on a plane full of people, with Louis Tomlinson, the guy he's supposed to hate and avoid.

Well, he does kind of hate Louis right now, he hates the fact that he's so drawn to him every time he's around, he hates the fact that he thinks of doing bad things with him every time he sees him, he hates it when he has to bite his lips to stop himself from moaning out loud every time Louis touches him.

But, most of all, he hates the fact that he lets himself being touched by him, he lets his hands rest everywhere on his body and he is incapable of reacting.

He hates that. He hates Louis, period.

He sighs, he wishes Niall could sit with him, he doesn't really know where his Irish friend is, probably a couple seats behind talking happily with Liam, being his usual talkative and outgoing
self while Harry is just sitting here wishing he could just disappear from the face of Earth and never come back.

He wants to look back and see if he can spot him somewhere, but he's afraid to move.

He looks at his new Rolex, realizing that the plane took off just about twenty minutes ago, and he still hasn't moved from his position, so he doesn't know what Louis is doing right now, but he's silent and he's not touching him inappropriately, so that's something.

For a moment though, he manages to forget about Louis and stare at the clouds underneath the plane, looking like a soft blanket, or a white, fluffy sea.

He wonders what it feels like to touch a cloud. Can you feel it when you're touching it? Are they soft? Or are they cold and thick?

He also admires the sky, which is turning a lovely shade of orange that slowly fades and becomes almost purple, before all the color is like drained, and all that's left is the dark blue, night sky that expands through the horizon without an end, making him feel so small and insignificant in comparison. He loves this feeling though, he can get lost in his thoughts and just relax.

To Harry it looks really pretty, so he quickly pulls out his phone and takes a picture of it, making a mental note to upload it to his social media as soon as he's landed.

He chuckles to himself, his followers will be happy to see he's finally uploaded a picture without using his oh so boring black and white filter. Well, he thinks, it suits his personality, so he intends on keeping the theme up for a bit longer.

He feels his back starting to hurt and his limbs feel like they're being repeatedly hit by a hammer, his legs pulsating and tingling from being seated in the same position for so long without ever moving. He takes a deep breath, mentally preparing himself as he finally decides he's had enough, so he finally turns to sit in a normal position, stretching his back and neck while doing so. His body still aches a bit but that sensation is slowly being replaced by one of relief and comfort. It doesn't last long though.

"It was about time", he hears Louis mutter, and for a moment he feels a pang of guilt, because he ignored him as soon as the plane took off without even sparing him a glance. How rude of him, he usually is polite with his colleagues. But with Louis, things are slightly different.

He thinks that this is exactly what he wanted. He wanted Louis to understand he's not special to Harry, and he really wants him to get through his head that he doesn't like him nor tolerate him. He looks at Louis and fakes a confused expression.

"What did you just say?" he asks, pretending he didn't hear. He knows he's playing with fire, he can't be confident around Louis for long, but at the same time he can't give in so easily. If Louis wants anything from him, he'll have to fight for it.

And, just as he expected, Louis leans closer, hooking his finger under Harry's chin and leaning his head towards him, and starts whispering in his ear.

"You're not being a good boy, are you?" he asks, and even though Harry can't see his face he knows he's smirking, and his hot breath hitting his ear makes him squirm in his seat, gulping. This is not fair to him. He can't have him too close or else his mind is going to start playing tricks on him and making him want things he doesn't really want.

"Don't touch me", he pleads trying to sound confident and cold, not really sure that's what he wants and not really sure his original plan is working.

Does he really want Louis to stop touching him? Does he really want to put an end to this?

The truth is, he doesn't. But, he has to act as if he really is annoyed by Louis, so that maybe he'll give up and leave him alone for the rest of the flight.

But Louis is not buying it. "You can't lie Harry, stop trying", he snickers, scooting closer to Harry and beaming at him like a child that just stole a lollipop from the candy shop.

Harry looks at him, knowing that whatever Louis is going to do he won't be able to stop him, and goddammit, deep down he doesn't even want to try.
Not because Louis is stronger, but because he just melts into his touch, Louis can make him feel so good just by standing close to him. It's something Harry's not able to explain even if he tried. It's pure attraction and what feels like magic, what feels like so much more than a meaningless one night stand turned into his worst nightmare. So much more than just physical attraction and so much more than feeling a simple touch could satisfy.
The older boy places his hand on Harry's arm, stroking it back and forth slowly and slightly, stopping when he reaches his long, thin fingers, lightly stroking every one of them and slightly tangling their fingers together for a brief second, and this is enough to make Harry shake and start breathing faster.
God, he's not even doing anything but touching his fingers, what is going on? Harry thinks, and he knows that what is happening next will be much, much worse.
If Louis keeps doing this he's not even sure he'll last long enough for him to reach his crotch.

Gosh, Harry's so embarrassed right now. Louis can see the younger boy's reaction, and he's incredibly proud of himself.
And proud of Harry, always so good and submissive for him.
"Now you're being a good boy", he whispers, swiping his fringe to the side so that he could see Harry's face better, the curly haired boy's eyes already wide open and he's breathing faster than before, his cheeks are flushed and he's finding harder to keep his mouth shut and not tell Louis to just do something already, the familiar feeling of arousal spreading through his body, making every part of it more sensitive and tingling.
Louis quickly looks around the plane, noticing that most passengers are already asleep, and some others have headphones on, leaving him completely free to do what he wants with the boy sitting next to him.
"We're gonna have fun now", he says, tucking a strand of Harry's hair behind his ear, looking at his bright green eyes, noticing his pupils dilate a bit, almost as he is silently pleading him to touch him, but he's too ashamed and stubborn to say it out loud.
He adjusts his position, now completely facing Harry who still hasn't moved an inch.
Louis places a hand on Harry's neck, pulling him closer to him, and starts placing his lips on Harry's neck.
Just placing them there without actually doing anything, feeling Harry's hand reach for his head and pull him closer to him.
The older boy smirks but starts sucking the younger boy's skin, licking it and biting it, as well as blowing hot air on the sensitive spot, making Harry shiver and lean his head against the seat, closing his eyes.
Harry lets his hand roam Louis' hair, gently stroking it back and forth.
He doesn't even know what he's doing, he just needs a distraction, something that can help him through Louis' teasing.
Still sucking on Harry's neck, Louis uses his other free hand to start palming Harry through his sweats, and Harry has to stifle a moan as he can feel he's growing harder with every second passing, his legs start trembling along with his arms, his toes curling and his finger gripping Louis' hair a bit tighter.
Louis then proceeds to trail his hand up and slide it under Harry's sweater, gently stroking his flat stomach, but this doesn't last longer because he's quick to slip his hand into Harry's boxers, feeling his length start throbbing.
Harry squeezes his eyes shut and bites the inside of his cheek to prevent him from moaning, and at the same time he grips the hem of Louis' shirt so firmly his knuckles become white.

He may break Louis' shirt, but he doesn't care now, everything feels so surreal and he feels dazed and dizzy.
All he wants is for Louis to make him feel good, screw every plan of giving him the cold shoulder and ignoring him for good.
As Louis begins to stroke his length, his breaths become more worked up, he's not able to sit still anymore so he slightly squirms in his seat, tears almost slipping down his eyes because all he wants now is moan and tell Louis how good he's making him feel but he can't.

"Fuck, Louis", he whispers while breathing heavily, his hand still gripping Louis' sweater. The older boy looks at Harry and smirks, gently placing his other hand in the back of Harry's neck and pulling him incredibly closer, noticing little droplets of sweat pooling at the younger boy's temples. When Harry accidentally moans a bit louder, Louis is quick to slip his hand over Harry's face, chuckling quietly to himself, "You've got to be quiet, love", he winks and Harry nods, squeezing his eyes shut while Louis removes his hand.

He leans closer, their mouths gently brushing while Louis is still teasing Harry's length, reaching his tip and then tracing every throbbing vein all the way up to his balls, gently massaging them and earning muffled moans from Harry.

"You like this, huh?" he whispers, hot breath hitting Harry's wet lips and making a shiver shake his body.

Harry throws his head back and arches his back, relishing Louis' touch, realizing that every sensation he's feeling right now is overshadowed by pleasure.

Louis uses Harry's precum to help his hand slide better up and down his length, feeling himself grow harder too, but he can't think about it too much, he's going to take care about it later. He loves seeing Harry like this, he loves being in control of his every sensation, he loves seeing him beg him for his touch, he loves having so much power over him. This boy is so open, so submissive and he can't wait to know what else he can do to him, even though he knows this might be harder next time. Harry's such a stubborn person, he claims he hates Louis yet here he is, letting the boy he hates give him one of the best handjobs he's ever received.

Harry automatically ruts up against Louis' hand, and the older boy knows he has to do something because Harry is becoming closer and closer to reaching his high.

"You're gonna get dirty, Harry", he laughs mischievously, biting Harry's lower lip without kissing him. He doesn't kiss him. Never.

"Shut up", the curly boy feels suddenly too embarrassed to face Louis, so he turns his head but Louis quickly hooks two fingers under Harry's chin and makes him turn his head again, locking his eyes with him.

"I wanna be able to look at you, baby", he tells and Harry knows he won't last longer. He lets a moan escape his lips at the pet name as he tries to disguise it as a cough, afraid that the other passengers might hear him and understand what they're doing. He can feel his body trembling, and starts muttering random words like 'gosh', or 'jesus' under his breath while almost thrusting into Louis' hand, feeling so much pleasure it's becoming almost unbearable, his head is spinning and he feels so warm and sweaty. With one last, slow, powerful stroke, Harry throws his head back one more time and reaches his high, thrusting into Louis' hand that still pumps his length while Harry comes down from it, stiffening and almost gasping from air, overwhelmed by another sudden wave of pleasure that makes his body tremble and shake.

"F-fuck, fuck L-lou-is!", he stutters while catching his breath, slumping down on his seat while Louis slips his hand out of Harry's boxers, quickly grabbing a tissue to clean his hand. Harry is exhausted, but turns back to see if everyone noticed them, seeing a few people look at him with knitted eyebrows and a frown on their faces, but no one says a thing. Harry looks at Louis who is smirking. He is so proud of himself, and is proud of the fact that Harry couldn't be able to keep quiet so people had obviously heard what they were doing. He just can't help being proud, now they know he knows how to have fun on a plane. And, most importantly, they know he doesn't give a damn if what he does is bothering them. If someone complained he would just throw them some money and tell them to shut up, and they'd do it without a doubt. There's a lot of things money can do.
He gets up without saying anything, but Harry tugs him by the wrist and gives him a questioning look. He doesn't want Louis to leave him alone, not after what they've just done. He knows, he shouldn't be thinking this but no matter what Louis does to him, he still hates him. He just doesn't want to be left alone, that's all. He sees Louis' sweats are tight around his crotch, and understands that Louis is hard. And fuck, Harry didn't remember Louis being so big when they slept together that infamous night. However, the thought that Louis got hard after taking care of Harry makes him blush.

"Relax baby, I'm just going to the bathroom", Louis whispers before wriggling his wrist out of Harry's grip and making his way to the bathroom.

Harry sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose. He still feels a bit dizzy and tired, and now he feels also incredibly embarrassed. He just let Louis fucking Tomlinson give him a hand job. What the hell was he thinking about? Now Louis is going to tease him to no end for this, he thinks. He just prays the older boy will have the decency to save his reputation and keep his mouth shut, or else.

While he waits for Louis to come back, he looks out of the small window, noticing it's already completely dark outside, and the stars look so much closer to him now.

He then quickly grabs his small carry on and pulls out a pair of clean boxers, so that he can change them because there's no way he's going to spend the next ten hours with his own ‘stuff’ in his boxers.

When Louis finally comes back, Harry can see he's jerked himself off. It's weird though, he didn't even ask Harry to take care of it, almost as if he knew Harry wasn't going to help him. Which is true, by the way. Totally, Harry would have just laughed at him and told him to take care of it by himself. Right.

He gets up, hiding his clean boxers under his sweater, glaring at Louis.

"What's your problem now?" Louis whispers rolling his eyes, slumping down in his comfortable seat.

Harry bites his lip. He really doesn't know why he's pissed. Why would he be mad at Louis? He just gave him the best hand job ever, for crying out loud.

But Harry hates Louis, right? Right, and Louis better remember it.

So, before making his way to the bathroom, he pokes Louis' chest and whispers, "Just for the record, I still hate you and I still think you're a cunt".

Louis amusedly watches Harry stomp away, chuckling to himself.

This boy is so weird. He obviously doesn't believe a word he says, so why should Louis believe him?

Harry comes back a few minutes later, quickly hiding dirty boxers in his backpack, making a mental note to burn them later.

Well, maybe he should just have them washed, but whatever.

He looks at the clock, realizing it's only six thirty. This is going to be a long, long flight. Or maybe not.

He crosses his arms over his chest, still frowning. Louis decides to ignore him, he'll come to him just like he did before.

Harry closes his eyes, thinking about what happened earlier and how good he felt. He never felt so good with anyone, but, he thinks, his previous partners were just hook ups, they weren't supposed to make Harry feel anything but pleasure, and most of them were just inexperienced one night stands. But, at the end of the day, is Louis any different from them?

He adjusts his position, leaning his head back in the seat, feeling almost strained and exhausted, and before he knows it, he starts to drift off, head falling to the side and landing gently on Louis shoulder.

Louis indeed feels a weight being placed on his shoulder and turns to Harry, noticing he's already out cold.

His bright, plump lips are just slightly parted, his breaths are deep and even. He looks so
vulnerable and Louis almost wants to cuddle him. Almost. Harry was just a one night stand. Nothing more. He doesn't have feelings for him, not at all.

He smiles fondly, he doesn't know why, maybe because Harry looks cute when he's sleeping, or maybe because when he sleeps he doesn't have that annoying attitude. He doesn't know why, but he decides to let Harry rest peacefully, so he gently adjusts his position so that they can both be comfortable. He brushes Harry's cheek gently with his hand, the younger boy's skin is so soft and smooth. He places a strand of his hair behind his ears, admiring the boy as he looks so pure and angelic. He lets his hand rest on his cheek for a moment, without thinking about anything. Just looking. He then lets his hand slide down to Harry's side, almost subconsciously pulling him closer.

He feels Harry automatically snuggle closer to him, mumbling some incoherent words that almost make him chuckle but he doesn't want him to wake up so he bites his lips, looking at him amused. He puts on his headphones and lets the music take him somewhere else, as he starts to fall asleep. Just then however, a flying attendant taps his shoulder and makes him almost jump. She offers him dinner, asking him if she should wake Harry up but the older boy shakes his head, not wanting to. Once he's finished eating, still with Harry peacefully asleep in his laps, he wraps an arm around the green eyed boy's waist protectively, letting himself slip into unconsciousness.
Chapter 9

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harry and Louis are awoken by a flying attendant's voice, who announces the passengers that the plane is about to land, therefore they have to buckle their belts again. It takes a moment for Louis to regain complete consciousness and remember where he is, his mind is clouded by sleep. Even though he managed to sleep for the entire flight he feels more tired than ever. His arms and legs hurt, begging to be stretched after being in the exact same position for so long. He groans, and is about to do just that and get ready to buckle his seatbelt when he feels a weight on the space between his neck and his shoulder, and suddenly remembers Harry practically sleeping on him.

He looks at him and notices he's still sleeping in the same position he was when he fell asleep. For some reason, he really doesn't want to wake the boy, as he looks so peaceful in this state. The younger boy's hands are resting on his stomach, while one of his legs is laying on top of one of Louis', and the older boy chuckles. Harry is going to freak out when he sees it. His breathing is still and steady, a sign that he's still sleeping and therefore he probably didn't hear the flying attendant's words. Louis takes a moment to admire him and smile to himself. He never notices the small freckles adorning the boy's cheeks, and Louis finds himself thinking that they are quite cute, just like him.

Yeah, not really. Louis refuses to let himself think of Harry like this. He is just is colleague. Who happens to be hot, sexy and incredibly charming. He will admits though, he is utterly intrigued by Harry, and he'd love to come to know him better, if just everything that happened didn't happen.

Is he really having regrets? no, it can't be. He's just letting the tiredness fog his thoughts. He shakes his head and sighs, desperately trying to get rid of his thoughts before nudging lightly Harry's body and whispering to him lightly.

"Harry, wake up, we're here", he tells him maybe a bit too nicely than he wanted and immediately regretting it. He hopes Harry is too tired to care about that right now. After a couple of seconds he feels the younger boy stir slightly, slowly opening his tired eyes and immediately squinting at the bright light hitting him. He's still not completely awake when he speaks.

"I'm still tired", he tries to say, but it comes out more like a whisper, his voice raspy and scratchy as it is thick with sleep.

Louis sucks in a breath because damn, that's so hot. He finds himself thinking that he wouldn't mind hearing Harry's morning voice more often, maybe even get to sleep with him again and just listen to his steady breaths as he relaxes next to him. A wave of panic washes through him at the unwanted thought, and his breath hitches for a moment, but he doesn't let it show. He's just tired. Just tired, that's all.

"You're not the only one, so I'd be glad if you could just sit up and give me some space", he replies, faking an annoyed tone and mentally patting himself on the shoulder as it came out better than expected. He really needed some space now, after all, so at least he didn't tell a complete lie. They patiently wait for the plane to land, both eager to just get off this damned thing with too small windows and a faint smell of hand sanitizer, and stretch their legs again, hopefully walk a little before having to sit again. Every time Louis travels by plane he gets so tired and annoyed, he just hates having to stay seated for so long, doing nothing productive or fun. He definitely doesn't enjoy planes, that's for sure.

They both make their way out of the crowded plane, following after the large amount of people quietly waiting to finally get out. Some kids are crying and their parents are trying to calm them down, but Harry doesn't blame the poor creatures. They must be tired and annoyed just like he is,
but if he cried he would just be stared at like he was mental. Both Louis and Harry though, know that they don't have to worry about anything else beside themselves, since Niall and Liam already told them there'd be someone already there to carry their bags and all their stuff.

As soon as they exit the gate, they find a man in a suit holding a big, white sign with the Valentino brand printed on it, and both their names neatly written on it. He's surrounded by four bodyguards who are probably waiting for them patiently with serious expressions and elegant dark suits. Harry feels almost like a famous actor or singer, he's not used to this kind of treatment. Not yet, at least.

He already had bodyguards escort him places before, especially crowded places like airports or shopping malls. He doesn't like the fact that they have to constantly surround him and stay too close to him for his liking, but Harry knows they do it for his sake: you never know what can come at you when you least expect it. Luckily though, nothing scary happened yet to him.

Next to that man there are also a couple photographers who are already taking some pictures, making Harry roll his eyes because he thinks it's useless and exaggerated.

Who would possibly want some photos of some random people? They're just models.

Louis however, is beaming at the view, walking with his head up and enjoying the attention he's given. Yes, he thinks, he deserves it because he's handsome and just perfect.

"Look, Harry, they're here for us", he whispers to the curly headed boy still smirking at the photographers, "Tomorrow we'll be in some random gossip site, and people will be talking about us", he says, feeling proud of himself. "Isn't it cool?", he asks Harry, eyes glimmering with happiness.

Harry scoffs but doesn't answer, instead he lightly nudges Louis and motions for him to keep walking, making the latter huff and frown from the lack of attention the younger boy is giving him.

They're so different from this point of view. Louis loves attention, he loves being admired, he loves it when people ask him to take pictures with him, and maybe that's why he's more known than Harry.

Harry doesn't like this at all, people make him feel self conscious, and he knows that, when you're a little bit famous, people are going to watch whatever you do, whatever you say or wherever you go, and they'll judge you because they'll always find something wrong with you.

They reach the suited man, a friendly looking, well built man who greets both of them by shaking their hands firmly to which Harry almost grimaces because that guy almost broke every little bone his hand is made of.

Well, maybe this is a bit exaggerated, but Harry is very sensitive. The man tells the he's Paul, their personal chauffeur. Harry greets him quietly, still massaging his sore hand.

They patiently wait for Niall and Liam to return with their stuff and hand them to the other bulky men before making their way out of the airport.

"So", Niall starts talking to Paul, who is currently leading them somewhere outside the airport, "Where are we going exactly?", he asks, smiling kindly.

"I'm taking you to your hotel", Paul tells Niall, who is soon approached by Liam.

"Liam!" Louis yells, drawing his best friend's attention. He excuses himself and approaches Louis and Harry with a smile.

"You happy guys?" he asks beaming, and Louis nods. "Anyway, what did you want Lou?", he asks, patiently waiting for an answer.

Louis slides a hand through his fringe, which wasn't covered by the beanie, and huffs, "Tell that dude to hurry up, I need to sleep my jetlag off", he says pointing at Paul and making Liam roll his eyes.

"I'll do what I can Louis", he says calmly, knowing that there isn't much he can do.

He then looks at Harry, who is walking slowly behind them, dragging his feet with his eyes constantly drooping and watering, due to his many yawns. He looks completely destroyed. The two bodyguards who are surrounding him look pretty annoyed that they're being left behind, and Liam thinks that if a crowd of fans were to appear from nowhere and they had to run for their lives, Harry would probably have to be picked up by them or literally dragged by them.
"You alright there Harry?", he asks, making Louis turn around to look at Harry. He doesn't know whether to laugh or coo at the sight. He's tired too, but at least he's not looking like him. Harry looks like he could collapse at any moment now. Finally, Louis decides to laugh at him, making the green eyed boy glare at him. "Someone's jet lagged, I see", he says, still laughing and earning a slight slap on the back of his head by Liam.
"Why do you always have to be so rude?" he asks, but when Louis ignores him, he rolls his eyes and decides to go back to Niall. They're capable of handling the situation on their own, he's sure of it. At least, he hopes.
Louis waits for Harry to reach him, and sneaks an arm around Harry's shoulder, but the younger boy is too tired to protest, so he lets him do what he wants.
"You're such a baby, Harry", Louis tells him smirking, noticing Harry blush, a sweet shade of pink now covering his cheeks.
"Shut up, I hate you", Harry harshly tells him, not even paying attention to what he's saying. He feels like he's high on something.
He just wants to reach his hotel room, which will hopefully be a nice, warm and cozy room, and plop down on the bed to sleep his tiredness away. Tomorrow they'll start working, and he doesn't want to look like trash on his first day, afraid they might kick him out and go look for someone better.
Louis doesn't answer, but keeps his arm around Harry's thin shoulders. He is just looking out for him, he thinks, he doesn't want Harry to suddenly fall and break his nose. Yeah, but he's not doing it because he actually cares about Harry, not at all.
If Harry hurt himself then Louis would not be able to work anymore and he doesn't want this opportunity to go to waste because of a clumsy teenager.

As soon as they step out of the airport, they're both met with the warmer air of California. It isn't hot, because, after all, it's still November, but it definitely is warmer than London, and Louis is grateful for this. This way, he won't look too much like an idiot if he decides to wear his favorite skinny jeans with holes in the knees.
Harry breathes in fresh air, suddenly overwhelmed by memories of his past. Everything comes back and it's almost like he's watching a movie, but he tries to push every though back. What happened in the past stays in the past, Harry thinks, even though he knows it won't be that easy.
They quietly follow Paul to the car, a jet black six passenger black van, a vehicle Louis and Harry had the occasion to travel in multiple times. It is comfortable and safe, and you can fit a lot of people in. They never drove it though, mind you.

Paul then opens the back doors, letting Louis, Harry and Niall hop in, while Liam takes the passenger seat. The drive is quiet, Louis is too tired to tease or pester Harry, who is still struggling to keep his eyes open and yawns every minute, making Louis want to do it too. "Are you quite finished?" he asks Harry after the boy yawned again, and Harry looks at him, his face emotionless. He slowly raises his hand and puts it in front of Louis face, then closes it in a fist and sticks out the middle finger, flipping him off.
Louis huffs and crosses his arms over his chest, tapping his foot impatiently. Harry becomes even more weird when he's tired, he thinks. He doesn't even react to Louis' provocations. Louis is way different, when he's tired he's snappy and touchy. He could even punch someone in the face if he didn't like them.
He decides to drop it there, and turns his head to look out of the window, admiring the landscape that's displaying in front of him.
He's been to Los Angeles only once in his life when he was just a kid, therefore he doesn't quite remember how it was. The car passes houses, hotels and shops, and Louis can even see the beach from where he is, and he wishes it was a hot, summer night so that he could go and run into those deep, inviting waves and swim around and just relax and be happy. It's not like he's not happy with his life now, but everyone would want a break from their lives every once in a while. It's completely normal. A day where you could be completely yourself, without a care in the world.
The car stops at a traffic light, and Louis is now able to see people walking down the streets, some reading a newspaper, some of them working out, some of them, clearly tourists, taking pictures of every single thing they see, including street signs. He looks at the streets, so much wider than those he's used to seeing, the cars are bigger, there's palm trees lining the roads. Overall, the atmosphere is so much different than home, he thinks. He's surprised this place is even in the same world.
Louis chuckles to himself, almost feeling at home even though he doesn't know why. Everything is just peaceful and calm as he admires the sunset, deep and light shades of red that turn into a candy pink. It almost looks like the sun is going to take a bath into the ocean, and Louis wishes he could stop time and admire it a little bit more. But, unfortunately, the car starts moving again and the sunset is now being covered by the many palm trees lining the road. Harry, on the other hand, is too concentrated on staying awake to be able to focus on the outside. Every time he flies, he feels like jet lag could kill him. He's sure he'll never get used to it, unfortunately.

The car finally stops in front of a massive, expensive, luxurious building, which Harry figures is the hotel they're staying at. Its tall, gray walls are clean and glowing, big windows are lining the whole building, a roof terrace is decorated with different plants and colorful flowers along with tables and comfortable armchairs. It's also got a golden plaque with the name Omni on it along with five little golden starts scattered around the edges. He gapes at the view, suddenly forgetting how tired he is right now. Why are they treating them so nicely? This company sure has a lot of money to waste.
Louis on the other hand, feels like a little kid who's waiting to go on his favorite roller coaster, and he's barely able to keep himself from jumping up and down. "This is freaking amazing!" he says, and opens the door before the red suited valet can even get to the car and do it properly.
Niall follows suit along with the green eyed boy, and approaches Harry, putting a hand on his shoulder. "Thanks mate", he says chuckling, making Harry raise an eyebrow."What for?" he asks, confused as they're waiting outside for Paul to gather all their belongings before making their way inside. "If I wasn't your manager my ass would be stuck in my apartment by now", he says and Harry scoffs, lightly slapping his arm.

Once they enter the hall they're met with a sweet scent of vanilla and lavender, along with the faint smell of cinnamon that makes everyone feel like home. Some classical music can be heard from somewhere, and Harry figures there must be a pianist playing in one of the rooms near the entrance. The dining room perhaps. Speaking of dinner, the receptionist asks them if they want to eat something, since there's a chef that can prepare them everything they want in no time. But, being too tired, everyone simply refuses kindly, deciding they'll eat something tomorrow. The hall is huge, with two staircases that lead to the upper floor and an elevator made out of glass. The floor is made out of light marble, with an elegant mosaic embedded in it, and it reflects the light in a way that makes it look almost like it's shining.
Louis is almost relieved they don't have to pay for this, because it clearly looks like an expensive hotel to stay at. Who knows, maybe they'll even meet some celebrity walking around here. They check in real quick, since they were all very tired, and the receptionist gives each of them a pair of keys to their rooms.

Harry and Louis' room, much to Harry's dismay, are situated on the same floor and they're even close to each other. Harry's got the suite number 44, while Louis the suite number 45. "Look Styles, we're neighbors", Louis smirks, showing his key to Harry, who rolls his eyes and groans.

"If you wake me up tonight I swear I'll cut your balls open, Louis", Harry threatens him, but Louis just snickers and shakes his head, knowing they are just empty words.

They make their way upstairs using the stairs, since the elevator is being used by the people who were in charge of their luggage.

Once they both arrive in front of their doors, they briefly look at each other before unlocking their doors and stumbling in.

Harry leans against the wall and sighs. He doesn't know why, but for a moment he wished Louis would kiss him again before disappearing in his room, exactly like he did last time they drove together to Harry's place.

He shakes his head, knowing that Louis doesn't see him that way, and he never will. He's probably already asleep.

However, when he hears a light knock on the door he flings the door open, ready to welcome Louis, but he's instead met with a man in a uniform, who delivers his luggage and politely exits the room before wishing Harry a goodnight.

Harry frowns, he should've known. He's so pathetic sometimes. This is not how a 19 year old would behave.

He sighs but starts unpacking his things, looking for something comfortable he could sleep in. But, as soon as he unzips his first bag, he notices something's wrong.

He picks up a sweater which he doesn't remember owning, let alone packing. His heart skips a beat when he realizes this is not his stuff. This is Louis'.

He doesn't know what to do now. Is he just going to wait until tomorrow to give Louis his stuff? But, he has his toothbrush and everything in his suitcases, he can't simply leave them there.

He groans out loud before closing the suitcase again and opening his door, making sure he has the keys with himself. Wouldn't be fun to be locked out of the room until tomorrow.

He quickly reaches Louis' door, and debates whether or not to knock on that door and make his presence known. What if Louis is already sleeping? Is he going to wake him up? Then Louis will be mad at him and he doesn't want that.

Only he can be mad at Louis, not the other way around.

He finally takes a deep breath and knocks on the door, hearing his own heartbeat from how fast it's going. Not even ten seconds later it's opened by Louis, who is just wearing his boxers and Harry feels his cheeks heat up.

He wants to look away so badly, but for some reasons he can't. Louis' body is something so perfect and pure, Harry can't spot a single flaw.

His perfect v-line, his sculpted abs and his thick thighs, along with his every tattoo, make him look like a work of art.

"What do you want Harry?" Louis asks, annoyed. "You miss me already?" he smirks, and Harry feels like he's frozen, too captivated by Louis' figure to even utter a word.

Louis though glances at Harry's hands, and notices he's holding two familiar suitcases.

"Are those mine? I was just looking for my toothbrush" he asks, and Harry nods, still not able to form a proper sentence.

Louis nods and takes the bag, placing them inside his room and figuring the suitcases he had were Harry's.

"I-I need my s-stuff please", Harry stutters, and Louis nods before going back inside, returning with
Harry's bags.
"Here", he says, handing them to Harry who is still blushing, after all Louis just gave him a full show of his back and bum.
"I should go", he mutters, but doesn't make a move, and Louis nods, silent. They look at each other without saying a word for what feels like hours, tension building between them but neither know what to do.
Harry sighs, taking a step back, "Night", he mutters, but before he can turn around Louis captures their lips again, making butterfly spark into Harry's stomach as the older boy's hands roam in his hair, tugging it while their tongues swirl around in their mouths, Louis being in full control.
Louis suddenly detaches from Harry's body, making him almost whimper at the loss.
"Night", he says, and slams the door in Harry's face, who's now smiling like an idiot because he finally had his goodnight kiss.
He makes his way inside his room again, knowing that tomorrow they'll be back to their normal selves, Louis teasing, pestering and annoying Harry without him being able to do something about it but threaten him with words he doesn't even believe in.
But, he thinks, today has been a good day. Louis has given him the most amazing hand job of his life, along with a sweet yet hungry kiss.
And, for now, that's enough.

Chapter End Notes

thanks for your support guys, you all mean a lot to me x
Gusts of chilly wind are swirling through the air, making leaves fall from the trees and people shiver in their own coats as they try to walk faster against it, it reddening their skin and ruffling their hair. Calm, steady waves hit the empty shore as the sand is still untouched but swirling around the air in a messy dance, each grain flying high up only to fall back down in a matter of seconds. Thin clouds cover a timid sun that just started shining, its rays warming up the air just a little bit. The first car begin roaming the streets along with the occasional, still empty school bus and loud motorbikes that make dogs bark out loud and babies start crying. Cafés and Coffee shops start opening for the day, ready to serve their sleepy customers their usual breakfast. The smell of coffee, smoke and ocean fills the air as time goes by. Los Angeles is slowly waking up.

Harry opens his window and steps out on the balcony, breathing in the fresh, new air that hits him immediately, almost as if it was greeting him and welcoming him here after all these years. He shivers, wrapping his arms around his heavy sweater after pulling the sleeves down. His hair is messy and his eyes tired, but he wouldn't miss the chance to see the sun rise just before him from the clear, cold water of the ocean. He smiles to himself, looking down at the road and seeing the hotel staff is already up and working. The valets that greeted him yesterday are already waiting outside for the next guest while smoking a cigarette- which is very unprofessional in Harry's eyes, but he doesn't really care. He feels his cheeks sting as the wind tickles them, but he's too mesmerized by the view in front of him to get back inside. This is so different from what he's used to seeing back home. No rain, no gray and dull sky, no pressure. However, he feels like he would enjoy all of this more if he were with someone else now. He would like to be able to turn around and see that someone still sleeping, legs tangled in the sheets and their steady breathing being the only noise filling the room. For some strange reason, he glances back at his messy bed even though he knows no one is waiting for him there, and pictures a sleepy Louis rubbing his eyes with his hands, face tired and cold as he whines and tells Harry to shut the window because it's too damn cold. Maybe, maybe one day. Who knows.

He turns his head again when he hears a faint knock on the door. He stares at it, wondering whether his mind is playing tricks on him, until he hears it again along with an all too familiar voice, "Haz, are you awake? Get your butt up now!". Harry chuckles and shakes his head as he steps back in and shuts the window. He waddles to the door and twists the knob, revealing a dressed up Niall waiting on the other side. The blond boy stumbles in without hesitation and immediately starts shivering, "Why is it so cold in here?!", he asks as he tries to warm himself up by rubbing his arms with his hands.

"Good morning to you too, Niall", Harry rolls his eyes, making the other boy laugh. "Sorry pretty boy, good morning".

"That's better", he chuckles. The two friends start talking and before he knows it, Harry is telling Niall what happened last night without ever losing his smile.

"And you kissed him?", Niall asks while looking at Harry as he's putting on some black skinny jeans, already having on a light gray, cozy jumper he bought last year but can't get rid of. His mother told him it's her favorite jumper of his, so it holds a special meaning to him. Besides, it's still soft and warm, so why throw it away.

The curly haired boy looks at his friend briefly and shakes his head, "He kissed me", he tells him poking himself in the chest, trying to make it seem like he didn't want to in the first place, which is clearly a lie.

But, obviously his mind goes back to last night, and the memory of the kiss, of what it felt like, of how he felt, brings a smile to his face. Niall nods humming and furrows his eyebrows, "Then why are you smiling? I thought you hated him", he says, confused.
Harry almost face palms himself because yes, he hates Louis. He hates him because he used his body to have fun and then dumped him, telling him horrible things and making him feel worse than he ever felt before. And Harry knows this is exactly how one night stands work, but for some reason he can't seem to let this one go. He doesn't know why, maybe because he is attracted to Louis and doesn't want to separate from him permanently, and bickering with him on a daily basis is enough to him for now. But maybe, it's something else, Harry really doesn't have a clue.

But, one thing he knows for sure: If Louis knocked at his door right now and asked Harry to give him a blowjob, Harry would get on his knees instantly. And, if Louis asked him to go on a date with him, or just simply to give him a kiss on the cheek or just cuddle, Harry would do that on the spot. Without even asking questions. He would simply do that to see Louis smile again, to be the reason behind that smile.

Is that what you do when you like someone?

Harry pales at the thought, his eyes widen and he almost feels sick. Louis will never accept or return his love, never. He only sees Harry as a toy, something to pass his time with.

This thought hurts more than Harry could ever imagine, because despite the effort he's making in trying not to fall for Louis, he's sure he'll fail miserably.

But why, why in the world would he fall for someone like Louis? Why him? What does he have that others don't? Why is he so drawn to him every single time they're together?

They say opposites attract, but this can't be right. He will fall for Louis, Louis will use him as he pleases, and then he'll dump Harry. He doesn't want this to become a routine, he's had his heart broken already too many times.

But, what if he can change Louis? What if he can actually show Louis how great it feels to care for someone, to be happy with them and to make every effort to make, and keep the other one happy? Relationships are complicated and, in some cases, time consuming, but if you love someone you'll do everything to see them smile. Harry would do everything to keep Louis happy. It's such a shame Louis wouldn't.

Harry is not stupid though, he knows he can't force people to love him, even though it can be painful at times.

So, to avoid getting hurt, he thinks, he will do everything he can to not fall in love with Louis. If he has to hate him, despise him, then so be it. He can at least try, right?

Yeah, not really. He can try but he will fail miserably. His last few attempts at it show it pretty well.

"Fuck, Niall", Harry sighs, sitting on the crumpled sheets of his bed, playing with the hem of his jumper.

He feels the bed dip, and turns around seeing his blond friend sit beside him, smiling at him warmlyly and motioning for him to keep talking.

Harry puts his face in his hands, rubbing his eyes in frustration and letting out a groan.

"I think I like Louis", he mumbles. At first, Niall wants to ask Harry to repeat what he just said because there's no way he heard that right. However, he doesn't. He wants to be surprised or shocked, he really wants, but he already knew it so instead he just smiles sadly and hugs Harry, letting him rest his head on his shoulder.

"You're so screwed, Harry", he says, patting Harry's back as the younger boy groans, lifting his head to look at his friend.

"What the hell do I do now?" he asks, not really expecting an answer, he knows Niall is just as confused as he is but at the same time he is in need of support and his best friend is his only hope right now. Anything will do. Anything reasonable, at least.

The older boy shrugs, pursing his lips. "I honestly don't know", he chuckles slightly, and Harry frowns.

"Wow, thanks" he says sarcastically, making Niall laugh and shake his head.

"What do you want from me?" he asks, "I'd tell you to dump him and go find someone better who can actually love you", he says and he immediately sees Harry frown, biting his lip.
So, he decides to keep talking, "But I know you'll never do that, so my advice is to just go wherever your heart leads you", he tells him, and Harry looks at him with a puzzled look, not really understanding what his friend is trying to say,

"What do you mean by that?"

"If you wanna fall for Louis, then do that, and if he breaks your heart I'll be right here, ready to kick his balls", he finishes and Harry chuckles, playfully slapping Niall's arm.

"You would never", he tells him and Niall chuckles, "You know I would", he winks and Harry believes him, he actually does.

Maybe, just maybe, things will change between him and Louis. Only if Louis decided to collaborate, something that may be difficult, but nothing's impossible, is it?

Harry thanks Niall and makes his way to the bathroom, trying to tame his messy curls.

Meanwhile, Louis is laying on his bed with his head on one of his many burgundy and white, fluffy pillows, facing the ceiling and just thinking. He doesn't do this often, but he's waiting for Liam to come to his room and tell him to get his ass up, and since he doesn't know what to do, he just takes his time to think and sort his thoughts out.

Harry doesn't know this yet, but he's right. Louis doesn't have any feelings for Harry, despite the kiss they shared just a few hours ago. Though he feels weird when he's around Harry, his caring side showing and betraying him, even though he still doesn't know why.

He'll admit he may seem a little bipolar, one second he's teasing and offending Harry, then he's helping him and actually caring for him. He just can't help it, he really wishes he knew why.

Maybe it's Harry's face, so innocent yet so sassy and intriguing and those big, green bambi eyes that resemble the Amazon forest, but sometimes look just as blue as his. Harry is truly fascinating, this he can't deny.

But, other than that, he's just someone he can have fun with, knowing he'll never get rejected. And this is weird, too. Why is Harry never actually stopping him from touching him? Why does he never stand his ground and tell Louis to get lost when it's getting too much?

Like, yesterday Harry could have stopped Louis before he kissed him, but he didn't, and Louis almost felt like Harry was enjoying the kiss in a way Louis wasn't. Like Harry was kissing someone he really cared about, which is impossible, in Louis' mind. Harry can't like him, he's just been a pain in the ass since the first time they met. His heart starts beating faster as another question starts running through his mind and invading his thoughts. What if Harry actually liked him? What if he really had a crush on him and this is why he never rejects Louis?

Then he would be the one to reject him, he doesn't do relationships.

Well, he kind of does but he's never truly committed in a serious relationship. He always ended up breaking up or cheating on his partner, because they simply weren't enough for him.

He tried dating girls and guys, but it never worked out. He isn't afraid though, he knows he's young, love will come to him eventually.

He suddenly hears a knock on his door, followed by Liam's voice.

"Louis let me in!", he hears him say, and he quickly gets up to open the door, losing his balance and almost hitting his head against the wall.

"Fuck, Liam!", he yells, "Stop screaming, you're not fucking dying!" he groans, opening the door to reveal a tired looking Liam smiling cheekily at him.

"Just wanted to make sure you were awake man", he says and makes his way inside Louis' room, admiring it in awe.

Liam and Niall got two ordinary rooms, and even though they are pretty fancy as well, given the fact that this is indeed a five star hotel, they don't look nearly as good as Harry and Louis'.

"What the fuck man, this is so cool", Liam says, opening the mini fridge positioned next to the big television, but frowns when he sees it's empty.

Louis chuckles, crossing his arms over his chest. Now that he's looking at it, his room is pretty
fancy. "Hey there, are you jealous?", he says proudly, making his friend shake his head. "Well, you definitely don't deserve it", Liam says, still walking around the room, touching everything like a little kid in a toy store.

Louis looks at him amused before clearing his throat, drawing his friend's attention to him. "When are we going?" he asks, trying not to sound too excited.

He's looking forward to starting this, it can possibly be his chance to finally become who he always wanted to be, despite him being already very rich and famous. And maybe he wants to see Harry too, but that's for him to know.

Liam smiles, dusting off his jeans, "Soon", he says, then looks at Louis, staring at his outfit with raise eyebrows. He's wearing a simple black Adidas sweater along with some black skinny jeans that make his bum look bigger, at least to him, and he has to admit he loves them.

Louis raises an eyebrow as well and cocks his head, giving Liam a puzzled look. "What?", he asks, and hears his agent laugh. "You're not going to a strip club Louis, you don't need those jeans", he says pointing at them.

Louis scoffs, heading towards his closet to grab a jean jacket and slip it on. "I can't help it Liam, if I wear skinny jeans my bum will instantly look better", he says, bending a bit so his butt is showing in all its glory.

"Look at it!" he exclaims, winking and sticking his tongue out, trying to make his friend laugh. However, suddenly he hears someone clear his throat, and turns around, seeing Harry and Niall standing on the door.

Harry looks as he's almost going to pass out, eyes wide and cheeks flushed red, while Niall is just tapping his foot to the floor, shaking his head slowly.

Louis straightens his back and coughs awkwardly, seeing Liam face palming.

"Who the heck let you in?" he asks, glaring at Niall. He can't look Harry in the eyes right now, since he's keeping his gaze glued to the floor and it's not like he can do something about it.

Niall scoffs, rolling his eyes, "The door was wide open Louis", he says and Louis realizes he didn't close it when Liam came in.

"Right", Liam finally breaks the awkward silence, "If you're ready then we'll go. Paul is already waiting for us", he says smiling, motioning for the door.

Like always, Liam and Niall engage in a heated conversation, this time talking about their friends' rooms, leaving Harry and Louis alone, trailing back.

Harry is trying with all his strength to keep his mind off what he saw, or else he'll have a painful looking boner by the time they'll get to their destination, and he won't look professional at all. Who shows up at work with a hard on poking out their jeans?

However, this becomes more complicated when Louis, confident as always, approaches Harry and whispers in his hear.

"Like what you saw eh?", he asks in a teasing, low voice which does turn Harry on, so that he has to squeeze his eyes shut for a couple of seconds.

Then, he automatically nods. His eyes widen in shock as he quickly turns to look at Louis who is watching him amused.

Harry didn't want to admit that, he really didn't, it was a mistake. Yeah, another mistake ready to be added to the list, he thinks.

"I knew it", Louis teases, wrapping an arm around Harry's waist and the younger boy instantly relaxes under his touch, but as soon as Louis realizes it he quickly removes his arm but stays close to him, making Harry want to whimper nonetheless.

Louis can't let Harry think he cares about him, though he knows he can still have him whenever he wants. "You'd like to touch it, don't you?", he keeps talking, earning quiet moans from Harry, signs that he's enjoying it.

"If you behave we'll be having fun tonight", he tells Harry and he can see the younger boy's pupils dilate at the thought of having Louis fuck him just like last time.

Just like last time, when they fucked and Louis kicked Harry out of his house.
Harry comes to his senses and glares at Louis, "Yeah, so you can kick me out and offend me again?" he says bitterly, making Louis flinch.

Damn it, Louis thinks, he still remembers. "Listen", he starts, his voice low but still soft, "If you're gonna be like this the whole time we're here, you can gladly get your ass on the first plane and go back to London", he hisses and Harry looks at him in disbelief, hurt.

"W-what?" he asks, not knowing what to do. He didn't even tell Louis he might like him yet, and the situation is already taking a turn for the worse.

Louis curses under his breath, he didn't mean for it to come off like that.

"No, no I'm sorry", he quickly apologizes, thinking of a way to explain what he was thinking. "I was just trying to say that you can't ke-"

"Save it. I don't need your fucking explanation", he says harshly but his voice cracks, and before Louis can say anything else he quickens his pace to reach Niall and Liam, listening quietly to their conversation with his hands buried in the pocket of his coat.

Louis rolls his eyes and huffs, but knows that he'd better keep some distance between him and Harry for some time, maybe he'll try and talk to him again after work.

They reach Paul outside the hotel, who is smiling at them waiting for them to hop in his van. Just like yesterday, Louis and Harry have to sit next to each other, but this time neither of them tries to speak to the other, leaving an awkward silence linger between them as the tension is so thick you could cut it with a knife.

Luckily for them though, the drive doesn't last long, and before they know it, Paul is pulling into the driveway of a big, tall building surrounded by palms and flowers.

On the door there’s a big golden sign which says Elite Model Management LA.

Harry starts to become nervous all over again, he's scared he'll screw something up and he'll be kicked out, or worse.

What if they don't like him and decide to fire him?

What if something goes wrong and he has to leave?

He takes a deep breath and shakes his head, knowing he's making it too big of a deal. There are models who work here every day, he can make it too.

"Okay guys, we're here. I'll come pick you up once you're finished", Paul says as he unlocks the doors of his vehicle and they all wave at him before making their way inside.

The building is huge, and very modern looking. There's people walking all over the place, some with a cup of coffee, some with big, black bags containing God knows what, some talking to the phone, engaged in what seems a heated conversation.

Harry is intimidated to say the least, he unconsciously cowers behind Louis, who is not paying much attention to his surroundings and is walking straight to the big, white desk placed in the center of the hall.

A young lady is sitting behind it, typing something on her computer while constantly checking the clock placed next to it, along with a picture of her kissing a guy. Probably his boyfriend, Harry thinks, and can't help but notice that the guy is indeed very cute.

"Come here you two", Niall says as he approaches the desk and clears his throat to make his presence known.

The lady raises his head and looks at the group that's waiting in front of her with furrowed eyebrows. "You are?" she asks in a polite tone, showing a fake, professional smile which Niall and Liam return while Louis and Harry grimace at her.

Liam smiles at her before starting to talk, pointing at Harry and Louis who are just standing there awkwardly. "They're Harry Styles and Louis Tomlinson, they-"

"Harry? Louis?", a guy's voice interrupts Liam, and they all turn in the direction the voice came from, seeing a thin guy, who must be just a couple years older than them.

He's wearing a black tank top which exposes his tattooed arms and a red beanie covering his dark hair. His eyes are a lovely shade of brown with speckles of gold, and his smile is bright and
The boy approaches them with a wide smile, handing his cup of coffee to a random girl who was just walking by.

"I was waiting for you", he smiles, and Harry and Louis look at each other, trying to figure out who this dude is.

Seeing their confused looks, the tattoo-covered boy smiles again, holding his hand out.

"I'm Zayn. Zayn Malik, I'll be your photographer", he says happily, and Louis immediately smiles and takes his hand, shaking it lightly.

"Nice to meet ya", Louis says, gesturing for Liam and Niall.

"Who are they?" Zayn asks, gesturing for Harry and Louis' friends.

"They're our manag-" he is cut off by Zayn again, who laughs and wraps his hands around both boys' wrists, pulling them along with them.

"The blond one looks like he's high!", he laughs, but before anyone, Niall in particular, could react, he speaks again in a loud tone, "You're late guys! Gotta meet the boss", he says cheekily, dragging both boys along with him and shoving them in an elevator, and Harry can just look briefly at Niall with wide, scared eyes, noticing that his friend is watching him with a confused expression instead.

"Who's the boss?" Louis asks, trying to make a little conversation, while Harry just stays near him, resisting the urge to wrap his own arm around the older boy's, afraid he'll get lost if he loses him here.

"You'll see", Zayn winks, smiling.

They don't have the time to say anything else because the doors of the elevator open suddenly, and Zayn this time motions for both boys to follow him.

"This way", he shows, stopping in front of a white door with the name Ben Winston engraved on it. Harry's eyes widen, he can't be that Ben Winston.

"Is he y-your boss?" he asks, not sure he's in the right place anymore.

This has to be a dream, he thinks. Ben Winston owns some of the most famous models and actors agencies in America, so Harry would have never thought about the fact that he could be able to meet him one day.

"Who else would it be?" Zayn snickers before knocking on the door, waiting for an answer.

"Come in", a voice, clearly Ben's voice, calls from the other side and the brunet boy doesn't waste time and busts it open, allowing the boys to come inside.

Ben's eyes light up and a smile appears on his face as soon as he sees them. He quickly gets up to greet his guests. "Ah, Harry Edward Styles and Louis William Tomlinson, what a pleasure!" he smiles, and Louis turns to Harry who is looking at him with a confused expression.

They didn't know each other's full names yet, and Harry thinks the name "William" suits perfectly Louis, even though he knows he shouldn't be thinking that.

"Hey", Louis replies coolly, while Harry simply smiles and nods, not knowing what to do to hide the fact that he's so excited and scared that he's starting to sweat.

"They told me great things about you guys", he starts talking once he made both boy sit down in two of the four armchairs that surround his desk, while Zayn leans against the door with his arms crossed over his chest and a smirk plastered on his face.

Ben's office is huge and everything looks so expensive. From the leather armchairs to the lace windows, even the lamp on his desk looks expensive. The office is a big, airy room which smells of lavender and soap, and the smell helps Harry calm his nerves a little bit.

"I hope you'll be enough for this project", he explains calmly, making both boys nod in agreement, even though Harry isn't really sure of what he's getting himself into.

They carefully listen to Ben's speech about the agency and the brand they're sponsoring, and this only makes Harry's anxiety grow.

Louis, on the other hand, seems ready to start working right at this moment, he's got a smile glued to his face since he first stepped in this building, and Harry envies him for this.

Once Ben finishes talking, he gets up and so do Harry and Louis. "Well then, Zayn, lead them to their changing room", he says rubbing his hands.
"You'll meet everyone there, don't worry".
They make their way out of the office and follow Zayn quietly, Harry is still thinking about what just happened, he met Ben fucking Winston.
He feels a hand squeeze his wrist lightly, and looks up at Louis who is smiling at him.
He decides to forget about what happened this morning, this is not the time to act like a child, so he smiles back.
However, Louis' smile soon turns into a smirk, as he leans closer to Harry and whispers in his hear, "You know", he starts, hot breath fanning the green eyed boy's face making him shiver, "I really can't wait to see you naked again", he finishes. Harry gulps, telling himself that, sadly, the feeling is mutual. He knows he'll regret it later, but, for now, he can give in.
"Come this way!", Zayn instructs Harry and Louis, who follow him like lost puppies. Zayn leads them through a hallway filled with doors, some with names engraved on them, some just plain white. The clean white tiles of the floor are shining under the bright lights hanging from the ceiling. A faint music can be heard coming from some of the slick black doors.

Louis and Harry trail behind him, not sure of what's going on. This place is still unknown to them, obviously, so they aren't used to this kind of atmosphere. Their agency back in London is so much smaller and it feels more like home as they both know everyone who works there. They only hope people here as as nice as Zayn, as this would make their job way easier.

"This place is freaking huge", Louis tells Harry, who hums and nods, not really knowing what to say. He's still thinking about what Louis told him a few seconds ago. And, because of that, now he can't stop thinking about what the blue eyed boy is going to do to him. Just the anticipation is enough to spark in him desire and lust as his mind is filled only with the taste of the older boy's lips and his body is already tingling and longing for a touch.

This is definitely not helping him relieve some of his stress.

Zayn suddenly stops in front of a plain black door, no different than the other they just passed opening it without even knocking and letting both boys in.

"Hi guys!", he grins happily and waves to the people who are in the room, who greet him, some with a smile, some with a wave, some with a side hug. Louis figures Zayn has been working here for a long time, since he seems to know everyone here, hell, he could also greet a plant and Louis wouldn't even be surprised anymore.

"These two here are the people we were waiting for!", he exclaims, making Harry blush and hide behind a shy smile, while Louis seems more comfortable while greeting everyone.

A tall, skinny girl with clear eyes and blond, short hair cascading down her shoulders in soft waves approaches the green eyed boy, filling his senses with a strong scent of rose and lily, and pinches his cheek, "Aw look at him Zayn!", she says happily, "People are gonna love him!", she finishes, and Harry sees Louis scoff, probably because he is not receiving the attention he wants and this makes the curly headed boy smirk proudly. Every little thing that can make Louis even the littlest bit upset is enough to him to feel like he accomplished something.

Harry obviously doesn’t know that what Louis is feeling right now is pure jealousy towards that girl, who gets to touch the boy without him wincing or telling her to stop. He wishes he could do that, too. However, he knows he can’t complain as he’s the only one to blame for that.

"Come on Gigi, he's not a doll", Zayn tells her before wrapping an arm around her slim waist and planting a kiss on her forehead as she giggles and lets go of Harry's cheek. Louis finds himself relieved at that. The farther that girl stays from Harry, the better.

"She's my girlfriend Gigi, by the way", he tells the boy, and Louis hugs her and leaves a kiss on her cheek, mentally slapping himself because he actually thought that girl could be a threat and try and steal Harry’s attention from him.

"I'm going to be your stylist, guys", she says, and Zayn chuckles.

"You're so lucky guys, trust me. She worked with Tommy Hilfiger and other super cool brands",
he explains, obviously proud of his girlfriend. Louis would be too. He also would be proud of calling such a cute girl his girlfriend. If she were single, he'd probably hit on her, and he’s sure she’d give in and fall for him. Who wouldn’t, right?

Another girl, who doesn’t look much older than her, suddenly comes up to them and shakes both boys' hands, "I'm Danielle Campbell guys, I'm gonna be your make up artist", she clarifies as she winks at Louis while shaking his hand and letting her own linger on his for a bit longer. She’s got long, wavy chocolate brown hair with plump lips and dark eyes. She’s a few inches shorter than Gigi, but she’s pretty, Louis thinks. The blonde one is better though. However, he wouldn’t mind getting to know this Danielle girl better: he reckons they could have fun together. He smirks right back at her, making Harry’s blood boil as he clenches his fists. Louis is flirting with someone else right in front of him. This is disrespectful and so low of him.

Soon Harry and Louis get to know pretty much everyone in the room, like their hairstylist Lou and all the lighting crew, and they learn that they will be working with them for the entire time. Harry knows this is going to be hard: they are almost completely surrounded by so many beautiful girls, and he knows Louis is going to hit on probably each and everyone of them. Maybe sleep with them too! The green eyed boy grits his teeth and tries to get rid of those thoughts, letting only positive ones linger in his head.

Before they could start their actual work though, the door is opened again by Ben, who now has got a stack of papers in his hand and his expression looks more serious and professional. Everyone purses their lips as they greet him quietly. They know he is a very strict man when it comes to his job, and they also know he’ll be keeping an eye on them for the entire time.

"Guys", he nods, greeting briefly everyone. "I need to talk to all of you, Harry and Louis in particular. I'm asking you to listen carefully please", he says, and everyone quiets down, ready to hear the boss' speech as they fake interested and concerned expressions. Louis and Harry look around the room and bite their lips, keeping in their laughter.

"You all know we take what we do very seriously", he states, and everyone nods, so he continues. "This is not just some work you have to do", he stops and looks everyone in the eyes, making sure they're still following him.

"This, this is a challenge. We are gonna work our asses off to make sure this turns out great. I will be watching all of you constantly to make sure none of you mess this up. Got it?", he asks and receives a choir of bored 'yes sir'.
"So, I'm gonna list quickly everything that has to be done", he scans one of the paper who are in his hands, then lifts his head up and adjusting his black glasses on his pointy nose. "This is gonna be a long, hard work so please stick with me. We have to do at least two to three different photo shoots in different locations", he says and hears a few people, Zayn included, gasp. Harry does too, he knows how much work people have to do in order to make a good photo shoot. They have to take tons of pictures, scan each and everyone of them, pick the best out of them, edit them, and stuff Harry can't even imagine but he’s glad he doesn’t have to do.

Louis raises his hand, and Ben allows him to speak with a curt nod. "Why so many photo shoots for just one brand?", he asks, and Mr. Winston clears his throat before returning to speak.
"Good question, Louis. They want pictures for their website, which require a simple, plain white background I suppose. Then we have a shoot exclusively with Vogue, which is going to take place in a totally different location that we'll decide together. Last but not least, they required a new set of photos to hang in the shops, billboards and in the streets all over the world basically", he explains calmly, and Louis nods. “But if we can, we'll ask them to use the same pics we take for their website”, he finishes.

“And then, Harry and Louis, you’ve got an interview scheduled for next week, since you’ll get to be on the cover of their actual magazine”.

His speech is followed by silence, which Harry doesn't know how to interpret. However it doesn't last long, because Ben is quick to say good luck to everyone before exiting the room. Immediately, a bunch of people start running around, in and out of the room, making phone calls or typing
frantically on their laptops.

Gigi approaches Harry and Louis with a calm smile, motioning for them to follow her. They enter a room filled with clothes wrapped in plastic, and the smell of new mixed with leather and cologne fills the room and lingers in the air.

"This is the Valentino men spring-summer collection guys", she opens her arms and spins around the room, making Louis chuckle and admire her body.

"Do we have to wear each and every one of them?", he asks, referring to the expensive looking clothes stacked neatly in the room.

She nods giving Louis a smile. "Before we start doing any photo shoot though, I suggest you try on some outfits so I'm able to see how they fit you", she explains, and then proceeds to pick out a few outfits, handing them to the boys.

"I think that's e-enough for now", Harry says, trying to balance the pile of clothes in his arms. Gigi looks at them with a thoughtful expression before nodding. "Yeah, for now's okay", she tells them with a smile.

"The changing rooms are over there", she points at a wooden door linked to the room they're in now. Louis nods and starts making his way inside, so Gigi looks at Harry. "I'll wait outside so you guys can have a bit of privacy", she reassures him with a wink.

"Yeah, see you later then", Harry replies sheepishly before running to reach Louis, who is struggling to open the door. They both make their way inside, the changing room is big and has got a lot of stalls. The lights aren't too strong but they don't have trouble seeing where they're going.

Harry, still upset with the older boy, quickly tries to make his way inside one of the stalls and lock it safely behind himself when he feels someone's fingers wrap around his wrist, making him turn around.

"Where do you think you're going?", Louis whispers in a husky tone, and Harry squirms under his touch.

"W-w-need to change", he stutters, trying not to give in. He knows what Louis wants, but he can't give in so easily. Not again.

"We've got plenty of time for that", he says, and starts leaning closer to Harry's neck, placing his tongue on it and licking his sensitive skin. Harry is about to tilt his head, allowing Louis more space, when he suddenly comes to his senses and pushes Louis away.

The feathery haired boy rolls his icy blue eyes and huffs, “What is it now?”

“You want me to do something with you?!”, he asks, but before Louis can answer, he speaks again, “Then tell those stupid girls to do it for me. I’m not feeling up for it, sorry boo”, he replies coldly before turning around and starting to walk again towards the wooden stall.

“What the hell is wrong with you now!?!”, Louis is annoyed. Harry should not be acting like that. He’s supposed to be all shy and give Louis what he wants, so the latter is taken aback by this sudden reaction, so different from what he’s used to seeing.

“You clearly don’t care who gives you head, you just want someone to suck you off. Right?!”, Harry crosses his arms over his chest after letting all the clothes fall to the floor inside the stall, “Then go ask one of them, they seemed pretty interested in you”, he finishes with a shrug. Inside of him, however, he’s both proud of himself and afraid at the same time: he doesn’t really want Louis to bring here Danielle and let her do what she wants with him. But, he’s proud he’s finally managed to stand up for himself. However, Louis looks rather angry right now as his eyes are dark and his expression unreadable.

The latter takes a step forward, making the younger boy automatically take a step back, watching him with wide eyes like a lost baby deer. “You don’t speak to me like that”, Louis growls while still approaching Harry, whose back is now flat against the wall. He’s trapped. His legs start shaking and his pupils dilate as the sight in front of him makes him want to lurch forward and beg for Louis to take him then and there, violently, making him scream out in pain and pleasure.

“But I just did", he fires back, only loving the reaction he’s getting out of the older boy. He looks determined, ready to angrily catch his prey and never let go of it. Louis is now only inches apart
from Harry, his hot, minty breath hitting him as his lips move slowly but seductively, making the green eyed boy almost go crazy. “Shut up, you’re making me very angry Harry”, he says in a low, husky tone. Harry can’t do this anymore. “Then fucking punish me”.

This is all it takes for Louis to grab Harry’s shirt and drag him close to him, angrily smashing their lips together and making the younger boy moan out loud. Louis’ hands immediately find their way to Harry’s butt and grip it firmly, pressing their growing hard ons together and creating unnecessary friction and making Harry’s hands grip Louis’ hair tightly while the latter stops kissing his lips and starts making his way around the curly headed boy’s neck. Harry shivers and sucks in a breath, trying not to make too much noise because Louis is so good at this. He’s so good at teasing, making you want more. Angry Louis is even better, as every bite is more intense and wet."L-louis", he moans quietly, tilting his head to give Louis more access to his pale, tender skin.

"You like it pretty boy", the older boy smirks against Harry's neck, and the proceeds to leave a hickey near Harry's ear, sucking and biting on it. Harry can't help it anymore and moans out loud, putting his hand on Louis’ chest and squeezing the fabric of his shirt. Louis then proceeds to swipe his tongue down Harry's chest, tugging at his shirt with his hand."Clothes off Harry", he demands sternly, and Harry is taken aback by his words. "I- uh-", he stammers, but is cut off but Louis' stern, demanding voice.

"I said, take your clothes off". Harry can't help but oblige, slowly sliding off his sweater and leaving his pale, tattooed skin exposed, his tone chest rising and falling with every breath escaping his swollen lips. "Take these off too. Now", he says pointing to his jeans, and Harry does it immediately, leaving Louis to play with the fabric of his boxers. He starts palming Harry through his boxers, and Harry lets out a loud moan as he feels himself grow harder with every touch, every second passing.

The room is becoming warmer and warmer, and his breath more labored. "F-fuck Louis, do something", Harry cries out, pleading the older boy to take care of him. Louis chuckles slightly, wrapping an arm around Harry's waist and pulling him impossibly closer, while his other hand is still working on Harry's member. “You wish”. At this, Harry almost wants to start crying because all he wants now is for Louis to touch him and make him feel good, but apparently this is not the older boy’s intention. Louis puts a hand behind Harry’s back, making him slide to the floor just enough for his face to be exactly in front of his aching member. He pushes Harry’s head further, “Suck it”, he demands, “I know you want to”.

Harry wants to protest, he really does, but there’s something about this situation that makes him incapable of uttering a single word and lie to Louis by telling him he’s wrong, so he does what he’s told. He starts playing with the hem of Louis' boxers, sliding a finger inside it and touching Louis’ member, that's already leaking pre-come as he smirks to himself.

"Move Harry, we haven't got all day", Louis quickly says and bites his lip, he doesn't want to moan out loud already, even if his boner is so painful he feels like he is going to scream soon. Harry moans before slowly pulling down Louis' boxers, and admiring his length. Louis is so big it surprises him every time. This will be fun. Without wasting anymore time he starts kitten licking Louis' tip, making him squirm under his touch. Louis grips Harry's hair and bites his lip. Harry doesn't care though, as he licks every single throbbing vein up and down, from the tip to his balls, stopping every time he reaches the tip to suck and lick better, feeling his own spit mixed with the taste of Louis’ pre come invade his mouth, but this is only making him want more.

Louis shakes and trembles, as sudden waves of pleasure hit him every time Harry touches him, until he can't take it anymore and grips Harry's hair, pulling his head deeper and letting his member hit the back of Harry's throat repeatedly. Surprisingly for Louis, Harry doesn't have a strong gag reflex, so he happily takes every inch of Louis in his mouth, feeling himself almost giving in to the feeling of having something so big inside his mouth as he deep throats him as much as he can, happy he can give him this kind of treatment."Fuck Harry oh my god, oh my g-god", Louis moans, knees weak as a strong sensation hits his entire body, pooling at the bottom of his stomach as his
breath is caught in his throat as he comes in Harry's mouth muttering profanities under his breath and squeezing his eyes shut, the younger swallowing everything. As Louis’ member softens, Harry finds himself unable to stay still as the need to be touched invades him and he’s not able to think straight anymore. He looks at Louis pleadingly, silently praying the older boy will do something. There is no way he’ll be able to go through the entire day feeling like that. And, he knows it won’t go away easily all alone. This might be a problem. Louis looks at him coldly before fixing his boxers and turning his back from Harry, leaving the younger boy on the verge of exasperation as he whines loudly.

“Louis? Are you just going to leave me like this?”, he says as tears of frustration pool at the sides of his eyes. Louis looks at him briefly before shrugging, “This is what you get for acting like you did before”. Harry gets up, feeling anger settle in him as he clenches his fists.

“No”, he growls, making the older boy raise his gaze and look at him with a bored look, “You’re no better than me you know”, he starts, “You always treat me like I’m your fucking puppy, following you and doing whatever you want me to do”, he says through gritted teeth as the older boy looks at him with a curious expression, “Now I want you to fucking suck me off or whatever. If you don’t, I swear I won’t touch you ever again. And I fucking mean it”.
Louis smirks, walking closer to where Harry stands, taking in the boy: his flushed cheeks, his red, swollen lips and his glossy eyes make him gorgeous in his eyes. Irresistible. He leans in, his mouth over the younger boy’s ear. “You’re so fucking sexy like this, you know? Yelling at me with nothing but your boxers on”, he chuckles darkly, and Harry feels his knee go weak at the sound of Louis’ voice. He doesn’t answer, he can’t speak right now. Louis starts palming the boy through his boxers and immediately cries of pleasure escape his lips. He slowly slides Harry's boxers down his legs and letting his now fully hard member spring free.
He then starts stroking Harry's length slowly and wordlessly, stopping to play with his balls, stroking them and tracing the length with his finger. “You want more of it?”, he asks, earning moans as answer. He slides the other hand on the back of Harry’s head, pulling him and biting his lower lip, and Harry wishes Louis would just kiss him slowly and then roughly all of a sudden. But he doesn’t. Harry’s desperate to find a distraction to help him resist more under Louis' touch so he tangles his hand into the latter’s hair.
Louis pumps slowly, then faster, then slowly again, and Harry is a panting mess by now, moaning out loud and groaning, eyes squeezed shut and knuckles white from gripping Louis' shirt harder than he's ever done. An intense, familiar feeling starts invading his senses as he finds it hard to resist anymore.
"I can't Louis. I n-need to-".
“I know you do”, Louis cuts him off, “But I don’t know if I want to let you”, he smirks, loosening his grip on Harry’s member.
“No! Please, please don’t stop now”, Harry pleads with tears in his eyes.
“That is right, Harry. You are the one who has to beg for me to touch you. I don’t ever beg. got it?” Harry nods, not really listening to Louis’ words. He knows he will regret this later, but right now he doesn’t care. The sound of Louis’ voice, the firm touch of his hands on him, everything turns him on so much.
“Please I-.” Harry can't even finish his sentence before a sudden wave of pleasure crashes on him like a tidal wave as Louis works his length up and down faster than before, drowning him and he can't even register what's going on as his body gives in to the pleasure, and he comes into the older boy’s hand. He sucks in a breath and lets the adrenaline wash over him, making him weak then strong again, and Louis gives him the time to come down his high, looking amazed at Harry. Even with his face scrunched up, his eyes squeezed shut and a thin layer of sweat covering his temples, Louis finds Harry alluring and extremely attractive.
Harry slumps down on the floor as Louis wipes his hand on a paper tissue and subtly watches the younger boy catch his breath. Before either of them can talk again, however, and address what just happened, they hear a faint knock at the door separating them from the rest of the people who are
"Guys?" Gigi’s voice echoes faintly from the other side, almost coming from another world as both boys are still in a daze.
"Are you alive?" she asks concerned, and Louis chuckles before answering.
"Yeah, we're fine. Give us five more minutes", he replies coolly, and when he hears Gigi hum and leave, he turns to look at Harry.
"That was close", he whispers, and Harry looks at him amused before tossing him his boxers.
"Put these on, you're not a porn star", he says, and the older boy smirks.
"You wish I was though", he states, and the curly haired boy looks at him and shakes his head.
"Not at all", he replies, finally entering one of the stalls and closing the door behind himself and feeling his body still tingling and shaking.
Once they're both out, Gigi gives them a knowing look. Judging from the look on their flushed faces, it's clear something went on in those changing rooms even though they hasn't heard a thing thanks to the soundproof walls.
"Is everything okay guys?", she asks adding a smirk, and Louis and Harry look at each other before nodding.
"You look amazing in those suits, but let me just-" she says as she fixes little details here and there with her tongue poking out her mouth. The first day is dedicated to fittings, so all they have to do is get in and out of the changing rooms with different outfits as Gigi studies their bodies and writes down every little change that needs to be made with care and attention. The rest of the morning then goes by like this, and even though both boys don’t usually like fittings, it goes by faster than they could think, and lunch break rolls around. Harry and Louis are happily talking to Zayn when Liam and Niall open the door to their room and make their way in, looking at everyone with a suspicious look.
"Hey guys", Zayn greets them, but Niall scoffs and ignores him.
"Guys", he instead starts talking when Harry and Louis wave at him.
"Me and Liam are going to eat somewhere, do you wanna come?" the blond boy asks, and Harry nods but Louis stops him.
"We should ask first", he replies, and turns to Zayn who is still looking slightly disappointed by Niall's behavior, but nods nonetheless with a sad smile.
"Just be back before two thirty", he replies, and with that the four boys make their way out of the building.
"Where are we going?" Harry asks out of curiosity, and Liam turns to him and shrugs.
"There's this place that's quite fancy. They make vegan dishes too and it's said to be one of the best around here", he explains and Harry listens quietly.
"Thought we could try it out?", Liam finishes and Harry nods with a smile, even though he isn't really hungry.
They start to follow Liam and Niall. Louis approaching Harry with a smirk as the latter walks slower with his hands safely tucked in the pockets of his dark blue coat.
"Like what I did to you huh?" he asks, already knowing the answer. “I loved it when you were begging for me to touch you”, he chuckles, “So needy. Didn’t know you had it in you”
"I can say the same for you", Harry replies cheekily, and Louis simply looks at him and stick his tongue out.
"Don't flatter yourself Styles, I've had better", he replies bluntly and winks.
Harry looks at him surprised, trying to understand if he's kidding or not. Trying to see a hint in the older boy’s face that could make him understand it’s all a joke. However, when Louis starts walking faster, leaving Harry alone, he realizes he was being serious. He clenches his fists, looking at Louis and wishing he could just make him disappear forever. Why does this boy do nothing but hurt his feelings all the fucking times? Every time they share an intimate moment he always has to ruin it or belittle it by saying hurtful things and Harry can’t ever understand whether the other boy is only messing with him or not. He did look like he was enjoying the blowjob, he was a moaning
mess and Harry thought he did a good job. Louis was rough, yeah, making him do it and pushing his head as he pleased. But he indeed looked like he enjoyed the moment. Harry shakes his head, trying to contain his rage and hurt. He feels like crying but he knows it won't solve anything, so instead he trails back, walking slowly with his head hung low. They finally reach the small place, it looks cozy and new. It’s not too big and it’s almost empty. It almost looks as if it’s from another world: it is surrounded by colorful flowers and small plants, along with candles on top of every table. Each booth has a different kind of flower on it and the light colored wood of the chairs is decorated with strips of purple and green paint. The familiar smell of cinnamon and coffee that hits Harry as soon as he steps in makes him feel almost at home and relaxes him a little. They are greeted by the waiter who recognizes them and lets them sit in one of the booths in the far back, shielded from the curious eyes of the people who are walking down the streets. Harry sits as far from Louis as he can, but their legs brush ever so often, making Harry flustered but sad at the same time when he notices Louis isn’t returning his glances or acknowledge him in any way. After their food comes, they eat quietly, Harry opting for a simple smoothie since, after what happened, he isn’t that hungry anymore. He cares too much. He knows he does. Louis told Harry he didn't enjoy what they did while Harry still had his taste in his mouth. Rude, selfish prick, Harry thinks.

"Mate, are you okay?", Niall asks Harry, snapping him out of his thoughts. Harry simply looks at him and nods slowly.

"Well then, you should finish your smoothie or you'll be late", his friend warns him, and as Harry looks at the table he notices the other boys have already finished their meal, and are now waiting for him. He chugs it down as fast as he can and gets up quickly, making his way outside feeling dizzy. They go back to their boring work, but now Harry doesn't dare talk or look at Louis anymore. He is so angry, and hurt. He just can't look at him. When they're finished, they're both exhausted. Harry just wants to lock himself in his room and not get out until tomorrow. When they finally get out of the building, the sun is already setting, giving a soft, warm glow to the boys’ faces and illuminating their eyes. Paul is already waiting for them, so the four boys make their way to the van and wait patiently for the chauffeur to take them home. As soon as they reach the hotel, Harry doesn't even wait for Paul to stop the engine that he opens the door of the car and scurries away, not looking back once. Niall looks at Louis frustrated, sliding a hand through his quiff.

"What did you do now?" he asked annoyed, and Louis simply glares at him before holding his hands up in defense.

"I don't fucking know!" he yells, and stoms inside as well. He stops in front of Harry's room, debating on whether to knock and ask what's wrong or act like he doesn't care. Which is not an act after all, cause he doesn't really care at all. Does he? He takes a deep breath and knocks on the wooden door, waiting for Harry to open it.

"Go away Niall, leave me alone!", he hears Harry say, but knocks again nonetheless.

"It’s Louis Harry, open up", he pleads him, and after a minute of silence, he hears footsteps and soon after the door is opened by Harry.

His eyes are red and tears threaten to fall from his eyes, so Louis looks at him confused.

"What's your problem now?", he asks cocking his head, but Harry simply scoffs and crosses his arms over his chest.

"Are you stupid?" he asks bitterly, and Louis flinches.

"I just wanna know why you fucking ignored me like you didn't even see me today. You should know by now that I don’t like it", he replies harshly, and Harry rolls his eyes.

"I wanted to", he simply states. Louis looks at him for a moment, "Come on, stop being such a drama queen and tell me what's wrong so that we can all move on" he says sarcastically, making Harry feel even worse.

"You ungrateful fucking piece of shit!", Harry yells, and Louis is quick to cover his mouth and look around, to see if anyone is around. He lets out a breath when he sees it's only him and Harry.

"Next time you're gonna think twice before you ask me to do something with you, you fucking asshole!", Harry keeps talking, and Louis finally realizes what Harry is hinting at.
"Oh my god, really?" he asks, laughing. "You're mad at me because I told you I didn't like your blowjob?" he keeps talking.

Harry can't take this anymore, he feels humiliated and Louis has no right to do this to him. So, as the first tear slides down Harry's cheek, and Louis' laugh quiets down, he slams the door shut, almost hitting the older boy in the face. Louis stays frozen in place, realizing that maybe, just maybe, he should keep his mouth shut more often.
Chapter 12

The next day, Louis and Harry find themselves in the studio, waiting to start working for their first photo shoot. Louis is once again forced to pose in front of that background he hates so much, but doesn't dare say anything, afraid they'll kick his butt. He tried to apologize to Harry since this morning when he first saw him, but for some reasons, he's never managed to do that. Harry keeps running away from him, avoiding him without even looking at him in the eyes, and Louis is starting to become more frustrated every hour that goes by. Why doesn't Harry let Louis talk to him? He's really trying to apologize. But, why is Louis so worried about Harry anyway? He got what he wanted, so why does he care, why does he want Harry to forgive him so much? Why was he sad when he heard Harry cry? These questions run in Louis' mind, they are restless and beg for an answer. Answer that Louis can't find. He's waiting for the perfect opportunity to corner Harry and talk to him, so that he will have to listen to him. His mind keeps running around freely even when he sits down in the vanity where the makeup artist’s assistant, a young girl with chocolate waves and big brown eyes that reminds him so much of Eleanor, gives him a perfect contouring, along with some rose gold eyeshadow to make his eyes glow up and just a hint of highlighter to make his skin glow under the flash and the bright lights of the room. Personally, Louis never found makeup useful, but he has to admit that, when he wears it, he feels prettier and more confident as all his little flaws are concealed and hidden beneath it. Obviously, he doesn’t wear it on a regular basis, but he enjoys looking at himself all shining when he’s working. Some call him vain but he doesn’t really care. They can only wish they had such a perfect, smooth skin and the confidence he has.

"Okay guys, shall we start?" Zayn asks smiling, and Harry smiles back at him, though Louis is sure that is a fake, forced smile. Harry's been frowning the whole time, Louis has been keeping a close eye on him and he’s not even ashamed of admitting it. "Okay so, we'll start with uh, Harry?" he asks and Harry hums in approval as he makes his way towards the oh so familiar set, ready to show his professional side. Just the way he walks makes Louis stare helplessly. Harry's features are so delicate and the blue eyed boy can’t help but admire his body: so proportionate and elegant in every way. From the way he walks, one foot after the other solemnly to the way he moves his hands, his slim fingers dancing around delicately and his curls, oh his curls. Harry was born to be a model, he was born to do this. However, Louis can see a faint hint of nervousness in the green eyed boy as his pace is slow and his legs are trembling the slightest bit. Louis doesn’t understand why Harry’s so worried. He’s got nothing to be afraid of: he’s handsome, it doesn’t matter what he’s wearing or what he’s doing. He’s truly alluring and just very, very pretty. Louis bites his lip at those thoughts that can’t seem to leave his mind as he’s now accepted them and given them their space. Harry now lives in his thoughts too, haunting Louis and making him feel things he never did. He’s come to the point where he surrendered completely to them, knowing that every day spent with Harry will only make this worse.

"Are you ready Harry?" Zayn offers him a smile, which the curly headed boy doesn’t return. Instead, he takes a deep breath and nods, sliding a hand through his curls. He's wearing the first outfit Gigi picked out for him, a navy blue suit with white floral decorations embroidered in the sleeves along with a golden, thin choker tied around his neck, along with white, polished shoes, even though he doesn’t feel very comfortable wearing them as white has never really been his color. He usually loves wearing quirky things, so these white boots are nothing compared to some clothes he has laying around in his closet back at home, but he can’t help it. When he looked at himself in the mirror just a couple minutes ago, Gigi told him he looked dashing, and he thought so too. However, once out there where everyone could look at him, he became nervous and fidgety. He really doesn’t want to mess this up, but he’s afraid people will think he’s stupid for wearing such weird items all in once. Some people just don’t understand what ‘having style’ means. And
plus, it’s Valentino we’re talking about here. Even if they didn’t like it they would have to keep their mouths shut, because this outfit alone cost more than what most people out there could afford even after working their entire lives.

Suddenly, some R&B music starts to play at a low volume, and Harry immediately relaxes a bit, before closing his eyes. "I’m ready", he says, and immediately hears Zayn taking the first pictures, instructing him on what he wants him to show, how he wants him to pose and where he wants him to look. He makes sure to show every item he’s wearing, even the cufflinks and the simple choker by lifting his head up and placing his hands behind his hand, resulting in a slice of pale skin poking out the suit, and that’s enough to make Louis’ mouth water and his pupils dilate with lust. “Woah Harry, you were born for this!”, the raven haired boy says happily but Harry's not listening to him anymore, he's in his own world, forgetting about everyone in the room but Zayn. Louis admires Harry in awe, eyes glimmering with lust, asking himself how anyone could be so attractive, because really, he feels like he’s literally being drawn to Harry, like the younger boy was a magnet. Harry's movements are so hot, he looks like an angel, but a hot one. Those kind of people you look at and can’t help but wonder whether they’re from the same world you’re living in. Harry looks like he could grow a pair of white feathery wings any second now. Louis has to concentrate to not get excited. Wouldn't be very professional to work with a boner, especially when his pictures will probably be seen by millions of people. After another couple of photos, Zays goes to him and pats him on the back, eyes wide "Mate, you're great!" he compliments Harry who blushes awkwardly. "Thanks", he mutters, before slowly making his way to his changing room, probably going to Gigi and let her help him with the next outfit, Louis figures. He takes a deep breath and waits for Zayn to adjust his camera and call him. His heart is beating fast. After Harry’s performance, he’s not sure he can be any better than that. His undying confidence is obviously letting him down this time. He's watching Harry talk to Gigi and smiling to her like nothing happened, like yesterday he didn't spend the night crying, and he feels himself frown. He wants to be the one talking to Harry like this, making him laugh and blush. "Earth to Louis?" he hears Zayn call, and immediately snaps out of his daze, blushing but still frowning. "What's wrong mate?" Zayn asks with a smile, but Louis simply looks at him and shakes his head, sighing. "Nothing, sorry". Zayn, however, knows something's bothering the boy, so, while they're walking to the set, he pats Louis on the shoulder. "Hey, what do you say we go out tonight? Just me and you, take it as a friends' night. I’ll take you to somewhere cool and we’ll have a night only you and me”, he chuckles, and Louis is taken aback by this offer, but accepts, nodding. This could be a great opportunity to ask advice on how to make Harry forgive him. Zayn is a cool guy, he's sure he knows how to help him. Come to think of it, Zayn might not be the best for this, but at least he can let everything out and hear an honest opinion from another perspective. Anything can help. He prepares himself and listens to Zayn's directions, trying not to be distracted by Harry's eyes, who are watching him intently, pupils dilated and a faint smile on his face.

Harry stares with a proud smile on his face, drinking in every detail of Louis’ body while he can. That boy is such an asshole, but he's so handsome. The green eyed boy rubs his temples, careful not to ruin Danielle’s work and smudge concealer all over his face. She spent almost half an hour on him, and he really doesn’t want to sit there for another thirty minutes as she fixes his mess. He loves wearing make up, but he can’t ever sit still when people are working on his face. He knows he can’t stay mad at Louis for long, he simply can't. Once Louis' turn is over, he waits patiently for Zayn to give him instructions. He sees him walk to him with a smirk. "Okay guys, are you ready to shoot together?", he asks casually as he walks to the buffet table and grabs himself a glass of water, and Harry's mouth falls open, eyes wide as he keeps staring at the raven haired boy. "What?" he asks in disbelief. He can't do this. It's too much. "I think you heard me Harry", Zayn smiles, and waits for Louis to finish changing before informing him too. Louis, this time, is almost scared. He doesn't want to make the situation worse, so he'll have to try and keep that mouth under
control. He can try. They both walk side by side and stop in front of the simple, white background. 

Harry can feel his body starting to sweat but he blames it on the bright lights that are shining right in his eyes. His heart starts beating faster as Louis gets even close, so close he can smell his cologne and feel the older boy’s hand brush over his own for a second. He gulps, looking like a scared kitten. He should have seen it coming, but the truth is that he didn’t even think of the possibility of having to shoot so close to Louis. The blue eyed boy is trying to suppress his excitement as he can feel Harry’s body so close to his own. Zayn tells them to stay close to each other, Louis has to put an arm around Harry's waist, the younger boy standing next to him with his hands linked together. They try to look cool and composed, but they both end up grimacing and their postures look so unnatural as Harry tries to stay close to Louis but at the same time further as possible from him. Zayn encourages them to relax and let go and just stop thinking so much, but the tension is so heavy it’s hard for both boys to do as he says. The thin boy looks at them disappointed, his camera still in his hands. “Is something wrong? This is all too forced guys”, he sighs, “Ben will not like any of these pictures”, he frowns. Harry takes a deep breath and decides to forget for a moment his anger and bitterness towards the older boy, and silently pleads him to do the same. Louis reluctantly gives in, trying to look as casual as possible while his back is pressed against Harry’s, their heads just barely touching. Zayn’s smile is bright as he keeps talking and praising them, and Harry just feels embarrassed. What the hell are they doing?

"Okay, now I need you to look in each other’s eyes, I want to see some emotions guys! You're doing great, just let go for me please?" Louis gulps, before turning slowly and looking at Harry, who is looking right back at him with an emotionless expression, even though the older boy wishes he knew what he's thinking. Louis’ eyes scan Harry's body, loving the closeness, from his luscious curls to his jawline, to his chest, his tattoos barely showing under the silk, half opened burgundy button down with black buttons. He admires the younger boy’s chest as he finds himself thinking about how much he wants to cover that pale, tender skin in hickeys and bruises. "Stop looking at me like that", Harry whispers through gritted teeth, not wanting to ruin Zayn's job. "Like what?" Louis whispers back raising an eyebrows, trying to not look like he’s just been caught stealing. Which he totally was: he was stealing glances at the other boy, but what can he do. They’re just serving him his body on a silver plate. "Like you see me naked", Harry replies, and Louis is at a loss for words, so he simply looks at Harry while thinking of an answer that won’t sound too forced or fake. However, before he can come up with something to say, Zayn approaches them and interrupts them, saving him from unending humiliation. "Guys, stop eye fucking each other in front of me please", he chuckles, "You can shag once we're finished here", he adds and Harry chokes on his spit, coughing and patting his chest repeatedly to help him breathe. This really caught him off guard. "What the hell Zayn?" Louis asks shocked. Zayn holds his hands up in defense, looking slightly confused. "Don't worry, it's normal for couples to do that, there's no need to be ashamed. Love is love and all that shit", he coolly reassures the boy, not knowing that he’s just making the situation worse for the two boys who are now looking at him with unreadable expressions. Harry feels like he's going to pass out. This shouldn't be happening. "We aren't a couple", he quickly clarifies, and sees Zayn look at him in disbelief. "What? You're kidding, right?" he looks at both boys, trying to understand what's going on. However, when they both shake their heads, he frowns. "But, there's so much sexual tension between you. You sure there's nothing going on?" he asks bluntly, "I mean, look at this", he says, pulling out his phone and typing something on it. Once he finds what he's looking for, he turns the phone so that the boys can read. It's an article written on a gossip website, and it shows a picture of Louis whispering something in Harry's ear with his arm around his chest back in London, as they were waiting for their flight. Further down there’s another photo that shows Louis with his arm draped around a sleepy Harry from when they landed in Los Angeles just a few days ago. The title of the article reads "A new hot power couple?
Super models Harry Styles and Louis Tomlinson, lovebirds leaving their nest”.

Harry feels like this is all too much to take. "Excuse me", he quickly says, before scurrying away to the bathroom, locking himself in and taking deep breaths. He turns the water on and splashes it on his face, the cold liquid giving him goosebumps but that's exactly what he needs right now. He washes his face, not caring about the make up anymore, in an attempt to calm down. He doesn't even know why he's reacting like this. He doesn't know what to feel, he doesn't know how to feel, but he knows he doesn't want to come out of this bathroom and face Louis again. These days have been probably the worst two days of his life. He doesn't like it when he's upset, he can't control his emotions anymore and he always ends up crying or being rude and yell at people. The little drops of water are sliding down his forehead and cheeks, tickling him as they stop when they reach his chin before falling into the sink again. They leave dark dots as they're bringing with them all the foundation and concealer Harry had on before. He looks at them with no emotion, not wanting to stare at his reflection right now. He's still trying to calm down, breathing slowly, when someone knocks on the door.

"Harry? Are you alright?" Louis' voice echoes in the bathroom, making Harry shiver and wrap his arms around himself, almost as if he's trying to protect himself from Louis, blocking him out as well as every other feeling he might have for the boy who’s only using his body and doesn’t clearly care about him the same way Harry does. It hurt, seeing those pictures and wishing so much those people were right, but it just hurts him knowing they were just empty words that Louis doesn’t believe in. He’s never hated himself so much, wishing for some stupid crush to become something else like you see in those stupid movies. He doesn't answer, holding his breath and trying to make as little noise as possible. Maybe, he thinks, if he does that Louis will go away.

"Harry, I know you're here. I saw you running", Louis voice is heard again, and Harry sees his feet in front of the door he's locked himself behind.

"Please open the door", he pleads, and Harry doesn't know what to do. If he talks to Louis he will forgive him, he knows he will. But, Louis doesn't deserve it. He's been nothing but rude since the first time they met, ungrateful, selfish and rude. And, every time Harry gave up and forgave him. His head hurts now, he just wants it to be over, so, ever so slowly, he reaches the knob, twisting it and unlocking the door, without opening it. He waits a couple of seconds, and as he hears Louis pushing the door open he squeezes his eyes shut, not ready to confront him yet but it's too late to back off now. Louis' breath hitches when he sees Harry, he didn't know the younger boy could be so sensitive. He still doesn’t know exactly what upset him so much. He waits a moment, not sure of what to do, but then places a hand on Harry's shoulder, seeing him flinch. And this, somehow, made him sad and disappointed in himself.

"I'm sorry, Harry. I don’t want you to feel like this. I’m sorry for what I said yesterday I just- I’m an asshole, I know", he says, and he means that. He hopes Harry will see it too. The younger boy's head snaps up, eying him suspiciously. He doesn't know what to say, so he looks at Louis in the eyes, waiting for him to go on.

"I don't know why I act like that, it's just- I'm sorry okay? I didn't mean for everything to go this way. I just wanted to have fun with you, I'm sorry," he says sighing, and at this moment Harry's having a hard time fighting the tears that threaten to cascade down his cheeks again. He bites his lower lip, thinking of what to say. "It's okay", his voice cracks at the end but he doesn't give in, he holds his tears in, waiting for the pain in his throat to subside.

"No, it's not Harry. It's not okay", Louis admits, shaking his head, "I promise I'll make it up to you. Do you forgive me?" he asks with pleading eyes, and Harry can only nod slowly, not really sure of what he's doing but it's too late anyway, he already made too many mistakes.

Louis beams at him, making Harry smile too, his dimples showing. "Thank you, I know I don't deserve it" he says, and well, Harry thinks, at least he knows it. Harry is ready to watch him walk out of the bathroom, but instead he’s met with a hand on his arm, almost burning his skin at the touch. Louis is looking at him with a sad, sympathetic smile which Harry doesn’t return.

"Come on, wash your face and let’s go out of this smelly bathroom”, he chuckles. “Do you want to
go home? We can ask for a day off and come back tomorrow", Louis offers and Harry nods, not really in the mood for work anymore. The older boy nods and exits the bathroom, leaving Harry drown in his thoughts. Louis seemed sincere, honest when he was apologizing, he looked concerned, he looked like he cared about Harry. What does this mean then? Does this mean that he's changed his mind and won't hurt him anymore? Maybe he's asking for too much. He comes out of the bathroom and sees Louis talking to Zayn, who has a serious expression glued to his face. He then looks briefly at Harry and smiles before returning to talk to Louis, nodding and saying something else Harry can't hear. Louis hugs him and makes his way to Harry, who is waiting for him like a lost puppy. Louis wraps an arm around Harry's waist, rubbing it lightly. "We're free Harry", he says happily, as they go and change into their normal clothes before saying goodbye to everyone and walking out of the building.

Harry breathes in the chilly, fresh air that hits his face once they're out, closing his eyes. He can feel the salty taste of the ocean, meaning there has to be a beach here somewhere. "What are you thinking about?" Louis asks while starting to walk, not leaving Harry's side. "Nothing", Harry mumbles, still unsure of what game Louis is playing. He's still not sure he can trust him, even after what Louis told him. "Sure" Louis chuckles, not believing Harry but he doesn't want to pressure him. "What do you want to do?" he asks. Niall and Liam are nowhere to be seen, but Harry remembers them saying they are quite busy making phone calls and trying to look for a decent location for their next shoot.

He shrugs, "I just really want to see the ocean", he mutters, and Louis smiles fondly at how adorable he's being right now.

"Well let's go then", he smiles back at Harry, who is now beaming at Louis, happy he accepted his offer. They decide to walk there, since the beach is not too far from where they are. On their way, they decide to stop and buy something to eat. Louis settles for an ice cream, while Harry orders a milk shake. The waitress takes their orders, but before leaving them alone, she asks for an autograph of both boys that she will then hang on one of the bright colored walls of the place along with those of a whole lot of different kinds of celebrities: from actors to singers, to movie directors. This place must be pretty famous, after all. Louis looks pleased with it, he's used to this. Harry should be too, but every time this happens it feels weird to him and he always gets nervous. He looks around, spotting a couple of paparazzi who are obviously taking pictures of them, and he feels uncomfortable. People will think he and Louis are a thing if they keep showing up together. Not that he minds, he just doesn't know how Louis will react, he didn't show any emotion when Zayn showed them the article. "I didn't know it was a date", Harry jokes, and Louis shrugs but smiles anyway. "I never said this was a date", he clarifies with a serious expression, and Harry's smile falters as he nods. He should have expected it. It's Louis we're talking about, after all. Once he's paid, they leave the place and keep walking, this time they're not talking and Louis is not touching Harry in any way, keeping some distance between them. Harry is paranoid, he thinks he's screwed everything up by assuming that was a date. Well, he didn't think it actually was, he was kidding. Why is everything so complicated with Louis? He sighs, but forgets about what he was thinking about when he starts hearing the faint sound of the ocean, waves crashing against the rocks, seagulls flying and people's voices. He starts walking faster, not really caring about Louis anymore, who is watching him with a fond smile. He loves seeing Harry happy, he should be happy more often so the blue eyed boy could see his dimples and his eyes shining bright. He reaches Harry, tugging his wrist. "Calm down tiger, it's not like it'll disappear if we don't run", he chuckles and Harry flushes beet red.

"You're so cute", Louis says, and his eyes widen as soon as these words leave his mouth. "R-really?" Harry whispers, trying to figure out whether Louis was joking or not. "Yeah", Louis breathes out, smiling slightly at Harry who can't believe those words were said by
the same Louis Tomlinson who told him he isn't attractive not even a month ago.
"Thanks", he answers, still a bit embarrassed. They finally reach the beach, and Harry feels like a
kid again, running around and enjoying the soft breeze and the wind that whirls around, ruffling his
hair but he doesn't care. It is quite pleasing even though it's November, therefore the weather is not
that warm, but Harry feels happy right now. It almost seems like his life is taking a turn for the
better, even though he doesn't want to get his hopes up yet. Louis runs and chases after him. Harry
needs to catch his breath soon so he slows down, and this allows Louis to tackle him, wrapping his
arm around Harry's waist and lifting him from the ground for a couple seconds.
"Gotcha!" he shouts, and Harry is laughing so much he has tears streaming down his face.
Louis then starts tickling Harry, making him fall to the ground in an attempt to protect himself from
Louis' fingers. "S-stop Louis!" he pleads between hiccups.
When Louis finally stops tickling Harry, he lays down next to him, looking at the sky that's now
becoming a faint shade of pink, the sunset is creating a spiral of shades hitting the clouds and
making them look like cotton candy.
Louis tilts his head to look at Harry, who's still busy looking at the sky. Suddenly though he feels
the wind seep under his clothes so he automatically shivers.
"Come on", Louis says, sitting up and dusting off his clothes.
"It's becoming cold out here", he explains, holding out his hand to help Harry get up.
When Harry takes it, he feels a shiver run down his spine. Louis' hand is warm, engulfing Harry's
and warming it up. He blushes and smiles at him before unlinking his hand, shivering again as the
cold wind hits his body. "Let's call a taxi", Louis offers.
"Yeah, I'm freezing", Harry states, rubbing his hands up and down his arms. They quickly reach
the road and catch the first taxi, giving the man the directions to their hotel. Once they're in, they
both text their friends so they won't be worried. Especially Niall, who sometimes can be a bit
annoying. They quietly make their way upstairs after greeting the woman who's working at the
reception, neither of them knowing what to do. Harry would like to spend more time with Louis,
and get to know him better, and Louis wants it too but he's afraid Harry will tell him he wants to be
alone.
They reach their rooms, but don't go in. "Well, see you at dinner?" Louis asks hopeful, and Harry
frowns but nods nonetheless.
"Yeah, see you later", he says before reaching for his keys and unlocking his door, slowly making
his way inside. Once he's in, he sighs, a bright smile etched on his face. He can't wrap his head
around what happened today. Now, he's sure things will slowly change. He goes into the bathroom
and runs a bath, deciding he'll use one of the many bath bombs he decided to bring with him. They
help him relax and get his mind off things. Meanwhile Louis is laying on his bed, still trying to
understand what the hell happened today. He's starting to feel something for Harry that goes
beyond sexual attraction. It's something he can't explain, but when he sees Harry smile he wants to
smile too, and when he sees Harry sad, he feels sad too and gets the urge to make that boy
happy. Why is it that he's feeling this? What is happening to him? He decides not to think about it,
even though he can't get that boy off his mind. He gets up and opens his closet, scanning through
his clothes to find something nice to wear tonight. Maybe, just maybe, he can ask Harry to spend
the night with him, since he can't seem to think about anything else. Harry Harry Harry. He
sighs, shaking his head.
"What are you doing to me?" he whispers, before sitting again on his bed, burying his face in his
hands.
He feels his phone vibrate, and takes it out to see a new text from Zayn. "Still up for tonight? ;)
He reads the text over and over, weighing the different options he has before him. He can tell Zayn
they'll meet another day, and he can spend the night with Harry, or he can join his new friend
tonight and have a good time without the fear of screwing up, ending up thinking about Harry and
wishing he would have brought the boy with him. He sighs, his eyes never leaving his phone,
before replying.
Louis stares at the screen of his phone for a couple of minutes as the message he has just sent was mocking him and telling him he did the wrong thing. Obviously, he ended up ditching Harry for Zayn Ditching the guy he may be falling for. How is he going to explain that to him? He promised Harry they would see each other at dinner, and now he's changing his plans just like that without even letting him know.

He rubs his face with his hands. He shouldn't care. He really shouldn't.

He gets up and makes his way to the shower. It'll be easier if he doesn't think about it too much. He quickly turns it on and while he waits for the water to become warm enough, he goes to his closet and picks out something to wear, placing his clothes neatly on the bed.

He settles for a pair of black skinny jeans along with a plain gray shirt, since he's not planning on staying outside, but instead in a warm and comfortable place.

He then takes out one of his favorite denim jackets and nods to himself, placing it next to his clothes. He then enters the bathroom which is now fogged by the hot steam that lingers in the air and covers every surface and blurring every mirror. In a way he's thankful for that, he doesn't want to see the regret written on his face as he strips off all his clothes. As soon as he gets in the shower, he feels a strange sensation spread inside him. Is he really having regrets?

"Come on Louis, it's just a freaking dinner, he'll get over it", he whispers to himself. He's making it too big of a deal, it's not like he's leaving Harry alone forever, right? And even if it was like it, why would he be sad?

He shakes his head and takes a deep breath, finishing his shower quickly.

Once he's dried off he opens a drawer and takes out a clean pair of black boxers, slipping them on and proceeding to put on every piece of clothing he had previously picked. He then styles his hair in a messy fringe, not really caring about how it turns out.

He hears a knock at his door and he goes to open it, still with a bottle of cologne in his hand. Liam eyes him suspiciously before making his way inside Louis' room.

"Why are you wearing a jacket? It's pretty warm in here", he states and Louis rolls his eyes, already knowing Liam is not going to be pleased.

"I'm going out", he simply replies, putting the small glass Hugo Boss bottle down and looking at himself in the mirror one last time before picking up his phone.

Liam looks at his friend with a puzzled look as Louis goes to grab his wallet and slips it in the back pocket of his jeans.

"See ya", he quickly says before rushing out of the room, only to be stopped by Liam who grips his arm and spins him around.

"What do you think you're doing?", he asks surprised, and Louis just raises an eyebrow.

"What do you want now?" he asks bitterly and his friend scoffs, letting go of Louis' arm as he crosses his own over his chest. Louis can feel his friend's glare pierce into him, making him bite his lip nervously. In a way, he wishes for Liam to make him stay with them so that he won't have to face Harry and see the disappointment on his face. But on the other hand, he needs to stay away from him, at least for a little bit. He needs to clear his mind, and he won't be able to do that with the boy around. Plus, Harry will be expecting for Louis to give him the same amount of attention he received earlier, attention that Louis is not so sure he can give him. He has so many different thoughts running through his head, however, the most powerful one seems to be only one: 'I am a coward'. Seriously, people do it all the time. How is he not able to figure out his feelings? How is he not able to tell whether he likes Harry or not? Or maybe, maybe he is able to do that, he's just too afraid. Which then leads to him thinking of how big of a coward he's being. Not to mention, probably very immature. He knows Harry will be sad, and he doesn't like to see the boy sad anymore, not after seeing his joyful, genuine and gentle smile. Hell, who would have thought that love could be so complicated?
"Why didn't you tell me? Just-" Liam rescues him from his drowning thoughts as he shakes his head and fakes a laugh, "Why are you doing this? You know what?" he asks, and before Louis can answer he keeps talking,
"Go away Louis, I'm done with you for today. The less I see you the better".
Louis raises his eyebrows and looks at his friend in disbelief. "What's your problem? You're not my father".
He can see he upset his friend when the boy glares back at him, "You could have told me". The harsh tone in his voice doesn't hide all the anger and betrayal as the words leave his mouth harshly, sharp like knives.
"Told you what exactly?" Louis decides to play it dumb, counting on his acting skills as he puts on an innocent expression and raises an eyebrow.
Liam scoffs and pinches the bridge of his nose, "What?! First of all, you ditch work without even warning me, and now this". Louis just looks at him with a blank expression, trying to speak but Liam is faster.
"You know, I am so stupid I though you were my fucking friend. Besides, you were supposed to eat with us you know, we had actual plans for tonight".
This time though, Louis laughs a genuine laugh. Liam is exaggerating. He's just going out for a couple hours, what's the problem with it?
"You're ridiculous, Liam. Grow the fuck up. Now move", he spits, and as he turns around he sees Niall and Harry coming out from the latter's room.
The curly haired boy smiles faintly, but his smile instantly falls when he sees Louis smirk and fix his jacket, ignoring him completely and heading for the stairs.
"Where are you going?" he asks, and Louis stops in his track. He knew this would happen. Now he has to deal with it. If only Liam didn't stop him, now he would already be out of here and he wouldn't have to deal with a sad Harry. This situation is making him more nervous by the second, and he knows he is going to snap if Harry doesn't drop it now.
He doesn't turn around, he doesn't want to see Harry's face, already knowing he'll be disappointed in him, and takes a deep breath before speaking. "Out", he simply states.
"Where? When are you coming back?" the younger boy asks, and Louis can feel him pout just by the way he's talking. Why does the boy have to be like this? Why is his mere presence enough to spark in Louis feelings he doesn't know how to deal with? It's like Harry is slowly changing him, making him become a different person and he's not sure he likes the idea.
"You too? I've got somewhere better to go, with people who don't fucking question me on everything I do", he growls.
"You need to let me live my fucking life and start minding your own fucking business. You get it?" he almost yells to no one in particular, and Harry feels small and frightened all over again, so he doesn't say anything.
Louis gives in. He has to see the other boy's face. He turns around briefly, only to regret ever doing so once he sees Harry's hurt expression.
"I don't owe you anything", he whispers before making his way downstairs and out of the hotel, immediately lighting a cigarette to get rid of his nervousness.
His phone buzzes again, and lights up. Louis pulls it out to look at the screen and finds a text from Zayn, "Be there in 5".
He doesn't reply, instead he simply locks it again and keeps smoking, glancing at the door every once in a while to make sure Liam or Niall don't come look for him and drag his ass inside again, which will only result in him having to admit his mistake and apologize in front of everyone. And this is not going to happen anytime soon. Although, he's sure Harry would never come look for him, he's probably too hurt, and Louis reckons there could be a slight chance that he's angry at him. And Harry would have every right to do so. It wouldn't have been that big of a deal if he only told them. The problem is, everything happened so quickly he didn't have time to process what was going on before letting his mouth run free.
Oh well, it's too late now. He finishes his cigarette just as he sees what looks like a flaming new
silver Jaguar pull up right next to him. He hears loud reggae music coming from inside the vehicle, and even though he can't see the driver -it's too dark outside and the windows are tinted anyway- he chuckles to himself and quickly opens the passenger door, climbing in with a sigh and immediately smelling the strong scent of something quite familiar.

"Are you high?", his amused smile never leaving his face as Zayn shakes his head and laugh loudly, "No, why are you asking?". The blue eyed boy finally gets a chance to look into the raven haired boy ones, noticing that no, they are definitely not red, so he must be telling the truth. Louis figures Zayn has smoked weed so many times in here, that now the car permanently reeks of its strong smell.

Zayn finally turns down the volume of the music, cutting off Bob Marley mid sentence. "Rude. You just interrupted the king of reggae's speech", Louis nudges him playfully, receiving a genuine laugh by the other boy. "Hey mate", he says cheerily, patting Louis' arm. "Hey", the feathery haired boy says forcing a smile, a thing that doesn't go unnoticed by Zayn.

"What's wrong?" he asks while he starts the engine and begins driving away, turning off the radio completely so that he can hear clearly Louis talk. However, Louis doesn't talk. He's deep in thought and if he's honest, he doesn't even know what's wrong.

"I don't know, Zayn. What's wrong?" he asks, and his friend furrows his eyebrows while keeping his eyes on the road.

"Why are you asking me? Are you the one who's high?" he asks with a chuckle, removing a hand from the steering wheel and putting it on Louis' forehead.

"I'm fine, kind of", the latter quickly dismisses the question, but the other boy doesn't seem to let it go, which frustrates the shorter boy a little bit. "We'll talk once we're there", and Louis nods even though he doesn't know where they're going.

Judging from Zayn's personality, it'll surely be an interesting place. Louis loves his new friend's character. He never met someone like him. This guy is so carefree, always happy. He loves helping people and makes good jokes. He can make you feel at ease and comfortable even in the worst situation. He's the typical guy who's loved by everyone. They got along since the first day, he's chilled and cool. And blunt. Sometimes he can be a pain in the ass but he's overall nice and caring, which is rare in a guy.

He knows another guy with an interesting character, but he won't say his name even if he were being tortured. It's just a guy with curly hair and an angelic face with plump, bright pink lips and gorgeous, big green eyes.

Louis groans out loud because lately, everything leads him to think about Harry, everything reminds him of that boy and he's not sure he's enjoying it anymore.

He just wants everything to stop at least for a while. Zayn chuckles, stopping at a red light and turning to face Louis.

"I can see your brain melting", he tells him and Louis smacks his arm playfully.

"Watch the road, I'm too precious to die", he says, and the raven haired boy scoffs.

"I don't need to, we're here", he says, parking in the seemingly only empty spot of the whole building and unlocking the doors. Louis clambers out of the car and admires the pub Zayn drove him to. It's nothing fancy. The walls are painted black and bright, white neon lights are hanging all over, some of them arranged to create the words 'Sweet escape'. Such a cliché name for a pub, Louis thinks.

It overall looks nice, the atmosphere is informal as there's a lot of people chatting outside, everyone holding a fancy looking, multicolored drink in their hands.

"This is one of the best places you can find here", Zayn explains and Louis hums in approval as they make their way inside.

"Only people who can afford it come here, you know. You won't find random people here, unless they're rich", he keeps talking, and Louis looks at him nodding and smiling. That's exactly his type of place. Fancy, expensive, posh, expensive, cool, expensive. He can't help it, he feels at home in
places like this.
Maybe it's because he grew up in such environment, who knows. The bartender approaches them
with a grin.
Louis checks him out, he's young, with short blond hair and green eyes. Though they're not as
captivating and alluring as someone else's, they are still very pretty. They have speckles of brown
in them, darkening the shade of green and making his eyes look deep and big.
"Hey Zayn!", he says cheerily and Louis chuckles. It seems like Zayn knows the whole city.
"The usual?" he asks, and the boy nods, giving the bartender a thumbs up.
"Yep", he says smiling, and the guy then turns to Louis licking his lips and smiling cheekily.
"I'm Alan by the way. Zayn is too stupid to introduce new people", they chuckle and Louis shakes
his head, "It's fine".
What can I do for you?" he asks "Let me choose for you mate", Zayn tells him winking, and Louis
nods.
He trusts Zayn, and he didn't even read the list of drinks anyway.
"He'll have a Caipiriña", he tells Alan and Louis looks at him with a confused expression.
"I've never tried it. Is it good?" he cocks his head, and both Alan and Zayn laugh out loud.
"Oh yes, trust me it's good", Alan winks at him, proceeding to set two cocktail glasses in front of
them and starting to prepare the drinks.
"What do you usually order here?" Louis asks out of curiosity, and Zayn simply shrugs, "Long
Island", he states and Louis fakes a pout.
"Your drink sounds better", he tells him and Zayn holds his hands up, "No it doesn't", he replies,
but both boys let it go when Alan pours Louis' drink in the glass, without ice, just like it's supposed
to be done.
"Thanks", he says, and the bartender nods before proceeding to make Zayn's drink.
"Come on, try it", the brunet tells him but Louis shakes his head.
"I'm waiting for yours too".
It's not long before Alan hands Zayn his drink, and they clink their glasses together before taking a
sip of their drinks.
At first, Louis frowns, the bitter taste of the strong alcoholic drink hitting him, but when he
swallows his eyes widen.
"Fuck it's good", he tells and Zayn smiles pleased. "Told ya", he smirks.

Meanwhile, Harry, Niall and Liam are eating their food in the luxurious hotel dining room.
Harry didn't even order his food, he was both so mad at Louis and sad because he told him he was
going to spend the night with someone better than him.
Better than him. Did he actually think Louis was interested in him? Well, he surely is good at
leading people on.
He is on the verge of tears, playing with the food Niall ordered for him, which is a filet mignon
with rich balsamic glaze, once again ignoring the fact that Harry’s trying to be a good vegetarian.
Yes, the food may be good but he feels sick in the stomach. He read somewhere that you can
experience physical pain when the person you like ignores you, but he would have never thought
this could happen to him.
But here he is, literally lovesick.
"Harry, eat your food", Niall tells him in a fatherly tone, both stern and sweet at the same time.
Harry grimaces but picks up a piece of food with his fork, forcing it down his throat.
"-And yes, this time he pissed me off. That son of a bitch sometimes makes me wanna give up on
him I swear", Liam is talking to Niall who is listening to him but is clearly annoyed.
It's ridiculous how one boy's decisions can affect so many people.
"I know Liam, but what can you do? He can't change, he won't change anytime soon", Niall tries to
comfort him, and Harry grips his fork in his hand so tight his knuckles hurt.
"He should change though, for me, for us, for the sake of his fucking job. You should know how
hard this business is, and Louis’ not making it any easier, especially for me", Liam whimpers, and
Harry can't hold it anymore and snaps at him.  
"He won't change. He won't change for you, for me, for anyone. He's an asshole who's just capable of breaking people's hearts", he spits but his voice cracks as tears start brimming his eyes.  
"I fucking hate him and you should too. I hate him", he says, tears silently cascading down his cheeks.

Niall quickly reaches for Harry's hand and gives it a squeeze, along with a sympathetic smile.  
"Harry come on, people are watching you", Niall whispers quietly, but Harry glares at him.  
"You don't fucking talk about my best friend this way. You fucking don't", Liam growls, making Harry's breath hitch as he looks at him in disbelief.  
He was just talking about how much he hates him not even a minute ago, and now here he is, defending his rude, ungrateful ass.

"You know nothing", Harry hisses, and before Liam can reply he gets up and runs out of the big, crowded room, earning weird and confused looks from the other guests who were having a good time.

And Harry envies them, he wishes he was one of them, out of this mess he's got himself into.  
He should have never accepted Louis' offer. He could be doing something else right now. He could be in his cozy, warm home on the couch with a cup of warm milk, reading a book or watching a movie.

But here he is, mentally and physically stressed and exhausted, all because of a stupid guy who can't seem to sort his thoughts out and decide whether to ignore Harry or love him.

Love, what a stupid word sometimes. Love can kill a person, love can blind people, can deceive them, it can play with someone's heart and when it gets tired it forgets about them and go play with someone else.

But love can also be sweet, gentle and caring, it can be a dream, it can be fun and delicate. It can make you feel on top of the world, ready to soar into the sky and never come back.

But, this time Harry isn't so lucky.

He fumbles with his key before opening the door and shutting it behind himself loudly, sliding down and sitting on the floor, knees tucked to his chest as his hand slides through his curls and rests on his forehead. Yes, he overreacted. Again.

He feels exhausted, he doesn't know if he can do this anymore. And by 'this' he means seeing Louis everyday, work with him every single day, argue with him and cry because of him.

He can give everything up right now and go back to London, go back to his friends and family, go back to his flat, go back to his bed, go back to his old life.

He is really considering the opportunity to book a plane and 'get his ass back to London', as someone would put it.

He hears a soft knock on the door, but doesn't move. "Haz it's me, Niall", he hears the person say, and recognizes Niall's Irish accent.

He gets up slowly, twisting the knob and opening the door with tear stained cheeks and other tears streaming down his eyes, leaving a wet path behind them.

"Hey, calm down, okay? It's all right", the blond boy whispers soothingly hugging Harry and letting him grip his shirt tightly, sobbing quietly.

"Come sit on the bed, come on", Niall says and Harry follows him, sitting on the edge of the bed next to him.

"Is it really that bad, Haz? Are you already so in love?" he asks, and the curly haired boy looks at his friend, searching for any sign of disappointment or rage, but he finds none, so he slowly shakes his head.

"Really?" his friend asks, and Harry wipes his eyes with the sleeve of his suit but he's immediately stopped by Niall.

"Don't, you'll ruin it. Come on, let's get changed yeah?" he asks and Harry nods, sitting up.

"I can do this Ni, thank you", he says, voice still cracking as he shuts the door of the bathroom and gets changed.

Niall is waiting for him smiling gently, and Harry doesn't feel so alone anymore.
"So", the older boy starts once Harry comes out of the bathroom, wearing some sweats and a simple shirt. "How much of an prick is he on a scale from one to ten?" he asks, and Harry chuckles a bit before answering.

"Ten", he says bitterly.

Niall furrows his eyebrows in deep thought. "The situation is worse than I thought", he says in a funny tone, trying to cheer his friend up but frowning when Harry doesn't respond.

He gets up and starts pacing back and forth with his hands linked behind his back.

"So, where do you want me to kick him? Balls? Ass? Knees? I suggest aiming at his teeth, that hurts a lot" he rambles, and Harry smiles genuinely, thanking God or whoever is up there for letting him have a friend like Niall.

"You choose", he replies, and Niall's eyes widen. "Really? I feel blessed", he chuckles and Harry does too, sniffing a bit.

"You're not actually going to hurt him, right?" he asks, and Niall looks at him with furrowed eyebrows, "I would like to but I know you'll kill me if I do", he states and Harry nods.

He doesn't even know why he's doing this. It's just how life works. Sometimes it fucks you up, sometimes it makes you happy, it happens to everyone.

Niall sits back next to Harry, rubbing his hand up and down Harry's back.

"You feel a bit better?" he asks, and Harry would like to nod, but instead he just bursts in tears again, sobbing loudly.

"I fucking hate him! Why does he exist? Why did he bring me here?" he sobs frantically, breaking Niall's heart.

"Calm down Harry, seriously. You're going to feel like shit tomorrow if you don't stop", he tries to tell him, but the young boy keeps sobbing.

He sighs, thinking about what he can do to help his friend calm down.

"Listen, I can go downstairs and ask for a cup of warm milk, what do you say?", he asks and Harry snaps his head up, looking at his friend with big, red rimmed eyes.

"With honey?" he asks, and Niall smiles at him and nods.

"Honey, no sugar".

Harry nods and sniffs, trying to keep his hair away from his face by tying it in a bun.

"Okay then. Don't close the door so you don't have to get up when I come back, okay?" Niall says, and once Harry nods he makes his way out of the bedroom, only closing the door enough to not let people see inside as Harry lays on his back, the softness of the sheets helping him calm down while he rubs his temples slowly, trying to get rid of a nasty headache.

Louis is eating his second plate of sushi, -knowing he'll have to stop soon because he has to work tomorrow morning and won't have time to stop by the gym-, as he feels a pang in his stomach, almost as if something hit him in the chest. He waits a couple of seconds to let the pain subside but then resumes eating, hoping his friend didn't notice him wince. Him and Zayn are sitting in a booth by themselves, eating quietly with their half finished drinks beside them.

"So, mind telling me what was bugging you earlier?" Zayn asks sheepishly, and Louis sighs. After all, this is why he decided to hang out with Zayn in the first place. He needs someone who can help him clear his head and figure out what he's really feeling. "It's about Harry, isn't it?" the brunet asks and Louis looks at him with furrowed eyebrows. Is it that obvious? Panic surges through him as his eyes get wide and he almost chokes on a piece of delicious raw piece of salmon wrapped in a thick blanket of rice. He quickly looks for something, anything else he can talk about. Anything that can guarantee him an escape from this topic.

So, he frantically shakes his head and purses his lips.

"You sure?" Zayn asks, trying to figure out where this conversation is going.

"Positive", Louis quickly answers after finally swallowing, and suddenly his eyes become wide and bright.

"Then...what is it?" Zayn asks, unsure of what they are actually doing right now.

"Niall, I wanted to talk to you about Niall", Louis quickly blurts out.

Zayn scrunches his eyebrows. Niall? "Who's Niall?" he asks. He really doesn't recall meeting
someone with such a name. "Uh, he's- he's Harry's manager. That blond, weird guy?", Louis keeps talking, and smiles when he understands that he's managed to avoid the 'Harry' topic, at least for tonight.

"Oh", Zayn's eyes widen, but then his shoulders slump down and a frown appears on his face. "Yeah, that guy hates me doesn't he?", he asks as he fiddles with his hands.

Louis looks at him for a moment before trying to find something to say. What is he supposed to do now? He doesn't know what Niall thinks about Zayn.

Well, improvise Louis. You're good at it.

"Oh yeah, yeah. He doesn't hate you", Louis states with a shy smile, and Zayn's head snaps up in surprise.

"What? Really? I mean", he stammers, "He didn't even talk to me once, but the way he looks at me it's just- I don't know, did I do something wrong to him?".

Louis tries to retrace Niall and Zayn's interactions, but seriously, he doesn't give a damn about Niall, so it's not like he watches his every move.

"Oh Zayn, he acts like it for a reason"

Louis knows he might be digging his own grave right now, but it's too late to turn back.

"What? Then tell me!", Zayn taps his foot to the floor frantically. He doesn't like it when people hate him without a reason. It happens quite often, and he never understands why.

"He has a crush on you, Zayn", Louis states, faking confidence and speaking in a solemn tone. He mentally slaps himself because, what the fuck? Niall is straight, and Zayn's got a girlfriend.

Oh well, it's not really his problem anymore. Kind of.

Zayn stares at Louis with a confused look and narrowed eyes.

"What the hell are you talking about?", the brunet looks at his blue eyed boy friend like he's seeing an alien.

"Totally", Louis replies casually as he reaches for another piece of sushi, fumbling with the two sticks as the little ball of rice and fish keeps falling back onto the plate.

Zayn stares at him in confusion, trying to process what Louis has just said. This is impossible, he's straight. He loves Gigi.

"I don't wanna break his heart Louis! Help me!", Zayn says, panic filling his dark chocolate eyes. Louis looks up at him and simply shrugs, "We'll figure something out".

Zayn swallows and nods, still trying to wrap his mind around what Louis told him, but soon Louis manages to distract him as they return to talking quietly, getting to know each other better.

After another piece of that delicious sashimi, they both pay for what they consumed and head to Zayn's car.

The drive is quiet, Louis thinks about what he's going to do from now on, but ends up more confused than before.

This night should have been helpful. But all he did what spit out some bullshit and now everything's fucked up.

Great Job Louis, he thinks to himself as he rubs his temples.

"Mate, we're here!", Zayn tells him and Louis nods.

"Yeah, thanks Zayn, see you tomorrow", he says, and Zayn waves at him before driving off, leaving Louis alone.

He sighs and makes his way inside the hotel, heading to his room.

When he walks past Harry's room he notices it's cracked open, something Harry would never do. He takes a deep breath and places a hand on the wooden door, squeezing his eyes shut. "Come on Louis, you have to apologize", he whispers to himself before pushing the door open.

Anyway, when he hears muffled sobs coming from inside the room, he backs away and shakes his head.

He can't face Harry right now, he knows he can't.

So, defeated, he slowly walks away into his room, locking the door behind himself.

Soon after Louis entered the hotel, Niall returns with Harry's steaming hot cup of milk, and keeps
his friend company until his eyes are fighting to stay open. "Mate, I think I'm heading to bed", Niall tells Harry and pats him delicately on the back. The curly haired boy smiles slightly and nods, placing his now empty cup on his nightstand. "I'm sorry for keeping you awake", he tells his Irish friend, but Niall just chuckles and shakes his head. "Hey, don't mention it. This is what friends are for", he tells him as he gets up from the bed and approaches the door. He turns around one last time, seeing Harry smiling back at him, his eyes still a bit red and slightly swollen. "Try to get some sleep Harry, tomorrow's gon-"

The sound of his phone ringing cuts him off. He curses under his breath when he looks at the screen. "I have to take this", he mouths to Harry before accepting the call. "Yes?", he starts insecurely, and Harry focuses on Niall's facial expressions to try and figure out who he's talking to, and why this person is calling him so late. "Oh", Niall's eyes widen in shock as he puts a hand over his mouth. "Okay, well we can talk about it tomorrow?", he seems mortified, and Harry furrows his eyebrows, curiosity overwhelming him. "I- uh yes, actually Liam had to do it-", he says flustered, and Harry chuckles at his friend. He probably forgot to do something pretty important. "Yes, I'll fix this tomorrow with him. I'm sorry I really thought he had already done it", he finishes, then ends the call and groans loudly. "Keep it down, will you?", Harry whispers, "We're not trying to wake the whole hotel up". "I screwed up a little", Niall says with a nervous smile etched on his face. "What do you mean?", Harry asks, head tilted. "Tomorrow you're having another day off. The owner of the place you have to do the photoshoot at just told me he can't be there tomorrow, so we have to reschedule everything", he admits, rubbing his face with his hands. "Well, it kinda was Liam's job to find a backup location but I guess something went wrong", he finishes. "It's okay, I guess? Where's this place anyway?", Harry asks with a smile. He can use another day off right now. He doesn't really want to see Louis right now, let alone talk to him. "Oh, it’s a surprise. You’ll love it, trust me", Niall explains, and Harry nods. He still hasn’t had the chance to visit the city properly, even though he knows exactly how it looks like, from all the movies he's watched. "Sounds fun", he says calmly, sipping at his hot milk. "Yeah. Now, as I was saying, get some sleep. We can do something fun tomorrow if you want. Have the day to ourselves", Niall offers, sticking to his role of best friend. Harry smiles slightly and nods. But, while Niall bids him goodnight and closes the door, he frowns. Something tells him that tomorrow is not going to go like planned. As soon as Niall closes the door he takes a deep breath, deciding it's better if he texts Liam instead of calling him. He can already be asleep, he doesn't want to disturb him. Well, maybe Niall is simply too afraid and ashamed to talk to Liam now. He hates it when he does something wrong, especially since he should be the one having everything always sorted out. He receives a reply almost instantly, and he's relieved when Liam tells him it's not his fault and he should just go to sleep and they'll talk in the morning. So, that's exactly what he does. Harry lays on his bed staring at the ceiling, trying not to think. His head hurts a bit, and all he wants to do is sleep.
In the mean time, Louis is sitting on his bed with his head in his hands. He really wishes he could turn back time and act differently. Not only with Harry, but with Liam, and Zayn too. He can't keep on doing this, he'll have to come to terms with his feelings sooner or later. He'll have to fix what he's broken, apologize and hope everyone is ready to move on. He already knows Harry won't even look him in the eyes tomorrow at work, and he's afraid this might affect their job. He can't let himself screw up everything, not again. He sighs, feeling his eyes burn with a sensation he hasn't felt in a long time. But, before he can let everything out, he hears a knock on his door, which startles him. He slowly gets up and opens it, revealing Liam standing there with his arms crossed over his chest and an annoyed expression. Louis looks down, ashamed, but steps aside and lets his friend walk in. “I tried calling you countless times Louis”, he says sternly, and Louis’ eyes widen as he takes his phone out of the pocket of his jacket, realizing it's dead. “Oh, sorry about that”, he says in a small voice, still not meeting the taller boy's eyes. "What do you want?”, Louis asks after a minute of silence, literally drowning in the tension that's built between them. "Relax, I just needed to talk to you. You know, if you cared about your stuff and charged your phone before going out with your new cool friends, this wouldn't even be necessary", he says, and Louis rolls his eyes. "What do you need to tell me then?", he crosses his arms over his chest and taps his foot on the carpeted floor. "Tomorrow you've got another day off. Don't ask questions", he simply says before making his way out of Louis' door, slamming the door shut. The blue eyed boy doesn't even have the time to stop him and tell him he's sorry and this only adds up to his stress as he huffs and feels a strange sensation in the back of his throat. He finally realizes that what he's feeling now, is sadness. Because yes, he is sad right now. He is sad because he feels like he's all alone here, everyone has someone better to care for, and what hurts the most is that he thinks he deserves it. But, luckily, Louis is not one of those people who, when they're sad, they just cry and pity themselves. He, in fact, is one of those people who work hard for what they want, and right now, Louis wants for things to go back to normal. He wants Liam back, he wants to fix his mistakes with Harry. He wants to start again, and he is going to do just that. He wipes his damp eyes and blinks a couple of times, finally registering Liam's words in his mind. This means he can talk to Harry and to his best friend. He almost grins, because, he's finally going to fix things. He changes into his pj's and lays on his bed, wondering what Harry's doing right now, hoping he doesn't hate him yet. Eventually both boys manage to fall asleep, thinking about each other.
Chapter 14

Harry wakes up the next morning, feeling extremely cold. His arms are sore and his legs are tingling, while his eyes are squinting and trying to adjust to the faint light coming from the window. He rolls his eyes when he notices he forgot to close the heavy curtains of his big window, so now his room is flooded by a clear but dull light which makes his eyes burn. He tries to turn away from the light and go back to sleep, but to no avail. The sounds of people happily chatting and cars driving by makes it impossible for him to return back to dreamland. He sits up, stretching his tired limbs and rubbing his heavy eyes with the back of his hand. He suddenly shivers as he looks at his burgundy covers that lay forgotten on the carpeted ground beside the bed. Something inside his head tells him that that's why he feels so cold, since he might have kicked them off while tossing and turning during the night, but something tells him this is not that kind of cold. It's the cold you feel when you wake up and wish there was someone lying next to you, smiling down at you and caressing your body, warming you up with their presence and love. Someone that would then kiss your chapped lips without a second thought and tell you you're beautiful.

He sighs deeply as he feels a weird sensation settle in his stomach, almost as if there was a void consuming his body and engulfing it in what Harry can recognize as melancholy. He's not sure he really wants to get up, but he does that anyway as he tries to avoid those thoughts like they were toxic. He walks to the window and slides it open, letting a gust of wind push his curls back gently, like the wind was trying to stroke it to make him feel somewhat better. In the distance, he can see the bright white Hollywood sign that looks so small and unreachable from here, blending in with the gray sky as heavy, dark clouds cover it completely, hiding the sun and preventing the heat to reach the city and warm it up. The sun is nowhere to be seen, and this makes Harry frown as the landscape now reminds him of the dull gray sky of London. He gulps, stepping away from the window and reaching the bathroom. He opens the shower and lets the steam fog the room as well as his thoughts. It annoys him: the first thing he thought when he woke up was Louis. He shouldn't be thinking about him, after all he did to him Louis doesn't deserve to be in his mind. He just hopes today won't be too bad, and he really, really hopes he won't have to face the older boy at all. Once he's washed and dressed himself with black skinny jeans and an Yves Saint Laurent floral button down, he checks his phone. His eyes become wide when he sees it's barely 8.30 in the morning. He fidgets with his phone for a bit, not really sure of what to do. He knows Niall is already awake. He could call him so they could finally spend a day together, not caring about anything else but themselves.

He finally unlocks his phone, the previously pitch black screen now illuminating brightly as it shows a picture of Harry and Anne, his mother, at a family reunion a year ago. He smiles fondly, he really misses his mother. He makes a mental note to check on her soon as he starts writing a new message to his best friend, when the device starts vibrating in his hand, interrupting and a familiar name pops up on the screen as his mood instantly drops. He looks at his phone in a mix of disbelief and growing anger.

Louis is calling him. Why did he have to go and ruin Harry's seemingly good day? He stares at the screen, wondering if Louis accidentally hit the call button. He could still be sleeping after all, and his phone might have fallen and accidentally called him. Very unlikely. He takes a deep breath, trying to hide his feelings, and accepts the call, placing the phone next to his ears but without saying anything.

"Harry? You there?", Louis' voice echoes through the phone, making him roll his eyes. It definitely wasn't an accident. Why is Louis calling him?

"Harry?", his voice startles Harry, making him finally realize that he's supposed to say something as his heart starts speeding. He tries to calm down, he's still angry at him, after all.

"Louis?", he asks back in a cold tone, and he can almost feel the other boy smile from the other side of the phone.
"How are you?", he asks, and Harry frowns. First of all: why does he care? And second: why is he calling him right now and- this is kind of weird.

"Uh, fine?", he replies, making sure Louis hears is bored tone. "Oh. Really?", Louis asks, and Harry can hear some strange noises on the other line. "Listen, I've got things to do with people who don't treat me like shit, so what do you want?", he scoffs, trying to keep the conversation short.

"Can you do me a favor?", Louis asks, and Harry's surprised from his soft tone. "Not so sure. What do you want?", he briefly replies.

"Can you open the door?", he asks. Harry immediately looks at the door, getting up and heading to it without replying to Louis. He swings it open carefully, and something immediately catches his eyes. Louis is standing there, phone in one hand and flowers in the other, leaving Harry speechless as he puts on a bored face. "Hi", Louis smiles softly, handing the flowers to Harry.

"If you think you can get me to forgive you just by buying me flowers, you can go back to wherever you came from", Harry answers, snatching the flowers from Louis' hand and slamming the door shut. He admires them with a small smile. It's a bouquet of sunflowers, delicately tied together by a golden silk thread, creating a big, fluffy ribbon at the end.

Louis rolls his eyes at the younger boy's reaction. He knew this was going to be hard, but he's not ready to give up just yet. He knocks again at the door, and when he doesn't receive an answer he lays his forehead on the cold dark wood and lets his hand knock again, and again, and again. And again, until Harry finally opens the door with an annoyed look on his face. "Are you quite finished?", the curly headed boy asks bitterly, and Louis smirks.

"Now that you finally opened the damned door, I am", he beams, and this time is Harry's turn to smirk cheekily. "Sweet. Well then, see you tomorrow!", he goes to shut the door but the blue eyed boy is quick to put his foot to stop it from completely closing, crying out in pain and clutching his shin when the door slams on it, making Harry giggle cheekily.

"That- that was not very nice", Louis keeps rubbing his sore leg with a frown.

"Oh really? Because what you did last night was very nice, right?", Harry crosses his arms over his chest, the flowers long forgotten on his unmade bed. The older boy bites his lip and looks down, realizing that, well, he's not completely wrong. But that's exactly why he's here.

"Touché", he scratches the back of his head awkwardly, "But I'm trying to get you to understand that I really am sorry!"

Harry shakes his head, giving Louis a cold glare, "Like I said, buying me flowers is not enough, Louis. You understand that I don't trust you anymore, right?". Harry's words hurt the feathery haired boy more than he would have expected, but at the same time he knows he's the only one to blame. He decides to take one last chance as he sighs, burying his hands in the pits of the pockets of his dark green Adidas sweater, its dark yellow logo brightening it up.

"I know, and I can't blame you for that", he admits, "But please, give me one last chance to make it right again? Please?"

The younger boy looks at him suspiciously, "It depends. What have you got in mind?". Louis' eyes widen as hope starts filling his body again and adrenaline starts rushing through his veins, "Just, I thought we could go out for a bit and talk, you know. I think that would be good since the only times we talked we ended up arguing and insulting each other"

"You know it was always your fault, right?", Harry questions him with raised eyebrows. However rolls his eyes, "That is not true and you know-"

"Okay, okay you're right. Now sorry I have got things to do", Harry holds his hands up but Louis quickly interrupts him before he could really slam the door shut again and let Louis bask in his own misery. "Oh come on! I was joking", he lies through his teeth, and even though the green eyed boy seems
to know it, he stands still and rolls his eyes for what seems like the tenth time since their conversation started. "Where do you want to take me?"
Louis shakes his head, "I don't know, I haven't thought about it. I honestly didn't really think you'd accept my offer".
"You've got ten minutes to figure it out while I get ready", he quickly says before slamming the door shut again and leaving Louis to wait for him in the hallway, smiling to himself at his friend's childish behavior.

After exactly twenty two minutes -Louis counted them-, Harry reappears from his bedroom with his dark blue trench coat on and his hair neatly styled. His brown boots fit him perfectly as he stares at the older boy with an eyebrow raised.
"22 minutes ago, you said you were going to be ten minutes", Louis complains with a frown.
"I know. But do I look like I care?", Harry gives him a smile that Louis recognizes as fake and cheeky at the same time.
"Why, aren't you feisty this morning?", Louis retorts as he slips his own jean jacket on and motions for Harry to follow him. They stay silent as they walk down the stairs, until Harry finally speaks up, trying to suffocate the heavy silence that had settled between them.
"How did you know, by the way?", he asks casually, looking at a confused Louis who looks startled by the younger boy's question.
"Know what?", he raises an eyebrow as he waits for Harry to explain himself.
"Sunflowers are my favorite", Harry tells him calmly, and Louis' eyes become bright.
"Really? I didn't know it, but I'm glad I chose them. They reminded me of you", he laughs, and his laugh makes Harry want to laugh too.
'I'm flattered, Tomlinson", he says in a fake bored tone, taking in how blue Louis' eyes look under the bright light that is now hitting them both as they step out of the hotel. This lights illuminates perfectly the boy's face, enhancing every detail of him, from his big eyes to his soft hair, to his small but delicate hands.
"Oh you should be, I usually don't spend my money on such sappy things", Louis quickly says, starting to walk away from the hotel with Harry by his side, following him blindly.
"Where are we going?", he asks after a couple of minutes of silence, still following Louis' lead.
"I was thinking we could go to the beach. I heard that when there's a storm the ocean starts getting stirred by the biggest waves and I wanted to see if that's true", he admits shyly, and Harry has to force himself not to smile.
"Oh, so you're trying to get me killed? You could have done this by yourself", the younger boy replies sassily, so the blue eyed boy has to remind him the exact reason why he's doing this, and Harry purses his lips but remains silent. The feathery haired boy keeps glancing at Harry's hands, admiring his slender fingers and wondering how it would feel to hold them in his own, how it would feel to have their fingers intertwined together loosely as they walk, swinging their arms slightly back and forth. Finally, he makes his decision as he can't just imagine such things, or it'll drive him crazy.
"Hey, Harry", Louis slows down and Harry does so too, looking at the other boy with a curious gaze, "Do you by any chance want to hold my hand?"
"Nope, now keep walking", Harry quickly dismisses Louis and starts walking a little bit faster as he frantically tries to hide the blush that's spreading on his cheeks as he feels warm and flustered. He doesn't want to hold the other boy's hand, afraid this might all lead to last night's event all over again, and he doesn't want that.
"Oh, me neither, I was just wondering", Louis quickly runs to catch up with Harry after watching him dumbfounded for several seconds after the sharp answer, which didn't seem to contain any insecurity. He should have expected it, after all. What was he thinking? That Harry would hold his hand like a kid does with his mother? Stupid Louis.
"Oh, I'm sure you're telling me the truth", Harry chuckles, obviously not believing a single word from the blue eyed boy.
After that, they just keep walking in silence until they reach a small café near the bitch, which is luckily not too crowded even though they take a seat in the back anyway. Louis orders a hot chocolate with whipped cream on top, while Harry settles for a warm cup of Earl Gray tea. While Louis is talking to the waitress, Harry takes his time to admire the blue eyed boy's every feature.

His eyes look almost gray with blue and golden speckles, and they're shining bright. His fringe is neatly swept to the side, framing his face perfectly. He notices some little freckles on his nose and cheeks, creating little constellations and adding something more to his smooth, flawless skin. His thin lips are a bit chapped, but not too much. If they kissed Harry wouldn't even notice. Suddenly, Louis turns around, his eyes finally meeting Harry's.

"Finally, I was getting jealous over here", he speaks, almost still in a daze.
"Were you staring at me?", the older boy teases, and Harry laughs slightly.
"I didn't have nothing better to do, and I must tell you something", he teases back as Louis beams, showing his perfectly white teeth.
"If you want to tell me I'm beautiful, I'm sorry to say I already knew it", Louis winks.
"Your lips are chapped. You should buy a chapstick, they are very unattractive you know", Harry says coolly, starting to sip his hot tea loudly without breaking eye contact with Louis who is looking at him speechless.
"She was nice you know", Louis says coolly once he recovers from the initial shock and looks at the young waitress, making Harry raise his eyebrows.
"Is that so? Why didn't you ask her out then?", he fakes an annoying tone.
"Because", Louis starts, knowing that what he's about to say might possibly ruin the day, and he debates whether it's safe to say it as he reaches for Harry's hand and covers it with his own. "She's not you".
Harry instantly smiles, but then he narrows his eyes. He really doesn't want to ruin this moment, but better now than ever.
"Then why did you go out without me yesterday? And why did you yell at me? Like, honestly Louis, make up your mind", he retreats his hand, not ready to give in and let Louis win again. The older boy sighs, "I needed to clear my mind. I needed to talk to someone about you", he admits, and Harry's breath hitches.
"It's been all about you the whole time, really", Louis keeps talking.
"What?", he whispers, not wanting to ruin the moment.
"I wanted Zayn to help me clear my thoughts but I ended up messing up as usual", he sighs.
"Messing up?", Harry asks pursing his lips.
"Yeah, I don't really want to talk about that", Louis mumbles, thinking about what he said about Niall.
They finish their drinks in silence, Harry going over what Louis just said and asking himself how it can be possible, and how he can be sure the blue eyed boy is telling the truth. And that's the problem, he doesn't trust him, so he can't know for sure. As they make their way out of the café, the cashier gives them a knowing look but didn't say anything, and Harry is grateful for that. They start walking again, and Harry wonders if Louis knows where they're going.
When Louis stops, Harry looks at him with a worried expression.
"Have you finally figured out where the hell are we going?", he asks concerned. Louis nods, then looks back at Harry.
"Is it okay if we go to the beach then?", Louis asks, "Just like last time we were alone, plus I really want to see those waves".
Harry nods, pursing his lips and starting to walk in the direction of the beach, hoping there won't be too many people so that they can have a bit of privacy.
"We need to talk", Louis breathes out.
"I think you're right", Harry shrugs slightly as they finally reach their destination.
"Are you cold?", the older boy asks while looking around.
Luckily for them, there aren't many people around. Most of them are already working or going to school, plus this weather is not really suitable for a trip at the beach, so they're able to talk without any distraction. Louis sits on the cool, slightly damp sand and waits for Harry to sit beside him.
"Just a little cold, I'm okay", the latter answers, wrapping his arms around himself in an attempt to warm up a little.
He's really cold now but he doesn't want to be a bother to Louis, so he remains calm and tries not to shiver too visibly.
"So", Louis speaks after a moment of silence.
"So", Harry repeats, playing with the white sand that's tickling his hand.
"Harry I like you", Louis blurts out, and the curly haired boy freezes for a moment.
He clears his throat, suddenly feeling a burning sensation in his stomach.
"I, uh", he starts.
"You don't have to say it back, I get it", Louis smiles reassuring him, but Harry shakes his head.
"No, no. I mean, it's a bit hard for me to figure out my feelings for you after all, well, you know", Harry feels his cheeks heat up once again, so he doesn't look at Louis, feeling ashamed.
"That's normal, I get it, I screwed up one too many times", Louis says softly, looking at the ocean. The wind makes the waves crash on the sand creating a simple, quiet yet calming lullaby.
"Listen, I'm sorry. I'm so incredibly sorry for what I put you through these past weeks", Louis says, and Harry looks at him without saying anything.
"It's just- I don't know, I didn't like you back then but now? I don't know what the hell happened, but something has changed and I was scared because- I don't even know why it's just, it happened all of a sudden you know. One day I hate you and then bam, I want to hold you and kiss you and make you feel like you're the most special person in the world because you deserve it. But I keep doing wrong and then I don't know how to fix what I've done so I only make it worse and- I'm sorry, I'm so sorry".
By the time Louis finishes talking, he can feel something tickle his own cheek and he soon realizes he's crying, and quickly wipes away the tears, feeling ashamed of the speech he just gave his friend.
He slowly turns to look at Harry, seeing him staring at his hands and fiddling with his rings, blushing. Louis can't help but think he's adorable.
He suddenly wants to kiss him and hold him close. It's not something he's used to feeling though, so he decides to take it slow and see if Harry is comfortable around him.
"It's okay Louis", his voice cracks, "I'm sorry, too. I always cry and yell at you and then- and then I screw up because I'm awkward and I never know what to do or what to say", he finishes, giving the older boy a watery smile, "But I don't think I'm ready to have something more than a friendship with you. I hope you understand", he finishes as his voice cracks. And Louis understands, he really does.
"So I lost you?", his voice is low and insecure, carrying heavy sadness and too many unsaid words. Harry shakes his head as he feels his throat burn. He keeps playing with the sand, feeling it cold against his fingers, "I don't know. I guess I need time to figure it out"
Louis shakes his head as he slowly crawls in front of Harry, hooking two fingers under his chin and making him look up, "Just tell me you will think about it. Please. I promise I'll do whatever it takes to help you figure things out".
Harry nods slowly, not daring to look at the older boy's blue eyes that reflect the big waves that are shaking the ocean as thunders can be hears in the distance, only adding onto the green eyed boy's sadness.
"Whatever it takes, huh?", Harry cracks a cheeky smile that warms Louis' heart and lights up sparkles of hope in it. He nods and immediately sees Harry shiver as the first drops of water starts falling heavily from the sky.
"Whatever it takes".
“So, tell me”, Louis breaks the silence after they finally found’ shelter back at the hotel as loud claps of thunder have already started echoing through the sky, sounding like angry horses fighting. The sky is teared and illuminated by bright flashes of light as a strong wind blows furiously and seeps into every crack, making trees and people shiver and shudder. They decided to walk back to Harry’s room, since, with this weather, neither of them really wanted to stay in their rooms alone with nothing to do. Los Angeles can be pretty boring during a hailstorm if you don’t know where to go, and that’s why both boys decided it would be better for them to stay inside and just relax. Harry wasn’t sure of this decision, however, and neither was Louis. He had just been rejected, so the atmosphere between them was bound to be tense and awkward. But, really, it’s not like they had that much of a choice. After about ten minutes of pure silence lingering between them, Louis couldn’t take it anymore and decided to speak.

“What are the things I am still allowed to do with you?”, he speaks cautiously, not wanting to scare the boy away. They just made up, after all, and Louis is really trying to understand Harry’s boundaries and needs. Asking questions and being vocal is crucial in this situation, he thinks. “What are you talking about?”, Harry’s tone is confused as he looks at the older boy who’s sitting on the big, fluffy vintage pink armchair in front of the curly headed boy’s bed with his hands linked together and his legs bouncing nervously. Harry doesn’t like the fact that between them there always has to be some kind of thick layer of awkwardness that feels like it’s distancing them instead of bringing them closer. But at the same time he’s not sure he’s completely free of letting himself go and trust his instincts.

“Well, you plainly rejected me, so now I don’t know if I’m allowed to do certain things, like, well-”, he trails off, chewing on his bottom lip as his gaze shifts to the floor. He’s never been shy when it comes to his, or another person’s, needs. However, for some reason, he doesn’t find himself completely at ease with Harry. The green eyed boy raises his eyebrows, not really able to tell where this conversation is going. “Like?” Louis huffs, deciding to let this attitude go and finally start saying things as they are. “Like, you probably don’t want me to touch you, kiss you, have sex with you, m-” “Wait, wait”, Harry sits up straight in his bed and looks at Louis with wide eyes. “Let me get this straight. First of all, were you asking me out only so you could shag me?” Louis gasps, feeling a burning in his stomach at those words, a feeling he can’t quite pinpoint although it feels like anger, “Why would you think that? I thought I made it clear that I feel something that goes beyond sexual attraction-” “But you just asked me if we could still have sex”, Harry retorts with his arms crossed over his chest. He hates to be like this, but Louis needs to realize that he needs to understand what he wants first, before jumping to conclusion and telling Harry he wants to be his boyfriend. Relationships don’t work like that.

“Plus”, he keeps talking before the older boy could utter a single word, “I never told you we couldn’t have sex, either” “Oh, so now you’re the one admitting you want to keep me for sex?”, Louis scoffs, not really liking the situation anymore and almost regretting bringing the topic up. The tables have turned, indeed. He feels like he’s not the one in control anymore and he’s not sure he likes it. He still likes Harry though, so he’s determined to keep fighting for what he wants. And he wants the curly haired boy who’s sitting in front of him and now glaring at him. Louis knows he hit the right spot when he hears Harry groan, and sees him roll his eyes. “That’s not what I meant”, the younger boy tries to defend himself.

“That’s not what I meant either”, Louis crosses his arms over his chest. They’re barely friends yet they’re already bickering like an old married couple. It kind of amuses it him, to be honest.
“Whatever, you’re annoying”, Harry frowns, obviously defeated by the older boy who’s now chuckling, proud of himself.

“And you’re childish”, Louis smirks as his eyes crinkle.

“You’re really wrong, I’m sorry”, the sing song tone in Harry’s voice makes the feathery haired boy laugh and get up from his chair, placing both his hands on his hips.

“Apology accepted”, he winks.

“Anyway, you never answered my question. We can still sleep together, then?”

“Why are you so obsessed with sex?”, Harry rolls his eyes, letting himself fall back on the bad delicately and pinching the bridge of his nose. Louis can see the younger boy’s skin, barely hidden under his thin shirt, and this is enough to spark in him lust, almost like an animal instinct that’s impossible to ignore.

He approaches the other boy silently, slowly climbing up in his bed and hovering over his thin figure. He reaches Harry’s ear with his mouth and he can already sense the curly headed boy stiffen under him as goosebumps start covering his pale, smooth skin as well as a blush delicately spreading over his cheekbones.

“I’m not obsessed with sex”, he defends himself, “But your body is so damn irresistible that I really can’t help myself”, his husky tone making Harry want to tear his clothes and let Louis do whatever he wants with him, “I’d take you right now, you know”, he smirks.

Harry opens his eyes and finds himself staring into a pair of ocean blue ones, noticing those little speckles of gold and brown scattered in them, making them look even more deep and mesmerizing. And Harry is indeed mesmerized by them. His eyes then trail down until they reach Louis’ thin lips, licking his own unintentionally. He knows he shouldn’t do this. He knows he shouldn’t give in again. But every time he thinks about the overwhelming pleasure he feels when Louis is barely touching him, he always ends up bending and letting the older boy win. And today is no different.

So with every single little voice in his head telling him, screaming at him to stop Louis and ignore every feeling, screaming at him that this is wrong and he shouldn’t be doing that, that he rejected Louis for a reason- that reason being that he can’t trust him yet-, he takes a deep breath and speaks.

“You’re still allowed to drive me crazy”.

As Louis dives in, directed to Harry’s lips, they are both interrupted by the sound of a phone ringing loudly.

Louis groans in frustration as the atmosphere is completely ruined, but Harry doesn’t seem bothered by it.

“Let it ring”

“It’s not my phone”, Louis shakes his head, and Harry gasps loudly before sitting up in what looks like panic.

Louis looks at him startled, “Harry?”

"Shit. Shit I forgot about Niall! I’m such a shitty friend oh god", he says while looking for his ringing phone.

When he finally pulls it out, it being hidden under one of his many pillows, he groans, hiding his face in his hands.

The older boy looks at him curiously although annoyed, tilting his head.

“What do you mean you forgot about Niall?”, he asks as he squirms in his seat, already being turned on.

"He was so nice yesterday when I was crying and he even brought me warm milk and he told me we would spend this day together and I forgot and-", he stops to take a breath, looking at Louis who is watching him back with furrowed eyebrows and flushed cheeks.

“Well, answer it then”, he rolls his eyes, tugging at his hair in frustration, “But please make it quick, I’m begging you”.

He watches as Harry ignores him and places the phone next to his ear with trembling hands. He knows how Niall can be when he’s ignored, he already experienced his fury one too many times.

Louis approaches him and takes Harry’s hand in his, rubbing it with his thumb in an attempt to calm the green eyed boy.
"Harry?", Niall's voice can be heard from the other line, and he sounds angry. Just perfect. Harry bites his lower lip, "Hey uh, I'm really sorry I didn't ca-
"Where the hell are you? I knocked on your door but you didn't open, I called you and you didn't answer, I drove everywhere and I still couldn't find you!", Niall yells making Harry flinch. "I was about to call the fucking cops Harry, god dammit!", he finishes breathing heavily, and Louis knows he has to do something.

He delicately takes the phone from Harry's hand, "Oi, don't talk to him like that you idiot!", he starts.

Okay, maybe this is not the right way to start, but he really doesn't care. No one can treat Harry like that.

"Louis? What the hell? Where did you take him?", he asks bitterly, and Louis rolls his eyes.

"I kidnapped him and now we're flying to Antarctica", he replies harshly.

"We're in his room just so you know, and we're about to have sex so don't even think about disturbing us or I'll personally shove a toilet up your dick", he says and quickly hangs up, smirking at Harry.

"What the hell was that?", Harry asks with wide eyes, but Louis doesn't answer. Instead, he just straddles Harry, kissing him hungrily, "Nothing", he replies sheepishly, biting Harry's lip lightly.

They start a heated make out session when they hear someone knock on Harry's door, making Louis groan loudly.

"Really Niall?", he shouts, and they hear a muffled voice on the other side of the door. "Open up you horny idiots!", Niall's voice echoes in the room, making Louis pout and Harry chuckle.

"He called us horny idiots", Louis fake cries while Harry gets up.

"He's just stating a fact", the curly haired boy replies, winking and going to open the door. He doesn't have the time to even talk because Niall is suddenly hugging him tight and he doesn't look like he's letting go anytime soon, so Harry hugs him back as tight.

"Don't ever do that again Harry", he scolds him softly.

"What did you think I was doing Ni?", Harry chuckles as his friend shakes his head.

"I don't know, that's why I was scared! You were so upset yesterday and I thought you- I don't know, I was scared okay?", he blurts out quickly.

"Okay, I get it. I would be scared too if something happened to you", he reassures him, earning a smile.

"I see you're enjoying your extra day off", Niall says, pointing at Louis who is sitting on the bed looking out the window.

"Yeah, you could say that. But now I really need you to leave us alone, okay?", he smiles.

"Okay, I'll leave you two alone and I'll hang out with someone more interesting", he says smugly.

"Are you talking about Liam?", Harry asks, and Niall nods.

"See you folks around", he says before walking away, leaving a chuckling Harry behind.

"Louis?", the curly boy asks while making his way again on the bed.

"Yeah?", Louis smiles warmly at him.

"Where were we?", he says huskily, making Louis smirk.

"I think I might remember", he whispers, getting up, reaching Harry and attacking his plump lips. The younger boy moans and reacts to the kiss by parting his lips, allowing Louis entrance. Louis wraps his arms around Harry's tiny waist and lifts him up. The younger boy automatically hooks his legs around Louis' waist and his hands find their way around the back of his neck. The room is almost silent, apart from the sound of the rain hitting the windows forcefully, and the sloppy sound of the boys' tongues and kisses.

Louis carries Harry on his bed and lays him down, straddling him and starting to suck on Harry's neck, biting and licking it.

Harry lets out soft moans, pleased with what Louis' doing. The curly haired boy's hands find their way under Louis' shirt and trace every muscle, stopping when they reach Louis' nipples.
This time, the older boy lets out a pleased whimper, biting harder on Harry's neck. Harry twists them slowly and slightly, and can feel goosebumps rise on Louis' skin.

"Take your clothes off Harry, please", Louis pleads Harry, and the younger boy nods, sliding his hands out of Louis' shirt and tugging at the hem of his own shirt.

He bites his lips, looking Louis intensely in the eyes, "You too", he demands, and Louis nods eagerly as he removes quickly his shirt and proceeds to slide off his shoes and sweats.

Throughout this process, they exchange quick yet hungry kiss whenever they can, and soon they're left only in their boxers.

Harry, still under Louis, puts a hand on the back of the older boy's head, and slides it down on his bare back, enjoying the way his back arches at the contact.

"Your hands are freaking cold", Louis chuckles, and Harry chuckles too, because he knows Louis is enjoying it nonetheless.

"Sorry", he whispers, eyes crinkling when a smile spreads across his face.

They share a deep, passionate kiss, until Louis' hard on brushes against Harry's, making both boys' breath hitch as Harry lets out a moan.

"We're not-", the latter moans, "We’re not making love-", he stammers, "We- we’re just having sex, okay?"

Louis' hand reaches for Harry's boxers and slowly pulls them down, revealing Harry's throbbing member.

"I don’t really care what you call it", the older boy’s voice trembles with anticipation.

"L-Louis do s-", Harry starts, but he's interrupted when he feels something warm envelope his aching length, and soon Louis' tongue is playing with his tip.

Harry arches his back as pleased noises leave his mouth. "S-stop or I'm g-gonna cum", he threatens and feels cold air hit him soon after.

Louis chuckles, "Already?", he smirks but Harry ignores him and points to his nightstand.

"Lube and condoms are in there", he says quickly, and Louis doesn't waste any time and opens it, finding everything he needs.

He returns in his position, hovering over Harry as he coats one of his fingers in strawberry flavored Lube, as he chuckles amused.

"Why is this flavored?", he asks, and Harry lets out a frustrated groan.

"For oral. Save your question for later", he demands, and Louis smirks but delicately pushes his finger inside Harry's hole, sliding it slowly and giving Harry time to adjust to it.

Harry grimaces instantly, but soon his features relax as he squeezes his eyes shut and nods.

"Okay, you can go with another one", he lets Louis know, and the older boy, slides his finger out and coats it again as well as coating another finger and pushing them inside Harry's hole without hesitations.

"Fuck", Harry groans, "I always hate this part", he tells Louis who chuckles and kisses Harry delicately on his plump lips.

"Sorry Haz, I promise it'll get better soon", he says as he starts scissoring Harry.

When he removes his fingers however, he looks at the bottle of lube and then at Harry, deciding to help him relieve a bit of pain.

He coats his hand in lube and delicately spreads it on Harry's nipples, massaging them and twisting them slightly. Harry's back arches and loud moans escape from his mouth.

Louis smirks, knowing how much Harry is enjoying all of this, so he decides to go on and use more lube to massage Harry's shoulders, which are tense, his muscles showing and almost driving Louis crazy.

"Oh God, oh my god Louis", Harry whimpers, the sensation he's feeling is incredible. It's the first time he does this with one of his partners, and he definitely won't forget it.

Louis' fingers slide delicately on Harry's skin, applying just the right amount of pressure, moving from his nipples to his shoulders.
When he's satisfied enough, he stops massaging Harry, earning a whimper from him. He coats his third finger with lube and pushes every finger in delicately, finally reaching Harry's prostate. Harry's breath hitches, and this time he's barely able to let out any noise, the pleasure is just so overwhelming.

Louis pulls his fingers out, and after removing his own boxers, he puts the condom on and spreads a just amount of lube on his member, and places his arm on the sides of Harry's head, whose pupils are dilated and his breath labored.

He gently pushes his member inside Harry's hole, relishing the sensation his tight hole his giving to his own member, the friction being just enough to let him slide in and out and feel an electric wave of pleasure every time.

At the same time he grabs a hold of Harry's member and starts stroking it slowly, making Harry feel as if he's going to burst from all the pleasure he's feeling.

As the minutes pass, their moans and whispers are mixed with each other, as their breath becomes quicker and a thin layer of sweat covers their bodies.

As Louis starts going faster, Harry's moans become louder and louder, until he can't hold it anymore.

"Lou I'm c-close", he says quickly, and Louis nods, "Me too. Do i-it when you're ready", he reassures him, and Harry throws his head back, and lets it come. Literally.

His eyes roll to the back of his head and his body stiffs completely for a couple of seconds, then he feels the biggest wave of pleasure hit him as he comes shouting Louis' name, his body returning slowly back to normal.

As he's coming down from his high, Louis closes his eyes and comes inside the condom while Harry's trying to catch his breath again.

Louis slides out of Harry and removes his condom, tying it up and throwing it in the bin next to the bathroom door, and then lets himself fall on top of him, his breath quick and labored.

Harry chuckles and slaps him playfully. Get off me, you're laying on my uh- sperm", he says as Louis chuckles and reaches for Harry's lips, kissing them slowly.

"I honestly don't care", Louis tells Harry who smiles fondly.

After the kiss, he slowly gets up and holds a hand out for Harry to take it.

"God, It was the best sex of my life Harry", he tells him, and Harry hums in approval, feeling his legs shaking.

He still feels as if something is still inside of him, and he knows that tomorrow, or even later this evening, he'll be sore.

But, god, it's worth it.

"We need a shower", he tells Louis who nods and smirks, admiring Harry's naked body with his hickeys already forming and his plump, swollen lips.

"What?", Harry asks feeling suddenly self conscious.

"You're so fucking beautiful", he simply states, and Harry blushes even harder than before.

"You should keep these compliment for yourself", he replies, “Remember we had just sex. Nothing more”.Louis rolls his eyes but nods silently, not wanting to take this discussion any further.

He goes into the bathroom and turns the shower on, waiting for the it to become warm enough.

Louis suddenly runs into the bedroom and comes back with the same bottle of lube in his hands, brushing past Harry and entering the shower.

Harry gives him a questioning look, but Louis simply smiles. "Come", he offers, opening his arms.

Harry chuckles and shakes his head, "I literally just did".

Louis scoffs, "Dork. We can always go for round two though".

The green eyed boy's eyes become wide with amusement as he pushes Louis out of the bathroom, “I never said you could shower with me. Bye!”, he smiles as he shuts the bathroom door and locks it behind himself, leaving a speechless and confused Louis behind, frowning at the door that’s keeping him parted from the boy he craves so much.

He pouts, walking away from the locked door, “Whatever".
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

I love you all guys, thank you for still being here x.

“Would you get jealous if you saw me hanging out with other girls?”, Louis asks Harry as soon as the latter comes out of the bathroom with just a black towel wrapped loosely around his waist and his hair sticking to his forehead and shoulders. Harry gives him a puzzled look, not expecting to see the older boy still waiting for him after he kicked him out of the bathroom. He simply raises an eyebrow, a bit annoyed at the fact that Louis didn’t understand that Harry needs to be alone right now. However, he tries not to show it that much as he answers, “I don’t think so, no. Why?”. Louis just grins widely and holds his hands up, “No particular reason”, he simply dismisses it. After that, they share short but constant glances before Harry asks Louis to finally exit his room, to which Louis reluctantly obliged. Harry thinks he did the right thing though, he doesn't want to rush things, especially after everything that's happened. Sleeping together might be overstepping some invisible boundaries Harry set up for himself, and he's glad Louis could understand. As soon as Louis closed Harry's door, the latter flopped on the bed, exhausted after a long day of, well, intense activities with Louis, his hair still damp and his skin still tingling with the sensation of Louis’ soft hands against his skin, his hot breath hitting his neck and his lips biting and licking, leaving marks in the most hidden parts of his body. His thoughts start running freely through his mind and he immediately starts getting nervous as a series of feelings are displayed before him. The feeling of having everything under control when in reality you’re just an open book that everyone can easily read, tearing the pages and ripping them off mercilessly. The feeling of not knowing exactly what you’re doing, thinking you know the difference between what’s best and what’s right. These feelings overwhelm Harry as their filthy hands wrap around Harry’s body and chain him down, crushing him. He thought he knew what he was doing, he thought he was keeping his heart firmly in his hands and guarding it, but right now he doesn’t feel safe anymore, as he feels like Louis is trying to steal his heart from him only to crush it and break it. His heart is fragile and needs to be taken care of, and probably Louis isn’t the right person who could fulfill its needs. Not because Louis is a bad person, but because he doesn’t seem like a person who would commit to a serious relationship and take care of Harry’s happiness. He’s free and unchained, and the younger boy needs exactly the opposite. He needs someone who would be willing to give a hundred percent of themselves, not demanding anything back. Harry would love it so much if Louis was that person, but deep down he knows he’s simply not. He turns off all the lights in his room, only leaving the heavy curtains open for the artificial lights of a city that is one of the most loved in the world, a city that holds so much hope and so many dreams to come flooding it, creating a harmony of shades and shadows on his walls. He stares at them as his eyes become wet and heavy at the same time, that feeling of exhaustion you feel when you know you should be happy but you can’t let yourself go completely, that emotion you feel when you know you shouldn’t be sad, you shouldn’t be anxious, you shouldn’t be angry or stressed, but you are, and guilts eats you out because you know there will always be someone out there who has it worse than you and you should be thankful for what you have. But at the same time you feel as if something’s missing in you, that you’re not whole, that you lack a certain thing that is keeping you from feeling whole. Harry knows what that feeling is, he misses the affection, he misses pure and genuine love, he misses someone who would remind him everyday how much he’s worth it, because he sometimes forgets it and there’s no one to remind him but himself. Until now, he had to be his own rock, and after
meeting Louis he can’t help but wonder what it would feel like to have someone lift some weight off his shoulders. He finally lets his thoughts quiet down as he slowly slips into a world of darkness, lit up only by an occasional dream flashing through his mind.

The next day, Harry wakes up early, the bright light of the sun filling his room and making his heavy eyes water and squeeze shut. He rubs them sleepily, realizing that no matter what time it is, he won’t be able to go back to sleep. Once he’s fully awake, he decides to do something useful and go jogging. He needs to work out daily, and lately he's not done anything productive. Well, people say sex is a good alternative to working out, but he bottoms, so maybe that’s not considered as effective. He scoffs at the twelve year old still living inside his head that makes him think about things a nineteen year old shouldn’t. He shakes this thoughts out of his head and makes his way out of the hotel, dressed in his usual gym clothes. There is a gym inside the building, but he decides against using it and seize the occasion to have a mini sized tour of the city. That’s the problem with his job: he gets to travel the world but never actually see it. So, every opportunity he has to explore the new environment he is in, he’ll take it. It’s not much, but at least he can get to see a bit more his surroundings. It's about six in the morning, so there's still a little fog lingering in the air, the humidity seeping into his clothes and hair and dampening them a bit. He starts jogging, headed for the beach. While his feet run, his skin sweats and his lungs burn, he lets his mind drift. And, obviously, his thoughts are flooded with just one person, Louis. He really wishes he had something more interesting and relaxing to think about, but somehow his mind seems focused on just that one person, almost as if that blue eyed boy lived in his head, maybe next to his twelve year old self. They would probably have such great conversation, seeing as both have the same mindset. He tries to ignore his tiredness as he keeps running. Yesterday he practically turned Louis down, and he's happy the older boy didn't give up on him nonetheless. He knows he’s lucky. Anyone else would have probably given up on him and moved on. But Louis is different, Harry can see that. Even though he still doesn’t want a serious relationship with the older boy, he can’t help but feel a bit selfish. He is basically just using him, using his body, even though Louis is doing the same. Their relationship, as of now, is weird, that’s for sure. It is based mostly on sex, making out, fighting and making up. And Harry knows it’s normal for couples to do this, however, they're not a couple, and they probably won’t ever be. This is what makes everything weird. They've always been like this, right from the start. Everything started with sex, and everything revolves around it as of now, and Harry is not happy with that. If they ever become a thing, he'll have to talk to Louis about it. He wants their relationship to be somewhat normal. He almost trips on his own feet when he realizes what he’s thinking ‘If they ever become a thing’? Where did that come from? He literally just thought that he and Louis have no future as a couple, and now he thinks this? He blames his incoherent thoughts on his sleepiness as he tries to focus more on his breathing, feeling his whole body burn as he runs on the damp sand, the steady sound of the waves crashing against the shore is calming him down a bit as he keeps putting one foot after the other, not allowing himself to slow down. While he runs he can almost see two shadows, his and Louis', that lay on the sand, hand in hand. Almost like memories etched into that place permanently, never dissolving, almost like wishes taunting him, making him feel things he doesn’t want to feel. He quickly jogs away from that place. He's taking this way too seriously. He knows he shouldn't. When he finally comes back to the hotel to take a quick shower, exhausted and completely out of breath, he still hasn't stopped thinking about Louis. It's useless, every effort he does to try and keep the older boy out of his head is useless. All the memories are tattooed in his mind and there's nothing he can do about it. Should he even give the guy an opportunity? Louis is good looking and charismatic, energetic and bubbly. But he's also a prick, a twat and an ungrateful jerk. But, he's changing, isn't he? At least, Harry thinks, he's trying. He just doesn't want to get hurt again, because yes, it really hurts when the people you love hurt you. It's something you can't really understand unless you tried it on your own skin. It leaves you insecure of yourself, and you don’t know who to trust anymore because you can't even trust yourself. He shakes his head and sighs, he really doesn't want to think about Louis like that. He's a great person, deep down. He knows it. But
maybe, he’s not the great person Harry is looking for. There are so many people that can cross your own path and lead you to think they’re going to stay forever, when in reality they’re just figures walking further away from you day by day. You might feel a connection, but sometimes that’s all it is: a feeling. He steps out of the hot shower and wraps a towel around his waist as he goes to his closet. He stands in front of it for about ten minutes before grabbing a pair of black skinny jeans and a gray sweater, knowing that in about an hour he’s going to have to undress again, so he doesn’t see the point in trying and dressing up. He quickly dries his hair and puts his clothes on, then grabs his jacket and heads out of his room. He checks his phone and is a bit disappointed when he sees Louis still hasn’t texted him, but he tries not to think about it too much. It’s normal, and he shouldn’t matter to him. In fact, it doesn’t. It doesn’t matter.

When he reaches Paul's black van, he notices people already seated in it, talking quietly. He greets the chauffeur silently before opening the door of the familiar vehicle and hopping in, sighing. "Morning Harry, I was about to come and get you", Niall's voice startles him a bit as he turns his head.

"Hey, sorry. I took a long shower", he replies quietly, leaning forward a bit to see Louis already looking at him, smirking. That smirk sends chills down his spine as he doesn’t know how to interpret it. Should he be worried? They exchange a silent conversation before Harry slumps down in his seat as he tries to rub the sleep out of his eyes.

"You alright Harry?", Liam's soft and deep voice reaches his ears and echoes in his head. "I'm tired", he whines and slurs the words a bit.

"Aw, poor thing. You do something yesterday?", Louis says sarcastically, making Harry roll his eyes. He's definitely in a good mood, the green eyed boy thinks to himself as a frown finds its way onto his face. The drive is silent, and as soon as the car stops Harry runs into the building, trying to avoid Louis. He really doesn't want to deal with him first thing in the morning. He would end up slapping him or arguing as usual, and he’s not in the mood for that. However, Louis catches up to him, as Harry’s still sore and tired limbs slow him down, and holds the door open for him to go inside, leaving Harry utterly confused.

"What?", Harry asks, and Louis tilts his head and looks at the younger boy with furrowed eyebrows. He looks adorable like that, but now is not the time to be thinking such things.

"What?", he asks back, and Harry raises an questioning eyebrow.

"Nevermind", he quickly says as he makes his way to the third floor, where he knows the whole crew is waiting for them.

"Hi guys!", Gigi greets happily the four boys as soon as they step into the room, hugging each of them.

"Hey babe", Louis smirks at her making her blush. And making Harry's blood boil. What the hell was that?

"Gigi, me and Niall are going to talk to Ben. We should really apologize you know", he chuckles, but Harry can see he's nervous. And the green eyed boy is a bit sad when he notices Liam still doesn’t talk to him as much after their fight.

"Sure, just don't die Liam", she chuckles, patting him on the back.

"Nah, I'll take care of him", Niall laughs as he drapes an arm around his friend.

"Guys!", Zayn greets them smiling, but frowns when his eyes land on the Irish boy. He clears his throat and backs away slowly, "Right. I'll w-wait for you guys down there", he stammers and he seems almost flustered.

Harry crosses his arms over his chest and looks at Louis, narrowing his eyes. "What the hell did you tell him?", he asks, and Louis chuckles nervously as he scratches the back of his neck.

"Me? Nothing!", he quickly replies.

"What have I done?", Niall asks disappointed with a pout.

"Nothing Niall, my dear friend. Trust me I didn't do anything!", Louis holds his hands up. "Didn't you guys have to go? Come on, see you later!", he ushers them out of the room, slamming the door shut.
"Louis", Harry groans. "Leave me alone Harry", Louis spits harshly before brushing past Harry and disappearing into the changing room.

"Are you kidding me?", Harry whispers to himself as he rolls his eyes. Louis is acting as if he's on his period. Which is impossible since he is a guy. He had a feeling today was going to be a bad day, but he never expected for it to be that bad already. What has gotten into Louis? Harry slowly makes his way into the changing room as well, and he finds Gigi helping Louis with his clothes, something she often does.

"Oh here you are Harry!", she greets him, her thick american accent showing and making him smile.

"What are we doing today?", he asks as the stylist hands him some neatly folded clothes which smell too much of cologne mixed with plastic and that thick smell of new.

"Actually, we're trying to get this first photo shoot done today, so things might get a little hectic", she explains, "But I'm sure you'll be able to put up with it", she finishes.

"Gigi, how the hell do I zip these damned things up?", Louis whines as he points to his elegant trousers. Harry can't help but stare at him in awe. He's never seen someone hot as Louis, and the worst part is that he doesn't even have to try to be sexy. He simply is.

"I think you need a napkin to wipe off all that drool, Harry", Louis teases him, and the curly boy simply sighs.

"I'm not sure I'll be able to put up with this, though", he mumbles as he walks past Louis, leaving him alone with Gigi. Once they're both dressed up in their first outfit, and they got their hair and makeup done, they can start working. Well, Harry tries to work. Every time he has to shoot alone, Louis makes silly faces or weird noises, making Harry laugh or snort. The raven haired boy, as well as all the lighting crew, are starting to really get annoyed.

"Harry, for the fifth time, will you stop moving?", Zayn asks, a bit annoyed.

Harry holds his hands up, "It's not my fault! Louis' distracting me!", he defends himself, but it's useless. Zayn sighs, deleting the last four pictures he took of Harry. He takes his job seriously, but he can't do well if the model isn't cooperating.

"Harry, I want to get this over with today-", he says sternly, making Harry flinch and Louis smirk. "But we've been stuck on this outfit for ages! Can you please look at me and only me?", he sounds frustrated, and Harry suddenly feels bad for the guy. He's right, Harry's not taking this seriously, even if it's not completely his fault. He'll have to talk to Louis about this.

"Okay, just give me a second", he says as he sighs and closes his eyes for a moment. When he opens them he glares at Louis. "stop it", he mouths to him, who just tilts his head and smiles sheepishly. Harry tries to focus on what he's doing, and not long after he's finally done and can go change. However, when he spots Louis, his hands clench into fists. Louis is talking to Gigi and Danielle Campbell, the makeup artist. No, he's not talking, he's clearly flirting with them. Is that what the conversation they had yesterday was all about? He can't believe what he's seeing right now. Their cheeks are flushed and they're giggling like crazy. As Louis holds his hands up and lets it rest on Danielle's waist and Gigi's cheek, Harry scoffs.

"Look at this one, Harry. I think it turned out pretty well", Zayn approaches him with the expensive camera in his hands. However, Harry spins him around and points to Louis. "Look at that idiot Zayn, he's flirting with your girlfriend", he says harshly, hoping to get a reaction out of the guy. The raven haired boy shrugs, giving Harry a bored look.

"Nah, I don't think so", he says coolly, making Harry want to rip his own hair off.

"But Zayn", he whines, "he almost kissed her on the cheek!", he tries again. He doesn't even know why he's doing this anyway. What is he hoping to achieve with this? He's clearly the one who told Louis he could do whatever he wanted with other girls. It's just- he didn't expect to feel like this, to feel as if someone is igniting a fire inside him as his rage is increasing by the second. He’s not being the center of Louis’ attention, and for some reason this upsets him. This is not jealousy though, he’s sure of it.
"You don't worry Harry, I know my girlfriend", he reassures him, "She's friendly, but she would never cheat on me", he smiles.
"But-", Harry starts.
"Why don't you take a break and have a coffee or something?", Zayn offers, "Or maybe a tea sounds better. You look a bit stressed out", he pats his shoulders. "What do you expect me to be?! My almost boyfriend is chatting up random girls while I'm in the same room! He's not even paying attention to me!", he whimpers. Zayn gives him a sympathetic smile and leads him to the table where everything, from fresh cut fruit to diet coke to glasses of warm tea and coffee are set out neatly.
"Your almost boyfriend? Last time I checked you hated him", he chuckles, but Harry shakes his head.
"I did hate him but then I thought he wanted to be with me and then he was so sweet and then he bought me flowers and now he's there flirting with your girlfriend and I'm here acting like a jealous teenage girl and-" he rambles, but Zayn puts a hand over his mouth.
"Oh my god, do you even breathe?", he chuckles, and Harry sighs.
"I'm upset", he pouts.
"That I can see", Zayn smiles. "I wonder how does it feel like to be gay?", he says, and Harry raises an eyebrow.
"What do you mean?", he asks, quietly sipping the hot tea the raven haired boy bought him.
"I mean what I said. Duh", he laughs, but Harry gives him a weird look. Zayn bites his lower lips, "I don't know man, I mean, I've always wondered what pushes a guy to want something more than just a simple friendship with another guy. I never got the chance to ask any of you. But, between you, Louis, and Niall I didn't know who to ask", he starts, and Harry's eyes widen as he chokes on his hot tea, burning his throat, hands and face as it runs down on his skin. He yelps and sputters his tea on the floor as Zayn pats him on the back to try and help him. However, he's just hitting Harry randomly. Not really helpful but the curly lad appreciates the effort. "W-what the hell did you just say?", he asks panicked, and Zayn cocks his head.
"What?", he asks a bit scared.
"Louis is bi", Harry shrugs. "But that's not the point!", he quickly corrects himself.
"Then what is it?", the raven haired boy asks annoyed.
"Niall is straight. Really, he's straight Zayn", Harry states, leaving his friend utterly confused.
"Then why did Louis tell me Niall has a crush on me? I was afraid to talk to him because I didn't want to lead him on and break his heart", he pouts, and Harry shakes his head.
"No idea.", he replies, but then he remembers what Louis told him about that talk him and Zayn had a while back, and it finally hits him. He pinches the bridge of his nose, closing his eyes, "That bloody idiot", he mumbles.
"Who?", Zayn gives Harry a weird look.
"You don't worry, I got this", he says as they both make their way back to the main room. Harry freezes on the spot when he sees what's happening in there, and he suddenly wishes he never left the room in the first place. Louis is caressing Danielle's hair, with a hand firmly gripping her bum and their faces incredibly close. He can see Danielle's face is flushed, and her slender arms are draped across Louis' waist delicately rubbing the fabric. It's like they're in their own world. Harry suddenly wants to run up there and slap him. He'd never slap her because well, he's a gentleman, and women should never be hit. Never. But this doesn't change the fact that she's a bitch and Harry wishes she'd just disappear from this place. His hands clench into fists and he grits his teeth, but then he decides to just walk away and leave them alone. He knows Louis is doing this on purpose, he knows Louis wants Harry to run to him and make a scene, tell him how jealous he is and that Louis is Harry's. But Harry doesn't like this kind of things. He's sensitive, he gets hurt easily, and he surely isn't the type to go to his lover and start screaming and shouting and slapping random bitches. He calmly says goodbye to everyone, hugs Zayn and Gigi, grabs his jacket and exits the room, closing the door slowly behind him. He calls Niall, and after a couple of rings his friends picks up.
"Hey Haz, you done?", his sweet and calming voice echoes through the phone, calming Harry a bit.
"Yeah, where are you and Liam?", he asks as he slips his jacket on, managing to squeeze his phone between his ear and his shoulder.
"Fourth floor, we're actually coming to get you two so we can go have dinner somewhere cool", he says and Harry can feel he's smiling.
"Great, I'll wait outside", he says and hangs up, heading to the exit of the building and greeting politely everyone he meets on his way. Once he's outside, he leans against the wall and sighs. He's so angry at Louis he could punch him so hard he'd break his nose. He hears the door of the agency open, and someone stumble outside. He doesn't open his eyes though. He hears giggles and someone chuckling, and his whole body starts shivering from all the anger he's bottling up inside.
"See you tomorrow, love?", Louis' voice sounds so close yet so distant. Did he just call her love?
"Sure. Uh, Lou? Can I have your number?", Danielle's voice makes Harry's stomach turn. He scoffs. His number? Really? However, Louis smirks at her, knowing Harry's listening to their conversation.
"Actually, I'm kinda seeing someone", he says sheepishly, hoping she doesn't get too upset. Her face scrunches up as she narrows her eyes.
"Excuse me?", she spits.
"Yeah, sweetie. You're still pretty hot though", he smiles at her.
"Wow Louis, you sure are a douchebag", she exclaims as her eyes become wide.
"What? Why?", he asks, holding his hands up.
"You've flirted with me this whole time, knowing there's someone else out here who loves you and only you? How do you even live with yourself? I feel so sorry for that person now", she explains as she shakes her head. Maybe this Danielle is not as bad as it seems, Harry thinks. She's right.
"You do have a point", he nods. "It's just- it's complicated", he says with a sigh, but before he can keep talking, Niall and Liam come out of the building, greeting Louis.
"Where's Harry?", Liam asks, looking around the place. It's already dark outside, so it's not that easy.
"Right there", Louis points at Harry, smirking. The younger boy just rolls his eyes and approaches his friend, ignoring Louis.
"So", Niall starts talking once Danielle has disappeared.
"Where do we go?", he asks, and Liam shrugs.
"There's this place that's quite expensive but the food's good though", he explains as Paul pulls up into the driveway and waits for the four boy to hop in. This time though, Harry climbs into the passenger seat, next to Paul, leaving his friends confused.
"You alright there Harry?", Niall asks, but Harry simply crosses his arms over his chest and scoffs. "Never been better", he replies sarcastically, making Louis huff.
"Oh my god, really Harry? Don't you realize I was doing this for you this whole time?", Louis speaks annoyed and Harry turns around to glare at him.
"Oh and what were you trying to do exactly? Piss me off? Well congratulations Louis, you made it", he hisses, and Louis shakes his head in disbelief.
"Stop doing this! We're not even together! You said you didn't want to be with me yesterday!", he yells back, ruffling his fringe out of frustration. Liam and Niall look at each other baffled, not knowing what to do.
"Doing what Louis, huh? Tell me", Harry spits harshly, and Louis fakes a laugh.
"Really? Stop acting like you care about me when we both know you fucking don't!" he says, voice raising after every word. Harry flinches in his seat, defeated. This is not how this day was supposed to end.
"This is not true", he speaks, voice shaking. "You know that". Louis crosses his arms over his chest.
"Then what's the truth, huh? I'm tired of this Harry. You know damn well how I feel about you yet here you are, acting like a fucking teenage drama queen!", Louis retaliates.
Harry can feel his shoulder starting to shake as a sob threatens to escape his mouth. He looks out of the window, seeing they're not far from their hotel. He can't do this anymore, he needs air. "Stop the car", he demands, and Niall gasps from the backseat.
"What?", he asks startled, but Harry simply shakes his head.
"I said, stop the car. Now!", he shouts, and Paul does what he's said immediately, letting Harry run away from it. His curls are ruffled by the sudden gusts of wind, which make him shiver and wrap his arms around himself. He walks slowly, the van disappearing from his view. He just needs some air, he'll be fine by the time he'll arrive at the hotel. He sniffs, but doesn't let himself cry yet. Louis doesn't deserve his tears. They fought over something so silly and useless, how did this even happen? He knows it's not only Louis' fault, but this leaves him conflicted. Does he want Louis? Does he really like him so much he's willing to put up with him every single day? He shakes his head, sighing. What's best for him? And what's right?
Harry walks steadily, darkness slowly swallowing the world as the first lights can be seen from houses, hotels and pubs. It’s a big and lively city, always busy and awake and filled with all kinds of people. But it seems even bigger, lonely and eerie when you’re alone and you don’t know where to go. Harry is not lost, no. He’s just conflicted. Does he really want to go back to the hotel or does he want to keep walking until he sees the dull light of the morning sun again? He looks up, admiring the sky, emptied of all its stars. The city lights make it impossible to spot even the littlest glistening spot embedded in the night sky like the most precious diamond on a gold ring. He sighs, lowering his gaze and admiring the city living before his eyes. Every building that hovers over the town, every person who's walking just like him, every one of them has a story to tell, just like him. However, right now he just wishes he were all alone and that all lights suddenly stopped working. Even the moon. This is how Louis makes him feel when they argue and fight. He feels so sad and pathetic. He wonders whether the blue eyed boy is thinking about him now, and what he’s thinking about. Harry hopes he didn’t mess everything up. Maybe they could talk everything out in the morning and go over some things that need to be cleared. Harry didn’t want to make a scene in front of Zayn and the people at work, but once in the car he had to confront Louis and he realized he couldn’t hold it in anymore and let his emotion overtake him. He was jealous. He still is, to the point that his teeth are still gritted and his fists are still clenched. But why? He’s the one that told Louis he didn’t want to have a relationship- but now he’s not sure of that anymore. The way he acted clearly showed he does feel something for the other boy. It’s a strange feeling when you have to realize you clearly are attracted to someone you shouldn’t be attracted to. To put it in simple words, he feels like he’s in high school and he’s falling for the only guy everybody avoids like the plague just because he’s different. Different in what way, Harry doesn’t know. There’s a part of him that feels almost afraid, while the other part is trying to convince him that this is perfectly right and he should just go for it. Some people give him weird looks, probably recognizing him and wondering what he's doing here so late all alone, but he doesn't care. He needs this. He walks past a Hermés boutique where he spots a few shots of him wearing their spring-summer collection, and he chuckles, stopping in front of the life size photos and just looking at himself, taking in every feature of his own body. It's still weird seeing himself like that, and he'll probably never get used to this. Fame, money, cool parties, private planes, big houses are just one side of his life, the brighter one. People often tend to ignore the darker side: they don’t know how many times he’s had to starve himself and spend all day in the gym just to burn those few calories that were threatening his uprising. They tend to ignore all the times his diet has consisted of simple water when he was just a couple days away from a big catwalk event. And they most definitely don’t know how many times he has passed out while doing a shooting from lack of energy, how many times he has cried, how many times the people he worked for told him they could easily end his whole career with just a snap of their fingers. He doesn’t care though, it’s the price to pay for fame. Everyone has to sacrifice something in order to achieve success. Right?

A few minutes pass, the streets begin to become emptier, the atmosphere becomes eerie and colder, so he decides to keep walking. Opposite from what he thought, this doesn't make him feel any better, as he sniffs again and again. He's alone, again. And even though he knows it's his fault too, he can't help but wonder what Louis is thinking, feeling now. Harry has already realized he's acting like a stuck up spoiled brat, but sometimes he can't help it. Louis can be so damn hard to be around. He always pulls Harry’s strings, and he looks like he enjoys it a little too much. As he walks in silence, the sound of his feet touching the ground being the only noise, he feels his phone vibrate in his pocket, and he silently hopes it's Louis, calling him to ask him where he is, to tell him he's sorry too. But, when he pulls out the phone from his pocket with shaky hands, due to the cold and the nerves putting him on edge, he's kind of disappointed as a frown finds its way onto his
flushed face. His mom is calling him, something she doesn't do often. He wonders if something happened. He quickly accepts the call, putting his phone on his ear and taking a deep breath before talking.

"Hello?" he says as he tries to sound calm and tranquil, just how he planned to be before the events of today took place.

"Harry, my little boy! How are you doing pumpkin?", Anne's voice echoes through the device and Harry almost melts at how warm his mother's tone is as he realizes how much he missed her.

"Good, I'm great mom", he talks slowly and half lies, but he doesn't want Anne to worry too much. He could be worse, so he shrugs as he bites his nails, hearing Niall's voice in the back of his head telling him to stop it, but his friend isn't actually here so he shrugs and keeps doing it. His voice is raspy and low, probably from the cold and the wind.

"What are you working on? You never tell me anything! Are you eating properly?", his mom says, fake sadness in her voice and Harry chuckles as he can almost picture her pout.

"Nothing new, just work. And yes, I am eating properly", he quickly tells her, not in the mood for this kind of conversation, even though he knows his mom loves when he talks to her about what's going on in his life. Luckily though he doesn't have to worry about the call costing too much money, since his parents still live in New York, a place he's not keen on visiting soon. Harry hears some shuffling on the other side, almost as if his mom is flicking through some pages of a book, so he scrunches his eyebrows and waits for her to speak again.

"Are you still there hun?", Anne calls and Harry nods humming, even though he knows his mom can't see him but he knows it's something most people do. Some don't stop pacing around and by the end of the call they feel like they've run a marathon, others sit on the couch upside down, others get carried away by the television and don't even listen to what the other line is saying. It's normal, he does it all the time.

"Who is", his mother pauses a second and Harry can already feel his heartbeat speed up for what's to come. "Louis Tomlinson?", she asks, and it's as if she just dropped a bomb.

"Oh, a f-friend", he stammers, "Nothing more", he says biting his lips. He's not completely lying, even if he doesn't exactly know where their relationship stands now. It actually is hanging by a thread, like it was in the beginning, and Harry knows Louis knows it too.

"Then why did this magazine write that you and this Louis guy are in a relationship?", she asks sheepishly, and the green eyed boy rolls his eyes at his mother's obliviousness.

"Because media can say whatever they want, mom. It's nothing, don't worry", he continues to walk as suddenly he can see the hotel, feeling a rush of nervousness cross his body. He really doesn't want to face his friends and Louis now, he knows they'll be angry at him, and he deserves it because he shouldn't have jumped off the car like a rebel, but that's exactly what he did. Time to swallow his pride and walk towards his death. Okay, he's exaggerating now.

"Oh, okay then, I trust you. He's really really cute though", his mother says happily, trying to cheer her son up because she can sense something isn't right. But, if her own son doesn't want to talk about it, then she'll leave it. Harry thinks about his mother's words for a moment. Hell, Louis is so much more than that. So, so much more. He's fascinating, alluring, captivating, mesmerizing. However, he can't tell this to his mother, so he swallows and closes his eyes for a second.

"I miss you", Harry blurs out, blushing afterwards because he hasn't said these words in a long time, but now, now that he's alone and cold and in need for a hug, he really could use his mother's company and reassuring words and cuddles.

Anne's cuddles are the best, she always manages to make him feel better, no matter how bad his mood is. And he's grateful he's got such an amazing mother. "Oh, pumpkin", her voice sounds so distant when it's heard through a phone. "I miss you too. You should come visit sometime", she offers, her voice shaking as Harry's own eyes water.

"I will soon, I promise. How's dad?", he asks, just to keep his mind busy because the only thing he can think of right now is how close he is to the hotel, and how he can see someone outside, smoking. He just prays it isn't Louis. Not him, not now.

"He's good, he's good. You want to talk to him?", Anne asks, but Harry shakes his head.
"No, no I a-actually have to go. Bye mum, love you", he says and he can hear a muffled 'love you too, pumpkin', before hanging up.

The person smoking outside looks too much like Louis, his delicate hands holding a cigarette while the other one is holding his phone to his ear, his expression unreadable. He stops and rubs his hands, trying desperately to generate some heat because he feels as if his hands are going to fall off his arms. He is also thinking about walking away from that place. He already feels awkward enough, he doesn't want to end up crying again, even though he knows that's exactly what is going to happen.

He can't hear him, but Louis is talking to his best friend Eleanor, asking her how everything is going, in order to keep his mind occupied. If it wasn't for that phone call, he would already have gone looking for Harry. He's worried sick, it's dark outside and Harry is nowhere to be seen. He could never forgive himself is something happened to him. Just the thought of losing him for good sends chills down his spine as his heart race picks up and he becomes fidgety and distracted, unable to stay still as he starts pacing back and forth. However, a few seconds after he finishes is second cigarette, Eleanor has to go, so she hangs up, leaving Louis all by himself, sighing. From the corner of his eyes he can see someone approaching the entrance of the hotel, and before turning completely, he crosses his fingers and hopes it's Harry. His eyes widen when he sees it's indeed the curly haired boy, looking beat up, sad, cold, frail, but most of all, hurt. He knows that look all too well, and he can't help but feel bad, knowing it's most definitely his fault Harry is like this right now. He keeps looking at the green eyed boy, who is walking with his hands in his pockets and his head hung low, dragging his feet. Once he's close enough, he takes a deep breath and approaches the boy, gently placing a hand on his arm. The warm lights of the building are making the younger boy's skin glower softly as his eyes are dark and his curls damp. His cheeks are flushed and his lips are quivering. Louis is trying his best to not hug the boy and squeeze him so hard he won't be able to breathe. "Harry". It comes out as a soft whisper, not wanting to scare the boy away or make him even more upset. The green eyed boy squeezes his eyes shut. Great, now he has to face Louis, who's probably going to yell at him and tell him how big of an ass he is. "Look at me", Louis says sternly, and Harry can almost feel Louis' hand burning a hole in his arm, the touch of his nimble fingers is sending him shivers, making his whole body tingle and his heart race speed up again. He slowly opens his eyes, looking at those blue oceans, those mercury, almost silver pools framing a big, dilated black pupil right in the middle. And he finds himself unable to look away.

"What? You wanna yell at me? Wanna tell me how big of a fuck up I am?", Harry starts with shaking voice.

"Harry", Louis breathes out, looking almost frightened, but Harry doesn't listen.

"You wanna tell me how much you hate me for screwing up everything we try to build together?", his eyes are watering and his body is shivering.

"Harry", Louis tries again, but it's useless.

"Well then go ahead, because I fucking deserve it! Okay?", he yells but his voice cracks as he starts hiccuping.

"Harry!", this time the younger boy doesn't argue, and prepares himself for the insults and whatever Louis wants to throw at him. "What the hell are you talking about?", Louis asks, shaking his head with a surprised look on his face.

"I- I don't know', Harry hides his face in his hands. "I'm so freaking stressed out right now and it's messing with my head!", he admits, a few tears slipping down his already red and flushed cheeks.

"I know I'm overreacting but what can I do?! I always let you down and I even have the guts to complain about the shit that I myself have caused! Who even does that?", he keeps talking, and Louis is at a loss for words.

"Harry, what- what are you trying to say here? You did nothing wrong!", Louis reassures him, but Harry shakes his head.

"You know I'm right", the curly haired boy looks at Louis, eyes red and looking as frail as ever.

"No! I actually wanted to apologize because I shouldn't have done that. I shouldn't have played
with your emotions like that”, he breathes out. "I just wanted your attention because I wanted to see if you really cared about me or not. I wanted to make you jealous”, he’s mortified, and Harry looks at him with wide eyes, without saying a word. "And from what I've seen today, I know you care. And I'm sorry. I really am. I'll give you time if you need it. I am going to wait till the day you tell me you're okay with this, with us", he finishes, taking a deep breath. "And I promise you, even if it takes a lifetime I'll wait because I know it's going to be worth it”, he almost whispers, and Harry feels like he's being overflowed with new emotions, replacing the ones lingering in his body for too long now. Relief, joy, trust, happiness, comfort. These are just some of the emotions Harry is feeling right now, and it's as if his body is being healed from its previous injuries. It's almost scary how Louis can be his pain and his salvation at the same time. It's frightening but Harry doesn't care. Not now.

"I- I am sorry too", he stutters, and Louis smiles back, showing him his perfect smile, his thin lips, his scrunched up nose and his crinkled eyes. This is what Harry calls a genuine smile. It makes him want to smile too, even though he feels like a forgotten wreck right now. His throat is sore, probably from the wind and from the crying, and his body is cold and everything tingles and his stomach feels funny.

"Why are we always like this?”, Louis asks, almost whispering, and Harry shakes his head. "What do you mean?", his voice comes out even raspier than before.

"We always fight like this, you end up crying and I end up wanting to disappear from this world forever because I hate it when you cry because of me and-", he stops for a second, trying to read Harry's expression and checking if it's safe to keep talking. "And we end up hurting each other just to prove we still care about each other. Then we make up and wait until the next war blooms. We're so weird, but it's us. It's how we function and I wouldn't have it any other way”, Louis finishes. Harry nods, speechless. Louis is perfectly right. Maybe their relationship isn't healthy, but Harry couldn't choose anyone else. He simply can't.

"You know what, you can stop me if you want", Louis finally talks after a minute of silence, filled only with Harry's muffled sobs. His voice cracks and his eyes start to water as well, but then he launches forward and attacks Harry's lips in a chaste, yet hungry and gentle kiss. Harry's eyes flutter close, relishing the familiar sensation he missed so much even if it's barely been a day. "What was that for?", Harry is breathless as his whole body feels like it’s going to burst.

"I couldn't hold back anymore, I’m sorry", Louis smiles sheepishly, before kissing him again, and again, his arms wrapping around the younger boy's waist as their foreheads are touching. Harry is drunk on Louis, in the best way possible. He moans into the kiss, and whimpers when Louis pulls back, smiling at him in a reassuring way.

"Let's go inside, you're freezing", he chuckles, and Harry does, too. It feels good. It feels good to let go of all the bad feelings, of all the hatred, anger and frustration that were bottled up inside him. They walk slowly towards Louis’ room, where they close the door behind themselves. Harry sits on the bed, waiting for Louis who has now reached for his phone and seems to be typing frantically on it.

"I'm telling Liam you're back, but don't worry, I asked him to keep Niall from interrupting us again", he winks.

"Thanks, but I really don’t want to- you know", Harry trails off, unsure of what to say. He's definitely not in the mood for sex. He could use some warm milk and some cuddles, though.

"Don't worry, we won't do anything you don't want to do", Louis reassures him, smiling warmly.

"So", he starts, flopping on the bed next to Harry and looking at him, almost absorbing every detail of the boy who's sitting next to him, from his plump lips to his swollen eyes. From his disheveled, unruly yet fascinating hair, his flushed cheeks and his red nose. Everything, he wants to drink Harry in so that no matter what happens, he'll always be a part of him.

"C-can I uh", he starts, and Harry nods, without even knowing what Louis was about to ask. Because he trusts him. Harry trusts Louis, again. The blue eyed boy slowly unbuttons Harry's coat, his fingers gently grazing the material as their faces are only mere inches apart and their breaths are mixed together, both their hearts beating faster than they should, their rhythm is almost identical as
they thump against their rib cages. Louis stops for a moment, lifting his gaze to meet the green eyed boy’s. He then looks at his plump lips, wanting nothing more than to kiss them again and feel them against his own. He feels himself blush at the thought, so he quickly lowers his eyes again and keeps unbuttoning the coat. Once he’s done, he gently places his hands on Harry’s shoulders and slides the heavy sleeves down his arms. The younger boy feels his skin tingle and warm under Louis’ touch, feeling comfortable in this silence as he’s too exhausted to think about something to say. The older boy would just throw the coat somewhere, but instead he finds himself placing it gently on the chair next to the bed, taking off his own jacket as well. He then proceeds to gently, slowly, hug him, and he feels the younger boy nuzzle his head on the crook of his neck, his curls tickling his chin. Louis smiles. This is probably the first time Harry is hugging him so tight, letting Louis take care of him. And the blue eyed boy wishes it could be like this everyday.

"Do you want to lay down?", he murmurs after a while , and Harry hums in approval, his voice muffled by Louis’ sweater. "Come on then". They lay on the bed, Harry's head on Louis' chest, the latter's hands wrapped around the younger boy's waist in a protective way as his lips are leaving small kisses on his curls, relaxing the younger boy who is finally starting to warm up.

"What does Niall usually do when you're upset?", Louis clears his throat, wanting to help in every way possible. For some strange reason, he really doesn't want to screw this up. "I'm not upset anymore", Harry tells him truthfully, and the blue eyed boy nods, his nose tickled by the green eyed boy’s cinnamon scented shampoo.

"I know but, I hate seeing you like that you know", he admits, sighing. "I hate seeing you upset too", Harry answers him, earning a light chuckle from the older boy.

"Are you comfortable?", Harry laughs at Louis’ question. "Why are you asking me all these questions, Lou?", he asks. Louis can feel his heart flutter at the nickname, and Harry can feel it too.

"Your heart is beating so fast", he smiles, placing his head further over Louis' chest, right over his heart which is beating fast.

"You do this to me", the older boy admits with a chuckle. "I feel honored", Harry mumbles, his head spinning and feeling fuzzy and dizzy.

"You’d better be", Louis replies, raising a hand and letting it rest over Harry's hair, stroking it and reaching his forehead.

"Damn Harry, you're so hot!", he says concerned, but Harry laughs it off. "You shouldn't have ran away when-"

"I was upset Louis, I needed some time alone and I felt like I was suffocating in that stupid car", Harry explains while sitting up. "Plus, I really wanted to punch you but at the same time I didn't because I don't want to hurt you, you know", he mumbles, and Louis hums.

"I know, I know. I'm sorry by the way", he whispers. "You already apologized", Harry laughs, relishing the scent of Louis' cologne, which is filling him and making him feel somewhat calm and safe. Everything about Louis makes him feel safe.

"Anyway, do you want me to bring you something? Some Advil, some hot tea or something? I don't want you to feel sick tomorrow too", Louis offers. Harry thinks about it for a second, before answering. "I really, really really could use some warm milk", he smiles tiredly, making Louis roll his eyes. "What are you, a baby?", he laughs, but the younger boy shrugs. "I'm your baby", he teases, and Louis scoffs but doesn't try to argue. Harry is actually kind of right, if he thinks about it.

"You want me to bring you some?", he asks, and Harry's heart skips a beat because he's still not used to this. Louis truly, deeply cares about him.

"Yes, please. I want honey in it, not sugar", he says, slurring the last letters of the words. "You're not okay", Louis laughs before gently making Harry roll off of him and getting up. As he stretches, his shirt lifts up a bit and Harry's pupils dilate because this is a perfect sight, something
he will never get tired of. He can see Louis' flat stomach and his faint v-line, and he is suddenly overwhelmed with the need to see him shirtless again, just so he could trace every tattoo with his fingers, admiring the work of art he managed to snatch from the world. As Louis exits the room, Harry thinks about it. Louis is truly a work of art, something so precious and delicate, and Harry almost feels he's not good enough for him, like, as if Louis was a work of art he can admire, but he cannot touch because he knows deep down that someone deserves him more than Harry does. But then again, Louis chose him, and only him. And he is flattered by this mere thought. He doesn't realize Louis came back until he places the steaming cup of warm milk under his nose.

"Are you there?", Louis asks, and Harry nods, taking the cup from the blue eyed boy's hand and sipping quietly on his milk, closing his eyes. Louis watches him smiling fondly, happy he finally worked things out with Harry. Maybe from this point on, he'll know how to handle things better, making it easier for the both of them. Maybe they'll fight again, but once they're finished with this, they can start a serious relationship and things can finally be okay. He smiles at Harry, thinking that he must be the luckiest man on earth. And he's probably right. He wonders how long they'll manage to keep this boat afloat.
It's now been a day since Harry and Louis fixed things between them for the what feels like the hundredth time, and Harry is currently getting ready to escape the now familiar big building again. He feels like he's worked here for forever, even if it's just been a little over a week. He knows almost every worker there, bonds and friendships are finally created, even with the people Harry thought he'd never speak with. Danielle Campbell, for example. They talked after what she said to Louis, and even if Harry still isn't completely sure he can trust her, she's great company when they're working as she keeps everyone's mood up. She's talkative and quirky, easy to talk to and just bubbly. She still flirts with Louis, but Harry doesn't actually get jealous anymore as he learned that she does it with everyone. The two talked it out and Danielle found out that the person Louis is 'kinda seeing', as he put it, is indeed Harry Styles himself. She didn't seem sad though. On the contrary, she seemed happy and relieved and she didn't hesitate to hug Harry and tell him she's sorry for behaving like she did with Louis. Besides, she is seeing someone else as well, so she wasn't really all that interested in the guy. Which, Harry finds weird because, when you get to know the charming and handsome Louis Tomlinson, it's impossible to not fall for him, at least a little bit. “Harry, I have to talk to Zayn for a moment, if Paul and the others are already downstairs could you tell them to wait, please?”, Louis asks with a smile, pointing to a laughing Zayn, who's currently talking to his girlfriend and another crew member Harry doesn't quite remember the name of. Harry looks at Louis with narrowed eyes for a brief moment, still insecure about the older boy's change of manners when around him, but nods anyways, giving Louis a reassuring smile. “Thanks. Is everything alright?”. The blue eyed boy asks, noticing how Harry hesitates before talking to him, as if he still doesn't trust him completely. Which is understandable. But, he doesn't want for things to remain awkward between them, especially if they take things further. When the younger boy gives him a thumbs up, Louis leans over and presses his lips to the soft and smooth skin of Harry's cheek, it being still somehow clean from any form of facial hair. “Good. See you in a bit, love”, the feathery haired man smiles once again before running away towards his raven haired friend. They have bonded a lot since they met, and Harry finds himself quite jealous of Louis' ability to make friends wherever he goes in the blink of an eye. Harry, on the other hand, for some reason finds it easier to talk and bond with girls than with boys. Well, with Louis things were different, but the circumstances were different, too. It still pains him to think about their first encounters, and he fears he'll never forget them. Well, truth be told, he's not even sure he wants to forget. Sure, he was sad, but then things evolved and developed, and even if he was still sad, now he's not. Kind of. He really hopes Louis is not going through one of his many phases where he's all gentle and soft with Harry and then turn cold and harsh out of the blue, like it happened already. He sighs loudly as he finishes buttoning up his jacket and heads for the stairs, greeting everyone he finds on his way. He feels so comfortable here now, and to think that in less than a week he'll have to leave makes him a bit sad. He finally reaches the glass doors and pushes them open, stumbling in the cold air and the harsh wind that tickles his cheeks. He fights back a sneeze, thinking that he probably caught a cold when he decided to wander the streets alone the other day. Bad decisions are his forte, he's sure of it. The first thing he sees when his eyes adjust to the different, darker and foggier light, is a figure sitting on the ground. He walks closer, and finally he can make out some details. The man's hands
are big, his shoulders broad and his hair styled in a neat buzzcut. “Liam?”, Harry asks, and the boy's head snaps up as soon as his name is spoken. He looks sad and Harry doesn't think about it twice before sitting down beside him, knowing he's probably going to ruin his expensive pair of Armani skinny jeans. He wraps the coat around himself tighter and fixes his beanie on his head. Liam is fiddling with his phone, looking downright miserable. Harry knows they haven't really made up since they had that bad fight a few days ago, and he knows he should act like a mature person and talk about it with Liam. Well, he should have talked to him sooner, but right now the guy needs someone to talk to and Harry happens to be here. Besides, Liam is his almost boyfriend's best friend, there's no way they can keep ignoring each other. “Hi, Harry”, the brown haired man speaks, giving Harry a tight lipped smile. “What's wrong?”, the green eyed boy asks, truly concerned. “Ah, nothing, don't worry about it”, Liam quickly dismisses it, but Harry can see something's bothering him. “You want me to go get Louis?”, he offers, thinking that maybe he's not the best person Liam can open up to right now. “No, no it's fine”, he says, looking at the ground with a sad expression and Harry almost wants to slap himself, because he forgot Liam and Louis fought too, and they still haven't made up apparently. The curly haired boy stays silent, thinking about what to say when Liam finally breaks the silence.

“I miss her so much, Harry. I-I think she wants to break up with me”, Liam whispers with trembling voice, and Harry is taken aback because he didn't expect it. He obviously doesn't know who Liam is talking about, but judging by his words, he must be talking about his girlfriend, or possible ex girlfriend. “Did she call you?”, he asks, trying to wrap his head around what's going on and be useful for once in his life. Liam nods, speaking slowly. “Yeah, I just hung up the phone. She said she's tired of me always being away and she said that when I'm finally home, I spend too much time with Louis”, he explains with watery eyes as his voice cracks a bit. Harry nods, scooting closer to his friend and placing a hand on his knee. “I know how you feel, and I'm sorry you have to go through this. I'm sure she'll come around. You're too charming and handsome to break up with”, he reassures Liam, and the boy gives him a thankful smile. “I hope so. You know, I really think she's the one and maybe she's right, I spend too much time with Louis but it's my job”. “I know it is, and she probably knows it too. Maybe she's on her period. I heard girls become weird when they're on their period”, Harry chuckles, trying to cheer Liam up a little bit and feeling proud of himself when he laughs too. “You really don't know anything about girls, do you?”, he asks between chuckles, and the green eyed boy shakes his head. “I don't even plan on trying to understand them. Guys are so much better”, he states. “Well, some of them. At least, we don't have to go through periods”, he adds with a cheeky smile. Liam laughs again, and when he quiets down, they remain in a comfortable silence for a moment, until Liam sighs. “Listen, I'm sorry for yelling at you and insulting you, it's just- I get very protective of Louis you know, he's like my brother and you know how it works. I can insult him but if anyone dares to say something I have to snap. It's a reflex”, he talks quickly. “I know, don't worry. I was quite upset too and I wasn't thinking when I said what I said”, Harry says, happy he and Liam are finally working things out. “Trust me, I know”, Liam purses his lips, “It's hard though. Louis can be very difficult to handle at times”. “I get very protective of Louis you know, he's like my brother and you know how it works. I can insult him but if anyone dares to say something I have to snap. It's a reflex”, he talks quickly. “I know, don't worry. I was quite upset too and I wasn't thinking when I said what I said”, Liam says, happy he and Liam are finally working things out. “I see you're fraternizing with the enemy, Harry”, the blue eyed boy's harsh tone makes Harry roll his eyes. “Enemy? I'm your best friend, Louis”, Liam snaps. “You sure are not acting like it”, Louis retaliates before scoffing and grabbing Harry's hand gently, leading him into the car. “What happened?”, Niall asks, feeling a bit lost. Liam shakes his head and sighs, “Later”, he sighs before hopping in the car, Niall following suit with his eyebrows knitted. During the entire ride Harry remains silent, thinking that maybe later he'll try to talk to Louis and convince him to confront Liam and work things out. Liam doesn't deserve to be treated like that by Louis, they're best friends, they can't stay mad at each other for forever because they both need each other. The green
eyed boy wouldn't resist a day without talking to Niall, so he can only imagine what both boys are going through at the moment. When he sees they're finally arrived at the familiar place, he walks slowly to his room, without paying attention to Louis nor Liam. He doesn't want to create more drama, he only wants for things to go back like they were before. He sits on his bed for a few minutes, silently hoping for a call or a simple text from Louis, but neither come. He's not disappointed though, he's seen how upset the boy looked, so, maybe he needs some time alone to think. He finally decides to get up and head to the hotel pool, just to kill time doing something entertaining, instead of moping around his room and checking his phone every two seconds. He quickly changes into his new yellow swimming trunks and puts on his burgundy silky robe with his initials embroidered in it with golden thread, and his black Calvin Klein slippers, heading for the door with a towel in his hand and his phone in the other. He chooses to use the elevator, deciding it's quicker and more comfortable. Once the doors open he can immediately smell the strong scent of water mixed with chlorine that tickles his nose and takes him back to the time he spent with his mother in his pool back at home. The place is empty, probably because everyone is getting ready for dinner, but Harry doesn't care. In fact, he's happier because he doesn't have to share the pool with anyone and make awkward small talk. There are big windows lining the walls which are made out of golden and turquoise little tiles, along with warm big chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. He sees that there are two pools. A bigger one, and a smaller one that looks more like a jacuzzi. He ponders where to go for a moment, deciding that the jacuzzi is way better than the simple pool. The room is warm and bright, all the lights are on, creating a comfortable environment and a nice contrast to the dark sky outside. The only sound that can be heard is the sound of the water crashing against the edges of both pools. He makes his way to his destination, turning the jacuzzi on and removing his robe, putting his phone inside the pocket. He sighs as he sinks in the warm water, feeling his muscles instantly relax and his body feels as if it's melting. He closes his eyes, and is about to fall asleep when his phone starts ringing loudly, making him groan. He checks the caller ID, and answers immediately. “Louis?” “Why aren't you opening the door?” Louis' voice sounds concerned and frightened, and it makes Harry chuckle. “Because I'm not in my room, silly”, he replies with a smile on his face. He hears the older boy sigh a breath of relief. “Oh my goodness Harry, you scared the hell out of me”, Louis whimpers. “Where are you then?” “I'm sorry Lou, I'm the hotel pool”, he says, feeling happy because Louis was really worried about him. This can only mean that he cares. “Oh, really? Can I join you?” “Sure, why not”, the curly haired boy replies happily. Louis hangs up the phone without another word, leaving Harry a bit upset. However, not even five minutes later Louis jumps into the pool, splashing Harry and making him squeal loudly. “What the hell?”, Harry groans, reaching for his robe to wipe the water out of his eyes, feeling them burn a little bit as the chlorine irritates them. “Sorry”, Louis replies sheepishly before helping the younger boy by delicately dabbing the robe on Harry’s eyes. The curly haired boy stares at him, admiring his toned chest and his abs and his v-line. He won't ever get tired of looking at the perfection that is Louis Tomlinson. “I like this place”, the blue eyed boy says while looking around, nodding to himself. Harry hums, and sees that Louis seems to have calmed down a bit, so maybe now's the time to try and talk to him. “Hey Lou, can we talk?”, he asks tentatively. “Why of course, Harold. What's wrong?”, he scoots closer to the curly headed boy and wraps an arm around his naked waist. “Well, listen”, he starts, “I know you and Liam aren't on best terms right now, but maybe he's not the only one who did something wrong”, he chooses his words carefully, silently praying Louis won't snap at him. The feathery haired boy huffs, “Harry I don't want to talk about it. He never lets me do what I want and it's become really annoying. I'm an adult and I can do what I want”, he starts. “And besides, he got mad at me just because I didn't tell him we were taking a day off when you were so upset our first day here. He snapped at me and told me he didn't want to see me anymore without even asking me why I did that! He always thinks he knows what's going on, but the truth is he doesn’t”, he huffs. “Louis I understand that, I really do. But you have to talk to him. He's your manager, but most importantly he's your best friend! Don't you miss him a little bit? He's a great guy, I mean I'm sure he-” “Well why don't you ask him to be your freaking agent and best friend then, Harry!”, Louis snaps with a scoff, crossing his arms over
his chest. Harry flinches instinctively, regretting his decisions. He should not have tried to talk to Louis. Definitely. “I'm sorry”, Louis quickly apologizes, sliding a hand through his damp hair. “I just- I know you're right. Both of you. It's just, I'm sorry okay? I'm sorry”, he says, but Harry shakes his head. “You shouldn't apologize to me, you know it” “I just snapped at you, Harry”, he admits sadly. “Yeah, yeah but it doesn't matter. I know you didn't mean it”, the younger boy comforts him, smiling warmly. “Yeah, thank you by the way. I'll talk to him as soon as I know what to say I'm sorry for”, he purses his lips, making Harry scoff. “Louis”. “Okay, okay I'll talk to him later, I promise. Now, can we do something more interesting?”, he smirks, and Harry blushes. “Why do we always have to have sex wherever we are? Can't we do something interesting and useful instead?” “I don't see what's useless in having sex”, Louis shrugs. “I'm not turned on, sorry”, Harry sasses, clicking his tongue. “I can fix that”, Louis says in a husky tone, scooting closer to the other boy and placing a hand on the back of Harry's neck, pulling him close for a kiss. Harry doesn't know why, but he loves it. He loves being kissed by Louis, it gives him a bolt of energy and adrenaline every time, making him want more. He loves the sensation of the older boy's lips against his, his small hands caressing his chest and lowering more and more, reaching his most sensitive spot. “Louis”, he moans into the kiss. “I don't”, he pants once they part, both out of air, “want to”, he takes another small breath, “have sex with you now”, he smiles warmly. Louis pouts, “Are you serious?” The curly haired boy nods, “Are you going to like me less than before if I don't want to sleep with you?”, he asks, genuinely curious. He wants to know if Louis likes him only because they can do stuff together, or if he likes him as a person, if he likes to be with him and spend time with him. “What? No! I love spending time with you, we can do whatever you want. I just need to be with you right now, I'm sorry if I was forcing you to kiss me”, he apologizes, and Harry can see by the look on his face that he's serious. He smiles wide, his dimples showing and framing his plump lips. He feels happier than ever right now. “Oh, by the way, today I had Niall and Zayn make up”, Louis announced proudly, and Harry's eyes widen. “Really? This is why you had to talk to him when we finished working?” Louis nods, “Exactly. I was feeling too guilty, so I fixed what I broke”. “How did it go?”, the curly haired boy claps his hands excitedly. “It went alright I guess, I don't know. They just talked but I didn't really listen”, he admits with a faint blush. “I'm going to ask Niall about it later. Thank you, Louis. It really means a lot to me”, Harry smiles sweetly. “No problem. What's my reward?”, he asks childishly, grinning like a fool. Harry chuckles and shakes his head “Well let me think, I guess we can keep kissing each other if that's okay with you”, he offers. “Yeah, sure”, he replies, unsure. He knows if they keep kissing he'll want more but he can't risk losing Harry over his stupid needs. He can take care of himself later. “Thank you, Lou” “No problem baby”, Louis replies, wrapping his arms around Harry's waist and pressing their damp chests together. “I love it when you call me baby”, Harry admits with a blush. “That's good to know, baby”, Louis replies, smiling fondly. “Do you want to be my boyfriend?”, he asks between kisses, making Harry chuckle. “What are we, four?”, Harry laughs, “Besides, you already asked me that” “I know, but I thought I'd try again, maybe you changed your mind”, the older boy shrugs. “Well, let me think”, Harry smiles. “No”, he laughs before returning to kiss Louis' thin lips. He just wants to mess with him, he obviously wants to be with Louis. However, seeing him like this, pouting and frowning, is too satisfying to Harry. The blue eyed boy is a bit disappointed but he's not ready to give up just yet. He promised he'd wait and that's exactly what he's going to do. “Are you sure you don't?” “ Shut up, and kiss me”
“And, we're almost done for today!”. Ben shouts at his crew.

Another couple of days passed, and today they spent the whole day in Griffith Park, working on their second photo shoot.

It came out pretty well, this park has something magic in it, especially when the daylight starts to fade away, leaving more space to every lovely and captivating shade of purple and blue. The lights reflecting onto the grass and the walls of the observatory create a surreal atmosphere, as everyone feels almost like they were thrown into a completely different world. It's simply beautiful.

“It's breathtaking”, Harry whispers out, after changing into his everyday clothes, which consist in skinny jeans and a soft lilac sweater.

He then joins Louis on the grass, sitting down beside him.

The latter nods, almost deep in thought.

He then turns to Harry, smiling softly.

“I know someone who is breathtaking”, he says coolly, and the green eyed boy blushes a deep shade of pink, which is enhanced thanks to the lights reflecting on his smooth skin.

“You're quite handsome yourself”, Harry giggles, laying down on the grass right after.

“Who said I was talking about you”, Louis’ snicker makes Harry raise an eyebrow and cross his arms over his chest. He's so childish sometimes.

“And who would you be talking about, may I ask?” he narrows his eyes, already knowing Louis is not being serious. The older boy shrugs, giving Harry a cheeky smile. “Fine, fine, you’re right”, he finally admits with a wink and the curly haired boy feels his insides twist and his body become warm and tingly. Without any warning then, Louis straddles Harry, something the latter has become quite familiar with, and starts kissing him without any warning.

He plays with his bottom lip, biting and sucking on it then lowering his mouth to Harry's neck and planting quick kisses that make the younger boy giggle.

Harry wraps his arms around Louis' waist to keep him close to himself, the heat radiating from their bodies is making him feel at ease and comfortable, like nothing else matters.

Louis doesn't complain, instead he starts biting on Harry's neck, marking his pale, smooth skin with his teeth and his tongue, sucking on it and leaving fresh bruises.

Instinctively, Harry thrusts his hips up and they meet Louis', creating friction between the two. Harry's neck is his soft spot, and Louis knows it well, so whenever he wants Harry worked up he starts working his tongue on the most sensitive spots of the younger's body, them being his neck, the back of his ears and his inner thighs.

“Lou”, Harry moans, lowering his head so that it's laying on the cold, damp grass as he hooks his legs around Louis' waist, the latter's hands are playing with his hair as their breaths become quicker and ragged.

Everything starts to spin around as Louis starts caressing Harry's inner thighs, teasing him and smirking against his own lips.

Harry's hands find their way to Louis' hair, pulling it and ruffling it forcefully.

Louis groans, rubbing himself against Harry's body in an attempt to create enough friction, relishing every sensation he's feeling right now as he feels almost dizzy with excitement.

“Oi, you two!”, a familiar voice startles them so they pull apart and see Niall walking towards him, grimacing.

“What?”, Louis rolls his eyes while Harry remains silent, still to ashamed and flustered to speak.

“Are you two serious? You can't do this in public!”, Niall’s stern tone makes Louis scoff.
“Will you mind your own business? You're always cockblocking”, Louis retaliates and Harry giggles quietly because he can't deny the older boy is right.
“That's what I was born for”, Niall smirks and shrugs.
“Niall, what are you doing? They were having fun!”, Zayn runs towards them while laughing.
“Yeah Niall, we were having fun”, Louis pouts adorably.
The blond boy turns to the raven haired one, “Really Zayn? You really think this is okay?”, he asks annoyed.
Zayn shrugs, “Once me and Gigi had sex on a ferris wheel, so I don't see what's wrong with it”, he scratches the back of his neck.
Louis laughs loudly, “Are you for real?”
“It was at night and it was closed!”, Zayn holds his hands up in defense.
“Whatever, now I spoiled your fun didn't I?”, Niall asks, and Harry huffs.
“Kind of. But it's okay I guess”, he gives his best friend a smile to let him know that he's not angry. Deep down he knows they'll have plenty of time to have fun together.
“You're too kind Harry!”, Louis complains, but the younger boy just laughs and shrugs.
“He's my best friend, after all”.
They sit on the grass again, in a comfortable silence, even though you could cut the sexual tension lingering between the two boys with a knife as Louis clicks his tongue and taps his fingers on his thighs.
It's becoming colder and colder every day that passes, and even though this place has become one of Harry's absolute favorites, he feels like he can't enjoy its beauty properly due to the cold making him shiver uncontrollably and distracting him.
They hear Ben start clap his hands quickly, signaling everybody to get closer to him. Harry looks at Louis for a brief moment before they both get up and walk closer to the group so they can hear what he has to say, hoping it’s not one of his signature boring speeches, filled with nonsense and things that don’t really concern what they’re doing at the moment.
“Good job everyone, now, give me half an hour, I have to make a phone call and fix some things and then we can all go home and relax”, he smiles as everyone nods.
“You can still go have something warm to drink so you won’t freeze to death. The table with all you need is right there”, he points at a large wooden table with several cups of steaming tea scattered all over it, along with healthy snacks like granola bars and cereal cookies.
“I'm so proud of you”, Ben tells Louis and Harry once the rest of the group has distanced themselves to resume their previous activities.
He pats their shoulders with a smirk, and then leaves, leaving both boys smiling to themselves.
Harry is incredibly proud of himself. He managed to get through this without screwing up too much, his shots were decent even if Zayn kept telling him he's one of the models he found himself most comfortable working with, and that his body his perfect along with his face features, to his jawline to his nose to his mouth. He still has to work a little bit on his confidence, but he can safely say he’s changed for the better since he started this new experience.
“What do you want to do guys?”, Liam approaches them with a smile, followed soon after by a blond, energetic Irish boy.
“If we keep standing here we'll freeze to death”, Niall starts to jump around, flailing his arms in an attempt to warm himself up.
Louis looks around, sighing and rubbing his hands together.
“If we had a decent ball we could play a bit of soccer”, he offers pouting.
Liam laughs at Harry's confused expression, but doesn't say anything.
“That'd be great!”, he nods as he gives his best friend a thumbs up.
“Wait a second, I'm going to see if I can find something we can play with”, Niall scurries away like a scared cat, leaving Louis to shake his head and smile amused.
“He never runs out of fuel, that one”, Louis chuckles as he nudges Harry delicately.
“I know, trust me”, Harry laughs, leaning his head so it's resting on Louis’ chest, the latter wraps
his arm around the younger's waist, keeping him close.
A comfortable silence lingers between the small group, Louis and Harry simply looking at each other with small smiles, and Liam constantly tapping on his phone. Suddenly they see Zayn run towards them with Niall, clutching a basket ball in his hands.
“Guys!”, the raven haired boy starts, trying to catch his breath, “Niall told me you wanted to play football or whatever you call it”, he laughs.
“I only found this though. It was inside one of the vans”, he pouts, and Louis hums, taking the ball from Zayn's hands and placing it on the ground. It’s a bit heavy, but it won’t hurt their feet if they don’t hit it too hard.
“Yeah, I think this’ll do”, he smiles warmly.
They all cheer, and Harry smiles even though his expression is concerned and serious as he feels like he’s not enjoying the moment like he should be. And he knows exactly why.
“What's up?”, Louis tilts his head as they wait for Niall and Zayn to find a spot where they can play without hitting anyone, and Harry doesn’t know what to say exactly, so he shakes his head.
“I can't really play”, the green eyed boy mumbles, ashamed of himself.
“Come again?”, Louis shakes his head and narrows his eyes, and Harry feels like he’s never been so ashamed all his life. What boy can’t play soccer?
“I've never played soccer. Or any sport that involves a ball”, he finally admits as his gaze is glued to the grass under their feet, and Louis coos. He's adorable.
“You can be the referee if you want, for now? Then I can teach you how to play properly”, he offers, and Harry nods, glad Louis didn't get too upset.
The first ten minutes of the game go by, and Harry is not really doing what he's supposed to be doing because he doesn't know the rules of the game, so Louis is doing his job in his place. He feels completely useless, so he slumps down on the grass with a frown on his face, angry with himself.
If he knew how to play, Louis would be paying more attention to him, but instead, he's completely ignoring him and having fun with his friends.
He's not one to complain, but he's really starting to get annoyed. Is he supposed to wait for the four of them to finish playing by simply sitting there and watching them laugh and be happy and not spare him a glance?
He sighs, getting up and starting to walk away.
However, someone's hands grips his wrist and spins him around, so that he comes face to face with those blue eyes that are to die for.
“Where do you think you're going?”, Louis smiles cheekily.
His face is slightly sweaty, so his hair is sticking to his forehead and he's breathing heavily. Harry can't be mad at Louis for this, so he just shrugs and smiles.
“I wasn't doing much there”, he simply says, making Louis frown.
“I know, I'm sorry baby: How about I teach you how to play now? Just me and you”, he offers, and Harry's eyes light up as a smiles finds its way to his lips.
“Really?”, he can already feel the excitement rushing through his system.
“Sure. Come with me”, Louis holds Harry's hand and leads him back to where the group was playing a few minutes ago.
“Are you finally joining us, Haz?”, Zayn smiles warmly.
“Actually guys, me and Harry are gonna spend some time alone, do you mind?”, Louis replies before Harry can, and the three boys nod and make their way towards the rest of the crew.
Louis starts moving around Harry while keeping the ball to his feet.
“What are you doing?”, Harry asks amused, looking at his friend.
“Dribbling”, Louis looks briefly at the green eyed boy, keeping his focus on the ball.
“It's quite simple if you ask me”, he starts, “You just have to walk around while keeping the ball to your feet. Wanna try?”, he smiles and the younger boy nods reluctantly, not really wanting to try but he doesn’t want to disappoint Louis.
He starts to walk clumsily, while kicking the ball and sending it way too far for his feet to reach.
Then, he keeps looking down at his feet, not knowing where he's going so he almost knocks Louis down.
Louis is patient and helps Harry control the ball more and not look at his feet, and when he thinks Harry got it, he passes to something more complicated.
"You ready for something else?", the blue eyed boy asks softly, and the younger boy nods, even though he's not too sure he'll be able to keep up. What he did is enough already to him, but it's not like he can complain. Besides, this is an excuse to spend some more alone time with Louis, and who is he to turn that opportunity down.
"Now, this is how you should throw the ball when you're close to the goal”, he explains as he positions the ball in front of him.
He then proceeds to kick it with the inside of his foot, causing it to wheeze through the air in an elegant flight, and land right between the two sticks Niall set as goal.
Harry claps and smiles at Louis, who spins around and laughs.
"I know, I know I'm great. I was the captain of my high school team”, he explains.
“That's so cool!”, the younger boy says with glistening eyes, reflecting the shades of the sky.
“I know”, Louis smiles, “My dream was to play for Man U, but in the end I took a completely different path. I’ve never seen my favorite team play though”, his tone is soft and sad at the same time and it makes Harry’s heart ache.
"Why?"
"I've never had the chance. it's still on my bucket list though", Louis finishes with a sad smile.
Harry simply smiles back at the boy before trying to distract him by stealing the ball and trying to move just like the older boy showed him, with no success though.
They mess around a bit with the ball after that, and Louis sees that Harry is not the best at soccer. He's uncoordinated and not really an athletic person, but this doesn't mean he can't do anything.
“I have an idea Haz, why don't you try and be the goalie?”, the blue eyed boy offers and Harry's eyes become wide.
“Am I that bad?” he's surprised, he didn’t think he’d suck so bad.
“Not at all!”, Louis replies quickly, “I just thought that maybe you could try it out, just for fun you know”, he reassures the younger boy.
“I'm not really sure-”, the curly haired boy stammers, but Louis looks so happy right now, he's glowing and Harry doesn't want to ruin this moment.
“-But I guess it's okay if I give it a try”, he finishes.
“Can't be that bad now, can it?”
Louis beams and claps his hands, “Great! Now come here”, he tells Harry and the younger boy obliges, standing in between the two sticks.
“Are you sure about this?”, Harry asks one last time.
“Not really, to be honest”, Louis chuckles, “But we'll never know if you don't try”.
“Okay then”, Harry gives in with a sigh.
“Well Haz, it's pretty simple. You just try and catch the ball with your hands or whatever part of your body you want to use”, he laughs as he explains it.
“Don't be afraid to fall”, Louis finishes and then positions himself further from the goal, before running towards the ball and kicking it with a swift movement, smiling at himself. However, Harry panics and doesn't know how to react, so the balls flies and lands against his crotch, hitting him pretty hard.
He lets out a painful groan before hunching over and falling to the ground, his hands clutching his lower regions and his eyes squinted shut.
“Shit, oh man it hurts so bad, fuck”, he whispers painfully, his voice an octave higher as he feels all the air being sucked out of his chest and all the pain he can feel concentrated in just a small portion of his body.
Louis doesn't waste any time and runs to the rescue, “Harry I'm so sorry! Are you okay?”, he strokes his friend's back, knowing that there’s nothing you can do about it other than wait for the pain to die down on his own.
“Yes, I'll be fine just give me a second”, the younger boy replies as he takes deep breaths.
Louis chuckles and smiles softly, “I know you're in pain but, you managed to block the ball, so
good job”, Harry smiles as he gets up again now that the pain subsided.
“I want to do it again!”, he smiles excitedly, and Louis gets up and goes to fetch the ball again.
“Okay then. You ready?”, Harry nods so he repeats the same movements, aiming the ball a little
higher to avoid hitting the same spot and put the curly headed boy in pain again.
Harry jumps, ready to catch it but the ball flies right across his face, making him let out a loud
shriek and fall to the ground, this time clutching his nose.
“Oh god”, Louis mumbles before running to Harry, scooping the weeping boy in his arms.
“Did I hurt you?”, he asks mortified.
“A little”, Harry replies, but the sound is muffled by his hand being held over his nose and mouth.
“Can I see?”, Louis waits for Harry to remove his hand and wiping a little tear that escaped the
curly boy's eye.
Harry slowly removes his hand and Louis gasps.
There's blood tickling down his nose, it looks a bit swollen and it’s probably painful.
“Oh god, I'm so sorry! Let me call Liam, he always knows what to do”, he quickly gets up and
looking around for the boy.
Harry however stops him, “It's just bleeding, it's not even that painful anymore”, he reassures him,
but Louis doesn't give up.
“But Harry, it's swollen and red and- god, what have I done?”
The commotion drives Niall's attention to the couple, and instantly sees something's not right.
He nudges Liam and points to them.
“What the hell did he do now”, the blond boy asks more to himself than to Liam, who replies
anyway.
“Don't know, come on let's go”, he says while dragging his friend away from the group who is
now starting to load the trucks and their car, some of them already heading home while some are
headed to the agency.

Obviously, as soon as Liam understands what happened he scolds Louis despite Harry's protests,
and once they get back to the hotel, Liam makes sure both boys get into their own rooms, claiming
that they did enough for today.
And now, Harry's lying on his bed, wishing there was someone here to hold him, wishing there
was Louis here to hold him, but maybe Liam's right, they've had enough fun for today.
His nose doesn't hurt that much anymore, and it's not that swollen, luckily.
He can't sleep, so he decides to use this time to think about what he really wants.
He still has to answer the question Louis asked him more than a week ago.
“Be mine?”
Hell, Harry would have probably accepted right away, but he knew that would have been wrong,
he couldn't give in that easily.
But now, he thinks Louis has waited enough, he's given Harry time and space, he hasn't been
clingy or persistent.
But most importantly, and this is the thing that surprises Harry enough, Louis hasn't backed out
from his offer.
He could have anyone he wants. That Danielle girl for example, she seemed already head over
heels for him, but he turned her down and actually started acting like he really cares about Harry.
Maybe this is it, Harry thinks. Maybe he can finally give in a be happy with Louis. The thought
makes him smile to himself, and now he can't wait to tell him.
He literally, physically cannot wait.
So, he gets up and snatches the keys from his nightstand, tiptoeing out of his room only wearing
his sweatpants and a loose fitting, white shirt.
He stops right in front of Louis' door and knocks a few times, hoping he'll wake up and won't be
too grumpy.
He waits five minutes, but the door remains close. He is about to give up when it finally swings open slowly, and Louis is standing there.

He's squinting his eyes, rubbing them with the palm of his hand. His hair is messy and unruly, and this makes Harry smile as his body almost hurts from how much he loves him.

“Hey”, he croaks out, voice thick with sleep.

“Hey”, Harry replies shyly as he looks down, trying really hard not to stare at his bare chest.

“What's wrong?”, Louis’ concern never fails to make sparks fly in the green eyed boy’s stomach. The younger boy shrugs, “Couldn't sleep”.

“And why is th-”, Louis starts but is cut off by Harry's lips connecting with his. The kiss is passionate, hot, hungry. Harry wraps his hands around the older boy’s neck, digging his hands into the tender skin as his body trembles and he feels dizzy with excitement. The blue eyed boy reacts quickly by placing his hands around Harry’s back and letting them slide slower and slower with each breath, feeling heat burn his skin as he can feel the passion radiating off of the younger boy.

“Wow, okay”, he breathes out once they pull apart and lets Harry in.

“I've been thinking about it”, Harry says, slowly, still trying to catch his breath.

“About what?”, Louis has just woken up, his mind is still a little foggy even though his body has started tingling.

“I want to be yours, Louis. I want to”, Harry admits, blushing.

“A-are y-ou- what?”, the older boy feels his heart start to race with joy as he stares at the beautiful boy in front of him, thinking that maybe this is all a dream, he’s hallucinating and he should probably go back to sleep.

However, he’s reassured that this is in fact real by Harry’s voice, that echoes in the once silent room and lingers there, haunting Louis in the most positive way.

“I want to be your boyfriend”, he shyly says, and Louis almost squeaks. Almost.

He grabs Harry by the waist and peppers his face with kisses, smiling like an idiot and feeling a burning sensation inside of his chest, spreading through his whole body. He leans impossibly closer to Harry, wanting to keep the boy as close as possible, reassuring himself that this is actually happening and it’s not one of his many reoccurring dreams.

Once he’s calmed down enough to manage to think straight, he whispers calmly into Harry’s ear, making the boy shiver both with excitement and anticipation.

“You just made me the happiest guy in the world.”

Chapter End Notes

This is NOT the end of the story!
Chapter 20

Louis’ eyes squint open, burning at the sensation of the bright, warm light against them. He sighs, rubbing his now watering pupils as he stretches, feeling a weight over his chest. He automatically smiles when he sees his lovely, gorgeous boyfriend sleeping peacefully, with his eyelids tight shut and a serene expression on his face. They woke up together several times, but this is the first time Louis feels genuinely happy and content.

He still can’t believe what happened last night, and still isn’t fully sure that this isn’t just a nightmare. Lately his emotions started taking over his mind, which is now full of love as well as his heart. He’s glad he waited. If he didn’t, now he wouldn’t be half as happy as he is right now. He’d probably be with some random girl, in a relationship without actual feelings, it’d be something both of them don’t want, but at the same time are too lazy to change.

But this, this is irreplaceable. The sensation of waking up beside the person you truly love the most and would give everything to, it’s something only few people get to experience fully. He’s lucky, that’s for sure. He now only has to try and keep this frail boy from breaking. He can do it, he knows he can.

He runs a hand through Harry’s hair, who obviously doesn’t even flinch. His soft curls bouncing around as they fall again from Louis’ gentle grasp, returning to frame Harry’s features delicately. He then checks his phone, and realizes he could sleep for another thirty minutes, but for some reason he just can’t seem to fall back asleep.

So instead, he spends the rest of the time daydreaming, subconsciously caressing Harry’s body with his fingers, until he notices goosebumps rise on the younger’s skin. He smirks cheekily, “I know you’re awake Haz”, he speaks softly, receiving a groan from the curly haired boy.

“No, I’m still sleeping”. Louis gets chills only by hearing Harry’s thick, sleep-filled morning voice. So raspy and deep.

“Okay then, I’ll let you sleep while I take a shower”, he replies, slowly sliding off of the big, comfortable bed and almost instantly regretting his decision.

The warmth that Harry’s body provided him during the night seems to disappear and crawl under the covers, calling him and inviting to go where the source of his happiness lays, now asleep again and join him again. Louis smiles as he fights that weird urge he’s not really used to feeling and rubs his hands, heading for the bathroom where he immediately turns the water on and waits until it’s hot enough.

While in the shower, he mentally goes over their schedule for the day but his thoughts keep getting mixed up with the sensation of Harry’s naked body under his, the sounds and the vibrations of his moans as he’s panting and scrunching his face, completely surrendering to him and letting go of his brakes.

Today is an important day, they’re being interviewed by a well known journalist who works for Vogue, so that their interview can be then published on the famous magazine along with the pictures they worked so much for. He’s incredibly proud of himself, of all his sacrifices, and couldn’t have asked for a better reward. This journey brought so many positive things to him. He’s coming home richer and happier. He’s now got more money, new friends and a boyfriend. What could he want more?

As he steps out of the shower, with only a towel wrapped around his waist, the bathroom door swings open slowly, revealing a grumpy and pouting Harry rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand.

“What’s wrong, love?”, Louis asks approaching him with a warm smile that could melt ice. Harry feels weak in the knees at the sight. And, even though he’s seen Louis naked several times,
every time it feels like the first time as his breath is taken away and his hands itch to touch every inch of the older boy’s toned skin, to taste it and feel it against his own. His heart race picks up and his mouth waters, while his throat hurts as it tightens to contain the excitement.

It’s a weird sensation, and the green eyed boy knows he won’t get used to it anytime soon. “You didn’t give me a kiss”, he acts childishly, folding his arms over his chest and glaring at the blue eyed boy, forcing himself to keep his gaze focused on his eyes, avoiding to look anywhere else even though he could look at Louis’ body forever and never get tired. “You were sleeping though, weren’t you?”, Louis smirks making air quotes with his fingers, and as Harry realizes he has a point, but not actually wanting to admit it, he simply scoffs.

The younger boy walks even closer to Louis and presses a slow kiss on the blue eyed boy’s thin warm lips, tasting a bit of soap that was still lingering on his lip and grimacing playfully. “I should probably go get dressed”, Harry trails off, slowly and reluctantly exiting the bathroom and looking for his keys.


“Noted”, Louis smiles, kissing his boyfriend one last time before watching him walk out of the room, closing the door behind himself. He has to pinch himself to make sure this is real, this is all happening. He feels like he doesn’t deserve someone like Harry, he feels like he won’t be able to give him what he really needs. But, at the same time, he can’t bear the thought of seeing him with someone else, so he will have to learn how to take care of someone instead of focusing only on himself. Harry is giving him a chance, and he’s not going to waste it.

The feathery haired boy then chuckles to himself, thinking about how lucky he is to have found someone like Harry as he shakes his head, “Such a baby”, he murmurs softly.

Half an hour later he’s fully dressed in a pair of blue skinny jeans and a deep red Adidas sweater, ready to go have breakfast when his phone buzzes twice. He sees he’s got two texts, one from Harry, and one from Eleanor.

He obviously reads Harry’s text first. Gotta prioritize the boyfriend, right?

Haz: Text me when you’re ready. I just need to blow dry my hair and I’m done xx.

He replies quickly, I’m done. Stop by here before going downstairs x.

He then opens the text Eleanor sent him, smiling.

Elly: Lou! How’s it going? Did you and Harry make up? Please text me, I was worried sick last night!

He mentally slaps himself, because he promised her he would text her as soon as he fixed things with Harry, but obviously he forgot.

I’m so sorry El! Everything is great. I’ll text you the details later. ;)

He then slips his phone in his pocket and lays on his unmade bed, waiting for his boyfriend to finish getting ready. His boyfriend. How weird. It’s been so long since he last had one. Come to think of it, he never really had a serious relationship with a guy, they would usually use each other for sex and that’s it, no love nor feelings were ever involved. Maybe this is why he’s feeling so giddy and excited whenever he thinks of Harry. Because he’s the first one that managed to make him fall hard. And who managed to make him the happiest he’s ever been. If this is what love feels like, he’s not sure he will be able to ever live without it.

A few minutes later his thoughts are interrupted as he hears a faint knock on the door and
immediately rushes to open it, seeing Harry looking at him with the cutest smile and his bright eyes that always seem to sparkle. The see through black button down lets Louis see slivers of his skin and that’s enough to drive him crazy.

“Why, aren’t you cute”, Louis compliments him, making him blush and slap him playfully.

“I know I am, now kiss me properly please?”

Louis fake scoffs, “Oh so that’s all you wanted from me? Rude”, he chuckles, but leans in nonetheless, peppering Harry’s lips with quick kisses as his arms wrap around the younger boy’s waist, bringing him so close he’s able to smell his sweet scented shampoo.

The younger reacts to the kiss by fluttering his eyes closed and draping his arms around Louis’ neck, parting his lips so that the older boy has free access to his mouth, making goosebumps rise on his skin as his senses are already driving him wild. Harry knows he has to stop before they take things too far there in the middle of the hallway, so he reluctantly wriggles away from the feathery haired boy’s firm and possessive grasp. “We should probably stop”.

“Sorry love, I guess I got carried away”, Louis scratches the back of his neck, “I can’t help it though, your lips are irresistible”, he winks.

“I’ve been told”, Harry smirks as he tries to hide a blush, making the older boy roll his eyes playfully.

“Come on you sassy princess, let’s go”, Louis takes Harry’s hand in his, giving it a gentle squeeze before starting to walk towards the stairs while trying to suppress a bit his evident happiness and excitement. He’s holding Harry Styles’ hands, and the latter is not complaining not crying. This is what he calls improvement.

When they reach their usual table, they see Liam and Niall already eating and chatting quietly with tired looks on their faces. They probably had to stay up late to make sure everything is going to go fine today.

“Great”, Louis sighs, knowing it’ll be another tension filled breakfast. He still hasn’t had the chance to properly talk to his best friend and apologize, so Liam is still giving him the cold shoulder and the silent treatment. Which is not something Louis likes, Harry knows.

“Come on”, he encourages the blue eyed boy, leading him to the table where they sit down.

“Mornin’ Haz!”, Niall squeals loudly, making the curly headed boy laugh and return the greeting. Liam and Louis only exchange subtle glances, but both Harry and Niall can see they’re not happy, especially Liam.

The green eyed boy makes a mental note to check up on Liam and ask him if he fixed things with his girlfriend, so that he can have someone to talk to in case things are still a bit all over the place. The four of them eat quietly, until Niall clears his throat, drawing everyone’s attention to him.

“Are you excited for today? Come on, hang on a little more and before you know it we’ll all be home again”, he smiles warmly, and the two models can’t help but feel the Irish boy’s energy and positivity fill them as well.

“It’s going to be great, I’m telling you”, Louis answers as he nods with the biggest grin plastered on his face.

They eat the rest of their food in a more comfortable silence now, thankful for Niall’s presence, and before they know it they’re walking inside the building, feeling everyone’s eyes on them, specifically on their entwined fingers, hooked loosely.

“Why would I know? I’ll just return to working like I did before”, he purses his lips, heading for the stairs.

“No, I mean, do you want to keep seeing me and stuff?” he asks, unsure of what the younger boy has planned for the future.
“Obviously! What kind of question is that?”, he raises his eyebrows, surprised. 
“Oh, you’re never sure when it comes to you”, he mutters. 
“Are you implying that I’m complicated?”, Harry crosses his arms over his chest. 
“I’ve never said that!”, Louis defends himself quickly. 
“Yeah but I know that’s what you meant”, Harry retorts, narrowing his eyes. 
Louis doesn’t have time to answer though, because Harry is twisting the knob of the familiar door when he freezes and his eyes widen in pure shock.
His face pales and he feels like he could throw up any second. 
Louis looks at Harry concerned, before looking inside the room and gasping loudly.
Inside, there’s a girl posing in front of their usual white wall, but there’s something different about her.
She’s fully naked. Wearing no clothes, nothing. 
The blue eyed boy quickly apologizes to the girl who’s now looking shocked at the both of them, then proceeds to slam the door shut and sigh.
He turns to look at Harry again, only to find in the exact same conditions he was before. He hasn't moved an inch, and it's starting to concern the older boy.
“Are you alright? You look like you’re about to pass out”, the blue eyed boy cups Harry’s face in his hands and gently forces the boy to look at him.
“I feel very uncomfortable”, Harry stammers, eyes still wide and skin still pale.
“Why?”, Louis asks, curiosity taking over. He can imagine why, but he wants to hear it from his boyfriend, so maybe it'll help him calm down a bit.
“I- I uh”, Harry stammers, “I’ve never seen a n-naked w-wo-man be-fore”, he manages to mutter, and Louis has to bite his lips to keep himself from laughing. 
“Oh! Well, that’s exactly what a naked girl looks like. She was pretty fit too”, he adds coolly, trying to make Harry feel more comfortable. He never thought Harry's first experience at seeing a fully naked woman would be with him around.
“I’m going to be sick”, Harry manages to utter with trembling voice, but stays still. 
“Oh, come on Haz. It’s okay now, I got you”, he reassures him, caressing his cheeks. 
He leans forward and starts whispering in the younger boy’s ear, “think of me naked, over you, kissing you all over your perfect body, biting your lips and touching where you like it the most”. 
Harry gulps as he closes his eyes, nodding, “Much better”, he then smiles, regaining his color and energy. 
“I will never see a naked girl again. Ever”, he states, and Louis nods, chuckling. 
“Fine by me Haz”
“Lou! Harry!”, Zayn’s voice echoes through the large hallway they were in, and they both turn to look at the boy who’s beaming at them.
“I was looking for you downstairs to tell you that the interview will take place in a special room, but judging by Harry’s face I guess you found it out by yourselves”, he laughs loudly, clutching his stomach.
“It’s not funny, Zayn”, Harry huffs. 
“Yes it is!”
“Didn’t we have something to do?”, Louis cuts them both off before their bickering could become something worse, especially with Harry around. 
“Oh, right! I hope you’re ready!”, Zayn exclaims excitedly, bouncing around while clapping his hands and flailing his tattooed arms around. 
“You look way too excited”, Louis points out, patting his friend on the back and earning a chuckle from Harry, who’s watching the scene amused.
They follow Zayn along the hallway, finally stopping in front of a big, white door with nothing written on it but a simple number, 116. 
The raven haired boy doesn’t hesitate and swings the door open forcefully, marching inside with the biggest smile on his face. 
Inside the room there’s a lady in her 40’s, dressed with a simple pair of satin trousers and a black
blazer, revealing a silk blouse underneath it. Her hair is tied up in a sleek bun and her lips are coated with a light shade of pink lipstick, which contrasted her dark skin. She looks very professional but friendly as well, as she gets up to greet the three of them, especially Harry and Louis.

“Good morning guys, I’m Serene Hamilton. I work for Vogue and I’ll be interviewing you if that’s okay with you”, she says as she shakes both boys’ hands.

“I’m Louis and this is Harry”, Louis says while pointing to his boyfriend who nods with a smile, “And it’d be an honor for us to speak with you today”, he replies politely.

"Oh I very well know who you boys are", she chuckles as she motions for them to sit on the two black leather armchairs which are positioned in front of a small couch, a glass coffee table separating them. They do as she says and take a seat, eying the notebook that’s lying on the table along with a modern tape recorder.

They wait for Niall and Liam to come in as well. They have to stay with them their whole interview, deciding which question they’re allowed to answer and how much they can say about it. They position themselves at the back of the room, so that they will not be seen by the camera. Speaking of camera, the two models see a professional camera positioned not too far from them. “What’s that for?”, Harry asks nervously, glad he decided to spend half of the morning fixing his hair.

“Oh, we’re going to record the whole interview, so that we can then put it on our website for our readers to watch it. You’re more famous than you think”, she winks. As soon as she finishes talking, a man dressed in a casual outfit greets them briefly before tampering with the camera, moving it around to try and find the perfect angle.

“Well, guys, I’ll wait for you outside, good luck”, Zayn smiles before exiting the room and clicking the door shut.

Serene takes a deep breaths and beams at the boys, “So, shall we?”

“We shall”, Louis chuckles as he clears his throat.

The man starts recording while Mrs. Hamilton starts asking the models the same old questions. “So, you’re both worldwide famous models. How did you become famous and what would you suggest to all the teens out there who are trying to become just like you?”

Harry looks at Louis briefly, and when the older one nods, he starts talking.

“I think people often don’t realize that they’re not alone, and that they can’t simply stand in front of a white background to become famous. That’s not how it works at all”

“Exactly”, Louis chimes in, “To become famous you kind of have to gain the respect of everyone you work with. You’re part of a really big team and there are lots of different things going on and everyone has a job to do.”

“And, I think that it’s never what you imagined. You’re working with different people than you worked with yesterday. You may walk into a set and you might not know anybody at all. That can be a little intimidating, I think, if you’re starting out”, Harry adds, remembering his first experiences.

“You seem to know a lot about it, boys. Now, what made you take this job, this opportunity? Did you know you’d have to pose together? Did you know each other before?”

Harry takes a deep breath, “I accepted this job because it’s a great opportunity to get people to know my name, to know who I am and what I do. it’s important to seize opportunities like this because it helps you build your career”.

Louis nods, “It is a people business; people, sometimes don’t get rebooked because they were difficult. Sometimes, if you go on a trip somewhere, you’re traveling with people, you’re with a whole team of people for two or three days, if you’re difficult and not pleasant to be around, you might not be invited back. So, those things are really important, it is a business about people, it’s word of mouth, everyone talks. So, one job goes to the next job; you could get the next job being referred by the photographer, by the hair person, by the makeup person, or by the stylist”.

Harry wants to laugh at Louis’ face. What he’s saying is completely true, it's just weird hearing
those words come from someone who does the exact opposite. Come to think of it, Harry can’t really understand how Louis has made it this far with his attitude.

“We kind of knew each other before, but not really”, Harry stammers, feeling his cheeks burn. He looks toward Niall to see if he has to go into detail, but his agent shakes his head and holds his hand up, signaling for him to stop.

Niall thinks this could damage his career and make it seem as if Harry sleeps around with people he doesn’t even know. The boy doesn’t need this kind of publicity.

Harry subtly nods before returning his gaze to the woman in front of him.

“We kind of knew each other before, but not really”, Harry stammers, feeling his cheeks burn. He looks toward Niall to see if he has to go into detail, but his agent shakes his head and holds his hand up, signaling for him to stop.

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“Or we didn’t know we would have to pose together but you know, we made it work pretty well I think”, Louis adds cheekily, watching as Harry fiddles with his rings and smiles, keeping his gaze on the ground.

The interviewer nods, humming and scribbling some things on his notebook.

They are asked some other boring questions they feel forced to answer, until Serene says something that spikes up both boy’s attention.

“So, a few days ago I saw a picture of you two holding hands and walking around Los Angeles like a proper loved up couple”, she starts and both boys look at her with serious expressions on their faces.

“And, I went on the Internet to look for some opinions you know, I wanted to know what people thought about that. And I found some sort of theory that this can just be a big fat publicity stunt”, she finishes.

“I know you probably are media trained since lately you’ve been in the public eye so often, but how would you genuinely answer this question?”

Niall’s eyes widen as he silently mouths ‘Photoshop’ to Harry, so that their cover won’t blow yet. The curly headed boy clears his throat, visibly flustered. Before he can say anything however, Louis scoffs, shaking his head, “Do people really think that? Me and Harry are in a relationship and we’ve never been happier. And that’s it”.

He speaks without even glancing at Liam, who has his lips pressed in a tight line. He wanted it to be a bit more mysterious and foggy, so that they could be in the headlines of gossip magazines for longer which would have brought more attention and more interviews, but it’s not that big of a deal anyway.

He simply crosses his arms over his chest, upset by the fact that Louis isn’t respecting his job as his agent at all.

Louis speaks coldly, almost making everyone in the room feel intimidated by him. Not Harry though, who looks at his lover with such fond and admiration.

“Harry, what about you?”, she asks smiling politely.

“I couldn’t have said it better”, he nods, still smiling.

“Then who’s the girl in the relationship?”, she asks wiggling her eyebrows.

“Definitely Harry”, Louis answers quickly, “I mean have you seen him?”, he then laughs out loud along with the journalist.

“Hey”, Harry pouts, but shrugs right after.

He doesn’t mind being the girl as long as he gets Louis’ attention and as long as he loves him like that.

“So, what are your plans for the future? You’ll probably be very busy, especially when New York, Milan or Paris Fashion week roll around. You’ll probably be seeing little of each other”, she explains, waiting for an answer.

“I think we can both make it work”, Louis replies simply while looking at Harry, almost as if he’s looking for some sort of confirmation from his lover.

Harry hums and nods with a cheeky grin. He’s never thought about that side of their relationship, but as Louis said, they’re able to make it work. People do that all the time.

Once their interview’s over, they both say goodbye one last time before making their way out, seeing Zayn talking to Gigi.

“A publicity stunt. Can you freaking believe?”, Louis laughs nudging Harry, who shrugs but still
smiles.
“Sounds like a plot for a movie”, he adds.
Once they reach their friends, they see the two of them have big smiles on their faces.
“Jesus Christ Zayn, stop smiling like that you look like a maniac”, Louis frowns.
“Geez, sorry. Anyway guys, since tomorrow night you’re leaving, we were thinking that before you go home, we could have a night all for us, meaning you four plus me and Gigi”, he explains happily.
“That’d be awesome! So tonight, right?”, Louis asks excitedly.
He really doesn’t want to leave, he feels like he belongs here now, but he knows he can always come here whenever he wants, he’s sure Harry would tag along happily.
“Yes, but we don’t want to do anything fancy. We thought that maybe we could do it at my place”, Zayn offers as he scratches the back of his neck.
Harry looks at Liam carefully, and he notices that the poor guy looks more upset than ever.
Finally, he decides it’s time to put an end to this.
While the rest of the group engage in small conversation, Harry nudges Louis gently with his elbow and tilts his head towards Louis’ agent.
“What?”, Louis whispers, subtly eying Liam and noticing the boy’s face, feeling guilt and regret filling him to the brim.
“Talk to him, Louis, this can’t go on any longer. He’s your best friend, for Christ's sake”, the curly haired boy whispers back, but Louis shakes his head.
“Not happening, sorry. He’s the one who snapped at me for no reason”.
Harry sighs, “I’m not saying you have to apologize, I’m saying you should talk to him. His relationship with Sarah is not going very well and I think he’s sad for that too. You’re his best friend and don’t even know it!”
“You mean Sophia?”
“Whatever! Come on”, Harry pouts, making Louis want to pepper his face with kisses.
“Only if we can spend a little time alone together only you and me”, he smirks, and Harry nods with a smirk.
“I’ll be all yours, I promise”. Louis turns to look at Liam again and frowns.
“Can I talk to him after we have our little time alone?”, he offers.
Harry sighs, “Desperate times call for desperate measures”, he mumbles to himself before clearing his throat.
“Liam, Louis told me he wanted to talk to you for a second, didn’t you Louis?”, he asks with a sheepish smile, making Louis’ jaw drop open.
“You little-”
“Really?”, Liam asks, with such hope filled eyes Louis feels bad for ignoring him.
He takes a deep breath, “Yeah, let’s go outside”, he says, starting to walk away from the group.
He looks at Harry with the biggest frown on his face, but Harry waves happily in return, knowing it’s for the best.
Chapter 21

Saying goodbye is never easy. Whether it be for something better or worse, a farewell is always hard to experience, especially if you’re not even sure you’ll ever see the people you’re leaving again.

It’s weird, you might think. If you really want it, a goodbye can become a see you later, but sometimes you don’t know what life’s going to throw at you, and you mind end up miles and miles away from those people.

So, everyone who crosses your path and leaves a footprint, becomes important, fundamental to make you, you.

And sometimes you can’t help but shed a few tears and wish the best to those people. Friends, family, it doesn’t matter. If you love them, you are not going to forget them.

Louis and Harry, along with Niall, Liam and Zayn, are finding it hard to separate without feeling like they’re going to meet again in thirty years, or more.

When you grow fond of a person, it’s hard to be apart from them, even if it’s just for a few days. Louis is trying to be the toughest out of the group, but Harry knows that under those shades, his eyes are watering as his voice is cracking.

Their hugs last longer than they should, but everyone is trying to etch the smell, the skin, the voice of each person onto their own skin, so that it’ll feel like they’re all connected in a way.

It’s weird how such a short span of time can tie two people together.

When the group can’t stay any longer, they make their way to their gate, waving back to the people they’re forced to leave here.

They walk among hundreds of bodies, each of them walking their own way like it should be.

Harry stays silent, knowing that every word he can say now won’t be listened.

He glances at his boyfriend, who’s walking slowly beside him with his backpack on his shoulders, his hands hidden in his sweater and his hair hidden by his beanie.

When they get settled into the plane, the mood lingering around them seems to have morphed into something else.

There are now faint smiles on everyone’s face, as they try not to think too much about what just happened.

Harry sighs, he really doesn’t feel all that sad. He’s happy he made new friends and discovered that not all people he has to work with are rude and selfish.

He regrets going back because he knows that he’ll be under pressure again, his mind and body repeatedly toyed with by his coworkers.

He now has Louis though.

His boyfriend squeezes the curly haired boy’s hand gently, playing with his rings.

Louis admires the jewels that adorn Harry’s delicate, nimble fingers. He thinks he should get Harry something, perhaps a new ring, since he seems to love them very much.

He’s never gone a day without wearing them, now that he thinks about it.

“What are you thinking about, love?”, he asks, just to break the silence and make this thick, heavy cloud of eeriness drift away.

“Just how much I like you”, Harry adds a cheeky grin that has Louis’ insides turn.

“Oh, come on now, you can’t be so adorable now that I can’t touch you properly”, he teases.

“What do you mean you can’t? If I remember correctly, last time we were on a plane you did touch me”, Harry smirks back as his dimples show.

“Yes, but it was dark and everyone was sleeping. Certain things I like to keep private”, Louis laughs with a wink.

They talk during the entire flight, and before they know it they’re landing, back home safe and sound and ready to leave again for the next shoot.

As Liam and Niall wait to retrieve their suitcases, they spend the remaining time together hugging
and kissing softly, whispering in each other’s ears.
“I can’t wait to see you again”, Harry mumbles against Louis’ lips, relishing the softness and the
sensation of them against his own.
“I want to see you again soon”, Louis pouts, “How about tomorrow?”
Harry purses his lips and thinks about it for a moment.
“I don’t know, I might have to work, I’ll let you know”, he finishes, and Louis nods.
“Alright guys, are you ready to go?”, Liam asks both boys, even though he’s mostly looking at his
best friend.
Now that they talked it almost seems like they’ve never argued in the first place, and Liam
couldn’t be happier.
It was so easy, they could have done it ages ago, but it’s better late than ever, as they say.
“Yeah, come on Harry”, Louis takes Harry’s hand, linking their fingers together and walking
towards the parking lot where they left their cars, praying to god that the security did their job and
they’re still there.
Niall sighs a breath of relief when he sees his Range Rover in perfect shape, parked exactly where
he left it a week ago.
“Well boys, here we leave you”, Liam smiles warmly.
Harry and Niall say their goodbye’s and hop into the latter’s car, cranking up the heat.
“I forgot how cold winter was here”, Harry mumbles as he shivers uncontrollably.
“Relax, we’re not far from home”, the Irishman assures his friend with a smile.
“Listen, Harry”, he starts again after some minutes, and Harry jumps and sits up straight. He dozed
off without realizing it.
“Yeah?”, he stifles a yawn.
“What are your intention with Louis?”
“What do you mean by that?”, Harry looks puzzled at his best friend, who instead is watching the
road.
“Well, I’m happy for you, don’t get me wrong, but he didn’t seem convincing enough to me. I
mean, he played with you a lot, you spent half of last week crying because of him, and now all of a
sudden, within a few days, you’re-you’re together? I think you’re rushing things with him”, he lets
out.
Niall’s been thinking about it, but he never actually said something, afraid he’d make Harry angry
with him.
“Are you trying to lecture me on relationships when you’ve been single for years, Niall?
Seriously?”, Harry retorts harshly, making Niall wish he never spoke in the first place.
“I’m not lecturing you, I’m just trying to make you think about it. I’m happy if you are, just- I
don’t want you crying again because of him”, he admits.
“Well sorry if this is how I handle my emotions Niall. I won’t cry anymore if you’re around,
happy?”, he huffs, crossing his arms over his chest.
He doesn’t know why he got so defensive all of a sudden. He may be trying to avoid thinking
about all the negative scenarios, and he’s trying to convince himself that Louis has changed for
good.
So far there haven’t been any problems, only minor bickering, which is something all couples do.
“Harry you know I don’t care about that. It’s just. Well, I’ll tell you what I think”, Niall takes a
depth breath, tightening his grip on the steering wheel.
“To me you just jumped onto this thing because you wanted a different kind of attention. A kind of
attention that I can’t give you. But listen to me Harry, you don’t have to force yourself into this,
love will come to you eventually”, he finishes.
Harry simply laughs bitterly and rolls his tired eyes.
“Do you think I want to be with Louis because I want attention? Are you fucking serious? You are
being ridiculous. I love Louis, he loves me. End of the story”, he scoffs as he shakes his head in
disbelief, and Niall doesn’t have the heart to argue back.
He just sighs and keeps driving in silence.
He really is happy for Harry, he thinks he deserves someone who can love him unconditionally, who can make him feel special and like he owns the world.

He’s happy Louis can make him feel like this, but what he was trying to say is: is this going to last? How can Harry be sure Louis won’t break his heart again? Maybe he’s just exaggerating, he’s overreacting as usual.

Harry finally found someone he can be happy with, and that’s what matters. He shouldn’t be meddling.

“Haz”, he tries after a while. He can see their apartment building from here, as he starts slowing down.

“I’m sorry, I really am. I just want you to be happy, I shouldn’t be so selfish. If you’re happy, that’s all that matters to me. Okay?”

Harry, who has his back turned from Niall, feels a smile make its way onto his face, as he slowly shakes his head.

“It’s okay Niall, I’m sorry for snapping at you. I love you, you know that right?”

“luckily I do”, the Irishman replies with a grin as he parks the car.

“We’re here at last!”, he exclaims happily as he hops out of the car, stretching his tired limbs.

“Come here”, he tells Harry who walks closer and instantly feels engulfed in a warm hug.

“I love your hugs”

“I know, I know. Now come on, you need your sleep and so do I”, Niall pats his friend on the back.

“Do I have to go to work tomorrow?”, the curly haired boy asks nervously.

He really doesn’t want to face his crew so soon, especially not right after he worked with such nice and good people.

“Obviously not Haz, Simon’s giving you a few days to settle back again”, Niall winks as he drops Harry’s stuff on the floor near his bed.

“Well, see you tomorrow I guess?”, he smiles and waves before making his way out of the flat, forcing Harry to lock the door right after.

The curly headed boy sighs contently and pulls out his phone, flopping on his bed and texting Louis.

Harry: Lou are you awake?

He fidgets with his phone for a couple of seconds, until his phone buzzes and a message from Louis lights up the screen.

Louis: Yeah, I can’t sleep. Liam is here and won’t leave..

Harry: Why is he here? Just kick him out

Louis: I can’t, he wants to make sure I fall asleep

Harry: What? Why?

Louis: He thinks I won’t sleep if he leaves

Louis: And he’s right because I’m not tired

Louis: My body feels like it’s 3 in the afternoon

Harry: It’s almost one in the morning though

Louis: Thanks Harry, I didn’t know that

Harry: Sorry

Louis: No problems love

Louis: Are you alone?

Harry: Yeah

Louis: That’s not fair :( Why are you alone

Harry: Because, unlike Liam, Niall trusts me, duh

Louis: This hurt

Harry: How are you texting me if Liam’s there

Louis: I’m hidden under the blankets lol

Harry: You naughty ;)

Louis: I know
Louis: Hey
Harry: Yeah?
Louis: You want me to call you?

Before Harry can even answer, his phone starts buzzing and Louis’ name pops up on the screen.

“Hey”, Harry answers as he muffles a yawn.

“Are you tired?”’, Louis’ voice echoes through the phone, filling Harry’s ears and making him automatically smile.

“Not that much. I miss you already”, he whines, and Louis, now hidden under the covers, coos against his pillow.

“What the hell are you doing in there?”, Liam asks as he rolls his eyes. The blue eyed boy hears Harry chuckle on the other line and huffs.

“Nothing”, he quickly answers, hiding his face under the blanket.

“Go to sleep or I’ll take your phone”, Liam threatens before stepping away from the door.

“Stop laughing, Harry”, Louis groaned under his breath.

The two start whispering on the phone silly things, until their simple conversation turns into something else, so quickly that neither of the boys know how they ended up there.

The conversation turns into something more heated, until both boys are laying on their beds, half naked and touching themselves listening to one another’s words and moans.

“I’m gonna make you feel so good when I see you”, Louis pants, slowly stroking himself at a steady pace.

“What are you gonna do?”, Harry breathes out, his hands slick with sweat as he listens to Louis’ groans.

“I’m gonna pin you down to the bed and start kissing your neck, only where you like it the most”, he says, and Harry closes his eyes as he imagines Louis’ tongue trailing on his neck, making chill run down his spine.

“Go on”, Harry grunts, starting to touch himself but picturing Louis doing the work, making it all ten times better.

“Then I- I’m gonna undress you slowly, teasing you as I play with your skin, licking and touching everywhere and looking as you arch your back looking for friction but I stop you, making you whine out and enjoying every minute of it”, Louis rushes out, not even thinking about the words that are leaving his mouth anymore.

“And then-Then what are you going to do?”, Harry slurs out, squinting his eyes shut, the pleasure now overwhelming.

“And then I’m going to-”

“You’re going to shut that damn thing off and go to sleep”, Liam’s stern voice bounced in the room, making Louis jump and scream.

“The fuck are you still doing in my house?! Why am I surrounded by cockblockers?!”, Louis yells annoyed, but Liam’s not having it.

“Give me that thing”, he demands while holding his hand out.

“Fuck off”, Louis snorted.

Harry sighs as the atmosphere is now completely ruined.

“Give him the phone, Louis”, he says defeated, but with a smile. The situation is actually kind of funny. Liam treating Louis like a child and Louis refusing to listen.

“Fine”, Louis huffs.

Goodnight Harry, I’ll see you tomorrow”, he pouts before hanging up and tossing the phone to Liam, who catches it easily and puts it in his pocket.

“Go to sleep and you’ll have it back tomorrow”, he states as he closes the door, but Louis can still hear his footsteps exit the house, until he’s able to hear his engine turn on and drive away slowly. He sighs, thinking back at Harry and how much he loves him.

He finds himself genuinely excited at the thought that he’ll be seeing him in just a few hours, and this sensation is something completely new to him.

He realizes he’s become attached to this boy, and it never happened before.
This, however, makes it all the more scary. Is it healthy to care so much about someone? To think about them every second, to wish they were always by his side? What if something goes wrong and they stop talking, they stop seeing each other? He pushes this thoughts at the back of his mind, and even though they keep resurfacing, he forces himself not to think about it and be happy for once. He already knows they’ll be on every gossip magazine, and people will criticize them for being together since they’re two guys. That’s not a problem for Louis, he could care less about all those sad people who have nothing better to do beside hating on people who are way more successful and happy than they’ll ever be. Louis is in fact worried about Harry, he knows how sensitive his boyfriend is, and he wonders whether Harry will be able to take everything as it comes and toss it behind himself. Louis is ready to assure him that he won’t be alone, that they’re both in it, but he doesn’t know if that will be enough. He buries his face in his pillow and pictures Harry lying next to him, his eyes closed as his his mouth is just slightly parted, steady breaths escaping those plump lips and his curls sprawled in every direction, resembling a fallen angel.
(12.24.2016, Happy birthday to the most precious baby angel out there. Keep shining x).

“Good god”, Harry sighs as Louis’ hands roam his body, swiftly sliding Harry’s sweater from his thin torso, now leaving his chest exposed so that the older boy’s tongue could bite and lick the fresh and delicate skin.

Harry let Louis in a few minutes ago, when the blue eyed boy woke him up by calling him and telling him he was outside his apartment building and he needed to know which door to knock on. Harry told him his door is on the fifth floor, the only door to the left. It’s impossible to go wrong, since on every floor there are just two flats, one on the right and one on the left side.

Harry was in the bathroom when Louis made his way in, and when he exited the room he was immediately tackled by his boyfriend, this immediately knocked the sleep out of him and replaced it with the familiar feeling of need and arousal.

Now, they’re in Harry’s bedroom, the latter laying on his back, arching his whole body as his senses go crazy under Louis’ touch.

“What do you want to do?”, the feathery haired boy asks as Harry fumbles with his boyfriend’s pants.

“I want to ride you”, Harry says in a deep, needy tone that makes Louis squint his eyes shut to prevent him to scream out in pleasure.

Just the thought is enough to turn Louis on to the point where trying to think is the hardest task.

He nods, panting, “Okay”, he says, “Okay, I’m gonna prep you alright?”

Harry simply nods, not having the strength to formulate coherent words, and points at something.

Louis looks around the room, and spots the nightstand on the right side of the king sized bed, automatically understanding what his boyfriend is trying to say.

He opens the drawer without detaching from his lover, who is already squirming under him with anticipation.

He reaches for all he needs and slams the drawer shut, returning his full attention to the awaiting boy under him, already naked and panting.

He stops for a moment, admiring the true beauty this boy is, and he thinks of how lucky he is.

From his toned chest to his skinny body, to his disheveled hair and swollen lips, his dilated pupils, his nimble fingers. There’s no doubt in Louis’ mind that Harry is something from another world as his beauty is utterly alluring, to the point where you can admire him all day and not find a single flaw.

“Are you alright? We don’t have to do it if you don’t want to”, Harry’s soft voice startles Louis, and brings him back to reality.

He shakes his head, still a bit phased, “No no, I was just- I was- God, you’re beautiful you know? You’re perfect to me”, he whispers, almost ashamed of himself for thinking such cheesy things in a moment like that.

Harry’s cheeks become even more flushed as he looks away from his boyfriend, but the boy cups his cheeks and looks at Harry in the eyes with such fond and love that Harry almost feels like crying.

“You still want to do it?”, Louis asks, afraid that he might have ruined the moment.

“Yeah, sure. If you want”, Harry breathes out.

And, just like that, Louis smashes his lips against the younger boy’s, his hands now caressing his body as the green eyed boy finally removes every remaining clothes from Louis’ body, leaving them both exposed.

Louis’ lips then move to Harry’s neck, starting to leave bites and marks as Harry’s hands get tangled in the other boy’s hair, letting out hushed moans.

While working Harry’s neck, Louis’ hands reach for Harry’s hole, as he drags a finger on it and
feels the younger boy’s whole body tense and start trembling.
“Come on”, Harry ushers him but Louis chuckles, taking his time and teasing the boy, still
dragging his finger against his hole slowly, touching the entrance just a bit before resuming their
pattern.
Harry’s whines and whimpers are enough to bring him on the edge, so he attaches his lips to the
younger boy’s again and slowly, painfully slow, sliding a finger in his hole.
Harry’s breath hitches, he’s ready, he can’t wait to feel that sensation again, to bask in the infinite,
mind blowing pleasure.
However, Louis removes his finger only halfway through, before pushing it all in quickly, making
Harry’s breath catch in his throat.
Without any warning, he pushes another finger in, trying to go as deep as possible, reaching the
source of pleasure inside Harry’s body so that the latter starts moaning, repeating Louis’ name over
and over again.
Louis keeps teasing Harry’s prostate, as Harry’s fingers dig into Louis’ flesh in an attempt to
refrain from screaming out loud.
“Don’t be ashamed baby, let it out”, Louis whispers against his boyfriend’s ear.
After another minute he pulls his fingers out, and reaches for the lube, before grabbing Harry by
his waist lightly and flipping them over, so that Louis is now laying under Harry, who is instead
sitting on the older boy’s stomach.
“Take the lube and do what you’ve got to do”, Louis instructs a panting Harry, feeling almost dizzy
with anticipation.
He feels something cold being rubbed against his own member, his eyes closing as he focuses on
his breathing.
As he feels something warm and tight against his tip, he places his hands on both Harry’s hips and
pushes him down all the way, relishing the sensation he’s feeling now.
The feeling of Harry’s hole rubbing on his length is driving him crazy, and he starts moaning
quietly as the younger boy starts moving around, almost like tracing patterns, as Louis’ member
slides in and out. Slowly at first, then faster and more rushed as the adrenaline is mixed with
pleasure and energy.
Harry’s moans become gradually louder and louder, Louis’ nails scratching the tender skin of the
curly headed boy’s waist as his own back arches and his eyes squint shut.
“T’im close”, Harry warns, and Louis nods.
“Call me babe”, Harry demands, and Louis obliges, knowing how much his boyfriend likes to be
called that.
“Fuck, you’re so good. You’re mine, babe. All mine”
Harry bites his lips and throws his head back, finally giving in to the pleasure and letting his
control fade away.
At this sight, Louis’ senses go crazy as he comes with a loud moan, arching his back once again
and helping Harry ride out his high, until the latter, still panting, flops on his side as Louis slides
out of him, their skin still sensitive and tingling and their breath ragged and heavy.
The green eyed boy closes his eyes and lays on his back, trying to regain his breath and waiting for
his still sensitive parts to calm down.
Louis scoots closer to the panting boy, caressing his arm and then linking their hands together, not
caring about the mess they made. They can clean up later.
“I missed this”, he admits with a smile, looking at the ceiling since he knows Harry’s eyes are still
closed.
“I missed you”, Harry answers.
It’s true, he did miss physical contact with Louis in that way, but overall, he missed Louis.
It was just for a short period of time, obviously, but after all they’ve been through, even being
away for a short span of time is enough to spark anxiety and agitation in Harry.
He’s constantly worried that, if apart, Louis will go and forget about Harry, or realize Harry isn’t
enough for him and leave him for good.
“Me too. You’re so pretty”, Louis breathes out, still worn out by the previous activities.
“Thanks. So, what do you want to do today?” Harry asks as he finally sits up and slips on a pair of clean boxers, grimacing at his now dirty silk sheets.
“I don’t know. How about we take a shower and then decide?”, he offers, and Harry looks at him with a cheeky grin, shaking his head.
“Come on then”, he chuckles while going into the bathroom, leaving the door open for Louis.
After the shower, they both get dressed, but as Harry is calmly slipping on his leather boots while humming to himself, he hears muffled cursing coming from his bedroom.
He furrows his eyebrows and walks to his room, only to notice Louis fidgeting with his hair, trying to tame them.
“Need some help over there?”, Harry chuckles as he walks closer to the older boy, who’s now huffing.
“I wanted a clean quiff but this stupid hair won’t stay-look!”, he sighs in frustration as a strand of his feathery hair keeps falling down messily, covering his forehead and his left eye.
Harry shakes his head, looking at his boyfriend fondly, “You look like a teenage punk!” He then reaches for Louis’ hair and helps him tame his hair with a little gel.
Louis instantly relaxes as Harry’s hands slide through his hair, almost making him purr out loud. Sadly, it was over all too quickly, and Harry’s hands drop to his side, even though his body remains put, looking into Louis’ eyes.
Louis smiles slightly, without feeling uncomfortable under his lover’s stare, seeing the love and admiration radiating from his eyes.
He slowly leans in, placing his arms on Harry’s waist, who mindlessly drapes his arms around Louis’ neck.
They finally kiss slowly, lips crashing against each other, plump lips against thin lips, they fit like the pieces of a puzzle.
When they finally pull apart, Harry feels his cheeks burn as he looks to the floor, “Sorry, I got caught up and-”
Louis interrupts him by placing his finger on Harry’s lips, “Don’t worry, it’s fine. You can kiss me whenever you want to”.
The two smile at each other for a moment, then walk to the door and make their way outside.
“Niall lives here, right?”, Louis asks as he points to the door in front of the one they just came out of.
“Yeah”, Harry nods, “Now that I think about it, I should text him and let him know I’m out. He tends to come in without warning”, he explains as Louis listens with furrowed eyebrows.
“Do you hear that?”, he stops in his track and looking at Harry, putting a finger over his lips at the same time and motioning for Harry to not speak.
The green eyed boy stops too, trying to understand what his boyfriend’s trying to say.
He stays still for a few seconds, only hearing some muffled noises, like voices, lots of them.
“What the hell?”, he asks, and walks closer to Niall’s door, placing an ear against it, “He didn’t tell me he would be having people over”.
However, he manages to understand that the noises don’t come from there.
“Oh god”, Louis swears under his breath, and then grabs Harry’s hands.
“I’m going to murder them”, he angrily starts walking again, dragging Harry down the stairs.
“Who? What are you talking-”, he stops when they reach the lobby, the big glass door revealing what’s on the other side.
Herds of photographers, paparazzi and cameras are surrounding the building, and they all start pushing and pressing against the door when they notice the couple made their way downstairs.
“We’ve been mobbed! Those fuckers. I’m calling the cops”, Louis threatens harshly, but Harry recovers from his shock and stops him.
“No! Don’t- let’s just walk to your car and drive away”, he offers, but Louis can hear his voice shake and he doesn’t like it one bit.
He groans loudly, “Fuck this. Come on love”, he sighs as he holds his hand out for Harry, who
hesitantly looks at it after glancing at the crowd out there. He’d rather go back to his flat, lock the
door and wait for that herd of people to give up and go away, but Louis’ intentions are clearly
different.
“I said come on”, the older boy spits in such a harsh tone Harry instantly grabs it out of fear, trying
not to whimper as his boyfriend’s hold is starting to hurt is hand.
Louis pushes the doors open and they’re immediately surrounded by dozens of people.
All Harry can see are flashes, microphones, bodies pressed against each other creating a fence, a
concrete wall impossible to climb.
He feels like these people are getting way too close, and his breath is short and ragged as his hands
start sweating. His eyes start watering and his lungs start burning as he feels like a wild animal
trapped in a cage that’s too small for him. Hands are touching him, gripping his jacket as they try
to stop him from fleeing that place along with the blue eyed supermodel that’s still clutching his
hand in a crushing grip. They look like hunters ready to shoot down their defenseless prey only to
hang him on a wall and have their friends over to laugh at him. That’s exactly how Harry is feeling,
and he wishes he could just be braver and tell them to leave him alone. Instead he keeps quiet,
biting his tongue to keep himself from arguing with the paps, yelling at them that they have no
right to do this and tell them that more than half the things they are spewing out are fake, rude and
annoying. Not to mention, hurtful.
He keeps his gaze fixed on the ground as he hears voices, so many voices shouting out questions
over questions, but he tries to pay no mind to them.
“Are you one of the first openly gay celebrity couples! Did you notice all the hate comments you
already received on social media?”
“How are you handling the hate?”
“You crushed thousands of girls’ dreams!”
“Did you guys already have sex? Is it true that you are both affected from STD’s?”
“Hate messages are trending on twitter! Have you read them?”
“What do your parents think of you?”
Harry’s eyes start to water as he feels Louis drag him away, further and further from all the people
who somehow managed to hold them captive for too long now.
“Hop in”, Louis demands, his voice cold as his face as he unlocks his car for Harry to jump in and
hide from everyone.
The younger boy obliges, slumping in his seat and wiping his eyes, sniffing quietly. When Louis
shuts the door he notices Harry’s state, but he knows he has to drive away before focusing
completely on his distraught boyfriend.
He turns the engine on and drives away as fast as he can while keeping a hand on Harry’s, getting
worried when his boyfriend doesn’t reciprocate the touch. He finally pulls over in a fast food
parking lot, sighing a breath of relief that is sadly mixed with nervousness and concern.
Harry’s now looking out the window, but Louis can see he’s not really looking. His eyes are still a
bit red and small sniffles leave his body every now and then as he’s biting his ring mindlessly.
“Haz, baby”, Louis tries, but Harry stays still.
“Baby, look at me, are you alright?” he asks again, placing an arm on Harry’s thigh. The green
eyed boy turns his head, his eyes watering all over again just thinking about what just happened.
He smiles, but Louis can see it’s fake, “I’m fine”, his shaky voice doesn’t convince the older boy at
all.
Louis sighs and unfastens his seatbelt, opening the door of his car and walking to the other side,
opening the passenger seat door and kneeling in front of Harry.
He cups the boy’s cheeks, rubbing his thumb over the damp skin.
“Don’t listen to them, please. They don’t matter”, he assures, but Harry shakes his head.
“You-you scared m-me back there”, he admits, thinking back at Louis’ behavior.
Louis thinks about what Harry’s saying, realizing that maybe he’s been a bit harsh on the poor boy.
He genuinely didn’t mean to though, he was just trying to protect him.
He bites his lips, overwhelmed with guilt as he takes Harry’s sore hand and kisses it.
“I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean it. I was so angry I didn’t think about what I was doing. I’m so sorry baby”, he frantically apologizes, silently praying for Harry to forgive him.
The younger boy nods, squeezing his boyfriend’s hand in reassurance.
“It’s fine”, he smiles slightly, and this time he means it.
“Are you sure?”, Louis tilts his head, wanting to make sure things are really fine.
When Harry nods, he sighs a breath of relief and kisses him on the lips tenderly, before hopping in the car and starting to drive away again, keeping a hand on Harry’s knee and tapping his fingers to the sound of some pop music playing softly on the radio.
“So, how about I treat you to a hot chocolate?”
Harry and Louis are now sitting in a cozy, warm and welcoming coffee shop, with fluffy seats and cute tapestry, along with golden fairy lights hanging all around the place that make them feel at peace and safe.

They’re sitting in a small booth, cuddled together and sipping on some hot chocolate, while playing with the little marshmallows slowly melting in it.

“What do you want to do for your birthday?”, Harry asks as he looks up at his smiling boyfriend, the sight immediately warms his heart and fills the younger boy with happiness and peace.

“I don’t know, I was thinking that maybe I could take you home so you could meet my family, maybe stay for Christmas, if you want”, Louis offers.

His birthday is approaching fast, the rainy, dull days of November are now replaced by the colder, chilly days of December, and some people have already decorated their houses as Christmas songs are already being played on the radio.

Now that he thinks about it, Harry should think about a nice present for Louis, something that’ll make him happy, maybe something they could both take advantage of.

An idea crosses his mind, and his eyes becomes suddenly brighter. It was easier than expected.

“Sounds good to me”, he smiles back, sipping his warm drink and smirking to himself.

“I was thinking that maybe you could bring your parents too, so that they could meet mine. You know, to bond and all that stuff”, Louis rambles on.

“They live pretty far from here, but I think I could arrange that”, Harry says thoughtfully, tapping his fingers on the china cup.

“Where exactly?”

“Oh! Are you sure they can come?”, Louis asks, taken by surprise.

“I’m pretty sure yeah, they usually spend Christmas all by themselves. They’ll be happy they’ll finally have something to do”, he chuckles.

“Nothing I haven’t seen before”, Louis scoffs playfully.

"You used to work in New York, right?"

Harry immediately frowns as he thinks back to those terrible days, when he felt so worthless and alone and unloved and everything was just awful. He nods silently, and Louis immediately understands that it's a delicate subject.

"Why did you leave?"

The green eyed boy doesn't really want to talk about it, he feels like it's something so silly. People out there have real problems, they are going through tough times, and to him, what he was going through was nothing compared to that. Although he felt like he was ready to give up on life. He really doesn't want to talk about it, but he feels forced to. Louis is his boyfriend now, he can trust him and he deserves to know.

"It was nothing, really. I just felt out of place", he scratches the back of his neck as he avoids the older boy's gaze.

"Just out of place?", Louis knows he's pushing it, but he genuinely wants to help his lover take this weight off his chest. But how can he do that if the green eyed boy doesn't collaborate?

"They just treated me like shit. Like I was nothing- and I know that if I wanted to make it in this industry I had to go through hard times and work my ass off", he sighs, finally meeting Louis' gaze
as his eyes start burning, "-but they never told me I had to starve myself for days if I wanted to achieve my goals. I was constantly under pressure and harsh judgements, they used to call me fat-worthless- everything they didn't like about me they would point it out just to make me feel bad about it", he feels his throat hurt with what feels like a lump that makes it hard to breathe and keep talking. He said enough anyway. And now he feels so stupid. He feels Louis' hand squeeze his gently as those icy blue eyes pierce into his and make him instantly feel safe. He feels like he matters, he feels like he's really loved.

"I'm so sorry you had to go through that", he strokes Harry's cheek gently, "But you were so brave baby. You had the strength to leave that place and look where that brought you- you're more successful and healthy than ever".

Harry doesn't say anything, he's just grateful he ended up where he is right now. He scoots closer to Louis and places his head on the latter's shoulder, feeling Louis start leaving gentle kisses on his forehead inbetween sips of his chocolate. This is what Harry loves: for them to be comfortable around each other even without talking, just being close.

Eventually, minutes turn into hours, hours turn into days, and days into weeks.

Snow is now delicately falling onto the busy streets of London, covering them completely so that they now look like big white rivers. Christmas decorations are hung everywhere, every building, lamp post, even the bare trees lining the roads, so that the streets are always glowing with colorful shades.

Harry and Louis are driving to Louis’ parents house, with Anne and Robin’s rented car following suit. The darkness that surrounds them is not so scary though.

Louis met his boyfriend’s parents when he picked them up from the airport, and discovered they are a lovely couple.

Anne adored Louis from the very moment she laid eyes on him, saying that she saw their pictures all over the magazines, while Robin simply shook his hand and patted his back in a friendly greeting.

Needless to say, Louis immediately liked them back.

“We’re almost there”, Louis casually says, while rubbing Harry’s knee.

“I’m nervous”, Harry admits, biting his lip and fidgeting with his fingers.

“Come on, you’ll be fine”, Louis reassures him with a laugh and a warm smile.

Today is finally Louis’ birthday, and Harry can’t wait to give Louis his present, glad he managed to find exactly what he was looking for.

However, he is quite upset he didn’t get the chance to spend some time alone with his own boyfriend, since their schedule for the day has been pretty hectic since this morning.

He hopes he and Louis can have a little bit of privacy, so that Harry can make Louis feel all the more special during such an important day.

Finally, Louis pulls over and Harry admires the place they just stopped in front of.

The house is a nice place, not even remotely big as Louis’, but you can clearly see that this family can afford more than the others in the whole neighborhood.

All the lights in and outside the place are on, making it all the more welcoming.

Louis and Harry wait for the latter’s parents to park their car and join them.

“I can’t wait to meet your family, Louis!”, Anne exclaims excitedly as she fixes her dark hair, placing a strand behind her ear and hooking her arm under his husband’s. Louis simply smiles back, taking Harry’s hand and knocking on the familiar, big wooden door. Louis can still see some scratches on it, the result of countless footballs being thrown against it when he was a restless kid. His parents never repaired it though, mostly because they wanted something to remind them constantly of their oldest, troublesome kid who loves to run around and cause trouble wherever he goes. However his thoughts are soon interrupted because not even ten seconds later he hears some muffled footsteps approaching quickly from the other side and the door is finally opened by a girl with long, wavy brown hair wearing a cute, black dress and probably too much makeup for her age. She seems young, but her face resembles so much Louis’ feature that Harry has no doubt it’s one of his boyfriend’s many sisters. She is beautiful, just like him after all.
“Louis! you’re here!”, she jumps around as she let them in. Louis doesn’t waste any time and hugs her tightly, “Fizzy! You’ve become such a beautiful little lady”, he smiles, making the younger girl blush and slap his arm playfully.

“And you’re Harry! And you’re Harry’s mum and dad?”, she greets them as she leads them into the big living room full of Christmas decorations. There’s a big tree near the fireplace, dozens of red, green and gold little balls are hanging, and it is gently wrapped in warm, colored lights. There are already so many presents underneath it and Harry can’t help but smile when he notices that little hand made dolls are resting on some shelves. Probably the youngest twins made them. He looks around with a smile, noticing that the rest of the family is waiting for them.

“Louis!”, Jay’s voice startles them as Louis’ mother runs to him and hugs him tightly, followed by all his siblings who are jumping around excitedly.

“Wow, Harry Styles. In the flesh. I am alright”, the older sister, Lottie as Harry remembers, is staring at him mumbling things under her breath, making the green eyed boy really confused and a little embarrassed.

“Lottie, are you really fangirling over my boyfriend?”, Louis rolls his eyes sarcastically, while taking Harry’s hand and rubbing soothing circles with his thumb, motioning for him to sit beside him on the big white leather couch near the fireplace.

“Do you even know who he is, Louis?!”, she continues as she follows them around like a lost puppy, making both Harry and Louis chuckle.

“I think I do, yeah”, he finishes laughing as Jay hands the couple a flute of white wine with a warm smile. Harry finds himself already liking this family. They’re all so positive and full of energy.

“Here you go boys, dinner will be ready in a minute”, she assures before leading Harry’s parents in the next room, probably giving them a tour of the house.

“Wow Harry”, Daisy, one of the twins, approaches him and starts touching his hair with her little hands, tickling him unknowingly.

“Daisy, leave Harry alone”, Louis warns her but Harry shakes his head and pats his thigh, letting him it’s alright. He loves children, so having the chance to be surrounded by them makes him ecstatic to say the least.

“Your hair is prettier than my whole life will ever be”, Lottie speaks up, making Harry raise an eyebrow.

“I don’t think this sentence made any sense”, he tells her with a smile that makes her blush bright red.

“Doesn’t matter. Can I take a picture with you? My friends will flip once they see it”, she pouts as she folds her hands like she were begging.

“Lottie, don’t use Harry like that, come on!”, Louis interrupts her with a glare, making her frown.

“Maybe later, okay? I promise I will, but right now I just want to forget who I am and just relax. These past few weeks have been a bit tough”, Harry admits, thinking back at the day they’ve been mobbed, and then the amount of hate they have been receiving.

If it weren’t for Louis, Harry doesn’t know what he would have done. Sometimes a single person can’t take all the things people say without breaking.

“Yeah, I saw. People suck sometimes”, Lottie nods as she purses her lips.

“That’s exactly what I said”, Louis chuckles. He places his mouth on Harry’s shoulder and starts leaving quick but gentle kisses as he listens to his conversation with his sister. The blue eyed model feels so happy and complete right now and he’s glad he ended up with such a sweet and beautiful boyfriend.

“Guys come on, it’s time to eat!”, Jay announces from the kitchen, and everyone makes their way into the dining room. Louis and Harry wait for everybody to run into the kitchen before getting up.

“Thank you for being here, it means a lot to me. Really”, the older boy kisses Harry’s hand, never letting go of it.

“Don’t mention it. I love it here, you’re family is awesome”, the curly haired boy smiles warmly before following Louis into the kitchen and taking a seat next to him. Jay is an amazing cook, and Harry doesn’t fail to remind her every minute. He’s trying to be careful
about what he eats and the amount of food he’s having since he won’t be able to work out for at least another couple days, but everything is simply so good he forgets about his paranoia for a moment, feeling happier than ever.

From the moment they sit at the table, Harry never loses his genuine smile, amused by the twins and entertained by Charlotte and Felicité’s stories from when Louis was still a kid.

“-And you should have seen his face when he woke up!”, Fizzy says as she finishes chewing a bite of her meat.

She and Lottie are telling Harry about the time they dyed Louis’ hair purple during the night, when he was 15.

“He freaked out and started crying so much! Like, full on crying and screaming because he thought he was like sick!”, Lottie adds, clutching her stomach while laughing so much she has tears in her eyes.

“We should also tell him about that time when we put a fake spider inside his shoe! Did you know he used to play with our Barbie’s?”, Fizzy adds, smiling cheekily.

Harry laughs too, amused by the story, and when he turns to look at Louis, he sees him clutching his fork tightly and glaring at his two sisters, while the rest of the people chuckle and move on with their conversations.

“Stop right now”, Louis threatens through gritted teeth, but his expression becomes more relaxed as he feels Harry’s hand placed on his knee, the warmth radiating from it instantly calming him down and almost making him forget why he was upset in the first place.

“Relax, they’re just kids”, he reassures his boyfriend, “Besides, I used to play with girl toys a lot too”, he finishes with a wink.

After dinner, Louis’ parents bring out a small package, wrapped with bright blue paper and decorated with a white bow.

“This is for your birthday, sweetheart”, his mother smiles as he hands Louis the package while kissing him on the cheek repeatedly, making everybody in the room coo and smile at the sight.

“Thanks mum”, Louis stammers as he detaches from his mother, wiping his cheek with the sleeve of his sweater.

“Come on, open it!” The twins clap their hands excitedly.

Harry briefly looks back at his parents, seeing that they have big smiles on their faces and are looking curiously at his boyfriend.

When he turns his head again, he sees Louis has already unwrapped the present and is staring at it with bright eyes.

He’s holding a golden picture frame with an old family photo from when they went to Egypt a few years ago. There’s Louis hugging Lottie and Fizzy while Daisy and Phoebe are making silly faces. Jay is holding Doris, who’s looking at her own hands with a frown, while Louis’ stepfather is holdin Ernest, who has both his little arms in the air and is smiling happily. Everyone is smiling as they all wave to the camera, and Louis’ heart swells with joy at the sight. He loves his family so much, each and everyone of them, no exceptions.

“Do you like it?”, Jay looks at her son expectantly while clasping her hands together, seeing the bright smile on his face.

“I love it! I remember this place, and I remember that we had that weird Asian man take this picture but he didn’t know how our camera worked so we stayed like this for like five minutes”, he shakes his head as he starts laughing, remembering the face of that poor old man panicking in front of them.

“I thought you could put it somewhere in your house so that you won’t forget about us”, his mother finishes with a warm smile.

Louis gets up and hugs her and his dad tightly, “I could never I mean, how can I forget the people who created such a handsome boy? I mean look at me?”, he laughs.

Once dinner’s over, Harry’s parents drive to their hotel after promising they’ll come back tomorrow to eat lunch together and open the presents.

Harry and Louis, though, are now sitting in Louis’ old room. It has baby blue walls, a twin sized
bed with bright red covers and a big wooden closet, but other than that it’s pretty empty, since Louis doesn’t spend his nights there anymore. On the walls, Harry can see there’s still some scotch tape, a sign that this room was once probably covered with pictures and posters. The walls have a few scratches and the paint is a bit chipped at the edges of the room, but this doesn’t bother the green eyed boy. In fact, it makes him feel more at home. Harry doesn’t bother opening his suitcase and putting his things away, he simply sits on Louis’ soft bed and looks around the room, picturing a teenage Louis doing homework and sleeping and just growing up in this room.

He starts walking around once Louis excuses himself to go to the bathroom, opening random drawers and smiling to himself. As he opens one of the drawers next to Louis’ old closet, he sees what looks like two small pieces of white paper, but when he picks one up he notices it’s not a simple piece of crumpled paper. His eyes widen and his heart swells a bit when he sees it’s an old picture of Louis, probably from when he was eight or nine. He looks adorable, with his little button nose all scrunch up and a big, fluffy teddy bear held tight in his arms, his hair is a mess and his front teeth are missing. The other picture is more recent, Louis was probably sixteen. He’s standing in what looks like a football field with the ball at his feet, balancing it with scrunched eyebrows as his tongue pokes out of his mouth. He slips them both into his pocket, deciding to keep them because to him, they are so precious.

Louis returns soon after, seeing Harry sitting on the bed and joining him, placing a hand on his boyfriend’s knee and stroking his leg slowly, looking around the big room too.

“I lost my virginity to my first girlfriend here”, he breaks the silence, “I was 17”.

“How did it feel?”

“Not that good. I was so nervous I couldn’t get hard, and to top it all of my mother busted me”, he shakes his head as memories of that day start invading his mind.

Harry starts laughing, so Louis scoffs and crosses his arms over his chest, “That’s not funny! I was grounded for two weeks!”

“I’m sorry”, Harry says between hiccups, “We could always make new memories here though”, he suggests in a low tone, voiced mixed with love and lust.

Louis’ pupils dilate as he watches his boyfriend smirk seductively.

“Oh really? Such a nice boy, always offering his help”, Louis teases, straddling Harry so that he’s now laying on his back with Louis on top of him.

“I know right”, the younger boy whispers as they start kissing passionately, the only noise in the room is created by their lips colliding against each other and the fabric of their clothes rubbing together, as well as their heavy breathing echoing against the walls and filling their ears.

Suddenly though Harry remembers he has to do something important, so he reluctantly stops kissing Louis and sits up straight.

“What’s wrong?”, Louis asks as he looks concerned at his panting lover.

“I have to give you something!”, he suddenly jumps off the bed and grabs his Louis Vuitton leather suitcase, rummaging through it frantically as Louis watches him curiously.

“Is it a blowjob?”, he smirks mischievously making Harry scoffs.

“Yes, this is why I’m looking for it in my bag, Louis. You’re so smart”.

“Hey! Don’t sass me on my birthday!”, Louis laughs, now feeling genuinely curious.

Harry’s eyes become brighter as he finds what he’s looking for. He pulls out a thin white envelope, with the words ‘To the most handsome man on Earth’ written on it.

“Happy birthday”, he smiles as he turns around and hands it to Louis, who’s looking at him surprised.

“Open it”, Harry urges, and Louis obviously obliges, curiosity finally taking over.

Inside there are two pieces of paper, but as Louis examines them closely he realizes those aren’t simple pieces of paper.

“Oh my god Harry, how did you manage to get them?!”, Louis gasps as he holds two tickets for the upcoming Manchester United game.

His heart is beating so fast he thinks it can fall off his chest and run away any moment now.
“Being a celebrity helps sometimes”, Harry simply answers with a shrug. He’s probably happier than Louis right now. All he wanted was to make his boyfriend happy, and this reaction is more than he could have asked for.

Louis immediately wraps his arms tightly around Harry’s thin body, clutching him like he were to disappear.

“Y-you didn’t have to. Thank you! Thank you!”, Louis thanks him with shaky voice.

“Are you crying?”, Harry laughs, hugging his boyfriend back and burying his face in his chest.

“I mean, I didn’t think you’d remember!”, Louis exclaims as he thinks back to the day he told Harry his biggest dream as a teenager was to see his favorite soccer team play live and how he never got the chance to.

“But I did, didn’t I?”

“How did I manage to find you”, Louis whispers against Harry’s hair.

“I don’t want to remember, honestly”, Harry chuckles.

They stay like this for a while, hugging, without saying a word as everything is so perfect right now, neither of them could ask for more. Harry utterly loves Louis’ family, he didn’t think he would be so comfortable around them, but at the end of dinner he felt like he knew them all along. They’re such a special family, everyone’s happy and they know how to make everyone feel at ease around them, and this is something not all families can do.

So, needless to say, Harry is relieved and genuinely happy with how this evening turned out to be. He can’t wait to spend tomorrow with Louis again, knowing that when this is over they’ll still be together.

The next day, while spending some quality time with his family and his boyfriend, Louis receives a call from an unknown number, so he decides to answer just to make sure it’s not someone calling him to wish him a happy Christmas.

He walks away from the group, telling Harry he’ll be back in a second.

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It’s been two months since that call. He didn’t want to do it. Who would want to do it? He was happy. He didn’t need anything else. The next few weeks after that call he tried to reason with both Ben and Liam. He wanted to be able to tell Harry, he really did. But for some reason he never found the courage to do so. He hates himself for what he agreed to, but he felt like he didn’t have any chance. Which is stupid, because of course he had. And now he’ll have to do something he never would have thought he would do. The worst thing? He can’t turn back now. He felt so guilty that he couldn’t be able to enjoy properly his boyfriend’s birthday. 20, what a milestone. He’s so proud of his baby, so young yet so successful and so full of life and just- he has so much planned ahead of him. Louis never told him, but he loves Harry. He really does. He’s not exactly sure when he realized it, but he knows for sure that he does, and that what’s to come is going to tear him apart.

It’s been a week since Harry’s birthday. The couple finally had the chance to spend the whole day together after a few weeks full of work, fashion events, catwalks and interviews. They had to be apart from each other for over three weeks, and Louis wanted their reunion to be special. However, with everything that’s going on, he feels like he’s wasted such an important and special day as he was too focused and concerned on his own problems. Harry noticed, but didn’t say anything. Not because he didn’t care, but because he was afraid to know.

It’s weird, their popularity has increased exponentially since they came out as a gay couple, they were requested more by famous brands, the hate towards them is still strong but they learned how to handle it and move on.

They’ve never been apart for more than two weeks, and during that time they’ll always find a way to stay in touch. So, when they were not able to see each other for such a long time, both of them felt like they were going crazy. On top of that, every time they finally reunited, they were followed by herds of paparazzi or just nasty stalkers that never leave them alone. They were constantly mobbed, to the point where that became normal. They had each other though. Harry had Louis, but Louis wasn’t so sure he had Harry anymore. The blue eyed boy started to become a bit more distant and cold towards Harry, and the latter noticed. This led him to become more clingy and anxious, because Louis is often far away without him, and his biggest fear is that his boyfriend could meet someone better than Harry and leave him, so Louis has to continuously tell him that love doesn’t work like that and that he’s in love with Harry and Harry only. Those words, although true, sounded bittersweet in his mouth. But this hasn’t stopped Harry from obsessing over gossip sites every time Louis is away, in fear of seeing him kissing someone else, breaking his heart for good and disappearing from his life. Louis is not happy about that, he’s seriously concerned about Harry’s health, but the green eyed boy keeps saying he’s fine, he’s just jealous and that’s normal.

And he’s not lying, he is jealous, but who wouldn’t be? Louis is handsome, charming and smart, he could steal anybody’s heart. They obviously argued a lot about this, Louis saying Harry should trust him by now and Harry reassuring him that he does trust him, it’s other people he doesn’t trust. To other people, their bond has always been unbreakable and strong. Rumors of an engagement circulated for a while, but they never acknowledged them, making them dissolve like smoke in the air.

Louis is sitting inside is car, parked in front of Harry’s apartment building. He rubs his face with his hands, feeling guilt and sadness overflow from his body and filling the car, making it almost feel like he’s drowning in his own thoughts. He has to get out of there. With shaky hands he opens the car door and stumbles outside, already feeling sick. He should not have agreed to this. He should not have done this. But he didn’t have a choice, did he? He’s aware that this will change things completely between them, but he can’t not tell him.

Once he manages to drag himself to his boyfriend’s flat, he knocks on Harry’s door before unlocking it with his new pair of keys and entering the flat like it was his own house. The first few
weeks they were back, Harry didn’t like spending too much time at Louis’ place, because every
time he sees that couch he feels a weird sensation spreading through his body. It’s not sadness or
regret or anger, it’s something that’s hard to explain, but, in other words Harry didn’t feel very
comfortable there. But now, everything is back to normal, they made new memories on that couch,
and not just in a sexual way. They watched horror movies, ate junk food -well, Louis did. Harry
preferred to watch his boyfriend eat it while he munched on some apple flavored granola bars-,
slept, all on that couch. Louis offered to buy a new one but to Harry it seemed like a ridiculous
idea, so they started doing happy things on that couch until that sensation was completely gone,
and it worked.

Harry is currently making breakfast, his hair tied up in a bun, his toned torso uncovered as he’s
only wearing some gray sweatpants tied loosely around the waist as Louis comes into the kitchen
and hugs his boyfriend from behind, leaving gentle kisses on the green eyed boy’s shoulders and
making chills rise on his skin.

“I smell something delicious”, he whispers with a smile.
“I’m just making oatmeal”, Harry chuckles, as he then feels shivers ripple through his skin and
body as Louis’ kisses trail to his neck, slowly teasing the tender skin with his tongue.
Harry moans deeply when Louis reaches his soft spot, tilting his head to the side so Louis can have
better access to it.

“Louis”, he groans, biting his lips and closing his eyes.
“Yes?”, the older boy’s husky tone is mesmerizing as he wraps his arms around Harry’s slim
waist, his hands sliding lower and lower, so close to reaching the already very sensitive part of
Harry’s crotch and lowering further to rest on his inner thighs.
“I don’t want to burn our breakfast”, Harry finally manages to blurt out reluctantly.
“Turn that thing off. I want to make love to you now”.

Harry does as Louis says, and lets his senses go wild as Louis’ hands wrap around his faint biceps
and helps Harry bend over the kitchen counter.
The curly haired boy’s hands grip it fiercely, knuckles turning white as Louis’ kisses trail lower
and lower, reaching the small of his back as his fingers wrap around Harry’s sweatpants.
“Can I take you right now?”, he asks gently. A few months ago he wouldn’t have done that. But
now he cares so much about this boy that he’s always making sure he’s comfortable before doing
something.
They’ve never done anything outside of the bed or the couch, so Louis fears Harry might be
uncomfortable and therefore not enjoy it, but as Harry nods eagerly, he knows he can do whatever
he wants.

He grips Harry’s pants, sliding them down along with his boxers.
He can feel himself grow hard just by the sensation provided by the contact between Harry’s bare
skin and his jeans.
Harry’s breathing is becoming more and more ragged, anticipation flowing throughout his body
and making it difficult to think about anything besides the oh so familiar feeling that’s pooling into
his stomach, along with the sensitivity of his body increasing after every touch.
Louis can’t wait anymore, and he wordlessly unzips his pants and removes his briefs, standing
completely naked behind his shivering boyfriend, moving impossibly closer as he traces Harry’s
spine with his finger, sliding it all the way down to his hole.
He teases it for what feels like forever before getting on his knees and spreading Harry’s cheeks.
“What a-are you doing”, the younger boy squeezes his eyes shut, confused, but his mind is fuzzy
and he feels like he’s high.

“Don’t worry and trust me”, Louis dismisses him briefly, smirking to himself as he moves his head
closer to Harry’s pink hole and starts licking it slowly, circling around the entrance and feeling it
clench under the touch of his tongue.

“Oh my-fucking-!”, Harry feels already overwhelmed, throwing his head back and doing his best to
stay put as his whole body is trembling and shaking and he feels like his legs are going to give out
any second, so he grips the kitchen counter harder even if his hands are now sweating.
His groans become louder and louder as Louis’ tongue enters his hole briefly, making him feel something he never felt before, and he loves it.

He loves how Louis likes to take care of him every time they’re together, he loves how Louis shows him how much he cares for him.

However, Louis has to stop as he knows Harry can only last for so long, so he slowly stands up while kissing Harry’s lower cheeks tenderly and going all the way up to his neck once again.

“I love when you tie your hair up”, he whispers hungrily against the younger boy’s ear.

“I’ll have to do that-more often”, Harry manages to say between pants.

“Oh, I’d be very happy”, Louis smirks cheekily as he carefully slips one finger inside Harry’s hole, loving to hear those moans that can only mean his lover is enjoying this.

He subtly inserts another one in, using the moisture he left with his tongue to help him slide in and out easily, now fully scissoring the boy and stretching him.

Harry’s member is rutting against the counter, creating unnecessary friction that’s making it all more enjoyable and annoying at the same time, so he takes it in his own hands but doesn’t stroke it, for now.

Louis, after adding another finger in for good measure, finally slides his fingers out and unbuttons his black skinny jeans. His hands shake as his member is already painfully hard, pulsating against the soft fabric of his boxer briefs. He sighs as he lets it spring free before slowly sliding it in and thrusting into Harry, his hands gripping his boyfriend’s waist and digging his nails in the tender flesh subconsciously, while panting and groaning because the sensation Harry’s hole makes him feel against his own member is overwhelming. He lays his head on his boyfriend’s back, feeling his every breath, his every heartbeat. And it’s blissful.

“Louis-Oh god, yes, yes!”, Harry’s screams are now filling the whole room, increasing after every thrust as Louis goes faster and harder, his senses already driving him crazy. They and can be probably heard in every room of his whole flat.

Harry tilts his head to the side and meets Louis’ lips, kissing them so hungrily they’re probably going to be swollen and sore for the rest of the day. They quickly turns to sloppy kisses in between moans.

As Louis’ thrusts become faster and faster, Harry’s moans become loud, the latter’s hands are slick with sweat as they returned gripping the counter, beads of sweat are also lingering on Louis’ forehead, as he feels his whole body burning.

“Baby, you’re so damn hot, keep moaning baby boy”, Louis groans, feeling his climax build up inside him, tingling every limb and making his eyes squeeze shut. His toes are curling and goosebumps are appearing all over his skin.

Harry tries to slur out a sentence, but the pleasure is so overwhelming words can’t come out of his mouth, letting his mind shut down and feeling a burst of pleasure enhanced by a huge amount of energy take control of his body, and he blacks out for a moment as his hips thrust up subconsciously, while Louis lays his forehead onto Harry’s shoulders as he regains control of his body while climaxing and making sure Harry doesn’t fall and hurt himself.

They’re both a panting mess as Louis comes out of Harry, sliding a hand through his fringe and frowning at the damp sensation left on his hand.

“Oh lord”, he breathes out as he admires his boyfriend who is still slightly bent over the counter, breathing heavily and trembling.

His body looks so perfect and flawless that Louis could take him again on the spot, if he had the energy. He wish he could take a picture of this moment. He will miss this.

Harry feels exhausted but it was worth it, every minute of it.

“Are you alright?”, Louis’ voice sounds distant, so Harry has to take a moment before turning his body completely and smiling wide at him.

“Holy shit”, he simply states, and the blue eyed boy chuckles.

“My butt hurts so bad now”, Harry whines as he bends to slip on his briefs and sweatpants again, hissing at the sharp pain crossing his lower back and frowning when seeing the mess he made. His release is dripping down the counter onto the floor, and he can feel the sticky yet wet substance
running down his thighs.
“I’m honestly not sorry”, Louis answers as he helps his boyfriend clean the mess he made on the floor, before looking at the stove.
“Harry, love, you should finish making breakfast”, the older boy smiles, but Harry can catch a glint of sadness in his voice.
“I should also take a shower”, Harry frowns, but resumes cooking while Louis goes to the bathroom to wash his hands and freshen up. He takes a peek out of the window, noticing a couple of men with cameras in their hands hanging out next to his car. Probably waiting for him to come out of here to take some useless shot of him.
While washing his face with cold water, rinsing away the sweat, Louis thinks about what he’s going to tell Harry, and how he’ll react.
He doesn’t want his boyfriend to worry over him so much, but he knows it’ll be inevitable.
Once he’s cleaned up, he quickly dries off and fixes his clothes, joining Harry in the kitchen.
“Why so serious?”, the curly haired boy smiles, trying to hide his concern, and Louis smiles back because he just can’t not smile back.
Harry makes him happy, and when people are happy they smile, so that’s exactly what Louis does.
He smiles.
“Oh, it’s nothing, don’t worry”, he quickly dismisses him as he sits down and starts eating, changing the subject of the conversation. Or, at least, trying.
“You’re the best cook in the world”, he moans with a mouthful of oatmeal and fresh raspberries.
Harry settled for a different kind of fruit, so he’s now eating his oatmeal and blueberries with his eyebrows furrowed, eying Louis suspiciously.
“What?”, the older boy smiles sheepishly, chewing on his food as he can feel himself getting more nervous.
“You have something to tell me, have you?”, Harry folds his arms over his chest and tapping his foot on the floor.
“Why do you ask?”
“Can you please just tell me?”, Harry is slightly getting annoyed at Louis’ behavior.
The feathery haired boy sighs, swallowing his food and clasping his hands together.
“Listen, I really don’t want you to stress, I know you’re very busy lately, I just don’t want to add more stress to the amount you already have to endure everyday”, Louis explains, feeling like a complete idiot because he can’t act confident in front of his own boyfriend.
Now he knows what Harry must have felt way back when they first met.
“I don’t care about my job right now, Lou. Please tell me. Are you going away for work again?”, he sounds so disappointed, and it’s making the blue eyed boy feel so guilty.
Louis got back a week ago just in time for his boyfriend’s birthday, and Harry doesn’t want him to leave again.
However, his fear is confirmed when Louis sighs and nods, but Harry can feel there’s more to it and he’s definitely not ready for it.
“How-how long? What about our anniversary?”, the curly haired boy asks with shaky voice.
They planned to spend their four month anniversary together away from the world, maybe book a hotel room somewhere in Europe, maybe Spain or maybe France. Harry would really like to go visit Italy though. He always found that place so magical and full of cities to explore and things to do.
“I know, I’m sorry Harry. I tried to talk to Liam but he wouldn’t budge”.
Harry almost scoffs. He knows how important their job is, how much they’re requested lately, but this doesn’t mean Louis can’t take a few days off to spend with his own boyfriend.
“How long?”, he sighs, looking down at his hands.
“That’s the problem. They- Harry I’m so sorry, please don’t get mad at me”, Louis rushes out.
“What is it?”
“Well, they-they offered me to work for IMG Los Angeles. Permanently”, Louis admits, feeling like a piece of shit for dropping the news right after they shared such an intimate moment.
“And”, Harry starts, but his voice cracks, “And you said yes?”
Louis simply nods.
“So you’re going to move there?”
“Yes”
Harry is trying to keep his composure, wracking his brain to try and find a solution to this that doesn’t involve a breakup.
“We can still be in touch, right? You’re going to visit me and I’m going to visit you when we’re not busy, right?”, he asks, “We’re going to make it work, right?”.
Louis sees all the hope drain from Harry’s body as he sighs.
He loves Harry, he really does. But sometimes, sometimes love can be complicated.
“I don’t know”, he admits, “We can always try, if you want”.
‘There’s more to it!’, his mind is screaming at him. He wants to tell Harry because he deserves it, but he can’t. He just can’t.
Louis thought about breaking up with Harry, he rehearsed dozens of speeches too, but for some reason he can’t bring himself to actually do it.
He knows why, he knows he can’t break up with Harry because of how much he cares about him, how much he loves him and how much he’d love to take Harry with him. He’d be happy, he’d see his friends again and maybe they could start a new chapter together.
But, at least for now, that’s not possible.
Harry has to work here, he’s got so much planned in front of him and Louis doesn’t want Harry to spoil his career to go with him.
“Yes, we’ll try right? You still love me, right?”, Harry tries, and Louis’ heart actually aches for him.
He hates how much Harry needs reassurance, he’s scared he’ll disappoint him and seeing him sad is the last thing he’d want to see.
“I still love you with all my heart”, he admits.
“When are you going?”
“Too soon. I was planning on telling you sooner but I just- I didn’t know what to say because I didn’t want you to worry over nothing”.
Harry sighs, “Louis, I- I mean, I should be mad at you”.
Louis purses his lips as his gaze shifts to the ground. He really doesn’t want to end things like this.
“But I really can’t. I’ll come with you to the airport”, Harry offers, and a smile instantly finds its way to Louis’ lips. This is why he loves Harry. Maybe he should tell him. He should tell him how much he loves him. But now is not the moment, right? Who would tell someone they love them just before having to disappear from their life?
As Louis exits Harry’s flat, the latter almost gives in and starts crying. This is going to be a torture for him. But he’s willing to do it, because he loves Louis.
He hopes Louis will still love him back.
Chapter 25

Four weeks.

Just four weeks have passed, but Harry is feeling like he’s already going crazy.

He misses Louis’ touch and kisses and voice, his presence and just, he misses his boyfriend—obviously.

During the first two weeks they used to call each other everyday, and Harry couldn’t help but think that Louis is becoming more and more beautiful everyday that passes.

Both he and Louis are full of things to do these weeks, so their original plan to see each other often is not going as well as they thought. Originally, they had agreed to visit each other every two weeks, three at the most. However, this never happened, seeing how Louis was instantly flooded with work, as well as Harry. The latter also noticed his boyfriend’s calls were short and almost secretive. Louis used to call him at such random times -like when he lives was three am-, that Harry could sense there was something wrong. However, being the way he is -a coward, as he resorted to call himself-, he never questioned Louis. What would he do if he were to hear that his boyfriend wants to break up with him? Or that he’s found someone else? He would completely lose it. And blame it all on himself, obviously. That’s why he always made sure to change the topic when it came to their current relationship status.

Louis has recently told him he’s going to attend a very important fashion show in Los Angeles, while Harry is still packing his things, ready to leave for Japan in a few days.

He can’t help but notice that his motivation has decreased exponentially since Louis has left, and his coworkers and crew noticed as well, and they never forget to point it out. It’s annoying, but he doesn’t blame them. He is growing tired of himself, too. While he’s waiting in the car for Niall to come and take him to work, like he always does, he unlocks his phone and looks at the screen with furrowed eyebrows. He wants to see what Louis has been up to lately, since he doesn’t talk much about what he’s doing. The really don’t talk much anymore, even though Harry refuses to even think they might be drifting apart. He stares at the phone with his hand shaking and heart beating fast, knowing he might see things he really doesn’t want to see.

However, his curiosity takes over, and he lets his fingers hover over the screen, until he finds himself with his eyes glued to a picture he’s sure he’s never seen before, so it must be new.

He feels a pang in his stomach as he looks at it. It is a picture from a gossip site article, but he doesn’t read the hundreds of black little words filling the white and pink, tacky background-not even the title-, as his eyes are literally only seeing that one picture. Louis is apparently partying with some of his new friends, he can recognize some celebrities. What captured his attention however, is Louis’ left arm, draped around a blonde girl’s waist as he keeps her close to his body. She’s fit, her hair is straight and short, barely touching her shoulders. Her upturned, feline eyes are a deep shade of piercing blue, her eyelids are coated by a thin layer of eyeliner and mascara-along with some fake lashes, Harry can see-. Her tight black top creates a sharp contrast between her pale skin and the neon pink of her skirt. She is indeed beautiful, and he knows she could put so many girls-and boys- to shame. Harry squints his eyes, zooming in on the picture to try and identify that slightly familiar face. He gasps as he finally recognizes her as Taylor Swift, a worldwide known pop singer who’s famous for her brief relationships with equally famous celebrities. He takes a deep breath, they might be just friends, what’s the matter? Yes, Harry is jealous because he should be the one next to Louis, but he’s not that jealous. Louis can be friends with whoever he wants. It just hurts a little bit because he didn’t tell Harry about his new, cool, famous friends. He feels left out. Of course he’s happy his boyfriend is making new friends and enjoying his life in one of the most beautiful cities of California. Harry is happy for Louis. However, he wonders if Louis ever thinks about Harry when he’s out with his A-list celebrity friends. Because, no matter who Harry hangs out with, he always ends up thinking about Louis.

“What are you looking at?”, Niall furrows his eyebrows as he closes the door of his car and starts
the engine, making the younger boy flinch at the sudden noise that interrupted his thoughts. However, Harry ignores him, keeping his eyes focused on Louis and Taylor. His boyfriend looks handsome as always. He’s wearing a light gray sweater and black skinny jeans, his eyes are a bit glazed but brighter than ever nonetheless. He has little dark circles under his eyes and his cheekbones are more prominent. His hair is different, it looks like he let it grow out. His smile warms Harry’s heart, but he can see there’s something quite different about it. Overall, Louis looks a bit off. But he’s smiling, so that means he’s happy, right? It hurts, though. Louis is happy even without Harry by his side. He can already feel hundreds of thoughts swarming in his brain, his heartbeat speeds up and he feels himself starting to sweat.

Niall slowly and cautiously reaches for the phone and takes it from Harry’s hands, looking at it briefly before sighing and locking it with a frown. He then puts it in his pocket and starts driving, focusing on the road ahead of him.

“Give it back”, Harry frowns, but Niall ignores him and keeps driving, turning on the radio so that the car is now filled with the faint music coming from it as a commercial pop song plays in the background.

“I talked to Ashton, Harry”, he sighs, completely changing the topic so that Harry is now forced to listen. Niall’s tone is serious and heavy, and the younger boy knows there’s something wrong. This time though he has no way of escaping the truth.

“And?”

“He told me he’s not working well with you lately. You’re always distracted and you never listen to him. Your makeup and hair crew aren’t happy either”.

“Are they gonna fire me?”, Harry can feel his voice starting. This would be the worst defeat ever. Rumors would spread around faster than a racing car and he wouldn’t be able to deny them, resulting in him having to abandon everything he’s worked so hard for. He can’t afford that. He is already losing Louis-as much as it hurts to admit-, he can’t risk losing his job too.

However, Niall shakes his head, letting him breathe a sigh of relief, “No, they’re not. You’re far too famous for them to let you go”, he starts, “However they asked me to knock some sense into you. Harry, stop doing this. What is wrong with you lately? Don’t think I haven’t noticed you change”.

Harry feels the familiar pain in the back of his throat as he runs a hand through his curls, instantly regretting it as it takes him back to when Louis used to do it after they made love.

“Nothing is wrong Niall, don’t you see? I’m fucking happy”, he rolls his eyes, hoping to be convincing enough, though he himself knows he’s the worst liar.

Unfortunately for Niall, they’re almost there, so he has to drop it there, “We’ll talk about this later. Please, try and do your best today, okay? I’ll be there the whole time”, he reassures his friend while they get out of the car, making their way slowly inside the agency.

Once inside, Harry is immediately dragged inside the changing rooms, where the makeup and hair crew start working on him like he were a lifeless doll.

“Oh my god Harry, look at these bags!”, Kylie clicks her tongue as she then proceeds to grab the most expensive, full coverage concealer she can find and smearing it across the model’s blank face.

“It will take forever to cover them, and even then I don’t think they’ll disappear”, she complains, making Harry roll his eyes.

“If you can’t do anything about it then you shouldn’t be working here”, he spits harshly, making her raise an eyebrow.

“Honestly Harry? You shouldn’t talk to me like that. I know what I’m doing, you’re the one who’s making it harder for everybody here!”, she argues back, and the people who are in the room with them can’t really say she’s not right.

He feels surrounded by them, like an innocent child trapped in a room full of shadows and monsters. He gets up abruptly from his chair, knocking it backwards and hitting the vanity in front of him, causing some expensive products to fall to the ground and shatter, including some eyeshadow palettes that break and spill their content on the ground, as well as foundation bottles
“Harry!”, Kylie and Kim almost yell at the same time, tugging at their hair in frustration.
“Would you stop being so childish for a second? We’re trying to do our job here!”
Before Harry can answer, Niall bursts into the room, taking in the view with a gasp. Harry wants to disappear into nothingness when he sees the disappointed look on his best friend’s face.
“Okay, I’ve had enough. Harry, come with me. Now”, he demands, and Harry reluctantly obliges, walking towards him and feeling his feet getting heavier with each step.
“What do you want? It was their fault for not keeping their mouths shut!”, he tries to defend himself, but his words go seemingly unheard from his agent, who’s dragging him into a separate, empty room and makes him sit in one of the small red leather couches.
“Would you fucking tell me what’s wrong?”, he whisper-yells, not wanting to cause anymore problems than Harry already has.
“Nothing is wrong Niall, how many times do I have to tell you?!”
The Irish boy sighs, rubbing his face with his hands.
“Please, Harry. You miss Louis? Is that why you’re like this?”
Harry looks down at his hands, feeling his cheeks blush.
“It’s nothing”, he mutters, but Niall knows better.
“It’s normal to miss him Harry, and I’m sure he misses you a lot too. But, he’s still working and doing his best. I’m sure you can do the same now, can you?”, he smiles reassuringly.
“Show him what he’s missing, eh?”
Harry sighs, feelling his eyes water, “I don’t know Niall, I just- he looks so happy while I feel downright miserable without him. I also saw some pictures and-”
“Harry, how many times have I told you not to do that?”
“You saw that photo too! You saw how happy he looked! He even had his arm around that girl- he doesn’t call me that often anymore, I’m always the one who calls or texts and even then he barely answers anymore. I don’t know what to think”, he sniffles, hiding his face in his hands as he already feels the familiar, warm, wet substance on them.
“He told me we could make this work but I don’t think he was being honest”, his words are muffled by his hands, but Niall doesn’t need him to repeat.
“I’m sorry I should have told you but I really thought I could solve things by myself. I still care about him so much”, he confesses, but now those words feel so weird and foreign.
“Listen, you should try and call him later and see what he does and how he reacts when he sees you”, Niall crosses his arms over his chest.
“But Harry, I know you’re stronger than this, so leave this all behind, at least for now, and go out there and do what you do best”
“Complaining?”
Niall chuckles, playfully nudging Harry’s arm, “You’re right”, the blue eyed boy laughs, walking with Harry towards the other room.
“Guys, we’re back!”, Niall announces with a big smile.
Harry sniffles slightly, smiling a bit afterwards, “I’m sorry guys, I’m ready to work, I’ll do my best I promise”, he looks at everyone as he walks back to the vanity, noticing the mess he made earlier is now completely gone, almost as if it never happened.
Niall approaches Kylie and whispers in her ear, “Go easy on him please, he’s going through a tough time”.
She smiles softly before nodding, “I’ll keep that in mind only if you take me out to dinner”, she winks and Niall blushes.
“Woah, sure thing. I’ll call you later”, he smiles as he exits the room, his insides still tingling.
The next three hours are filled with Ashton’s directions and Kim’s complaints that his hair is too hard to tame and he should get it cut.
Obviously though, Harry learned not to listen to her, and after weeks, he finally enjoys doing his
job, doing what he loves the most besides complaining, forgetting about all the things that are making his life a little more complicated than how it should be. He forgets about his sleepless nights, he forgets about love, he also manages to forget about Louis for a while.

“Harry stay focused please, you’ve been doing so good”, Ashton claps his hands, startling him a bit.

“Yeah, sorry Ash, what do you want me to do?”

“Just, I need you to show off that jacket a little bit more, you’re covering it too much with your arms”

“Okay, I got it”, he nods, and that’s how the rest of the day goes.

Niall has been there the all the time, checking in on Harry every so often and making sure he’s doing okay, smiling to himself when seeing his friend so comfortable and focused on what he’s doing. Once his day is over, Niall brings him back to his flat and gives him his phone back.

“Oh, I almost forgot about it”, Harry chuckles slightly, taking the phone from his friend’s hand.

“Are you going to be alright? Do you want me to stay a little bit?”, Niall offers with a smile.

“No, I’m fine. Besides, I have to do this alone. See you tomorrow though”, he takes a deep breath while getting into his flat and locking the door, dropping the keys by the kitchen table and making his way to the couch.

He looks out the window, seeing every building from high up, glad his apartment has big windows all over the walls, giving him a perfect view of the city under him.

It’s way past sunset, the first stars have already appeared and are adorning the sky. The moon is shining big and bright, illuminating with his pale light Harry’s otherwise completely dark flat. He doesn’t feel like turning any light on, so he just sits there, fiddling with his locked phone and biting on his lower lip.

He checks the time, and sees it’s almost eight in the evening. This means it’s about two in the afternoon where Louis lives.

He decides to text Louis, asking him if he can call him. However, almost half an hour passes and Louis still hasn’t replied.

Harry decides to call him anyway. If he’s busy, Louis will call again later. Harry would answer even if Louis called at two in the morning.

Luckily, after a few rings Louis accepts the call, and his face pops up on Harry’s screen.

Harry’s breath catches in his throat when he sees his boyfriend. His hair is neatly styled, his eyes are shining bright and Harry can’t help but notice he looks like he just finished working as he can clearly see soft pink eyeshadow and a hint of highlighter on his cheekbones.

There’s one thing he doesn’t fail to notice, however. Louis isn’t smiling. Despite the makeup, he looks tired and worn down.

“Lou?”, he tries, smiling a bit.

“Hey”, Louis answers with a smile that Harry recognizes as fake.

“What’s wrong?”, he tries, and Louis furrows his eyebrows.

He wasn’t expecting a call from his boyfriend today. It has already been a very long day for him, working and trying to reach out to Ben, or Liam. The latter is sitting right in front of him with his hands clasped together and a frown on his face. He finally let Louis answer his lover’s call, but everything comes with a price. Both his agent and Mr. Winston seem to have turned into stone since that day. Louis knows that it’s his own fault. But this doesn’t mean it doesn’t hurt. It doesn’t mean he can’t regret it, either. Among this mess though, he and Zayn have gotten very close since he moved to Los Angeles, the raven haired boy has always been so supportive, helping Louis and just being his rock. Zayn knows what Louis is going through, and although he can’t change it, he can be close to him. The last thing he wants is for Louis to be alone.

When Louis was introduced to Taylor, he really wanted to hate her, but he simply couldn’t. She’s a nice girl, she’s always there when he needs her. She is also very cute, and they have so much in common. Maybe too much. She loves to party and she loves attention, she’s always craving it and she loves hanging out with Louis. She’s not Harry, though.
“Nothing. How are you?”, Louis looks briefly at Liam, who stares back at him with a blank look. Harry wants to cry so bad. This is not a conversation two people who are in love would have when they’re apart.
Louis is being so cold, and to Harry it seems like he doesn’t even want to talk to him right now. “I miss you”, he blurts out, his voice cracking because he wishes he could change this situation, but he can’t. Not now, at least.
“I miss you too”, Louis admits, “I really do”.
Liam grunts slightly, making the blue eyed boy want to crawl away from him and hide. He shouldn’t have said that, but he couldn’t help it. It’s the truth, after all.
“Do you even mean it?”, Harry can already feel his eyes water and his heart race speed up, making Louis feel guilty and awful for this.
In all honesty, Louis thought he could go through this and come out of it just fine. But, as days go by he knows he was wrong. He was happy, but he had to go and ruin it for both himself and the boy he loves so much. He thought he could just return to being carefree and happy. He tried to convince himself that Harry was tying him down and keeping him from being his true self. But he was wrong.
“Harry please don’t start-”
“Start what? Huh? You think I’m that stupid and didn’t notice you stopped caring?”
“I didn’t stop caring”
Harry’s throat hurts and his stomach is turning. He feels sick.
“If I were there with you right now things would be different. You’d still love me. You do still love me. Don’t you?”
“Harry-”, Louis sighs. ‘Just tell him the truth’, his mind and body are screaming at him.
“No Louis, you answer me right now. Do you still love me?”
“Harry you have to understand that things change. People change, too. I still care about you, but I don’t think I care about you the same way I did before coming here”, he recites with a serious face, trying to hide the fact that his own heart is shattering into pieces and falling apart right in front of Harry. He still has time to come clean, Harry deserves it.
“What does that mean? You’re breaking up with me?”
“You could say that. But don’t be angry, like I said, I still care about you. It’s just- I want to experience new things, do stuff”, he trails off, knowing he’ll have to end this call soon. He can’t stand seeing the boy he loves so much crying because of him.
“You’re breaking up with me through a phone call? Are you fucking serious? Have you been cheating on me with fucking Taylor Swift?”, Harry’s voice trembles as his whole body shakes.
“No! No I didn’t cheat, I just- listen, I wanted to do that sooner, I know how hard it must be for you-”
“No! No you fucking don’t! You do realize what you did to me, right? You’ve been playing with me for months, you know that? You wanted me then you didn’t want me anymore, then all of a sudden I was interesting again and now you’re dumping me for good. You know how hard this is for me?! You’re always the one who leaves, you’re never the one that’s left”, Harry has tears now wetting his cheeks as his throat hurts from trying not to scream too much.
“I’m sorry, I wish things would have gone differently”, Louis sighs, feeling his eyes water a bit as he asks himself why he is such a coward. He had nothing to lose.
“You’re disgusting. I hope someone hurts you like you did to me, because you deserve it”, he hiccups and deep down Louis knows Harry doesn’t mean it, even though he’s right. This is it. Harry doesn’t hang up the phone though. There’s still that bit of hope deep down, that Louis will change his mind and come back to him.
However, Louis simply looks at Harry. A look that holds so much yet so little.
And then the screen goes black.
As soon as Harry realizes it, he starts screaming Louis’ name, in hopes for him to call him again, to tell him he’s coming back, to tell him he’s so fucking sorry and he loves Harry too much to let him go.

But nothing happens.  
The screen stays black as Harry’s tears keep flowing freely down his cheeks. He clutches the phone in his hand, refusing to let it go, refusing to accept what happened was true.  
It can’t possibly be over, just like that.  
He lays on his couch, hands gripping his hair as he mumbles Louis’ name between heart wrenching sobs, slurrying the words more and more as he feels his chest explode with pain. He feels as if his heart is being ripped out of his chest. He pulls his knees up to his chest and hides his face in them, begging for him to come back over and over and wishing there was a way to turn back time and make everything better. He refuses to let Louis go. He refuses to let everything they have been through together go to waste. He never got to tell him he loves him.  
After a while, silence takes over the room again, crushing Harry with its huge weight. Loneliness settles in his heart as he finally realizes he’s alone, again.
When Harry wakes up the sky is dark again, there’s a weight on his chest that feels almost impossible to lift as he feels like he’s being slowly crushed underneath it, not able to move any part of his body that is painfully cold and aching.

He barely slept last night, too consumed from his thoughts and regrets that were constantly mocking him, not leaving him any room to breathe as they seemed to take Harry’s lungs with their bare hands made out of pure pain and crush them forcefully. His throat is sore from all the sobs he has had to choke back in fear of hearing himself so weak and his eyes are stinging with more unshed tears.

He slowly opens them, letting them adjust to the faint, gray light infiltrating in his living room through the heavy, pearl white curtains covering his large windows. The light seems as if it’s purposefully keeping Harry from seeing clearly, making him more frustrated and annoyed. He simply lays there, on his couch, not able to move.
His head is pounding and his bones are achingly sore.
He knows he shouldn’t feel like this.
He knows he should have seen it coming. And he did. But he ignored it. He ignored it, and these are the consequences.
Everything could just be so easy if he wanted it to be. He knows he could just get up, shake everything off, and start again.
Start off more powerful, motivated, new. Happy. After all, the world still turns even if Louis is not by his side anymore. Even though it doesn’t feel like it. It feels as if the whole world stopped just to watch him break down and shatter just like a mirror, in thousands of pieces.

But he can’t, he can’t start fresh so easily because now there’s something missing inside of him, like he just lost a part of himself, and no matter how much he looks for it, he knows where it is. Louis has it. And he doesn’t even know it. And even if he did know it, now it wouldn’t make a difference. It’s like Louis stole something he had been looking for for so long: his own happiness.
And Harry can’t help but blame himself because he let something so important depend from someone that wasn’t himself. It’s his fault. It always is.
His heart feels like it shattered in billions of tiny little pieces, glowing in the darkness of his body and stinging him everywhere like claws.
He feels a weight at the bottom of his stomach, like someone placed a heavy burden that he now has to carry forever.
Guilt is slowly eating him away, drowning him. Consuming him.
This is the first time he feels like this. The first time he feels so many things at once and he can’t comprehend how someone could live like this.
He can’t comprehend how Louis managed to cut the thin thread that was tying them together, almost as if Harry was a balloon tied up to Louis’ wrist, and when he got suddenly tired of Harry, he simply untied it, and let him drift away without ever looking back.
Why can’t he leave a mark on people? Why won’t they get attached to him the same way he does? Where is Louis now? What is he thinking about? Is he hap now? Does the world still turn to him?

Harry bites his lips and squeezes his eyes shut, trying to suppress his tears. But they are pushing, trying to break loose, and Harry doesn’t even have enough strength to stop them.
So he lets them slide down his cheeks, warm and cold at the same time. They tickle his cheeks and chin and neck and he feels like they’re mocking him, making him think back to Louis’ fingers gently grazing his body and making goosebumps appear on his skin as his gentle, warm lips softly linger on Harry’s. Making him think back to when nothing else mattered.
His whole body hurts and it’s not fair. He really thought his life was going to change for the better, but here he is.
He turns his head towards the other side of the couch, where empty, neatly organized pillows lay untouched, and imagines Louis laying there, smiling back at him with his cheeky grin that Harry would kiss away.

He reaches for the older boy’s hand, but he’s not there.

He breaks at that.

He lets his own body shake and tremble as he hiccups and cries. Those cries soon turn into screams, muffled and concealed only by the loud cracks of thunder and the loud sound of the rain that hits his window, and Harry feels like the whole world is feeling his pain.

He looks out the window, the dark, dull and gray clouds reflect not only his mood, but also his image, like they were a mirror.

Maybe this is what Louis saw all along.

A broken, boring and sad boy. And Louis deserves so much more.

Someone better who can keep him happy all the time because his smile is to live for. Harry lives for Louis’ smile.

But now, Louis won’t be smiling for him anymore, but for someone who truly and wholly can make him the happiest he’ll ever be.

And now, what is he supposed to do?

Everywhere he looks, he sees faint images of he and Louis, smiling to each other and in love.

He thinks it’s not fair, no one should ever feel like this.

Nobody deserves to fall asleep at night wondering why they weren’t enough.

But Harry can’t help asking himself what he did wrong, where he went wrong, and what could have made Louis change his mind about him so suddenly. Did the not have a strong connection to keep them together even when they were apart?

He hears his phone ring, but he’s sure it’s not Louis that’s calling him, so why should he bother answering.

He tries to ignore the annoyingly loud rings that are only making his headache worse, and he closes his eyes.

The phone keeps ringing, so eventually he gets up, picks it up and throws it across the room, hearing it shatter against the wall and fall down with a loud thud.

He doesn’t care, that’s exactly how he’s feeling right now.

After a few minutes there are muffled sounds coming from somewhere in his flat, and suddenly the door of his apartment is opened.

“Harry what the hell? What happened?!”, Niall almost screams when he sees Harry, noticing his phone laying shattered on the ground.

“What are you doing here? Leave me alone!”, Harry glares at him, slurrying his words and feeling worse than ever. His throat hurts, so he doesn’t bother arguing with Niall even more. It would be useless anyway.

Niall looks at him and sighs. He can imagine what’s wrong, but he doesn’t want to ask Harry as he looks so miserable right now.

He sits at the edge of the couch, placing a hand delicately on his friend’s leg, rubbing it back and forth in an attempt to silently tell Harry that he understands, that he’s here for him even though Harry probably wants to be alone right now.

After a while, Niall gets up and makes his way closer to Harry’s face, seeing it red and blotchy, his cheeks have tear tracks almost imprinted in them and he has big bags under his eyes.

“Hey, come on Haz, I’m here, take it easy”, he whispers in an attempt to calm his friend’s sobs.

“You are, he’s not”, Harry hiccups with broken voice, that makes Niall’s heart ache.

“You can get through this anyway, I know you can”, he reassures his curly friend, who’s now looking at him through his messy curls.

“I don’t want to. I just want to disappear, I want to stay here forever”

“Why is that?”

Harry sighs, “If I go out I’ll see him everywhere, and I’ll know he’s happy without me and- and I don’t want to”.


Niall nods to himself, he knows how hard it must be for Harry, but he has to learn to move on and put everything behind him, or he’ll never be able to be happy again.

“I know Harry, but you have to learn to accept it and let go. You need to let him go in order to be happy, you need to let all the memories go, even if they were happy ones. It just hurts you and I hate seeing you like this”

“It’s not that easy”

“No, I know”, Niall shakes his head, “I know it’s so fucking hard but you need to show him what he lost, you need to show everybody how strong you are, you need to show everybody, Louis too, that you can achieve so much. And it doesn’t matter who you’re with. You can be single for the rest of your life if you want to, just think about your goals and your happiness, fuck them. Fuck him, Harry”, Niall finishes, looking at his friend expectantly.

Harry is speechless. He doesn’t know what to say, Niall is right after all. But, everyone needs someone they can be truly themselves with, someone that’s more than a friend, someone that would kiss you when you need it, someone that would make you feel like you’re the only one that matters in their life.

Someone that would hold your hand through the worst time of your life, and would do the same through the best, someone that wouldn’t mind growing old with you by their side, someone that would tell you you’re beautiful even when you’re not.

“I love him”, Harry admits sadly, wiping a few tears that were lingering on his cheeks.

“Of course you do”, Niall smiles tenderly, “But he doesn’t. Not anymore, at least”.

“Come on”, Harry wipes his eyes while sitting up and laying his back on one of his many pillows, feeling dizzy and sick, “I know what you want to tell me. Go ahead”, he looks sadly at Niall, who shakes his head.

“I don’t need to”, he tries to reason with him.

“I want to hear it. I want to know I was wrong again and I should have listened to you”

Niall rubs his hands over his face, feeling a knot in his throat and his eyes water.

“I told you so”, he says quickly, feeling worse than ever, “You happy now?”.

Harry shakes his head, “I feel like shit. I was so stupid”.

Niall can’t hold back anymore and hugs his friend, even though he doesn’t hug him back.

“You’re not stupid, you’re just too good to people who don’t deserve you”

Harry slowly forces himself to stop crying, realizing that it doesn’t solve problem, realizing that it’s not fair. Louis is surely having fun now, feeling happier than ever and free to do his ‘stuff’, as he put it.

So why should Harry stay here, waiting for him to change his mind?

“You’re right, Niall. This taught me a lesson I won’t forget”.

Niall nods, giving his friend a little smile.

“What are you going to do now?”

“I don’t know yet”

“That’s fine, I’ll make sure you get a couple days off so you can get back on track”, Niall smiles.

“And maybe buy a new phone”, he chuckles, picking the pieces of Harry’s old phone up.

“This one’s gone”

Harry chuckles, thinking that maybe he shouldn’t have thrown it that hard, “I know, I was pretty upset”, he admits.

“I’m not blaming you, don’t worry”, Niall smiles, “Listen, you want me to stay with you tonight? I had something to do but I can cancel and spend the night here, I’m sure they’ll understand”.

Harry smiles and shakes his head, “You go and have fun with Kylie tonight”, he gives his friend a thumbs up as Niall turns a bright shade of red.

“How did you know?”, Niall pouts.

“She’s not exactly the best at keeping secrets”, he laughs, “She’s pretty hot, I’m proud of you”, he admits.

“I’m so nervous to be honest”, Niall bites his lower lip, “What if I fuck up?”

Harry shrugs, “She probably won’t care because you’re rich and hot. Just be yourself”.
“Be myself, alright”, Niall mutters to himself with scrunched eyebrows.
“Now go and make yourself look presentable before I kick you out”.
“Got it”, Niall laughs, gathering his things and heading for the door. Before exiting his friend’s apartment however, he stops and turns around, looking at Harry who’s still wiping his damp, red eyes and sniffing softly.
Niall drops his things on the table again and approaches the curly haired boy, smiling down at him and offering a hug which the younger boy accepts timidly. It’s different from the kind of hugs Louis gives, but he needed it. He needed to know that he’s not alone.
“Everything is going to be okay Harry, I promise”.
Harry doesn’t answer, but Niall can feel a smile pressed up against the fabric of his shirt, and that’s all he needs to know that indeed, everything is going to be alright.
“If you need me I’m one call away”, he gently pats Harry’s back as he detaches from the hug.
“Thank you Niall”, Harry’s voice cracks but the Irish man sees a smile make his way onto his face, so he smiles back reassuringly before departing.
Harry goes into the kitchen, wanting to make himself a cup of milk as he smiles to himself. At least there’s still someone truly happy around him.
He thinks, if he keeps Niall around, he maybe will be fine. He can go through this, he knows he can.
“Come on Louis!”, Taylor shakes him as she tries to understand what’s wrong. They’re sitting in Louis’ living room after they decided to have a night in since Louis wasn’t feeling well, so Taylor brought movies and snacks. She knows this will be a long night, and she can’t even try and understand what her friend is going through right now. The least she can do is try and take his mind off this, even if it’s just for a while. Although it’s harder than she thought: Louis looks so miserable right now.

Right from the moment she stepped into Louis’ place, she could feel something was not right. Louis looks sad, disappointed, he constantly zones out when she’s talking and he doesn’t laugh at her jokes. And he always laughs at her jokes. So that means the situation is even worse than she thought.

She made him say everything that happened between he and Harry, right from the start, and she spent the whole night trying to cheer him up. She doesn’t exactly approve of what he’s done, but it’s too late to say anything now, so the best thing she can think of right now is trying to make him forget about his regrets and guilt.

“What?”, Louis rolls his eyes that are a bit glassy and damp.

She sighs, sitting next to him on the couch and placing a hand on his shoulder, “Listen, just a friendly reminder that walking away from someone doesn’t mean you never cared”, she starts. “Those feelings were valid, they were real, so I don’t see the reason why you’re putting yourself down like this”, she shrugs.

“Maybe you just learned to care about your happiness too, and in that case it’s fine, trust me”, she finishes, tucking a strand of her blond hair behind her ear.

“I know”, Louis simply says, “But what if those feelings were still valid? What would you do?”, he asks as his voice cracks.

“Then I don’t know why you even decided to agree to this in the first place? What were you thinking about? Why didn’t you talk to him about it first?”, she sighs, crossing her arms over her chest. “You know things could have gone differently if only you talked to him”.

Louis sighs, “I don’t know. I thought I could handle it. I thought he wasn’t really what I needed but- but I was wrong”, he admits, more to himself as his whole body starts fighting against the tears that are threatening to fall from his eyes.

Taylor purses her lips in deep thought, “I have to say, that was pretty stupid of you. I don’t want to sound rude but this time it might be harder to fix everything”.

“You think things can be fixed after this, eh?”, Louis glares at her as his body starts trembling with nervousness.

Taylor looks at Louis in deep thought, before giving him a look that holds all the answers Louis needs. He hides his face in his hands, “I’m an idiot”. Taylor can’t really argue with that.

He can feel his throat burning and his chest hurts so bad, his eyes are stinging and he can already feel he’s going to cry, cry over a boy, cry over the only boy he ever truly loved in his life. The only one who made him feel so good, so loved and special and like he was on top of the world. The only one who got with him because he truly loved him, not because he’s rich and famous.

Harry was a keeper, and he let him go like that.

His body starts shaking as he starts sobbing in his hands, mentally scolding himself for being so stupid and so self absorbed that he failed to notice that the love of his life crossed his path and he let him go.

“Oh, Louis”, Taylor clicks her tongue as she hugs the boy, rubbing his back in an attempt to soothe him.

“I need-I need to be alone right now”, he says through sobs.

Taylor knows that she probably should leave if Louis doesn’t want her there. She nods, getting up and straightening her black skirt, walking to the door and placing a hand on
the door knob. “Just know that he’s not going to be mad at you because you broke up with him”, she says, her eyes gazing her own fingers, “He’s going to be mad at you because you didn’t have the guts to tell him the truth”. She closes her eyes and bites her lips.

“If I did have something like what you two had…”, she lets a quiet sight escape her lips, knowing that she shouldn’t be saying this to him when they barely know each other. Sure, they have already met and hung out multiple times, but she never got to know the real Louis, the guy who everyone describes as cheeky yet sweet and always nice.

She opens her eyes again, listening to her friend’s sobs before deciding she’s had enough. As soft sobs keep coming from the broken boy with his hands linked together over his mouth, as he were trying to act like he’s not being deeply affected by Taylor’s words, she opens the door and steps out of the boy’s house.

She can’t help but feel guilty though, she promised she would help him and all she did was twist the knife in his already painful wounds. She quickly takes out her phone, unlocks it and texts the only person she knows can make him feel better. Once she’s done it, she quickly hides her phone in her purse and makes her way to her parked black Mercedes van, waiting for the driver to open the door for her and drive home, spotting some vultures with their expensive cameras always glued to their hands. She rolls her eyes and sighs, knowing that, after all, this is what she has to do.

Louis doesn’t know what to do. He’s torn right now and can’t help but feel guilty. He can only imagine what Harry’s feeling right now. He broke Harry’s heart without realizing that he broke his own at the same time.

He didn’t even know that was possible.

He sits there, on his big couch, just crying and sobbing to himself until he hears the door open again.

“Taylor, I told you I want to be alone!”, he shouts. Sometimes that girl can be so clingy and annoying.

He feels the couch dip, and is ready to shout at her again when he notices it’s not Taylor.

“Liam?”, his eyes become wide, “What are you doing here?”. Liam is the last person he wants to see right now. He dragged him into this. Sure, he could have told him no, and he didn’t. So it’s his own fault too, but for some reason the sight of his best friend upsets him more than anything right now. He wishes he never picked up that stupid phone call. If he’d just let it ring, now things wouldn’t be so bad.

“Taylor told me you need me”, Liam sighs, feeling almost guilty. Taylor’s text had him worried sick, he’s not going to lie.

“Oh wow, is everyone ever going to leave me alone?”, he rolls his eyes sarcastically, already knowing people are going to call him a fucking moron for doing what he did when they’ll come to know it.

“Talk to me Louis. You were happy with him, right?”

“I was”, Louis shakes his head, “I was the happiest I’ll ever be”, he sobs.

“I just had to go and ruin it all because I am a fuck up”, he admits, letting it all out. Liam hugs him, letting his head rest on his shoulder.

“I broke up with him not even a day ago and I already want him back”, he cries, realizing that he’d give anything to have Harry walk through his door right now and tell him everything is fine, that he still loves him and that he wants Louis to take him back.

“Come on Lou, he’s not dead, you just broke up with him. Once it’s over, you can try and get him back, nothing is lost forever”, Liam tries to reassure him.

“You think he’d take me back after this?! I’ll just have to see him with another guy, mentally wanting to kill him and myself because I couldn’t give him what he needed”, he whines.

“And it’s your fault too! How could you let me do something like that?”

“You’re making it sound like you killed his mother or something”, Liam huffs, wanting to give his friend a reality check.

“You broke up with someone. People break up every single day and you know what they do?”, he asks, without even waiting for Louis’ answer.
“They move on, Louis”, he says, “Sure, they feel sad and they cry, but they just learn to appreciate what they had and walk away and keep living their lives”, he keeps talking, “And that’s what you should do, too”. “Fuck that Liam, you don’t understand do you?”, Louis says harshly, making Liam flinch. “Oh, sure I don’t understand, you know, I’ve never gone through a breakup haven’t I?”, he asks sarcastically, thinking back to his now ex-girlfriend Sophia. Yes, they decided to split after Liam told her she’d need to move to the US permanently. She asked her if she wanted to come but she had everything there. Her job, her friends, her life. She just wasn’t ready to give it all up. Liam accepted her decision, even though it destroyed him. “You two were happy but you just drifted apart. It’s different”. He can see how his words affected his best friend, and he regrets it almost immediately. He shouldn’t be letting his anger out on him. “I’m sorry”, Louis mutters, but Liam shrugs. “It’s fine”. They stay silent for a while, Louis trying not to think about anything and Liam just subtly watching him, thinking about what he could do to make things better. “I know this might sound a little insensitive, but you have to work tomorrow and you need to pack your things because we’re leaving in a couple days”, Liam says. Louis’ eyes look at him sadly, but he doesn’t actually reply to his agent’s words. “But I can cancel all your plans if you don’t feel like it”, he offers quickly, but Louis shakes his head and gets up. “I don’t care. I don’t want people to think I regret this” “Why is that? You do regret it”, Liam looks at him with his eyebrows knitted. “I know, but I get enough hate as it is, I don’t want people to send me death threats all over again”, he explains, rolling his eyes. “Louis”, Liam sighs, “Stop lying to yourself and the people who look up to you”, he says sternly. “I’m not lying I just don’t want them to poke their nose everywhere. it’s my freaking life”, he protests. “Sorry to break it to you then, but tomorrow I’m one hundred percent sure you won’t be having a quiet morning”, Liam admits with a thoughtful look. “And why is that?”, Louis asks as he chews on his lower lip. “Because there were people here who probably saw Taylor come out of here. They’ll be all over you tomorrow”, Liam tries to explain. Louis shakes his head in defeat, knowing that Liam is right. “Isn’t that what he wants?”, he asks sarcastically. He’s tired of this. People don’t understand the meaning of friendship, apparently. Taylor has always been close to him ever since he moved here. They met by chance, when he accidentally ran into her during a night out with Zayn and his friends. She’s beautiful and nice and everything a man can possibly look for in a woman, but he would never date her. Once you’ve had the best you can’t turn back, he always says. Because, yes, after Harry, everyone else seems mediocre when compared to him. And now that he fully realizes it, it will be twice as hard to let go and move on. In fact, Louis thinks he’ll never be able to and that thought alone is enough to make him want to cry all over again. He knows he can’t actually tell media this, he just has to let them believe what they want. And this destroys him every freaking time. He’s come to a point where he doesn’t even watch the news on tv anymore, afraid of what he’ll see about himself. People took his image and completely reshaped it to fit their stupid, fake stories. And what’s even worse is that he let them do that. So who’s really at fault here? “I’ll never be able to see him again”, Louis cries, shaking his head.
Liam’s soft voice startles him, “Technically, you will-”
“Stop it Liam you know what I mean”, Louis snaps before walking to his room and slamming the door shut.
Liam just sits there for a moment, wondering what he said wrong before taking a deep breath and knocking on Louis’ room.
“You didn’t even let me finish my sentence!”, he complains, but he’s met with silence on the other side.
He’s not surprised nor offended, he knows Louis, and he knows what he’s going through must be so hard for him. So he just lets him be alone.
“Call me if you need me, I love you okay? Don’t do anything stupid, he sighs and walks away without waiting for Louis’ answer, which he knows won’t come anyway.
And just like Liam said, the next day is hectic.
First of all, there are dozens of people waiting for Louis to come out of his flat, they want to ask him why he did it, they want to be the first to let the world know.
Louis, who’s already in a bad mood, groans as he opens the window and sees them all screaming and jumping, trying to snatch a picture of him.
“Louis how does it feel like to be single again?”
“Did you find yourself a pretty girl?”
“Did you do it to stop all the homophobic hate?”
“Where’s Harry? Did he cheat on you?”
“Are you with Taylor Swift now?”
Louis can feel his body shake from all the rage building up inside him as he grips the window handle tighter.
“Can you fucking leave me alone for once? Go away or I’ll call the cops!”, he threatens them, but it’s useless.
He angrily flips them off before shutting his window and sliding down on the wall, bringing his knees to his chest.
If only Harry was here, he could distract Louis with one of his stupid bad jokes and make him laugh and forget about everything that’s going on.
But then again, if Harry was here things would be different.
A few days pass, and Louis’ slumber gets interrupted by a sudden call from a certain someone he knows all too well.
“Hello?”, he answers groggily, face pressed into the pillow.
“Oh my, Louis you have to see this!”, Zayn screams into the phone, startling the tired boy who is already regretting picking it up.
“What are you calling this early?”, Louis groans in his thick morning voice, filled with sleep and tiredness.
He hasn’t been able to sleep properly this past week, his thoughts are constantly keeping him awake most of the night, and when he finally gets some sleep he has nightmares.
Nightmares that aren’t necessarily Harry related, just scary things that make him wake up sweating and shivering in the middle of the night.
“It’s three in the afternoon here”, he clarifies as Louis rolls his eyes. The blue eyed boy forgot Zayn has already flown to their next location, Hawaii, to prepare for the shoot.
Zayn gives him a sympathetic smile, holding the phone with one hand and fumbling with what sounds like a piece of paper.
When Louis had to leave for Japan a few days ago, he didn’t even have the time to say a proper good bye to him, but it’s not that big of a deal, since he’s coming back in a few days anyway.
“Can’t it wait until I’m back?”, Louis moans as he tries to rub the sleep off his eyes.
The boy shakes his head frantically, “I don’t think so”, he admits as she finally sets the phone down and picks up what looks like a magazine with both his hands.
“Oh, found it”, he says as he turns the magazine towards the phone camera, trying to make it fit into it neatly so that Louis is able to see it clearly.
The boy’s eyes become wide as saucer and his breath is caught in his throat. There Harry is, in all his beauty, posing with vintage clothes that wrap his body around like they were made just for him from the best of tailors.

In the first shot Louis can see Harry lying in what looks like a grass field, smiling sweetly with his eyes closed and wearing a blue and white striped sweater. He looks angelic, pure, like he’s from another world.

He motions for Zayn to keep swiping the pages, scanning every picture wordlessly. There are several picture of Harry, taken in what looks like completely different locations as he wonders how much time he spent on this.

One of his favorite pictures has to be the one where Harry is just standing there, his belly exposed, wearing pink converse shoes that he recognized as his own, with a red, unbuttoned suit and wearing pants that make his legs look even longer.

He tries to open his mouth to say something, but no words come out. He’s completely speechless, overwhelmed by all that beauty concentrated in such few fragile sheets of paper. He feels his eyes water and his throat burn, indicating that it won’t be long until tears start pouring down his eyes in admiration, nostalgia, regret and love. So much wasted love.

He puts his fingers closer to the screen almost as if he’s trying to touch the actual boy, the boy he used to call his lover, the boy he used to kiss and hug and make love to.

“W- why are y-ou showing me this?”, Louis bites his lower lip. He wipes his eyes frantically, trying to suppress the tornado of emotions that’s about to hit him, and probably destroy him for good.

Zayn lowers his gaze, regret filling his face, “I-I’m sorry. I didn’t want to make you sad I just-i just thought you- I’m sorry”, he stammers, trying to find the right words to say but realizing quickly that there aren’t.

Louis shakes his head slowly, “It’s fine. It’s not your fault”, he calmly reassures his friend, thinking about something that could distract him from all this pain.

“Is that all you wanted to show me?”, he takes a deep breath, unsure of the answer he really wants to hear.

In a weird way, he’d like to keep watching pictures of his former lover, wanting to drown in all the guilt he’s feeling right now and wishing he was there with him when he shot them, to encourage him and tell him how proud he is of his baby and tell him how much he loves him because he knows how much Harry needs to be reassured that he’s good enough and that he’s worth it because he’s so beautiful yet so humble and kind and angelic.

“Yes, actually. I don’t know what I was thinking Louis, I’m terribly sorry”, he apologizes again, and Louis knows he means it.

“I would have seen them sooner or later anyway”, he reassures him, “At least I wasn’t alone”, he finishes, looking around the room and reaching over to his nightstand to grab himself a tissue.

“I can’t wait for you to come back, Lou”, he sighs, “I don’t like the thought of you being alone after all that happened”, he admits, voice soft and filled with love.

“And all those stupid Taylor rumors”, he says with a loud sigh, “Don’t even get me started. I honestly hope Harry doesn’t believe them”.

Louis shrugs, “What difference would that make? It’s not like he still cares about me after what I did”, he says more to himself, almost as if he’s trying to reassure himself that he and Harry are done for and there’s no way they could turn back to being what they were.

Even if there’s still that little hope at the back of his head constantly nagging him. But why should he listen to it.

“I don’t think you’re right”, the raven haired boy tilts his head, “I think he cares about you more than he wants to admit”.

“I mean, after everything you said you did and after everything you’ve been through? I really doubt he can forget all that and move on with his life in the span of a week”, he finishes.

“I want him back so much”, he frowns.

“I know and I’m telling you, if I were you I’d go get him right now”, he says pursing her lips and
adjusting his beanie.

“It’s not that easy, Zayn. And you know why”, Louis explains, “Besides, I have to work”.

He clicks his tongue, “You’re just trying to distract yourself from thinking about him, and you know it”, he teases him, making him smile a bit.

“What if it’s true? I am trying not to think about him, for the sake of my job and my health, too”, he says.

“Yes I get it, but don’t you think you’d be happier with him by your side? I mean, I remember the old days where you and Harry were the literal definition of lovebirds”, he smiles as he thinks back to the first time he met them.

Louis laughs slightly, “Yeah! Dude, that was so close!”, he chuckles, “And Liam and Niall’s faces? Priceless”, he shakes his head.

“Because I didn’t treat him like he deserved to be treated. I made him cry so many times and I was a total ass most of the times. I put my career before him and I didn’t think about it enough”.

“Yeah, but he loved you anyway, didn’t he?”, Zayn encourages, “Wait, let me rephrase that- He loves you anyway”, he winks.

“I feel like you’re feeding me false hopes”, Louis tells him with a hint of sadness in his voice.

“Why would I? I thought you’d know me by now”, Zayn fake gasps.

“Wait a second Z, it’s probably Liam”, he says as he opens the door, scoffing to himself when he sees it’s Liam.

“Hey”, he says casually to his friend, letting him in.

“Hi Lou, can we talk for a moment?”, he asks, crossing his arms over his chest and giving his friend a warm smile.

“Sure”, Louis answers, pointing to the phone he’s clutching in his hand, “Do you mind if Zayn joins us?”, he asks.

“Oh hi Liam”, Zayn says waving and Liam returns the gesture with a smile.

“Sure”, he says as he sits on Louis’ bed.

“What do you need?”, Louis mumbles.

“Well-first of all, how are you feeling today?”, he smiles and Louis smiles too because he realizes how many people genuinely care about him and his happiness. He feels so lucky.

“Probably a tad bit better than yesterday”, he admits sincerely, giving Liam a thumbs up.

“That’s what I like to hear”, Liam pats his friend lightly on the shoulder.

“Yeah I’m good too, thanks for asking friends!”, Zayn’s sarcastic voice echoes through the phone, but both his friends ignore him.

“Anyway-”, he starts speaking again, “Since we went through with the contract and all, Ben is very happy and he told me you’re going to be very busy this upcoming months- and we’re talking about photo shoots, catwalks, interviews and, of course, parties!”

“That’s great”, Louis tries to feel the same enthusiasm his friend is clearly showing. After all, this is what the contract promised. And now he’ll have something to worry about other than Harry. At least, he hopes.

“Well then, I hope you’re ready ‘cause your agenda is packed. Starting next week, you’re going to be one of the most showcased celebrities out there for a while”, Liam winks, “But I know that won’t be a problem for you, am I right?”.

Louis manages to let out a fake laugh, “You read my mind”.
“Now get ready, we have a meeting with the boss in about an hour to go over some details and then we can start packing for Hawaii”, Liam looks at his friend with a glint in his eyes that’s contagious.
Louis chuckles, but nods and starts getting ready.
“Louis, I really don’t need to see your ass!”
Louis gasps, taking his phone in his hands again and smiling cheekily at it, “Sorry Zayn, I got to go!”
Harry hears a knock on his door, so he puts his coffee mug down on the kitchen table and makes his way to the door, opening it and regretting it soon after. Niall walks in the room panting, his forehead a bit sweaty and his face flushed. He looks as if he’s been running a marathon.

“What’s wrong?”, Harry asks, frowning and walking into the kitchen again to fix his friend a glass of water.

“Thanks”, Niall says as he takes the cold drink from Harry’s hand and gulps it down quickly. Harry slips his hands in the pocket of his sweater, waiting for Niall to start talking again.

“You might want to sit for this”, he says, and Harry quirks an eyebrow, but obliges and takes a seat on his big couch.

“What is it?”, Harry asks impatiently as he watches Niall take something from his black leather backpack.

“Okay so, I was walking to the agency and when I went in I saw something I honestly didn’t want to see”, he starts.

“I’m not sure I want to show it to you, but I guess it’s too late to turn back now, is it?”, he smiles sheepishly, clutching the item he took out from his backpack, which Harry recognizes to be a magazine, firmly in his hands.

“Did something happen?”, he asks in a worried voice, looking expectantly at Niall.

“Well, look for yourself. But don’t hate me”, he says as he hands the magazine to Harry. He looks at it for a moment, his eyes scanning the cover. He almost feels sick just looking at it and his hands burn, like the whole magazine was poisonous and Harry was infected.

The cover shows a naked Louis posing with a naked model. A girl. And that girl he knows very well. Taylor Swift.

His mind can’t comprehend why he would do such a thing, and most importantly, why would someone put this kind of picture on the cover of a magazine.

Sure, it’s been well over two years since they broke up, but Harry thought he managed to change something in the older boy. It probably was just his imagination.

He quickly opens the magazine and flicks through the pages until he finds the whole photo shoot, and with every picture he sees he feels like someone is repeatedly kicking him in the chest.

All the pictures show Louis naked, posing with this girl he recognizes as the singer who destroyed their relationship, the girl who took Louis away from him. When he learned they started dating he felt as if the world had stopped. It took him more than a year to finally accept it, to finally accept that the blue eyed angel had moved on with someone that wasn’t Harry. Although, he never really accepted it. How could he?

The curly headed boy keeps staring at those pages. He can’t deny that girl is truly beautiful, her body could turn anybody with a pair of functioning eyes on.

But Louis, oh Louis. Harry can’t tear his gaze away from the bare body printed in those sheets. His toned chest, his thick thighs, every tattoo Harry used to trace mindlessly while they talked about their day, or after they made love.

His hair looks even softer than he remembers, his eyes contain every shade of blue, from light blue, to what looks like gray.

His lips are thin and pink, exactly how he remembers them. His hands, his legs. Everything about him is exactly how he remembers. No, Louis became even more beautiful, even more perfect. Harry can feel his body start shaking, his face feels flushed and his chest hurts. A single tear slides down his cheek and falls right over the page Harry was looking at, creating a wet, dark spot right over Louis’ tanned chest.

“What are you okay?”, he hears Niall say, but his voice feels distant, all he can hear now is the sound of his heart beating violently against his ribcage.
It fills his ears, making him deaf. Niall doesn’t give up though, as he sits next to Harry, taking the magazine from his hands and closing it, not surprised by the fact that this caused no reaction from Harry. He slowly wraps an arm around Harry’s shoulder and lets him lay his head on his chest, as the younger boy starts crying.

At first, it’s a silent cry, his body is shaken only by slight sobs and hiccups. But then, he starts fisting Niall’s shirt as he muffles his screams with it, realizing how much he misses the boy and how sad his life has been since he stopped talking to him, since he stopped feeling loved by him.

Niall stays silent, gently rocking the boy back and forth, looking at his friend sadly. He never took breakups well, but, for some reason, he knew this would have been harder on him.

“Is-is th-is what he’s be-en up to? Shooting n-naked with other g-irls?”, he sobs violently against Niall’s chest.

The latter sighs, “He didn’t decide to do this, you know how it works”, he says, wondering why he’s defending the guy who broke his best friend’s heart. After all, he should hate him and probably want to kill him, but all he feels now is sadness and defeat. Fighting would be useless.

Harry takes a deep breath before lifting his face up from Niall’s chest, looking at the mess he made.

“Sorry about that”, he says pointing at the wet stain on his best friend’s expensive white shirt.

“Doesn’t matter”, Niall tells him truthfully with a warm smile.

“Harry-”

“Don’t”, he interrupts, “I will be fine, I just- I need time”, Harry says as he gets up and makes his way to the bathroom, leaving his friend alone for almost half an hour.

All the progress he thought he had made seems completely vanished. Truth is, he never got over Louis, and he’d give anything to turn back time and start everything once again, right from day one, when he met him for the first time in that cold night. But he can’t, and it hurts.

Niall could have left, but he wanted to make sure Harry’s really fine before leaving. Besides, he originally came to tell him something completely different, but it probably has to wait now.

“What are you thinking about?”, Harry sits next to him.

Niall notices his eyes are still red and swollen, and his face is still a bit blotchy, but he’s not crying anymore.

He shakes his head, “Nothing. I mean, I wanted to tell you something but it can wait”, he reassures him, “Besides, I don’t even think you’re going to enjoy it so I might as well keep it to myself”, he says.

“Oh come on, now I’m curious”, Harry whines, and Niall is so happy he’s managed to distract Harry from his pain, even if just for a short time.

“Well, it’s a party?”, he says tentatively, wanting to see Harry’s reaction.

“Oh”, he simply says, but Niall can see he’s not interested.

“I don’t think I’ll be going, but who’s hosting it anyway?”

Niall fidgets with his hands, “Erm, IMG Los Angeles. You know, it’s kind of a get together”, he finishes, and Harry looks at him like he’s mad.

“So is Louis going to be there?”

“Well, I suppose so but I’m not su-”

“Then I’m not going”, Harry simply says, shrugging.

Niall expected this, but for some strange reason he hoped he would say yes. There’s a lot of people he’d be happy to see again. But, if Harry doesn’t want to go, then it’s okay. He understands he needs his own space and time right now, and seeing Louis isn’t probably what he needs.

“How are things with Kylie going? You never tell me anything”, he smiles, trying to distract himself from thinking too much about what he just saw.

Niall shrugs, but smiles to himself, “Everything is alright I guess. I thought she’d fill you in every
“Well, she kinda does. She tells me you guys are having the time of your lives”, he smirks, “What does she mean by that?”

“Harry, that’s personal. I don’t know why she told you that”, Niall holds his hands up in defense, winking at his friends with a mischievous smile.

“Whatever, I’ll ask Kylie once I get back to work”, he says casually, but his stomach turns as he realizes something.

“Niall?”, Harry asks, turning around and seeing Niall sipping on what once was his coffee.

“Yeah?”

“Do- do you think Louis saw my photo shoots?”, he asks, looking at his friend.

Niall shrugs, finishing his coffee and placing the now empty mug in the dishwasher.

“You refused to see his, so I don’t really know how to answer. Would that matter?”

Harry shakes his head, confused, “I don’t know”

“You want to make him jealous?”, Niall smirks, and this time is Harry’s turn to shrug.

“Not exactly, I just- guess I don’t want him to forget me just yet”, he admits, running a hand through his hair.

“I don’t think he ever will”, Niall says with a thoughtful expression on his face.

“Yeah and how do you know?”, Harry rolls his eyes, not believing his friend.

“I don’t know I just have this feeling. Anyway, you should start getting ready, we have to work today”

Harry sighs, pursing his lips, “I know, I know. Just wait here I’ll be a second”, he reassures his friend before skipping to the bathroom and closing the door behind himself.

He really misses Louis, he misses him more than he thought he would. And he was prepared to miss him a lot.

He looks at himself in the mirror, turning the water on and just listening to the sound it makes as it hits the marble sink, splashing little drops all around.

He takes a deep breath before calling Niall’s name.

“Yeah?”

“Do you think I should go to that stupid party?”

Niall slowly opens the door, taking in the view and furrowing his eyebrows.

He turns the water off and stares at his friend, thinking.

“I don’t know Harry, you’re just starting to get better without him”, he explains, “I just don’t want you feel bad all over again and just- I just want you happy”.

Harry nods with a serious expression.

“I just want you to do what you think makes you the happiest. If you want to go there and see him, then so be it. I won’t stop you. But you should be prepared to face the worst”, Niall warns him, concerned about his friend's happiness.

“I don’t know Niall, I really don’t know. What if I don’t go?”

Niall shrugs, looking at his friend through his reflection in the big mirror, “Well, the possibilities are two”, he starts.

“Either you move on with your life and forget about him, or you keep thinking about him and crying and hating yourself for wasting what could have been your only chance to see him and possibly getting him back”.

“I didn’t know you could be so helpful”, Harry jokes, making Niall scoff.

“I’m offended”, he fakes a pout.

“I’m sorry, I just- guess I’ll think about it, okay?”, he promises with a smile.

“Do what your heart wants, young Harry”, Niall pats him on the back before exiting the bathroom and closing the door behind himself, leaving a confused Harry behind.
“I can’t believe I’m really doing this”, Harry says as he speed walks through the airport, trying to keep up with Niall’s faster pace.

“We won’t be doing anything if you don’t move your freaking ass”, Niall hurriedly says as he carries both his and Harry’s travel bags.

“We’re fine”, Harry snaps back, rolling his eyes, but walking a bit faster.

“Give me your passport and shut up”, Niall groans as he fumbles with his backpack, looking for everything he needs to board the flight.

Harry tosses it to him as he clicks his tongue and looks at the flights board.

“We’re an hour early Niall, I can’t even believe you-”

“Will you shut up? If you didn’t decide this morning you wanted to go this wouldn’t even be necessary”, Niall groans as he struggles to zip his backpack shut.

Harry sighs, shaking his head, “Whatever, I’m going to Starbucks”, he announces before walking away from Niall, who’s looking at him with an annoyed expression.

“At least buy me a coffee, you ungrateful brat”, he shouts, earning a few weird looks from the people who were casually walking through the airport.

Harry snickers and gives Niall a thumbs up, making his way to the nearest coffee shop and ordering something for both he and his friend.

“Are you Harry Styles?”, the girl at the cash register shrieks, and Harry cringes at her tone.

He definitely doesn’t want to draw attention to him right now, but being a celebrity surely doesn’t help.

He scratches the back of his neck awkwardly, looking around to see if anybody else is watching, finding a few sets of eyes curiously looking at him.

“Yeah, that would be me”, he tries to say as gently as possible, “Now can I have my order please?”

She nods frantically, and a few moments later she shakily hands him his plastic cups with the correct names written on them.

“Thank you”, he smiles and winks at her, making her scream and burst into tears.

Harry would really love to help her calm down, but instead he smiles apologetically at the people who witnessed the scene and makes his way to Niall, who is looking at him with pursed lips and his hands on his hips.

“Seriously Harry, wherever you go you cause trouble”, he says, snatching his cup from his friend’s hand.

The curly haired boy rolls his eyes and frowns, mimicking Niall’s expression in a mocking way.

The Irish boy ignores him though, taking a sip from his drink and almost choking, sputtering all around and coughing.

“What the hell is this?!”, he protests, holding the cup near his face and shaking it a little.

“I just made sure she added extra sugar, since I know you like it so much”, Harry smirks, knowing very well that Niall hates sugar in his coffee.

“I hate you so much”, the irish boy scoffs, tossing the drink in the nearest trash can.

“Hey!, I spent money on that!”, Harry protests with a pout.

“Honestly Harry, shut up”, Niall shoves past him and returns to gather all their belongings.

“Come on, we don’t want to miss the flight now”, he sighs as he starts to walk again, Harry following behind him while happily sipping his drink.

“Florida, we’re coming”, Harry says sarcastically, watching his friend’s reaction.

Yes, they’re headed to Florida, a place Harry used to visit every summer as a kid, and where he found his first girlfriend.

She was the prettiest little girl he had ever seen, her hair was blond and wavy and she had these adorable freckles scattered all over her face.

They became friends after he accidentally ran over her doll with his bike, breaking it.
He was so sorry he started to cry, while she just laughed and told him it didn’t matter, but Harry was having none of it and bought her an ice cream because he obviously didn’t have enough money to buy her a new doll.

They were eight years old, but they thought they were going to marry and have three kids and two cats. And then Harry discovered a whole new world where girls didn’t fit.

Funny how things turned out to be as years went by.

The party will take place at the Versace Mansion, an exclusive place only few people have the chance to see from the outside, let alone step foot in.

Harry’s never been there, so obviously that’s the thing he’s excited the most about. Besides seeing Louis again, that is.

Well, Niall told him there will be a lot of people, so he’s not even sure he will be able to spot him, but maybe that’s alright.

Maybe if he doesn’t see him he won’t have to face reality, he won’t have to admit he misses Louis so much it hurts, that he thinks about him on a daily basis, that Louis broke his heart and he probably won’t ever forget him even if he still loves him with all his heart.

Yeah, that’s the problem. Louis broke Harry’s heart yet Harry can’t stop loving him.

Because he got to see the real Louis, the caring, loving Louis who’d do anything to make his lover happy.

And the fact that Louis is not with him anymore now is turning him more and more into the Louis he met the first time, and he didn’t like that Louis.

He’s so confused and scared, and the fact that he’s not even convinced he really wants to do this doesn’t help, but what can he do now? it’s not like he can chicken out and tell Niall he wants to go home. Because he doesn’t want to go home. Or maybe he does? His head is starting to hurt and a familiar feeling of uneasiness is starting to invade him.

Once they are seated on the plane, Harry looks at Niall with a sad expression, and his friend becomes immediately concerned.

“What’s wrong? You don’t want to do this anymore?”, he asks with a smile, ready to stop the flight only to get them out of that plane.

Harry shakes his head, giving his friend a slight smile, “No, it’s fine”, he manages to choke out.

“Are you sure?”

He nods, closing his eyes. He can feel his heart starting to beat faster by the second, and he’s afraid he’ll be sick soon.

“I’m just- so fucking nervous”, he admits, feeling his stomach turn and his eyes burn.

“Harry, you don’t have to do this”, Niall reassures him, placing a comforting hand on Harry’s leg, feeling it shake a little. The blond boy almost starts shaking with nervousness too, almost as if Harry’s agitation was being passed onto him like an illness.

“I know it’s just that I really want to see him again but at the same time I don’t want to because I don’t want to get hurt again”, he sighs as he finally opens his eyes, waiting for them to adjust to the bright lights of the plane.

“I know how you feel, but if something happens we can just go home, you don’t have to worry about anything else but you”, Niall says as the flight attendant announces that they will be taking off momentarily.

Harry feels his anxiety growing exponentially, knowing that there’s no turning back now. He’s not ready to face Louis, he’s not ready to see him happy. He’s just not ready to face reality. His hands are slick with sweat, his breathing gets faster every second, his whole body feels like it’s slowly turning off, his stomach is turning.

And, just as he expected, he has to get up and run to the bathroom, where he hunches over to the toilet and throws up, coughing and struggling to breathe as his coffee is now sadly floating in the toilet. Damn it, he spent money on that!

Niall is quick to run by his side, locking the door while ignoring the sour smell that has already invaded the small stall and tucking Harry’s hair away from his face, observing him with a sad but
sympathetic expression.

“Come on, let it all out”, Niall encourages him as he rubs his back soothingly. Harry groans, but his friend keeps rubbing his back and whispering to him. “Come on, you need to calm down Harry, please”, he sighs.

Once Harry emptied the contents of his stomach, he shakily gets up and washes his mouth and face, looking at his reflection in the small mirror of the bathroom, realizing he looks like a mess. “I don’t know why that happened”, he blurts out as soon as he’s calmed down enough to form coherent thoughts and sentences.

“You were just very nervous, it can happen sometimes”, Niall reassures him, “You’re fine now, take it easy”, he smiles tenderly at Harry who looks at him frightened.

“It never happened before”, he frowns as he takes long breaths to calm himself down.

“There’s always a first time”, Niall laughs slightly, opening the door of the plane and letting Harry walk out slowly, then closing the door behind himself and draping an arm around Harry’s waist to steady him.

However, once they get out of the small bathroom they’re met with the concerned stare of a flying attendant.

“Which one of you is sick?”, she doesn’t fail to conceal a hint of annoyance in her voice. Harry panics for a moment and looks at Niall, who smiles sheepishly at the woman and clears his throat, “I’m very sorry, my friend here was feeling a bit sick and he just had to throw up you know”, he chuckles as the woman narrows her eyes at Harry.

The curly haired boy feels even more pathetic now as he cowers behind his best friend’s words, not daring to meet the flying attendant’s eyes.

“But he’s fine now, I promise”, Niall quickly adds, holding his hands up and giving her a thumbs up and flashing her a smile.

Her eyes flicker between the two boys, as if she was debating whether to kick them out or not. She sighs, rolling her eyes, “You’re sure you’re not going to cause any trouble?”, she places her arms on her hips, losing her professional tone as if to make her aware that she’s seriously concerned.

“Positive”, Niall assures her, and Harry simply smiles at her and nods quickly, not wanting to screw anything up.

She nods curtly before speaking again, “Should there be any problems just come find me, alright?” Harry nods, “Thank you”, he replies politely.

After this little conversation the flying attendant lets them free, and Harry follows Niall as they walk away from the woman who’s still watching them suspiciously.

“She was going to kick us out”, Harry whispers to his friend as he tries to ignore other people’s stares.

“I know, but she didn’t”, Niall snickers, making his friend roll his eyes.

“Here”, he says as they reach their seats, “You should rest”, he offers.

“I’m sure when you wake up you’ll be feeling ten times better”. “Thanks”, Harry says, closing his eyes.

“Don’t mention it”, Niall replies as he makes sure Harry’s comfortable before taking a book out of his backpack and starting to read it, glancing at Harry every once in a while, to make sure he’s fine.

He knows this might be a hard time for Harry, but he has to do this. Either he needs closure or a new beginning with Louis.

In all honesty, he hopes it’s the latter, but you never know what’s going to happen until it does. And, to Niall, every option is okay, he only wants to see Harry happy again, just like he was before all of this happened.

He almost chuckles sadly to himself. If he only listened to Harry that day, if he only didn’t push him into going to that stupid party, maybe none of this would have happened. It’s always his fault, how come Harry hasn’t fired him already?

He should have listened just like good friends do, but instead he literally forced him, with Harry
begging by his side.
But then again, Harry looked genuinely happy when he was around Louis.
A kind of happiness Niall hadn’t seen in him in a long time, but this happiness vanished almost as
soon as it came.
He remembers all the nights Harry spent crying because of Louis, all the times Louis told him he
cared and then treated like he were nothing.
He sighs, rubbing his eyes.
Surely, after tomorrow, everything will be fine. It will be. Harry will become happy again, and
they will be able to move on. After two years, everything will finally be over.
But what if Louis hurts him again and- no, he should stop thinking about the worst case scenario
every time.
He shakes those thoughts out of his head and tries to concentrate on the book, ignoring all the guilt
that’s trying to make its way into his head.
Everything will be just fine.
“Niall”, he hears Harry’s groggy voice call him, startling him from hid thoughts.
“Yeah?”
Harry chuckles, “Your brain is smoking, I think you should stop thinking for a while”.
Niall scoffs, “And how do you know I was thinking?”
“You just make a weird face when you’re thinking”, he laughs, “And you’re apparently very fond
of page 57, since you’ve been reading it for like, half an hour”.
“You were supposed to be sleeping”, Niall replies with a frown.
“I know”, he says as he sits up straight, “What’s wrong?”
Niall shakes his head, “Nothing Harry, I was just thinking- it’s nothing important”
“Come on, tell me”, Harry pushes him, and Niall takes a deep breath.
“I just don’t understand why you aren’t mad at me. Or why you haven’t fired me already”, he
confesses.
Harry gasps, “Why should I fire you? And why should I be mad at you?”
“I- well, I was the one who made you go to that stupid party two years ago. If I only listened to you
none of this would’ve happened”.
“Are you kidding me? You think it’s your fault?”, Harry says as he puts a hand on Niall’s shoulder.
“You did nothing wrong, Niall. I was the one who got involved with him in the first place. And
you know what? I don’t even regret it that much. I loved him. I still love him”.
“Yeah but If you never met him-”
“I probably would have met him anyway”, Harry cuts him off, “I don’t know why, I just think it
would have happened anyway”, he reassures him.
“Okay”, Niall breaths out.
“Besides, who stood by me right after the breakup? Who tried to cheer me up every day? Who
didn’t make me feel stupid when I couldn’t stop blaming myself? Who was always there for me?
You, Niall. Always you.”, Harry smiles.
“You’re my best friend and nothing is going to change that. You’ve done so much for me. I’ll
never be able to repay you”
Niall smiles, “I stood by you because you needed me and because I wanted to do it. I care about
you very much”
“Well”, Harry starts, “ I have to say, I was mad at you at first, but it lasted for about an hour
because I realized I can’t stay without you”, Harry smiles.
“Shut up you dork”, Niall snorts and nudges his friend playfully.
“It’s true!”, Harry laughs.
“Yeah yeah, now go to sleep before I make you”, he glares playfully, but as soon as Harry falls
asleep he smiles at him fondly, thinking about how lucky he is he found a friend like him.
Chapter 30

{ Ain't nobody hurt you like I hurt you. But ain't nobody need you like I do }

The mansion is actually huge, and its atmosphere radiates such posh vibes that would make anyone feel self conscious.
You could guess it was purchased by Gianni Versace, the famous italian fashion designer, as there were hints all throughout the place.
As you walk down to the base of the stairs you can notice that everything is almost completely made up of small mosaic tiles.
These marble tiles and stone fountain on the outside are impeccably perfect, there isn’t a single leaf out of place in the huge garden, the lights are dim and inviting and the place looks like it belongs to the richest person in town.
The big, shiny Versace logo can be found everywhere, from the little tiles on the floor, to the fountains, to the bushes shaped just like it, to the golden handles of the doors.
Louis is amazed, he has to stop and take everything in before entering the place, that is already starting to fill with people dressed in elegant suits and dresses, smiling politely to everybody and making little conversation in hushed voices as classic music plays in the background.
“I feel so important right now”, he says to Liam, nudging him gently in the stomach.
Liam chuckles lightly, “Well Louis, just to be here you have to be important, so you’re not entirely wrong”, he answers as he adjusts his jacket and starts walking towards the entrance, following a path illuminated only by small vanilla and cinnamon scented candles.
Louis smiles to himself, his ego pleased by Liam’s words. The two make it to the entrance and the gate immediately opens just enough to let them in, where they’re immediately welcomed by Ben Winston and an army of valets and waiters, all dressed in slick white suits with golden buttons and shoes.
The blue eyed man smirks, finding the golden shoes a bit too much, but they can all pull them off better than he ever could, so that’s not a big deal. As for Ben, Louis doesn’t even spare him a glance. Although he knows he can’t avoid him.
“Louis and Liam, what a pleasure! I was waiting for you!”, Ben exclaims with the biggest smile.
Louis greets him as well, knowing that it’s all staged and that Ben has probably said the same things to every person he greeted so far.
“Where’s your girlfriend, Tomlinson?”, his tone changes into a more serious one when he mentions Taylor, and the feathered haired boy has a hard time resisting the urge to roll his eyes and ignore him.
“She should be here shortly”, he briefly replies while staring back at him with emotionless eyes.
“See you later”, he says calmly, taking a flute of the finest champagne from a waiter’s silver tray and waiting for Liam before walking inside, noticing that, even though there’s a lot of people, he doesn’t feel crushed or sandwiched between them, as the place is so big it could fit way more people than there’s now.
He immediately spots cameras and journalists, updating their audience on every celebrity’s outfit and their latest gossip, and he knows his turn is soon to come, so he mentally prepares himself as he waits, still sipping his champagne and calmly conversing with Liam.
However, their conversation is interrupted shortly after by a high pitched squeal coming from behind him. He doesn’t turn around, already knowing who’s coming from. He then feels slim arms wrap around him from the back, so he feels obliged to turn around and finally kiss those thin, lipstick coated lips, causing a series of eyes to stare at them. From celebrities to journalists, everyone is looking at them. He can see cameras flashing and people smiling, but he doesn’t care. He’s in the spotlights and he doesn’t care. If you told him he’d be like this a few years ago he
probably would have laughed at you and told you you needed to be locked in a mental institution. But things change, as well as people.

“Hi Taylor”, he fakes a smile as he whispers in her ear.

He has to admit, she looks gorgeous tonight. She’s wearing a long, red lace dress that wraps around her hips, delicately framing her slim figure. Her makeup is simple and her short hair is perfectly curled and styled. But he doesn’t care.

“Hey”, she whispers back as she detaches herself from the embrace. People already lost interest in them and returned to their business, luckily.

“Have you seen him?”, she asks while looking around the dim lit room that’s becoming more and more crowded.

He shakes his head in defeat and frowns. Taylor takes him by the hand and goes to greet Liam, while trying to spot a curly headed boy who’s nowhere to be seen.

“Do you think he’s here?”, he says after a while.

He doesn’t know what he’d do if he actually saw Harry, but just the thought to actually being able to spot him in this crowd is enough to make him feel like there were butterflies and sparks in his stomach, begging to be set free.

“What are you talking about?”, Liam asks with raised eyebrows.

Louis wants to think of a stupid answer to give to his equally stupid friend, but he’s becoming so nervous he can’t come up with anything effective, so he just sighs as his eyes can’t stop roaming the moving bodies.

“Harry”, he quickly answers, the name rolling out his tongue provokes a bittersweet feeling in his mouth. He hasn’t said it in so long.

That name he used to say so many times a day, that name which belongs to someone so important to him.

“Oh”, Liam realizes and looks at Louis, who doesn’t return the stare as his eyes are too busy flickering around the room. He then looks at Taylor, but she just purses her lips and shakes her head.

“I don’t know, he probably is though”, he shrugs.

“But what if he isn’t?”, Louis looks at him, and Liam can feel a hint of panic in his voice.

“But what if he is?”, he asks back, not really knowing how to answer his friend’s question.

“But what if he isn’t?”, Louis asks annoyed, this time looking at Liam straight in the eyes, and the brunet can see anxiety radiating off of him.

Weird, he thinks. Louis was the most relaxed person just a few moments ago.

He stays silent for a few seconds, trying to find something to say that could calm his friend down.

“...But what if he is?”

“Oh, fuck it Liam”, Louis scoffs, “You’re not helping me”, he whines before starting to walk away from his agent and Taylor as both of them run after him with a sigh.

“Hey, why don’t you ask that pretty girl there to interview you?”, he says as he points to a young journalist who is happily talking to someone celebrity Louis doesn’t really recognize.

“I bet she didn’t see you come in, or she’d be all over you right now”, he chuckles, knowing very well his friend’s success with ladies.

“Hey”, Taylor crosses her arms over her chest, earning a playful look from Liam.

“I was joking, calm down”, he holds his hands up in defense. “But seriously, you both should go”.

He hopes this can distract Louis, at least for a little bit.

“She’s not pretty”, Louis groans and rolls his eyes.

“I know right”, Taylor smirks at Liam, who rolls his eyes.

“But I’ve got nothing better to do anyway, so might as well”, he mumbles, as he takes Taylor’s hands and walks towards the girl, pretending to not see her. He doesn’t want to look desperate. He’s obviously tackled by her, and Liam chuckles as he watches the scene. However, after only a few seconds something else catches his eyes.

Or better, someone else.

They’re here, Niall and Harry. Niall looks bored and so does Harry. He’s wearing pinstriped, wide-
Leg, flared trousers which he paired with a black button down shirt with a ruffle on the front.
His hair, longer than ever, perfectly styled and cascading down his shoulders.
He isn’t smiling, Liam notices, but he’s moving with such a newfound confidence the brunet never thought he could possess.
He bites his lower lip, debating on whether to tell Louis or stay silent. This could all turn out very badly, so he decides against telling his friend.
He just doesn’t want to witness a crying Harry or Louis, or both, and he also doesn’t want to witness as two of his friends fight and throw insults at each other, because that’s definitely what’s going to happen.
He glances swiftly in Louis’ direction, noticing he’s still caught up in his interview. He’s smiling as he answers the girl’s questions while keeping an arm wrapped around Taylor’s waist, and Liam can see that smile is genuine, so he decides to walk away quickly towards his two friends.
They haven’t noticed him, so when he puts a hand on Niall’s arm he makes the latter jump in surprise.
“Liam, oh my god!”, he smiles as he hugs him, patting Liam on the back with force.
“Long time no see, eh?”, Liam smirks at Harry while returning the hug Niall is squeezing him in.
Harry smiles back, but Liam can feel he’s nervous as he starts glancing around.
If Liam’s here, then Louis must be here too, and Harry’s scared. He wants to see him, but at the same time he knows it’s better if they don’t see each other.
He’s really doing his best to forget about him and recover completely, and he doesn’t want to let all his progress go to waste in the blink of an eye. But then again, he came here for a reason, right?
“How long are you staying here?”, Liam asks with a hopeful expression.
“We actually had a bit of a problem with the flights”, Niall chuckles as he scratches the back of his neck.
“We’re leaving tomorrow around six in the morning, actually”, he admits, and Harry hums in confirmation.
Liam’s eyes widen in surprise, “Really? But- but why?”
Niall tries to find a valid explanation when Harry starts talking, “Because I don’t want to stay here”, he simply answers, and Liam can’t do anything but nod with a thoughtful look etched on his face.
“Is it because of Louis?”, he asks, already knowing the answer.
However, before Harry can answer, he’s cut off by another voice, much lighter yet more powerful.
“Harry?”
Louis can’t believe he finally found him. After years of not talking to each other, of not hearing each other’s voice and not being near each other, he finally found his love again. After two long years they’re face to face again.
Harry is stunning. And he’s so close now, yet he feels so distant and unreachable. Louis could just hold his hand out and touch him, bring him into his arms and kiss him like he wanted to do for so long, yet he can’t do it because he knows he will get rejected and it will hurt more than a stab in his heart.
Harry looks back at him, no, he admires him in adoration, biting his lips to keep himself from screaming how handsome he is and how he wishes he could kiss him right now.
But he can’t.
His eyes then trail to the older boy’s hand, seeing him latched onto someone else’s. As soon as Taylor notices it, she immediately retreats it and looks sadly at the green eyed boy in front of her, noticing his sadness and disappointment.
“Niall”, Harry says, still looking at the petrified boy in front of him, “Let’s go home”, Harry asks, and forces himself to start walking backwards as his mind is screaming for him to stay put, to wait for Louis to engulf him in his hug again just like he used to. His mind is screaming for him to just wait a bit more and listen to Louis’ voice, to let that handsome boy kiss him again after so long and help him forget about the rest of the world, at least for one night.
But he doesn’t listen to it.
“Harry wait-”, Louis says as he starts to walk towards Harry, who holds his hand up, silently pleading him to stop.

Louis does. He stops.

“Don’t. Please”, Harry whispers, his eyes filling with tears as he walks away from Louis, away from the only person he ever truly loved, away from his only source of happiness, away from the man who used to make him feel the happiest in the world, away from his former lover, away from what made him stronger.

Away.

He runs out of the building wiping his eyes, as he hears Louis call for him.

“Please Harry, wait!”, Louis’ voice is getting closer and he knows there’s no way of avoiding him now.

Louis reaches him. He puts a hand on Harry’s arm as he catches his breath and Harry squeezes his eyes shut for a moment, as he can almost feel that spot burning, leaving a permanent scar on him.

“I’m sorry”, Louis whispers quietly, and it feels weird.

He hears Harry’s heart shatter and he never thought that would be possible. He never thought it would be possible to hear someone’s heart shatter.

“If you’d just listen to me-”

“Listen?”, Harry cuts him off with a fake laugh.

“What’s there to listen? You put your career before me when I asked you-no, I begged you not to. When I told you to think about what you were doing when you were committing yourself to me because you know how much you mattered to me, how deep I fell for you. And I’ve been stupid and oblivious this whole time because I actually thought- actually believed you were changing for good”, he sniffles.

“But I guess you never did and you broke my fucking heart, you ripped it to shreds mercilessly only to end up here in front of me again, telling me to believe your bullshit!”, he screams as Louis stands there and listens.

“You never loved me, you just needed a distraction and I happened to be there at the right time. I was so gullible, I let you fuck me over and I regret it so much. I’ve never regretted anything so much and I hate myself because after all this time, after everything you put me through, guess what?”, he says as his voice cracks.

“I still have feelings for you and it makes me sick to my stomach. You’re like a curse I can never escape, an illness without a cure, something that’s going to stay with me my whole life and I hate it! I hate myself too because I still love you so much and I can’t get you out of my head”. His voice breaks as silent tears roll down his cheeks.

“I’m trying my best not to jump on you and hug you and kiss you and tell you I forgive you but it’s so wrong and it’s messing with my head. I wish we never broke up just so I could end things this time and make you suffer like I did. But at the same time I don’t want to because I still care about you too much to let you suffer. I couldn’t stand causing you pain. But I guess it’s not the same for you”.

“Harry, please-”

“You know, my parents taught me something that I like to think is very important. They said I should never give up easily on things I really want or care about. I should try and fight and fight again. But, if after trying, after giving all I had then I still don’t succeed, then I can walk away. And I won’t have to feel like a coward because I’ll have tried with all my strength. It’s just that sometimes, things don’t simply work out the way we want them to and we just have to accept it”.

“But what if you didn’t fight hard enough?”, Louis’ voice cracks. He’s losing him.

“Why am I the only one who has to fight?” He looks at Louis for a moment, not really expecting an answer but deep down hoping for one.

It doesn’t come.

He slowly starts walking backwards, until he can’t face the love of his life anymore and turns around, walking away slowly. It’s devastating.

“Harry, I-"
“It’s alright”, he says without turning to face Louis anymore, “I think both me and you wanted the same thing tonight, and that’s closure. Right? It’s hard for me, but life goes on anyway. Now go back to your girlfriend and forget about me. We’re done.”, he finishes, leaving a speechless Louis behind as he walks away again, this time slower.

He’s sure Louis won’t be following him right now, and he’s right.

The next time Harry turns back is when he hears Niall run towards him, a panicked expression on his face.

“Harry”, he says out of breath once he finally reached his friend.

“Harry, look at me”, Niall looks concerned as he grips Harry’s arms and holds him in place.

The curly headed boy looks at his friend, the dimly lit path providing enough light for him to see his friend’s glowing irises.

“Are you okay?”

Such a simple question, Niall just asked. However he can’t bring himself to answer, as he just keeps crying until he finally shakes his head.

“I don’t want to be here anymore”, he cries, and Niall would like to hug him but he doesn’t.

Instead, he grips his arm lightly and leads him outside the mansion, asking the valet to bring him his car.

“We’re going home”, Niall reassures his friend as their chauffeur drives them to their hotel for the night.

Harry keeps crying, knowing he shouldn’t have walked away, he should have waited, he should have given Louis a chance to at least explain himself.

Knowing he just made a mistake.
I just wanna keep calling your name until you come back home.

Sometimes it’s hard to leave a person. But, in a way, you feel like it’s necessary. Like, you wish you could keep that person forever with you, but letting them go helps you grow. Sometimes you get to be the person who leaves, sometimes you get to be the person that’s left. It’s small, but there’s a difference. Yes, on both sides you suffer, but sometimes you don’t realize how much someone was holding you down to Earth, keeping you whole. Until you detach yourself from them. And then you suddenly realize the mistake you made and you wish you could turn back time, you wish for things to go back to how they were because you realize that you were happier, but you also know that they won’t. People make mistakes. “I made the stupidest mistake ever”, Louis cries into Liam’s shoulder. They’re back at their hotel, it’s almost five in the morning but neither of the boys were able to sleep. Louis feels so bad, he feels stupid and mad at himself because none of this should have happened in the first place, none of this. And now he’s here, bawling his eyes out, not able to erase Harry’s speech from his mind. He didn’t know. He didn’t know how much he loves Harry, he didn’t know. He had to lose him to understand how big of a difference he made in his life, how, when he was around, the world was better and brighter and he was happy. Liam doesn’t say anything, instead he just keeps holding his friend, knowing that nothing he says will change the way Louis feels right now. It’s weird though, Liam had never seen Louis cry like this over a breakup. He never cried when it happened, in fact. “I thought I could forget him. I thought I could replace him”, he says, and Liam stays quiet and listens carefully. “I thought that by signing that contract I would be finally free to be whoever I wanted. But it turned out to be the exact opposite” “I feel stupid for even thinking about that”, Louis admits, his voice broken by sobs. “Why do people need to lose what they care for before realizing how empty their lives are without it?”, he asks as he sighs. “Louis..”, Liam starts, but he’s interrupted by his friend, who apparently didn’t even hear him. “I’m so dumb. I thought I was special but at the end of the day I’m just like everyone else. A man who only prioritizes what’s good for him, without caring about the people I love”, he cries. “And I miss him so much. I never though it’d hurt this bad, but I feel like someone’s constantly trying to rip my heart out of my chest with their bare hands and I can’t do this anymore”, he grips Liam’s shirt so tight his knuckles become white. “I love him so much. So, so much”, he whispers out, and Liam feels a strange pain at the back of his throat as he fights back tears. It hurts to see his best friend, the person he cares about the most, so sad. It literally hurts him and he can’t stand it. He thinks about it for a second, deciding that Louis’ happiness is more important than a stupid contract. “Then what are you doing here?”, he asks, and Louis snaps his head up to look at him with wide, red rimmed eyes. “What do you mean?”, he asks confused. “Go get him”, Liam encourages him, “Get your ass on the first taxi and go claim what’s yours”, Liam keeps talking.
“Bring him back. Make him feel like you never left”, he finishes.
Louis looks at him for a moment, a glint of hope in his icy blue eyes, before slumping down on the sofa again.
“I can’t Liam. You know I can’t”, the blue eyed boy looks at his friend with a mixture of rage and disappointment in his eyes.
“If I go, I’ll lose everything I’ve built so far. You will too”
Liam sighs, knowing very well what Louis is saying is true. But he can’t live knowing two people he cares about can’t be happy together. He feels like a monster for talking his best friend into this mess. This shouldn’t have happened, he should have been more careful. But he just wanted to see Louis happy doing what he loved. He thought he was doing the right thing. Instead he ended up destroying not one, but two lives all at once. Who could live with a weight like that on their shoulders?
“Don’t even think for a minute that this is your fault, Liam”. Louis almost seems to be able to read his agent’s mind. But it’s not helping.
“Are you afraid?”, he asks the blue eyed boy.
“Of what?”
“Are you afraid of losing everything to gain the only thing you really care about?”
Louis stares at his friend for a couple of seconds. His hands curl into fists, his lips quiver and his whole body starts shaking with a mixture of feelings he couldn’t be able to describe. Anticipation, anxiety, love.
“I’m not. I want him”
“Are you sure?”
“I don’t want anything else but him”
“Then get your ass up and go get him before it’s too late”
“I don’t know where to go”, he says defeated, thinking that this is really it.
He and Harry are done for. It was a good ride while it lasted. At least he’s got a bunch of happy memories and pictures he can look at when he feels like he can’t do it anymore. He’ll always be in his heart.
He doesn’t want to forget Harry. He doesn’t want to forget how he looked when they were dating, the permanent glow in his eyes and his cute dimples making him look always cheeky and adorable. And Louis asks himself how he was able to walk away from that.
How he was able to walk away from the only thing that made him realize perfection exists, and he held it in his arms.
How was he able to walk away from an perfect reality only to jump into a fake life that has brought him nothing but sadness and regrets?
He feels Liam place a hand on his shoulder, startling him.
“They’re leaving in about an hour, Louis. This is your last chance”, Liam says as he gets up, runs to the closet and tosses Louis his jacket and smirks.
“Come on, you don’t want him on that plane now, do you?”
Louis feels like he could burst. This can’t be real.
“Fuck, fuck, fuck”, he mumbles as he scurries away to find his shoes. He’s still dressed in the same suit he wore at the party just a few hours ago, but he could care less.
He wears the first pair of sneakers he can find next to the door and grabs the jacket Liam tossed him.
“Thank you Liam, I owe you”, Louis smiles with a newfound energy he thought he had lost forever.
Liam scoffs, crossing his arms over his chest, “We can talk about it later. You have one chance Louis, only one. Now go before I kick you out”, he laughs, and Louis nods before slamming the door behind himself and exiting the hotel.
He runs in the middle of the road, cars honking at him and drivers looking at him like he were mad, wearing a super expensive suit with sneakers on and a jean jacket, as they shout at him to get the hell away from the road, but he doesn’t listen.
He finally spots a taxi waiting at the nearby red light. He runs to it and knocks on the driver’s window, begging the man to let him in.
The driver takes in his appearance and locks the car doors, thinking that this guy is probably a drug addict high on acid. Louis slides a hand through his hair and looks at the traffic light, seeing it still red. He decides to try again. He only has one chance. He keeps knocking on the windows, until an idea pops into his mind. He reaches for the pocket of his jacket and fishes out his wallet, holding a hundred dollars in his hand.
The driver’s eyes become wide with surprise. He looks at him for a second before sighing and unlocking the doors just as the light turns green. Louis doesn’t waste any time and jumps inside the vehicle.
“I need to get to the airport now! Please!”, he frantically pleads, and the man just eyes him suspiciously from the rear view mirror, but, as cars start moving again, he speeds towards the airport.
“Please let me make it on time, please”, Louis mumbles to himself with his hands folded and his eyes squeezed shut.
He feels the car stopping and he’s ready to jump out when he realized the doors are still locked.
“Relax kid, we’re stopped at a red light”, the driver says with a hint of annoyance.
Louis can feel his eyes water as he looks outside and indeed sees a big red light and dozens of cars waiting for it to become green.
However, in the distance, he can see an airplane taking off, meaning they have to be near the airport now.
He looks at his phone, realizing he’s only got forty minutes left, but the traffic isn’t helping at all.
“Why are you so in a rush, kid?”, the driver asks, and Louis starts bouncing his leg up and down frantically.
“I have to stop a person from taking their plane or I’ll lose them forever”, he says, not even caring he’s talking to a complete stranger.
“When does the plane leave?”, the man asks, not realizing he’s only making things worse.
“Soon”, Louis says, “Please please take me there in time”, he begs as he can feel his eyes burn with unshed tears.
“We’ll be there in no time then”, the man says. As the light turns green he speeds through the traffic, swerving left and right and earning a few insults from the other drivers.
“I’m bringing this man to the love of his life, you idiots!”, he shouts while keeping his foot on the accelerator. Louis smiles slightly, thinking that people like this man restore his faith in humanity just a bit. Or maybe, just maybe, it’s the power of money.
And, finally, Louis can see they’re approaching the airport. He hands the driver 100 dollars and launches out of the car, running as fast as his feet could carry him.
The taxi driver looks at him with an amused smile until he can’t see him anymore and drives away with a satisfied smirk. He helped someone and earned 100 dollars. What a way to start a day.
Louis runs inside the airport, spotting some tired looking people waiting to board their plane. He then sees a head of curly hair standing in a corner with his phone in his hands. He’s about to run to him when the boy lifts his head and looks nothing like Harry. He can feel his eyes starting to burn with tears threatening to fall.
“Harry!”, he starts shouting, hoping that wherever Harry is, he can hear him. He has only twenty minutes left before his plane takes off, and he can’t afford to miss it. To miss him.
“Harry Styles!”, he shouts, running inside as people stare at him like he just escaped from a mental institution.
And Louis can’t blame them. He must be looking rather funny, but he doesn’t care. He doesn’t really care.
He runs for what feels like forever, but there’s no trace of Harry. He’s probably already on that fucking plane, leaving him here looking like a deranged person. Leaving him forever.
He feels like the entire world is crumbling on his shoulder, burying him and suffocating him. He looks at the flight panel and realizes it’s too late. Harry’s plane has left.
Harry has left.
He breaks down at that. He starts crying and sobbing, feeling his throat burn and his head pulsate but he doesn’t care, he deserves it. His legs feel weak and he feels like they’re about to give out.
He didn’t fight enough.
It feels so wrong yet so right, the bittersweet pain and the confirmation that it’s all over for real this time. It’s just over, there’s nothing left to do.
He runs a hand through his fringe and starts walking away, slowly, dragging his feet as people’s stares keep burning his skin.
“Louis?”
Louis freezes in his steps. He must be hearing things. It’s not possible, Harry is flying back home without him, he can’t possibly be here.
But, when Louis turns around, here Harry is, in all his beauty.
And he’s real.
“How?”Louis asks tentatively, “I thought you left”, he says, his voice barely audible.
“I lost the flight”, Harry replies calmly, taking in the view.
“Why are you wearing these...things?”, he asks, cracking a smile at Louis’ attire.
The blue eyed boy blushes, feeling self conscious.
“I just-”, he takes a deep breath and closes his eyes. When he opens them, Harry is still there, still looking at him expectantly.
“I love you, Harry Styles. I love you so much it hurts, it really hurts right here”, he says, taking a few steps forward and placing a hand on Harry’s chest, feeling sparks and fireworks ripping through his body.
Harry wants to speak up but Louis is faster, “And I know I hurt you, and I know I don’t deserve you but I love you. And I want to spend my life with you because no one else compares to you, no one else will ever be able to make me feel what you make me feel. When I’m with you I feel like nothing is impossible and I just- I feel loved, Harry. And I didn’t know what that felt like until you came into my life and showed me. You made me realize how it feels to love someone and I’ll be forever grateful for this. And I can’t live without that feeling anymore. I can’t live without you anymore Harry, and I feel like such an asshole for what I put you through and I just- I just- please, please let me love you. I want to be able to close my eyes and open them knowing you’re still there. I love you so much”.
Louis has got tears running down his cheeks freely, and there’s a large crowd of people watching them curiously, some with tears in their eyes.
Harry is crying, too.
“Louis, I-”, he starts, sniffling loudly.
“I haven’t finished. There’s more”, he takes a deep breath.
“I didn’t want to leave you. I never did. But I ended up signing a contract that would benefit me so much I didn’t even think there could be consequences. I signed it. I had to leave you because if I didn’t, then I’d lose everything, my job, my popularity, my money. Everything. Liam’s job was on the line, too. I had to leave you because the contract wanted me to. I had to get a fake girlfriend because the contract wanted me to. It would last five years, but seeing you again made me understand what the most important things in life are. And you’re one of them. I don’t care that by coming here I just lost everything, I’ll build it again just like I did before. I just don’t want to lose you again. I understand if you don’t want to forgive me ever, just know that whatever decision you make, I’ll never stop loving you. You were my first true love and you’ll always be in my heart. Always”.
“Louis, I- I don’t know what to say”
“Then don’t say anything”, Louis shakes his head frantically, “Just kiss me”.
“But-but what about the contract?”
“It’s over. Done for. I ended it when I stepped foot in here. I ended it by telling you about it. I wasn’t supposed to. And now it’s over. I lost everything I had planned but I don’t care, I swear I don’t. All I care about is you. And you only”, he takes a deep breath, still seeing Harry insecure
about everything. How can he blame him after what he told him?
‘I’m tired of this. I don’t care if it’s been said by thousands of people in countless movies. It’s true: sometimes home has a heartbeat. Sometimes home is a person. And it’s true. I could have nowhere to sleep tonight, nothing to eat, nothing to wear tomorrow. But if you were by my side then I wouldn’t care. I wouldn’t be scared because I’d already be at home’
Louis’ confession made Harry feel dizzy, confused. Betrayed, too. But also, it made him realize how much he loves him. People make mistakes, but those mistakes don’t define them. You don’t stop loving a person because they made a mistake. You give second chances. Who knows, you might even end up happier than you were before. Don’t be afraid of making mistakes and don’t be afraid of forgiving.
Harry feels like someone’s pushing him towards Louis, everything happens in the blink of an eye until time stops.
They share a wet kiss, tasting each other’s tears and wishing this moment could never end. Louis’ arms wrap around Harry’s thin torso, while the latter’s hands cup the blue eyed boy’s cheeks as they cling to one another, afraid of being separated once again. Louis’ thumbs then gently caress Harry’s wet cheeks as they slowly move to the nape of his neck, pulling him impossibly closer. Harry’s arms then fist Louis’ shirt, as a confirmation that no, he’s not going to leave. Not now, not ever.
The people standing around them clap or whistle, other simply cry, but, to Harry and Louis, they don’t exist. Nothing else exists but their bodies close to one another, nothing else but their lips kissing again softly.
The only thing they know is that Harry’ hands that clutch Louis’ shirt are real, and Louis’ hands wrapped around Harry’s neck are real.
“I love you too”, Harry whispers back, smiling into the kiss.
And nothing could have been better.

Chapter End Notes

This is it, guys. It's over. I'm not going to add an epilogue to this story as I'm happy with the way it ended. As always, thank you to those who read it from start to finish and gave me the confidence and motivation to pull through even when I was thinking of giving up. You all are special and I want you to know that. Thank you so much for everything, I love you all.
If you want to get in contact with me directly just ask for my Instagram and I'll be happy to talk to you there, too.
S.

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